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Meaningful...

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Carnegie

NEWSLETTER



SEPTEMBER 1, 1988.

GOVERNMENT HAS SHOWN THAT IT DOESN'T GIVE A DAMN

CAMPbell Privatizes crAB PaRk ACCESs

A few years ago, Gastown businessmen proposed that a major entrance ramp to Crab Park be constructed behind glass doors, accessible only by an elevator inside a building at No. 1 Alexander St. This building is a prime piece of real estate in Gastown square, in which DEEDS was once offered office space, as a favour for throwing their weight behind the Gastown entrance at City Hall meetings - where their presence was used to make it seem as if the community approved.

The idea, apparently, was to make an exclusive main entrance to Crab Park that could be claimed to be

"open to all," but could be carefully monitored by commercial interests in Gastown.

The businessmen said this was their idea of "full community access" to Crab Park, after City Hall had failed to provide it at the east end.

Of course, it was obvious to Downtown Eastsiders at the time that this would be a tourist-oriented, executive controlled entranceway, built & operated by the same commercial interests who specifically refused, years before, to donate any time, money or effort to the CRAB Community Campaign to gain a park in this location.

political consciousness

What's Happening To our Politics?

Pulling the wool
over your eyes
is their business.
Telling you how
they do it is ours.

"Now that we got it - they want it," was the way most eastsiders saw it at the time & no one was really very surprised when later on the Park was named after the federal Port Corporation instead of being called Crab.

In a series of committee meetings designed to promote the Gastown businessmen's entrance, the only Downtown Eastside supporters of this idea were Tony Seaver, Martin Baker, Cowboy Ellis, & a few of their friends. Caravetta loved the idea. Many long-term residents spoke vehemently against it...then it was suddenly withdrawn...lack of funding was the explanation.

Years went by, in which many demands for a level crossing at Columbia were made by Downtown Eastsiders & this idea steadily gained support ... A few weeks ago rumours emerged from City Hall that the level crossing would be opened...but then, in a hastily called media event staged at 8:30 a.m. at the Crab bandshell on a damp Friday morning, civic & federal bigwigs appeared, led by Campbell & Carney, with pre-arranged press & TV coverage to announce to a sparse, silent group of eastend residents & activists that the old DEEDS/Gastown businessmen's deal for a commercially controlled corridor into Crab Park had been signed, sealed & delivered, apparently overnight in a backroom deal with Pat Carney. Pat, by the way, supported Crab Park almost from Day One...now, of course, her motives become clear.

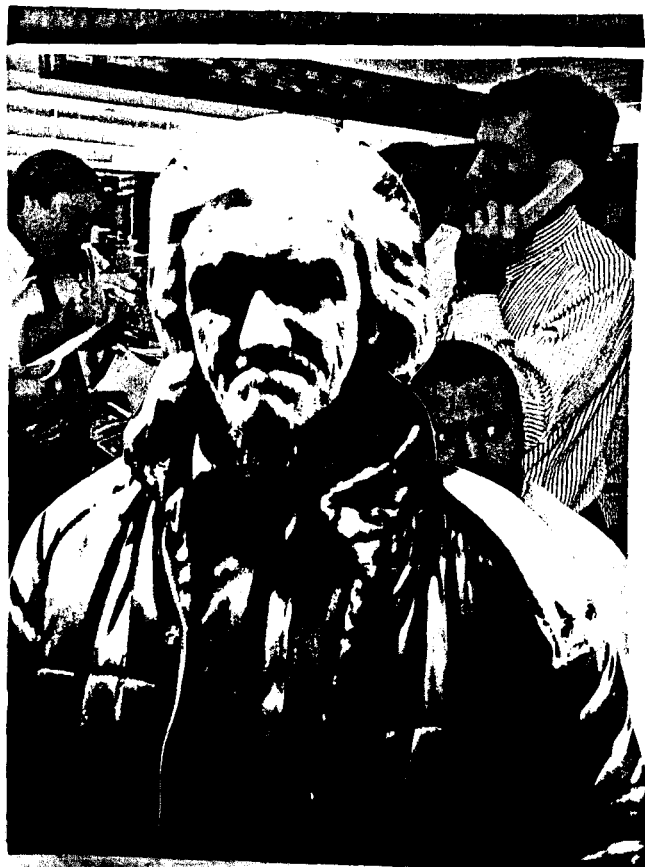
It will be an exclusively monitored access by elevator, behind glass doors inside a commercially owned building in Gastown square...a very swift & insensitive sell-out. There will NOT be a level crossing, says Campbell. Clearly, there will be no real democracy, & no full community access either...

Such are the actions of career politicians, bestowing favours on business supporters in an election year. Capitalism wins & Community loses again

At the very least, this manoeuvre provides further proof (as if we needed any, after Vanderzalm) of "democratic" government's recent quiet shift to closet fascism. Once they became convinced that winning elections was a P.R. job, the N.P.A. determined that it could do anything it wanted to, while making media statements about "Doing it all for YOU."

Put Ronald McDonald in a fat cat suit & he'll run your show any day. Yes, friends, this is the story of your city, your community, & your political reality. Whatsa matter?...Cat got your tongue?

TORA



S:
O:
E:
C:
G:
B:

7
1

no vote!

Downtown Eastside residents have stated publicly over and over and over again that we don't want a pedestrian overpass at the foot of Carrall Street and that we want an at-grade crossing at the foot of Columbia Street.

NOT ONE DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE VOTE FOR THE NPA! NOT ONE DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE VOTE FOR THE CONSERVATIVES!

Sam Snobelen

I would like to know why we weren't consulted regarding this matter. It seems to me that the city could save money by consulting with the disabled and seniors of the Downtown Eastside, because it is us who have to deal with and suffer with the mistakes made. (i.e. the Main St. Overpass.)

Personally, I am fighting to retain my independence. I don't want to have rely on others to get to my own neighbourhood park.

Margaret Prevost

Bad Katz!

The Gastown Lions Club members have proven themselves to be not Lions, but just a bunch of bad cats.

The admirable record of all other Lions Clubs across Canada and the U.S.A. has been besmirched by this one selfish, self-serving group...A group that has put their own money values ahead of the high standards of service to the community that

other Lions: Clubs accept as Lion precepts.

The past record of Lions International has always been one of helping the handicapped to live lives as close to normal standards as possible despite their handicaps.

It would have been the Gastown Lions normal position to uphold our handicapped people in their drive for an at-grade crossing at Columbia into Crab Park. Instead they chose from the very first to bow to their own crass desires for commerce and turn their backs on true need - on their own doorstep!

I wonder Mr. Lions Club businessmen, just how many of your establishments' in Gastown are really and truly wheelchair accessible? How many washrooms, how many phone booths, how many of your tables are truly adaptable to wheelchairs?

Until you had taken care of these little items, why didn't you stand behind our wheelchair people?

I saw you at the Press Announcement but I never saw any of you pushing a wheelchair around. One man came over to talk - only one. You treated us as strangers. Was that true Lions' spirit?

You guys have become a blister on the back end of the International Lions and should be taken to task for conduct unbecoming a Lion.

Your efforts on your own behalf will be appreciated in the proper places.

Copies of this letter are going to every Lions Club in Canada, and to all other service organizations that qualify as such.

JACK CHALMERS

SPREAD THE WORD
DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE

CANADA'S DEFENCE...

It's Worth Talking About.

Canada's defence is too important to ignore. Let us explain how we are protecting Canadian security and sovereignty. We will provide factual information on Defence activities and policies.

Senior Canadian Forces officers are available to participate in conferences and seminars that are organized by church groups, schools, universities, business and labor organizations, service clubs and other interested groups.

For more information, write or phone the following:

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Director General Information
National Defence Headquarters
101 Colonel By Drive
Ottawa, Ontario
K1A 0K2

(613) 996-7955 (8 am-4 pm)
(613) 992-2708 (After hours, ask for
the Duty Public Affairs Officer)



Canada

The above appeared in the Vancouver Sun on August 16 and copies are undoubtedly in major papers across the country. The War industry has been shaken by the vast protest and outrage of the citizenry - that's us - over their "request" for \$200 BILLION to pay for the wish-lists compiled by admirals & generals.

