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THE WORD**

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Carnegie

NEWSLETTER



SEPTEMBER 15, 1988.



IN THEIR OWN WRITE

Regular readers of the Carnegie Newsletter will have noticed all the poetry that graces its pages each issue - poems on a variety of topics that touch life and experience as only Downtown Eastsiders know it. There's a literary underground in the neighbourhood that is now coming to the surface. The Canada Council, the federal government's money-granting agency for the arts, has now recognized this fact by awarding the Downtown Eastside Poets a grant to assist in the process.

Since last February, the Poets have been holding free readings at Carnegie on themes of concern to all residents of the Downtown Eastside, such

as Building our Community (the need for decent, affordable housing); Human Relationships (against the increase in pornography in the area); and (last Sunday) Live and Learn: The Street Experience. The readings have been very successful, with between 100 and 200 people in attendance. That far surpasses the attendance at literary events in other parts of town. There was also a strong showing at a reading at LaQuena Coffee House on Commercial Drive.

The Canada Council grant, for \$6,440, was applied for by the Carnegie Community Centre Association to enable the readings to continue, and to also to fund a series of out-of-town trips so the poets can spread

the word to other parts of B.C.

The ultimate goal is to produce a book of poetic writings that will showcase the creativity that shines in this neighbourhood. Last week, the poets produced their first broadsheet - "Feed a Child, Starve a Socred" - with poems in support of the hungry kids campaign.

The members of the group are not professional writers, but people whose writing comes out of their experiences in and around Hastings and Main, Vancouver's lowest-income neighbourhood. They are Jancis M. Andrews, Sheila Baxter, Stephen Belkin, David Bouvier, Cuba Dyer, Curt Eckert, P.J. Flaming, Henry Hebert, Peter Imm, Mike Kramer, Tom Lewis, Dave McConnell, Bud Osborn, Claudius Planidin, Betty Robertson, Wayne Rymer, Anita Stevens, Tora and Diane Wood.

The Downtown Eastside Poets are showing that poetry is not just a solitary activity, but a community phenomenon that contributes to understanding and advancement for all residents of the neighbourhood. The next reading is tentatively scheduled for late October in the Strathcona Community Gardens, in support of the neighbourhood's fight for green space and a healthy life.

Watch for posters or contact Sheila Baxter for more information at 324-5801 or 665-2220.

**How many Vander Zalm
supporters does it take
to screw in a light bulb?**

None. They've never seen the light.

The best goodbyes are the shortest ones. In keeping with that precept I'll try to keep this letter mercifully brief. I'd like to thank someone for having had the opportunity to work at the Carnegie Centre, but of course there is no single person who makes this crazy, wonderful place so unique. The Centre functions through a collection of efforts and eccentricities, through the dedication and diversity of the people who come here to work, to volunteer, or simply to watch Butch and Lisa go nuts everyday. As I muddle and bumble my way through the academic hoops at York University, I'll think fondly of the Centre and all the caring people I've met. Fondly? No, that doesn't quite cover it. I'm going to miss the place a helluva lot.

Don Roberts

Happy Birthday

Dear Paul

Happy Birthday

My friend for quite a few years

Happy Birthday

love, Sheila Baxter

Friends should be able to talk to you
about anything
Friends should be able to listen
if you need to talk
Friends should be able to have disagreements - they're only human
Friends should be trustworthy and
caring to one another
Friends should be understanding
they should also be honest
Friends are the best, for you never
lose their friendship
it's forever.

Mary

HUGE CRESCENT MOON FOR BOB KAUFMAN (1925 - 1986)

- black/white jewish/catholic mongrel/cat junkie wino jailbird
"celestial hobo" & haiku courier running zengoofs on souldark
urban tourists & renewing vows of silence & wandering dying
emphysemic cirrhotic & poor-in-things a merchant marine for 20
years sailing the wild haibun SECOND APRIL through the soul's
jazzsessions creating for free a freed way - "beatnik" - real
unconformed form:

of compassion's perception -

"The defective on the floor, mumbling,
Was once a man who shouted across tables."

of self-examinaiton -

"Misty-eyed, knee-quaking me, gazing on the family
Home,
Realizing that I was about to burn it down,"

of suprasociology -

"Daily papers suicided from tree tops
Purpling the lawn with blueprints."

of street vision -

"Every time I see an old man carrying a shabby cardboard
suitcase,
I think he is an eternity agent on some secret mission."

leaving a poetprophet's wisdom -

"Link by link, we forged the chain.
Then, discovering the end around our necks,
We bugged out."

new orleans born he died in san francisco his ashes given
to the western sea & in between he gave light -

"I remember those days before I knew of my soul's existence.
I used to be able to step on bugs and steal flowers."

c r e s c e n t m o o n

in the backyard

"beatnik poet kaufman dies"

Bud Osborn

Editor
Carengie Newsletter

Dear Sirs:

I have for comment an article by Mr. Peter Imm that appeared in your issue of May 1, 1988.

I feel I must clarify that, while there is no doubt that income assistance recipients work hard in relation to the incentive allowance, the program does not create a job for the individual. The allowance assists the recipient with the expenses that are associated with participation in this employment rehabilitation program. The focus of the program is to provide the individual with a work experience that will upgrade skills so that the individual can enter or re-enter the competitive job market. Specific goals are established in the incentive contract between the individual and the Ministry and therefore the time limits are very appropriate.