This has never, to my knowledge, happened before. Usually the senior officers are told not to discuss anything with anyone. (Spies ya know)

Now they will brainwash everybody with "need" (greed), "preparedness" (for what?), and "strategic capability" (money in the bank). If it wasn't so sick, it might be good, low comedy.

J.H.'s

Jousting heads jointly hones judgement. Heartfelt jaunts heuristically jettison hollow justifications. Hidden joy haunts jaundiced hope: justice heals.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

"Justice heals." Two inspiring and spiritual concepts - justice and healing. What you've read in the first few pages are the initial response of people for whom these concepts were mangled. For whom frustration & rage at having to react again must be done to avoid self-destruction.

The front page tells it like it is, so let's look at what our political process has degenerated into:

CRAB PARK

Mayor Gordon Campbell (Vanderzalm's pal) and MP Pat Carney treat the real community like pawns to rack up some political points. It didn't work. The neighbourhood activists howled in rage at the latest stupidity and Council was made to realize that the people here are still and must(still) be treated as people, with rights. The Carrall Street Overpass is not going ahead as 'planned' and a committee has been set up to look at options - again. The simplest solution seems to be the hardest one to have - an at-grade crossing would just return to the way it was done for 75 years without one person getting hurt. A simple answer: CPR and Marathon want to dump the shunting yard here so as not to offend the rich residents in their proposed developments and both Campbell and Carney agree. It's like a religious ritual; piss on the poor. The slap in our face was the Mayor, in his infinite wisdom, deciding what was "best" and just telling us with a big smile that that is the way it is.

CARNEGIE

The seniors of Carnegie went on a 'camping trip' to Squamish and one of them, Andrew Huclack, returned to tell of it. From Andy's tale anything from snakes to wild dogs to bears to falling over a cliff could have happened and almost did.

Upon arriving the master chef, Jerry Santino, said he needed some soya sauce and garlic for the Barbeque chicken for supper. Janet and Eva and Mike and Irene and Andrew were in a hiking mood and when asked, George said that the store was only 3 miles down the road. The five set off walking...and walking...and walking, hoping they weren't lost.

Finally they stopped to rest right beside a cemetery. As one quipped: "Well, if anything happens, they won't have far to take us!"

A man in a dinky little car was there and said the store was less than two miles down the road.

Finally, deadbeat and struggling, the Carnegie Five reached the store and learned what everyone had been asking about - it was over 5 miles!

Even with the prize of a bottle of soya sauce (there was no garlic), the road back was waiting when the man in the dinky car pulled in. His generous offer to drive them was accepted at once. Three were stacked in the back lying on top of each other, and the other two crammed in beside the driver. Sardine City!! The five miles back were cramped but beat the hell out of trudging all the way.

The snakes, dogs, bears...?

One of the fearless staff had Andy go with her on all little walks out of the camp "for protection" and spying two garter snakes or having three dogs bark from a home were each enough to have her scrambling. Andy had to laugh!

no wonder I can't solve my problems

avoid alcohol
spicy foods
prolonged standing
& overtiredness

keep
dry & clean

adjust your
habits

try to be regular

don't strain

insert nozzle all the way

into
your
rectum

do this
each morning & evening

they tell me

& that's just to deal with

hemorrhoids

Bud Osborn

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.

DONATIONS:

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

GENOCIDE

By ERIC ERICKSON

In an earlier issue, I told how white men deliberately cleared a large area of Northern Saskatchewan of its Native population by distributing blankets taken from the beds of persons suffering from smallpox.

That happened around the turn of the century but this issue's story of the genocidal savagery of the white man is a story of this century. Indeed, many of us were alive when the machinations of the whites wiped out the Barren Lands Eskimos and the Chipewyan "Indians" of northernmost Manitoba.

Both those Inuit (Eskimos) and Dene ("Indians") depended for their whole living on the regular and predictable migrations of vast herds of Barrenlands caribou. (The whole story of those peoples and of their decimation was told in 1953 in Farley Mowat's book "People of the Deer.") Greedy white fur traders weaned the Inuit away from their dependence on the caribou, teaching them instead to trap furs and eat food purchased at the fur companies' trading posts.

Farther south, the Idthen Eldeli "Indians" had survived and prospered by taking only those caribou they needed, situated as they were in the middle of the animals' wintering ground in the sub-Arctic brushlands. Whites built fur trading posts and sold rifles to the Idthen Eldeli. The white trading companies found it possible to sell dried caribou tongue to U.S. gourmet markets. The white traders were eager to cash in on

this market, especially as it offered the opportunity to sell great quantities of ammunition to the "Indians."

The Barren Lands Inuit had believed the white man's way was the new order of things and they had given up their ancient hunting weapons and skills - and their dependence on the caribou - for hunting with rifles and trapping and trading furs for the white man's food. In the same way, using the white man's weapons, the Idthen Eldeli went along with the white man and slaughtered caribou by the millions.

In the 1930's the fur traders looked at their ledger books and, seeing that they were not making the profits they required, closed their trading posts. This left both groups without a source of food supplies on which they had come to depend. It also left all of them without a source of ammunition for the rifles on which they had likewise come to rely. Besides, where vast tides of millions of migrating caribou had seasonally swept over the lands, now only a few stragglers could be seen. The great herds had been slaughtered to please the palates of white gourmets.

When Farley Mowat investigated for his 1953 book, starvation had reduced the thousands of Barren Lands Inuit to some thirty individuals and they were still starving. It is true that after a great deal of buck-passing between departments, the Federal Government in Ottawa made a feeble

rescue attempt by flying in a load or two of dried beans. Dried beans to a land that, now without the fat of the caribou, was entirely without fuel.

Mowat found that the Idthen Eldeli had also been reduced to a starving and disease-ridden handful.

In 1938, I was a child in Northern Saskatchewan, about 90 miles northeast of Prince Albert. It was then that "timber wolves" began to appear in our district and their mournful songs could still be heard when I left in 1946. It was only when I first read Mowat's book that I realized that the white-inspired slaughter of the Barren Lands caribou had caused a massive dislocation of predator populations over an unimaginable area of northern Canada, a dislocation that pushed wolves from farther north down to the very fringes of civilization.

Now the Barren Lands and their bushy fringes are all but empty of caribou and empty of the thousands of Inuit and Chipewyan Natives who once depended on the "deer." Of those caribou, only bleaching antlers remain. The people have left little evidence of their thousands of years of life before the white men came.

I reflect on this genocide - through greed - and my question is this: Why was no one hanged for what they did to those people?

More on the white man's atrocities in another issue.



Independence - Day of Anarchy

July 4, '88

"Demos Rock Metro - Day of Anarchy"

Hey T O, say hi to Carnegie

Local boys make good

Rock Toronto down town

Rock Toronto down

Cop says "We expected they'd go limp"

Go limp, get dragged, get jailed

Don't pass go limp

Back limp back

Where you came

These are Carnegie boys!

Backbone for Anarchists

International unconviction

Bloodied battling fascist Socreds

Creating independent Downtown Eastside

Self-governing, got no bosses,

Got no money,

Keep it that way

Money buy bosses, boss buy you

Money sucks

Sucks you in

Sucks you out

Success/Excess/Baggage

Down it, don't let it down you.

Toronto say: you want it, crawl and plead

Carnegie say: stand tall, say (woe-)man

You gotta bleed

Capitalist rules for power game

Who says we gotta play?

There's confusion over terms here

Third World debt is what

The West must pay

Carnegie political institution

Third World country

Called Downtown Eastside.

Welfare opiate of the masses.

Hey, Carnegie, why so ungrateful?

We let you exist in one piece,

Why you put pieces together?

Take pride in free trade

Nuclear subs - Wow! hi tech

We saved the continent from savages

Check out what we can do for you

8 One big Western link-up
King and Bay, Wall and Broad,
London, Tokyo, gay Pa-ree,
Computer tells the IMF
How many we must starve today
To keep up GNP
More ya-chts and jags for those who play
More brain police for you and me.

Brother in T O informs me
City still got buzz on
Healthy dose of anarchy
I tell him 'bout big blow-up on my wall
Front page Toronto Sun
Rabid right-wing rag
"Demos Rock Metro"
Gloriously garish green and red
Carnegie boy burns black flag of Anarchy
'cause quote "We don't believe
in symbols," unquote.

Wall boasts two-page centre
Spread, 3-inch red letters,
"Day of Anarchy"
Bigger than Blue Jays
Winning the pennant

Photo captions: "Law and Disorder,
Day of Violence, Street Battles,
Cops and Rioters Slug it Out."

Seven reporters, three cameramen,
Five large photos
Small but amusing text
I count 16 armed uniforms
Subduing 3 quote "avowed anarchists
inflamed at downing of Iranian jet
by U.S. missiles" unquote
290 die, women & children,
But their Iranians.

We got threat to property here
All reporters on the job
Covering heroes on horseback
Chasing the crazies

Quote "unleashing their radical chants:
No war. No KKK. No fascist U.S.A.
Smash the empire. Smash the state.
This time we retaliate." unquote
It's got a beat
It's got a beat

It's got a B-E-A-T
It's got a beat
You can dance to it
Take radical chance to it
I give it a 9.

It says there "several females
Bared their breasts"
Got bust.
Unfair competition for Sunshine Girl
page 3
Threat to circulation

Keep it commercial, Capitalize...
Eagle will come
Pluck out their eyes
Capitalize
Capital eyes
On Women
Commodity of parts - Disconnected

We're not buying it anymore
Won't sell no more
No buyers, no sellers
Close down business
Share struggle
Take back the fight.

Laughing observer quoted:
"This is like the 60's
Someone should tell them
The revolution is over."
Here's a flash, friend,
Stay in touch,
It's beginning,
Watch us grow
Tell them
Carnegie said hello.

mike kramer



TURTLE STYLE

When I first began patronizing the Carnegie Learning Centre, I thought that I would breeze through my Grade 12 equivalency with ease and complete it at the speed of lightning. But after passing a G.E.D. test and participating in Mary Frances' Creative Writing class, and failing to obtain a good percentage in mathematics, I realized that I'd best follow the example of the race between the turtle and the rabbit, which proved that the turtle did win the race at a regular pace; whereas the speedy rabbit lost the race because he was too overconfident.

So, with the help of my teachers at the Carnegie Learning Centre and at the Learning Front and the assistance of my schoolmates, I'll reach my goals - even if I go about it in the style of the turtle who won the race.

By Frank Hebert

Swinging For My Life

You led me astray,
To be alone with you,
And I found the gravity
of the situation
where it was -
Swinging for my life.

You held me captive,
To be your pet,
My desire for you
Was my desire for life,
And I was swinging for my life.

I was losing all the time,
Till you held me,
In your regard,
I was swinging for my life!

Dorin Hufnagel

A PRAYER

LORD, Thou knowest better than I know myself, that I am growing older and will someday be old. Keep me from the fatal habit of thinking I must say something on every subject, and on every occasion. Release me from craving to straighten out everybody's affairs. Make me thoughtful but not moody, helpful but not bossy. With my vast store of wisdom it seems a pity not to use it all, but Thou knowest Lord that I want a few friends at the end.

Keep my mind free from the recital of endless details; give me wings to get to the point. Seal my lips on my aches and pains. They are increasing, and love of rehearsing them is becoming sweeter as the years go by. I dare not ask for grace enough to enjoy the tales of others' pains, but help me to endure them with patience.

I dare not ask for improved memory, but for a growing humility, and a lessening cocksureness when my memory seems to clash with the memories of others. Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally I may be wrong. Keep me reasonably sweet. I do not want to be a saint - some of them are so hard to live with - but a sour old person is one of the crowning works of the Devil. Give me the ability to see good things in unaccepted persons and talents in the unexpected people. And give me O Lord, the grace to tell them so. Amen.

FOOD for KIDS

ON FRIDAY, SEPT 9, END LEGISLATED
POVERTY ASKS THAT ALL JOIN IN MARCHING.

Starting outside MP Pat Carney's office at 1035 Howe at Noon, we will walk together to Claude Richmond's office and then rally in Robson Square. Call 321-1201 for info.

ToNight

&

Tomorrow

once a shot of real joy a wind of
ecstasy blew through me the sky took
off but remained where it was & I
lost ordinary consciousness a veil
had lifted all life was alive my
spirit was blinded & put down its
eyes & these words jumped into my
head "the sky is closer here, less
blockaded" finally I was given a
truth a paradox brutalized later by
the knowledge that I could not live
that experience there was no place
for it unless my vision was organized
& meaningless & on the hastings ex-
press tonight one dirty old drunk
asks another "is it gonna be dark
very long tonight?" & the other one
answers "it is for you" & cuba & I
talk about those who have died & are
poorly mourned in a drunken slaughter-
house not in sacred understanding
"you don't have any money left eh?
you got nowhere to go" a woman tells
a man in front of the regent a head-
line says "cheaters rampant in sport"
like counterfeit products & under-
ground empires & shadow governments

that only one system the technologi-
cal makes possible & more than 30000
canadians have alzheimer's a disease
caused by aluminum & a cute movie
about aluminum salesman is playing on
teevee & cancer will hit one in 3 & a
robot talks to the queen of england &
in april a mouse became the world's
first patented animal a transgenic
life form oh poets who will sing &
celebrate artificial life in an arti-
ficial world the geep a cross between
a goat & a sheep an animal never seen
before like several thousands of
brand-new plants & animals "the fur-
thest step" a scientist says "& one
already worked-on is to create so-
called designer genes...chemical se-
quences designed to do almost every-
thing..." cuba & I walk in the rain
in the early morning & watch the sky
change colors & hear a thunder being
booming in the dawn of zero tolerance
& the sidewalk wears the human weather
on powell street a pool of plum
blossoms "you wanna buy a knife?"

Bud Osborn

Yeah, i think it's true
'bout these money-grubbing,
entrepreneurial pigs,
who view us folk
as a piece of meat that moves
to do their god-damned bidding
and make them piles of money.
Just the other day
i'm talking to this woman

and she tells me her line of work
on a production line
paying minimum wage
being ordered around
to do other worker's jobs
and how she quit
with good reason
from mental confusion
and disgust.

p. imm

CLASH IS GOOD

Clash is good! If everything is going well and there is no conflict with co-workers or acquaintances or those that each situation forces contact with, how long can it go on before you freak out for lack of change or challenge?

Physical clash is the foundation for evolution. Cosmic Mind crudified into inorganic matter - unit mind evolving from this state via physical clash, psychic clash and attraction of the Great. Reaching the stage where a human vehicle is necessary for further advancement, each entity promotes its own acceleration towards the Infinite with more subtle expressions of its nature. The linkage with Cosmic Mind stems from the first "I" in the sentence "I know that I exist." This aspect of unit mind is the dominant force governing the "I" that does - that performs action. The doer-"I", in turn, rules the crudest aspect of individual identity: the "I" that receives the results of action - the common, conscious mind. To be mobile and advance in psychic evolution is the permanent activity of life, the fastest and most effective means being the Primary Clash!

Intuition is far stronger and truer than intellect, needs no indulgence in intellectual extravaganza for expression and correct action based on its illumination never degenerates into tall talk. With unit mind evolving through the expressional stages of crude, subtle, subliminal, sublime

to finally attune to causal, all opportunities for dealing with and overcoming the barriers of intensifying clash must be taken up as part of the process.

This attitude is healthy as the self-deprecating aspect doesn't dominate... it becomes quieter as psychic power develops. Self-pity is an aspect of unit mind that can become dangerously acute with repetition. Daily, in every waking moment, we must strive to view all occurrences of physical and psychic clash as a means to strengthening our spiritual practice.

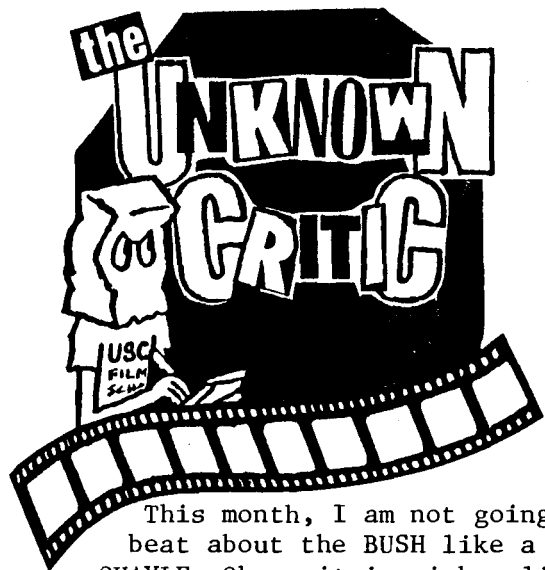
Religions casual and religions intense are constantly at odds with one another as to who has the unique revelation and correct or "true" Word.

Spirituality is the original and true path of awakening, using "original and true" at their simplest. Myths and legends from ancient times to the present try to explain what actually happened in ways that those hearing would understand. The mystery religions on which Christianity was based and from which most of its legends were taken (Adam, Noah, Moses, Abraham, etc.) suffered from the stigma of all such discipline: they were and are in the hands of self-serving orders/priests/rabbis/umma/ministers whose chief concern was and is the continued subservience of all from whom independent thought has been snatched.

Clash must be seen and dealt with on all levels, both inwardly and outwardly, with all people and ideas that ask to be bowed to in recognition of their superiority.

Welcome to the Monkey House.

By PAULR TAYLOR



This month, I am not going to beat about the BUSH like a QUAYLE. Okay, it is sick political humor, but I couldn't help myself. Now let's take a look at my thumb-nail reviews of the movies for September. They will be 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

September 2nd:

INTO THE NIGHT (1985)***

Directed by John Landis

Starring Jeff Goldblum, Michelle Pfeiffer, David Bowie and Richard Farnsworth.

A beautiful woman who is being chased by killers is helped out by a nerd. Cameo appearances by film directors abound, including Landis as an Iranian badguy. This is a well made movie in the film-noir mold.

September 9th:

WALK PROUD (1979)*

Directed by Robert Collins

Starring Robby Benson, Sarah Holcomb, Pepe Serna and Trinidad Silva.

A chicano street gang member falls in

love with a school girl from the white side of the tracks. Although the soundtrack isn't bad, there have been better films made in this genre.

September 16th:

SMOKEY AND THE BANDIT (1977)***

Directed by Hal Needham

Starring Burt Reynolds, Sally Field, Jackie Gleason, Jerry Reed, Paul Williams and the black Trans-Am.

Fast paced comedy/chase film, in which a bootlegger and his friends try to keep one step ahead of southern lawman Buford T. Justice. I don't know about you, but I'm infatuated with that car.

September 23rd:

NORTH SHORE (1987)

Directed by William Phelps

Starring Matt Adler, John Philbin and Gregory Harrison.

With his surfboard and prize money from a surfing competition, an Arizona teen travels to Oahu and becomes involved in a conflict between the young aggressive surfers and the older meta-physical "soul surfers". As I haven't seen this movie, I have left it not rated.

September 30th:

COOGAN'S BLUFF (1968)***

Directed by Don Siegel

Starring Clint Eastwood, Lee J. Cobb, Susan Clark and Don Stroud.

An Arizona lawman travels to New York City to help the authorities there pursue a wanted man. This movie was the basis for the tv series McCloud. When Clint gets together with director Siegel, you can always count on an entertaining picture.

COMING IN OCTOBER: Eeriness abounds with a werewolf on vacation, Abbott and Costello, Frankenstein, the Munsters and Halloween II. So until next month this is the Unknown Critic wishing you a REEL good time at the movies.

DOWNTOWN EAST

Oppenheimer Park's hard-working staff have asked for space to just thank, publicly, the people who contributed funds to make a camping trip possible for their teens. In no particular order...

First United Church
King Kam's Kitchen
Uprising Breads
Safeway (Broadway & Commercial)
Livingston Egg Co.
Seven-Eleven Stores
Woodward's
Ray-Cam Community Centre
Carnegie Community Centre

thanks

LITERACY CLASSES AT 1st UNITED CHURCH

The First United Church at Hastings and Gore is one place where residents of the Downtown Eastside community can go for Basic Literacy Instruction. This community program is jointly sponsored by the First United Church & the Basic Education Department of Vancouver Community College, King Edward Campus. Classes are taught by a qualified instructor and provide upgrading in Reading, Writing and Math from grades 0 to 8. Beginning in September classes will be offered three afternoons a week from 1:00 to 4:15. For students in need, Financial Assistance is available.

For more information:
Norine Mawer or Linda Stewart at First United Church - 681-8365

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

ADULT EDUCATION IN THE DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE:

IS PEDAGOGY NEUTRAL?

CARNEGIE

PEDAGOGY: The Science of Teaching.
(Concise Oxford Dictionary)

At the Learning Centre of the Carnegie Community Centre a method of tutoring is practiced that works with people known as rejects of our system: persons of particular backgrounds, social classes, races and religions, who slipped through the maze of education. Most students suffer from profound feelings of inferiority because of imposed restrictions from former educators, who told them they were not capable of learning. Socio-economic conditions kept students from understanding what was being learned in class; they have been labelled by parents, family doctors, psychologists and school officials as having neurotic tendencies or learning disabilities, such as dyslexia and brain damage. The student at Carnegie is therefore encouraged to make learning a personal event, where theoretical learning goes hand in hand with everyday living, dialogue and critical thinking.

In "Adult Literacy: Reading the Word and the World", Paulo Freire describes a peasant who has been shown an image of an Indian hunting with bow and arrow and a peasant, like himself, also hunting, with a rifle. The peasant comments that the Indian cannot be illiterate because he lives in a culture that does not recognize letters. To be illiterate you need to live where there are letters and you don't know them. In many countries there are a number of people who are illiterate because they were kept from going to school. However, at Carnegie our illiterate and functionally illiterate learners did attend school once before. The scheduling, disci-

pline and day-to-day tasks required from them gradually incited enough rebelliousness on the part of children and adolescents to cause them to be expelled. From students who have other cultures than the dominant white one and who went through part of the school system, it has become evident that they reacted to conditions that negate their histories, cultures and experiences. The present system ensures that some students will invariably pass through school and leave as illiterates.

As our students continue to learn, they begin to understand their life as a totality and examine their experiences in a critical way: asking questions about reading, writing and the almighty printed word, which can be so intimidating to the basic adult learner. Sometimes, however, a desire for old learning habits from school pop up. One student, for example, insisted on having so much homework that he could hardly handle it. Learning to him meant suffering and when he started having fun finding out facts that he is really interested in, I am sure that at times he felt pangs of guilt.

It is important for the learner to have a continually available dialogue with the tutor. In dialogue the teacher-learner and learner-teacher need to interact in order to stimulate each other to think and rethink, change and rechange. Discussions also enable tutors to relearn what they thought they knew about anger, pain and frustration. Although he may be illiterate, there is much power and beauty in the way a student expresses himself; therefore it can become very

frustrating to a tutor when a student does not want to talk. Even though she fought her personal "come back" battle before she entered the Learning Centre, one of our learners would be practically silent during the first few sessions. "What do you want me to do?" was the most she would ever say. Things changed after a trip to her childhood reserve near Winnipeg. She told her tutor about her experiences, which the tutor wrote down. Then she would read them back to her tutor. Since she was reading her own words, she developed a good feeling of being in charge of her own learning (a common practice at the Centre). From then on, a page or two was read during every session and the stories did not end with her trip. She went back to her childhood, which is wrapped in fear and hate, and the originally lifeless sessions turned into some emotional mornings, in turn silencing the tutor.

It is easy for a trained tutor to choke the student with words, but the damage will be done; he won't be back. The tutor should create an atmosphere where the student can say, write and do what is real for them. Our learners are generally poor, sometimes bitter, scared and angry, and attitudes towards teachers and school are negative. His motivation is not to be taken for granted. A beginning tutor can have a job finding out what can be learned from the learner; how much does he know, how did he learn it, what are his living conditions, what is his language, accent, history, revelations and experiences. Our students - the dominated - teaching the tutors, silently by their example, their situation: not actors, but passing on live language.

In a country with so many different cultures and dialects the domi-

nant system is designed to create inequality in social classes. Education does not shape society, but society shapes education according to the interests of those who are in power. Education has to be supervised because if it were left alone it would create problems for the authorities. However, the act of learning is an attitude toward the world, not a relationship of a reader to a book or text. The progressive teacher rejects the dominating values imposed on the school system because they see the need for programs that meet the needs of all learners. If the students life experiences, history and language are ignored, he will be unable to engage in critical thinking, i.e. organizing his findings with an increased understanding of their significance in the context of his life. If, on the other hand, the student's interest in everyday life is used for critical questioning and responding, motivation might move into the process of learning. By "liberating" the student, we are keeping a watchful eye on school and society: a political, pedagogical act - by no means neutral.

By WILHEIMINA MUNRO

**BUILD QUALITY EDUCATION
IN A NON-TRADITIONAL WAY
MOVEMENT**





The Big Wallet Party struck again, backed up by the Big Wallet Gang. All they wanted was housing regardless of the quality of life and the cost of wasting Green space.

Fine. Dandy... but what about the viable alternatives - are they looked at? Of course not, since the Big Wallet Party was already told to go for the Big Wallet Gang's deal. All that involved was dismissal of any commitment to the D.E.

Face it: the Big Wallet Party and the Big Wallet Gang just don't care about anyone but themselves, but then again, they don't even like each other.

Crassly yours,
Captain Chaos

P.S.: THIS FALL - Vote C.O.P.E.

Blow Me Down, I'm A Feather

I'm wasted away,
I've proven myself over and over again
For you to come back,
And you can blow me down
Because I'm a feather.

The wind's tried me,
And the rain found me innocent,
You gave me my freedom
But now I don't belong,
And you can blow me down
Because I'm a feather.

Dorin



What is a FRIEND

A FRIEND
is someone who cares

A FRIEND
is someone who lends an ear
or a shoulder to cry on

A FRIEND
is someone who's there when
you need them

Let it be any given time of
the day.

That's what a true Friend is.

Margaret Prevost



CASH

bingo

at

Carnegie

Wed. 6:30

The PUBLIC LEGAL EDUCATION SOCIETY
is offering FREE Law classes.

at the Alex Centre

320 Alexander St.

TENANTS RIGHTS

Wednesday
September 21

7:30 p.m.

coffee & cookies included



HIROSHIMA

to HOLLYWOOD

GOJURA - GODZILLA:

"Terrible Creature of the Hydrogen Bomb"

What happened to Godzilla, the monster who trashed Tokyo & starred in 16 movies, should be a lesson to us all...

He was born out of the Japanese experience of Hiroshima & Nagasaki - & his original name was "Gojura", which means "Gorilla-whale".

The story of his birth, created on film 30 years ago by Tokyo studios, included dialogue about radioactive rain, mass evacuation, radiation sickness, birth defects, & choirs of Japanese children singing about World Peace.

He was awakened from a million year sleep by the first nuclear blast - & rose out of the ocean as "The terrible creature of the hydrogen bomb."

In his first starring role, Gojura symbolized the growing power of nuclear destruction unleashed by U.S. military commanders at Hiroshima & Nagasaki ...then...Gojura went to Hollywood...

Kidnapped by American film producers who cut & dubbed his original image - and changed his name to "Godzilla" - Gojura was removed from the anti-nuclear horrors & sympathies of his birth.

In his first Hollywood film, he was cast opposite Raymond Burr & dubbed "King of the Monsters."

In the west Gojura became just another monster battling extraterrestrial invaders, giant cockroaches, dragons with chainsaws, mechanical duplicates, smog monsters, giant hornets, & finally - King Kong himself.

The Japanese of course made their own versions - & in his final battle with the giant ape, Tokyo studios made Gojura the winner, while in the western version King Kong triumphed over Godzilla.

As an expression of anti-nuclear horror, Gojura never got his message across.

Like all inspired creations of the imagination, he was turned into a spectacular money-making promotion by capitalism - & his embarrassing pacifist message was buried under a mountain of Box Office receipts that made millionaires out of a few fast opportunists.

Though Godzilla may be living in decadent luxury in L.A. or New York, "Gojura" is still out there, growing larger, more dangerous & deceitful every day - sneaking into the world's cities under the cover of hi-tech security - learning computer language - waiting for the fatal mistake that will one day give him the power to destroy those who created him.

TORA

Don't Sign!

Here's a short story of the place I live at. Our building's owner decided she wanted to sell, so she did. As of August 1st we were informed of a transfer of ownership to a couple of ladies from the old country. Fine and Dandy, nothing to worry about.

As usual, to pay my rent for August I had ambled up the three flights of wooden stairs to the third floor to our owner/manager's office. I was greeted there by her smiling, happy-go-lucky demeanor and a very pleasant "Hello Peter."

I had my bank-draft for the couple of hundred dollars to cover the rent for the month. I handed this to her and she, in return, casually handed over to me a legal size paper with the heading at the top of the page in bold capital letters, "TENANT ESTOPPEL AGREEMENT."

Believe me dear reader, I did not have the faintest clue as to what the hell this sort of agreement is.

She asked me to sign this form. "Well, sorry," i said, but, "i don't know what this is about. Please slip me a copy under my door. I'll have some legal person or someone else check it out."

That was that. Several weeks later i had the copy i sought. And brother was i pissed off. There at item six of this agreement was the following:

"I (the tenant) am satisfied with the state of repair of the Premises and the Landlord has given no promise or commitments to repair, alter, improve or otherwise expend money on the Building or on the Premises." I thought to myself "this is a crazy agreement," and i went ahead to get some solid advice.

I called up the residential tenancy act people, who maintain an office in town. i explained some of the items on the agreement, seeking answers that were blunt and direct.

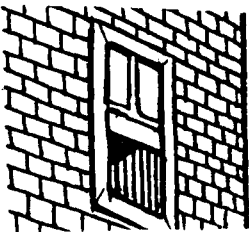
The woman i talked with stated, "Do not sign this agreement," and she went on to explain further that no landlord can rent out to tenants and then expect the tenant to agree to having no maintenance done to the building. This violated provincial regs. She stated again emphatically, "Do not sign." I thanked her and hung up.

I went to a tenant action group for a second opinion. The man behind the desk, after looking at this agreement, said that he had never seen anything like it before and that tenants cannot agree to having their rights taken away, which was in effect the intent of this paper. He said that provincial regs override this agreement. So, as of this writing, I have not signed.

It was mis-represented to me that this agreement was only to confirm my rent and security deposit money.

By PETER IMM

The roots of all living things are tied together.



**DOWNTOWN
EASTSIDE**



ARE YOU READY TO MEET GOD?

NEW TESTAMENT REVELATIONS:

One night God appeared to Jimmy Swaggart
As a single mother lesbian hooker
In a New Orleans motel

Jimmy didn't recognize her

God didn't say much
Jimmy was just another john to her

Jimmy thought God was poor white trash
God thought Jimmy was a jerk
But she knew he had a million dollars
Stashed away in some prayer tower there
& God wanted to buy a good time for the kids

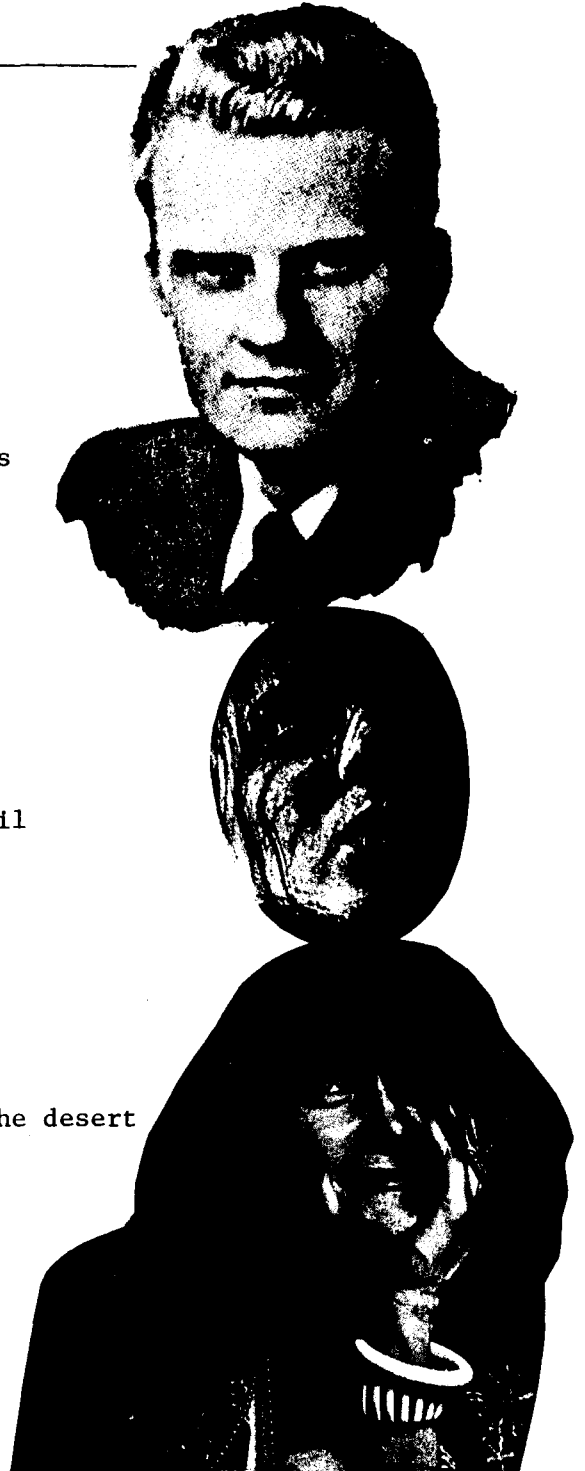
Jimmy knew he was a sinner, Dear Lord
He stripped a few bills off his bankroll
& God put her high heels on

God knew what Jimmy wanted
She knew what the world was like
God was a very sad girl.

God gave Jimmy what he hoped & prayed for
& paid for
Money was nothing to Jimmy
He could hustle a million bucks in the mail
With one short sermon on how
God says dancing is a sin

No wonder he didn't recognize her
She was a cute kid, a sex kitten,
A snake with lesbian single mother breasts
Coiled round the Tree of Knowledge
She was Jimmy Swaggart's Mama
Moving her hips to the black man's music
God was a belly dancer witching a well in the desert
She was a fox, a wolf, a panther
Moses held up his brass serpent
The Red Sea parted
The lesbian single mother of God
Appeared as a voodoo witch on television
Confessing Jimmy's sins to the world.
& God gave Jimmy Swaggart a new image
closer to the truth.

TORA



To the Director of the Stanley Park
Aquarium

Bars do not a prison make.

The killer-whales at Stanley Park are magnificent but...they get to swim around and around and around... They communicate with each other and possibly, according to the latest Star Trek movie, with other intelligences.

It's really sad that they have nothing to do; they must be bored stiff.

I'd like to suggest that they be given "day-passes" - with clearly defined rules like time of return, company not to be seen in, not eating in restricted areas, etc., and only once a week until they have proven themselves both responsible and conscientious. And NO EXCURSIONS OUTSIDE THE 200-mile LIMIT!!!

Respectfully submitted,
PaulR Taylor.

c.c.: Vancouver Sun
Province
Carnegie Newsletter

there are realms where angels
do not bend
to curse the calloused air
and there is creation
but no art
for art is the dismembered corpse
of the life we do not live
but I do not this day know
where my unanswered soul goes
to find its peace
when these storms in the blood
rage high tides in the brain

Cuba Dyer

VanCoUveR

Calm Oceans

Calm oceans beckon to me
as
undecided tides leave me
high/dry
on the shores of Vancouver's
reality.

Wandering about...skyscrapers
closing in on me

No place to run
Down here in the eastside
no place to hide

Past hookers on sidewalks
of little hope
on past wins in doorways
of cornered churches

Stained glass eyes from bar doors
selling life in bottomless glasses of
tranquility

Dealers offer illusionary relief
from
the fires of hell stoked
in my mind

Down streets of despair
on past

Dark alleys full of lost
dreams
Nightmares of tomorrow

And yet
Calm oceans beckon to me

C.L. Eckert

Desert Culture

for Marian L. Vaughn

Culture borne thought crucifies contexts to no god's purpose;
words

flailing-hollowed clonkings, drown ineffable truths
lost arriving at junctures purposes were once presumed
to have been wrought eternal at least for a while.

Inertia continues clinging ghostly motions to
acts
giving culture its due, bought by the weight of its
mass

at expense no longer imagined by the units
weighted down to the gravity of the situation.

Linguistics looms large on self-severed horizons for (wrong)
reasons

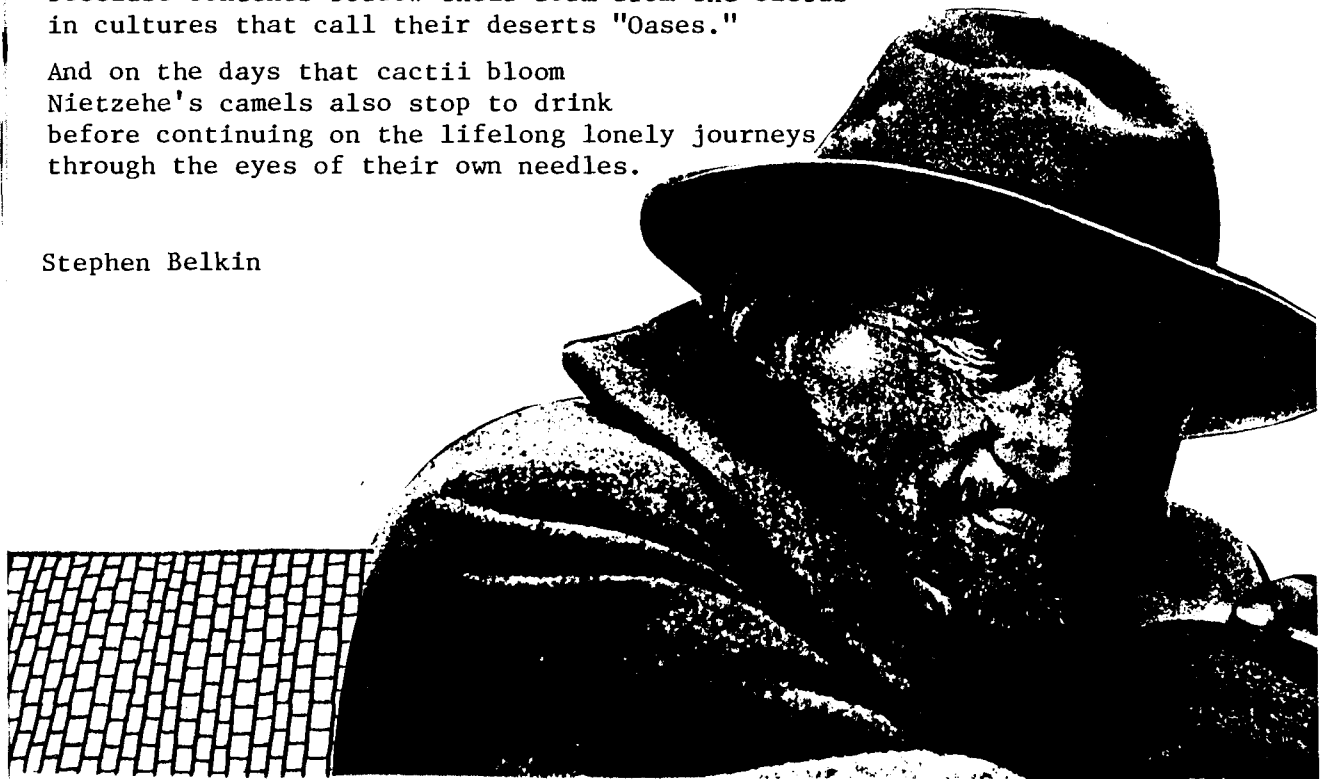
ground into the syntax of meaning linguists are so proud
of expounding to prouder self-righteous ears hanging on every word
too intently to notice taut hungers secretly strangling

Subterranean hope digs under the surfaces cramming attention
wordless.

therefore pure the root recognitions spring from
for any accidental thirsters who still know how to praise the rain
because contexts borrow their form from the cactus
in cultures that call their deserts "Oases."

And on the days that cactii bloom
Nietzehe's camels also stop to drink
before continuing on the lifelong lonely journeys
through the eyes of their own needles.

Stephen Belkin



Expo plan



By JUSTINE HUNTER

Development plans for the Expo lands will create an elitist home for yuppies while ghettoizing single mothers, Vancouver city council was told Tuesday night.

More than 40 delegations addressed council with concerns about the environmental safety of the site, the ratio of social housing to up-scale accommodation, and the preservation of an accessible waterfront.

The 4½-hour meeting brought out few people in favor of the development, but a spokesman for the Concord Pacific development later brushed off the complaints.

"A lot of the concerns I heard have already been taken into account," said Stanely Kwok, director of the lands purchased by Hong Kong developer Li Ka-shing.

"We are talking now about a concept, not the plan itself," he said.

He said he is confident the plan for a series of lagoons on the north side of False Creek will be accepted in principle by council, which will debate the issue next Tuesday.

The current proposal calls for a series of canals to offset the higher residential densities Concord Pacific hopes to build, by separating clusters of housing on islands between the Cambie and Granville street bridges.

The B.C. Women's Housing Coalition said the plan, which calls for 20 per cent low-income housing in the development housing, does not allow enough opportunity for single mothers.

Spokesman Marlene Healy told council a minimum of half the dwelling units should be allocated to low-income households, and half of those should allow children.

more
than
meets
the
eye.

▲ A Trojan Horse has been trundled into the heart of Vancouver. Like the original Trojan Horse, the False Creek North package is rumored to be full of dazzling prizes. ▽

— Georgia Marshall

Many delegates expressed concern about the safety of the site, which is contaminated with toxins from previous industries along the waterfront.

Jim O'Donnell, chairman of the Vancouver and District Labor Council, told council the city should introduce strict guidelines for the protection of construction workers from toxins.

The clean-up of the site is the provincial government's responsibility.

Including interest payments, Concord Pacific is to pay \$320 million over 15 years for the site.

Jim Green, spokesman for the Downtown Eastside Residents' Association, criticized the amount of public input into the development, saying "it's insulting to be told we have five minutes to have input into this project."

Georgia Marshall for the First United Church also complained about the degree of public participation.

"A Trojan Horse has been trundled into the heart of Vancouver. Like the original Trojan Horse, the False Creek North package is rumored to be full of dazzling prizes," she said.

"Lack of specifics about these 'rewards' worries those of us unable, or unwilling, to make an act of faith in the wisdom of unknown and unaccountable planners speculating on the future of our city."

Love Poem from the Volunteer

In Howe Street, the big talk
is of tax reform and free trade.
Here among the lesser angels
of U.I.C. and welfare cut-offs
you wander, your shopping bag
of small talk over your arm. The language
is the corn on your tongue
that stabs with each "Nay Ho Mah."*

* "How are you?" (Chinese)

You will never be one of them
yet you are: contradiction
they've grown used to, familiar
in your height and your accent
as some piece of flotsam
washed up on East Hastings
that they now take in stride.
In the grocery stores, you speak
and Chinese sub-titles flash
in their eyes. They hand you
the vanilla bean
you didn't know you'd asked for.

For the thirty-third time
you accept the marriage proposal
of the spaced-out supplicant
at Hastings and Heatley, and go home
to tea, to the public intimacies
of the lavatory next to your room.
The landlady exquisitely draughts
her niece's hysterectomy.
It is confirmation: grace
of a sort and you stir it in
with the sugar, with the vanilla bean,
with the slow sip
of an afternoon off
wreathing lucent perspectives
between your fingers, and suddenly
your world is rich
and the first star blooming at your window
is reachable and lovely,
is a branch budding
as your time here is,
as these Downtown Eastsiders are
in their singular shining.

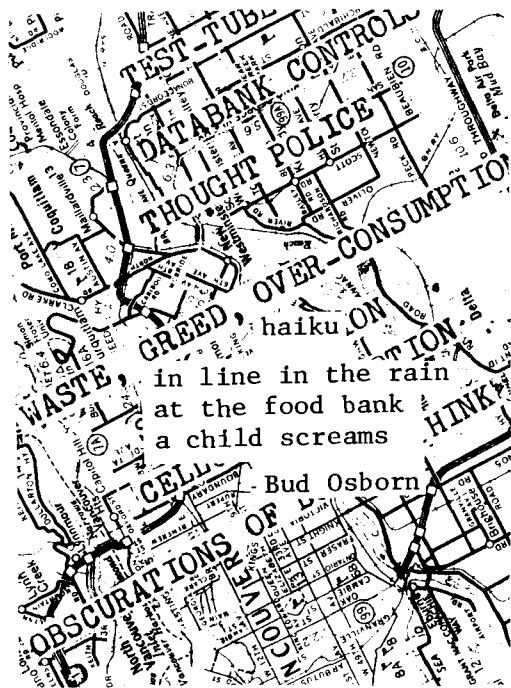
Jancis M. Andrews

The Welfare Recipient

Walks Around His Winebottle

- Jancis M. Andrews

A random process
of slow turmoil
created an atmosphere
hospitable to life: one small spark
begat this earth. A random process
begat also his consciousness
of that slim bottle:
his lonely nights and days
evolving
into this. He circles
in slow turmoil, afraid
the bottle is the sun, and he,
a small, trapped planet,
fleeing to the farthest reaches
of his aphelion
only to return, magnetized
by its lucent element -
or maybe he is
the stereotypical moth: sucked in
from a long dark
for one last fling with light,
though he surely must know
that random radiation kills.



Today I suffer because I am
 alive
 because I can not abide
 a living death
 because I feel so deep in the prehistoric heart of my own bones
 a further memory urging freedom
 more alive than any I can reckon
 today I suffer quite clearly because
 I am human and alive
 in a world which seeks to replace my humanity
 with machinery and technology
 and because I feel so directly
 its crushing blow
 and refuse to have the reality of my suffering bought off
 by diversion
 all my suffering comes forth from the mute cave of self-blame to crack shamelessly
 upon my face in tears
 because I also refuse to bear my own extinction
 in silence
 and because my suffering bears witness to the extermination
 they would have me endure and adapt to quietly
 Today I suffer because if nothing else my suffering is a final resistance
 bearing witness to life

STAR-SPANGLED BANDAIDS: ART FESTIVAL '88

The professional organizer of
 artists & musicians has arrived
 with Grant Money in his hand.

The artist must define his work
 His name will come up on the list
 He or she must understand this

The Artist is not a prophet
 She is not a teacher anymore
 Not a leader

The organizer of work & money leads
 Picks up the telephone
 Writes the slogan
 Sells the souvenir
 Sets up sound stage
 Dims the lights...

No unorganized activities
 will disturb this evening's entertainment

Paid clowns will pass among you
 Handing out star-spangled bandaids
 You will not be confused
 or disturbed by this

You will understand that
 "This is Art"
 & art will understand that
 This is You.

COMMUNITY BOUNDARIES

On Sunday, July 31st, Raja Entertainers were at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre. The audience apparently was overwhelmingly East Indian. The show was scheduled to start at 6:30. By 7:30, when I happened on the scene, there had reportedly been as many as five paddy wagons of people taken away, another wagon was waiting outside the theatre doors, about a half-dozen policemen were pacing the entrance fingering their sticks and several red-jacketed theatre security guards were exchanging "inside" jokes as they escorted another two or three people to the police and the wagon.

What seemed to be most disturbing was the fact that, apparently, in addition to those taken away, a lot of people were simply "arm-wrestled" from the theatre and, in accordance with theatre policy, granted no refund or exchange.

I went with two people with tickets (which I still have) to enquire as to their status. As I approached the entrance (the ticket holders behind me), a policeman partially blocked my path, shouting "Hey!" On speaking to one of the security guards, the guard shouted, "Those tickets are no damn good." The ticket owners said the tickets were in fact stubs given back to them on being originally admitted. The guard shouted further, "Well, if they were thrown out...whatever... that's it!; read the rules on the back of the ticket!" and walked away. The rules make reference to drugs, alcohol and other items not allowed on the premises.

The particular ticket owners I was dealing with did not smell of alcohol or look stoned or whatever. I asked for the manager and another guard mentioned John Dyck.

Mr. Dyck, Director of Civic Theatre stated that about 300 people had

apparently been involved in such irregularities as sitting in higher-priced seats while possessing only lower-priced tickets. Mr. Dyck was quick to agree with me, however, that this did not justify coercive and/or arbitrary ejection. Mr. Dyck was polite, attentive and has now invited me to address the Board meeting at 12:30 on September 8th.

Now someone at Carnegie spoke to me of the "boundaries" of the Downtown Eastside not including the Q.E. Theatre. What then is the concept of "community"?

We should be out working the community; i.e. on the beat instead of hiding behind pencil and paper - being exposed to the immediacy of problems - like the bureaucracies of government & business. Community groups, one thinks, are supposed to be an 'alternative'.

DON'T BE AFRAID

Another Carnegier told me that, well, people just do their thing - e.g. art work in the basement. Boy! I suppose the infect of Yuppism has more faces than ever.

Perhaps it's the age, or "new age" as they call it. Another "authority" at Carnegie has attempted to illumine me as regards the fact that leftists are no longer (if they ever were) "averse to comfortable homes, cars, jobs...thank you very much."

We need to surround. For those who still share this concept, before I troop up to the Q.E. Board meeting, please send word of suggestions, questions, criticisms through the Learning Centre, 665-3013. Thanks.

By TONY MARSHA

POETRY

VOICES IN THE WIND
By Garry Gust

EGO: May I go slower?
ID: No, go faster.
EGO: For grace and mastery
I must not go quickly.
ID: For hunger and want
you must work briskly.
EGO: May I speak out?
ID: No, keep silent.
EGO: For injustice and concern
I must turn mute!
ID: For safety and freedom
you must crush your opinions.
EGO: Must I be miserable and unhappy?
ID: No, smile and be joyful.
EGO: Then blind me and break my ears.



SUMMER SHE SAID
BEEF!
BOOTING BACK STAIRS
BOUND AND FOUND
BELL SING JODHPUR
SPURS RINGING
'ROUND HIS HAIR
'ROUND HIS HEAD
I
HAVE A RIGHT
TO RESIST YOU
SHE SAID
IT'S THERE
BOY
FRIEND
GIRL
FRIEND
THE CURE
FOR THE
SUMMER TIME BLUES
FRIENDS
RELATIVES
AND
TAUM DYCREAG



TRANSIENT THOUGHTS

By Garry Gust

Imagine going to the old countries;
To the lands of our ancestors.
A special feeling would come upon us
As we walked on that same piece of
Ancient earth which challenged the
Lives of those whose genes we still carry

Imagine now you are a Native Indian.
You rise each morning where for
13,000 years your ancestors have
Awakened.

Your genes ache in the morning sun
Beating down on the homeland
That the new people have surrounded
Like a human prison.

IT'S TIME

FALSE CREEK

Since January the City has been holding Special Council Meetings to revamp policy on the use of this area. Since January, people have expressed a growing anxiety about not being allowed input. The "process" was to have all the experts and politicians to make up their minds and then to ask John Q. Public. The result: 150 pages of policy that every person/group gets exactly five minutes to respond to; as in "What paragraph/sentence/word don't you like?!" What they're saying is that only experts-professionals-politically "right" people know what to do, so if you don't have the papers to prove it you obviously have nothing to offer. (And if you do have papers/degrees/pull you better be aware that an economic cold shoulder awaits you if you open your mouth.)

STRATHCONA GARDENS

"DEMOCRACY BY EXHAUSTION." The meeting lasted until 3 a.m.; over 25 people left in disgust to honour other commitments (family, sleep, etc.) while the majority voted not to adjourn and not to look at any alternatives. Council took pains to point out that they are well-paid to (appear to) listen - but decision was written on the faces of most long before all had spoken. The farce was when those voting for the re-zoning gave reasons, they're words were aimed at the political mileage available. All the heart-wrenching and eloquent words that poured from those supporting the Gardens as a vital, "magical" entity were dismissed as emotional. Owen spoke of facts, meaning where the money(oops, where the moral obligation) lay, as backing the marginal acceptability of housing and Puil

tried to correct his recent blunder of 'ESL (English as a Second Language) lowering the quality of education in West End schools.' To blunt any perception of him being an overt racist, he spoke of a "vision" he'd had years ago of a multi-racial city. Rhetorical garbage; not the concept but the espouser's psyche.

- "Better if 50 had left" - Baker after learning 26 people had gone.
- "No more housing around high-noise areas" - Puil before being told 73 times about the trains, fire hall.
- "I eat at Peter Tseung's restaurant all the time; what can I do?" - Owen about the Pres. of Freemasons
- "This is not the time for an interview" - Campbell when Erickson wanted info about DERA's offer of an alternative site
- "I love gardening" - Taylor before voting to kill the Garden dream.

All in all, the political process is now a bureautic game whose major players are ignoring and/or dismissing valid alternatives because they don't align with their backroom deals. For the NPA it's money and power - first, last and always. It's too bad wisdom and respect are acquired intangibles - lacking in either makes this council majority spiritually rhetorical.

By PAULR TAYLOR

DANGER
WARNING: not voting
CAN
SERIOUSLY DAMAGE
YOUR HEALTH.
& Government Health

REZONING THE COMMUNITY GARDENERS

Over 600 people attended a zoning hearing at the Strathcona Community Centre Thursday night. The subject of the controversy was whether or not the Chinese Freemasons Society could have one acre of the Strathcona Community Gardens rezoned in order to build 81 units of Seniors Housing or whether the Community Gardens would be allowed to grow and flourish.

I'm sure that most people in the Downtown Eastside and Strathcona are familiar with this issue as it has been very well publicized over the summer months, and the gardens have received massive community support to continue developing in the present form. The new development in this struggle happened a week before the zoning hearing. DERA came forth and offered the Chinese Freemasons one of DERA's active sites for housing if they would not build on the Gardens.

The Freemasons, for reasons unknown, refused to discuss this directly with Jim Green so the rest of us tried to reach the Aldermen, the Mayor, City Planners and anyone else who could help solve this conflict in a constructive manner. It didn't work. The Mayor (despite his continued statements that he wishes to hear from the people) was unreachable; the rest of the Aldermen said that they couldn't be lobbied before the zoning hearing. Aids. Carol Taylor and Helen Boyce said, "bring it to the zoning hearing, this is the place to discuss it." This brings us to the biggest farce - the zoning hearing.

The hearing didn't start until after 9 p.m., because Council, in it's wisdom, decided that 600 people should sit and wait until the two other items were dealt with first. They had originally been scheduled to go after the Gardens issue.

Once we started it was clear that it would not get through that night as almost 100 people had signed up for speaking. Speakers, as well as Aldermen Davies and Erickson all asked the Mayor repeatedly, after the clock passed midnight, to adjourn for the evening and re-schedule another night so we could continue with all who wished to attend. The Mayor refused and made clear that this issue would be ramrodded right through tonight no matter how

The politics of Scam artists

long it would take. In fact City Council made their decision at 3:15 a.m.

This is supposed to be democracy! Over 26 speakers left before their turn came up. I know the overwhelming number of them were pro the Gardens. In fact, 80% of the speakers spoke in favour of not building on this land and asked Council to take action on the DERA offer. Guess what Council's decision was? No surprise: they voted to put housing on the Community Gardens! Why they asked people to go through this farce is not clear. They didn't pay attention to anything said by anyone who was not in favour of the rezoning.

Alderman Price, at 3 a.m., tried to get Council to agree to look into other sites including the DERA site. They all voted against even this minor attempt to work out a compromise. Alderman Taylor, who said she felt for the gardeners, voted against this and said the Freemasons don't want to build here so what could she do? Who is the alderman here - her or the Freemasons?!

It was crystal clear to all of us that this council, with a few exceptions, has nothing but contempt for this neighbourhood and most of the people who live here. They do not care that those who have babysitters must go home and be silenced; if you get up for work in the morning and have to sleep at night - tough; if you are elderly and can't stay up to 3 a.m. - tough.

What the gardens will do now can not really be decided until we sit down at our regular meeting on Tuesday, Sept 6. But it is possible we will be calling once again for that wonderful massive support that everyone in this community gave us Thursday night.

(Text) by MUGGS SIGURGEIRSON

The headline is basically correct. We follow the process, treat others fairly, and get kicked on the blind-side through backroom deals, greed, political fear and plans that we "inconvenience" - massive development streamlined by removing the opposition. No vote=no say=no win.

Editor.

It's the little things...