I hope that the above comments clarify the role of the Incentive Program.

Yours truly,

Claude Richmond
Minister of Social Services and Housing

Minister,

Perhaps dealing with well-to-do people and hundreds of millions of dollars for the last few years has further blinded you to reality. Perhaps you just don't give a damn. The incentive program is geared for persons with disabilities, either physical otherwise, to get fifty bucks a MONTH more for a minimum of 20 hours community service work. This is what most of the "recipients" do anyway - helping out, tutoring, volunteering. A little reality: Most of the work done by volunteers has no paid equivalent in the "competitive job market" since no profit can be derived from paying individuals to do the same work. The need for the services doesn't vanish at the end of 12 months, but the fifty bucks sure as hell does. At this "time limit" end, you fire the volunteer for no reason whatsoever - except that no employer has been persuaded that s/he could exploit the services needed by making those in need of them pay for them. But then, with your privatizing/selling off everything, soon all the poor will be gone anyway so why worry...eh?!

PaulR Taylor
Editor, Carnegie Newsletter

IMMIGRANT WOMEN

**Do you want to work? What are you good at?
Register your skill & hourly rate with our
computerized JOB SKILLS DIRECTORY**

**Phone 731-9108 after 4pm
VANCOUVER SOCIETY ON IMMIGRANT WOMEN**

THE MINISTER RESPONSIBLE

A calm well-mannered chauffeur
Opens the door of a huge black limousine
& The Minister Responsible
Steps gracefully to the curb

His hi-tech attache case
& six hundred dollar suit
Fit him with impeccable taste

He walks in a quiet & dignified manner
Into the marble entranceway of Century Plaza
Where a uniformed doorman
Salutes & opens the shining glass doors
"Good evening Mister Minister," he says

Flanked by his aides, The Minister Responsible
Proceeds down a thick broadloomed
& richly appointed corridor to
The silent hi-tech elevator
That will lift him to the 21st floor

The Minister Responsible
Enters the conference room
Nodding to his media friends
& smiling briefly for the television cameras
He takes his place at the head of the table
In a dignified & graceful manner

Glancing casually at his diamond wristwatch
& removing his gold-filled fountain pen
From his breast pocket, he begins:

"Gentlemen - you already have a press release
Outlining the details of
Our new Job Finding Program before you," he says

"The New Program will enter marketable skills
Into state of the art computer systems
Programmed to match those skills
With an available position...

In the event that a recipient refuses
A position offered under the New System
He or she will forfeit all future
Welfare payments & any children
Who may have been dependent
Upon the recipient will be removed
For their own safety to foster homes
Approved by the Provincial Government..."

The Minister Responsible pauses to
Adjust his solid gold cufflinks
Smiles warmly & resumes speaking:

& clears a path for him to his limousine
Where his tastefully uniformed chauffeur
Is waiting to convey him to the airport
The Minister Responsible
Steps gracefully into the luxury equipped
Leather interior of his limousine
Opens the bar & pours himself
An exclusive vintage of fine French Brandy
Slowly the huge car
Pulls away from the curb
& The Minister Responsible is gone.

TORA

"I would speculate that only a very
Small percentage of employable recipients
Would turn down jobs offered
Under the New System," he says.
Then with a nod to his aides
The Minister Responsible rises
& thanks the assembled media
For their kind attention
He crosses quietly to the glass doors
& passes into the elevator
As he steps into the foyer
The doorman comes to attention

The Gospel According to St. Bill

Bill Van Der Zalm died and went happily to Heaven
where Christ stopped him at the gate with,
"Sorry, can't let you in. I said, "Suffer the little children
to come unto me," but you refused
and sent children to school without breakfast or lunch,
and piled on the agony
by chopping fifty dollars from their mothers' welfare cheques."

"Come, come, Lord," said Bill reasonably,
"We found the New Testament incomprehensible
in its archaic language - suffer the little children, indeed! -
and the updated version, written in simple Socredese, states
"LET THE LITTLE CHILDREN SUFFER."
"But - " began Christ, whereupon Bill lost patience,
and packed Him off to Hell as a bad B.C.'er.

Now Paradise is privatized
and stiff with Socreds, right-wingers and similiar criminals
and all the welfare mums and the hungry kids
sweat it out as usual in the other place.

Jancis M. Andrews



terrorism

I was talking with a kid who told me
his grade school classmate
was killed
in the air-india massacre
& his school
held a large memorial service
attended by
all the other children & parents
who prayed for the soul
of the murdered boy
& for themselves who'd suffered
such a deep loss
so I asked the kid what the boy was like?
"I don't know" he said
"nobody'd play with him
because he got bad grades
& his skin was brown"

Bud Osborn

D·A·L·A·S



Decent Affordable Living Accomodations Soon

D.A.L.A.S. was formed because two large developers are about to carve up big pieces of Vancouver real estate without any regard to the supply of low-cost housing.

The first is ~~Coneor-e~~ Pacific Developments, a company owned by a billionaire. His plans for the former Expo lands show a high disregard for the need to build quality low-cost housing for families, seniors and single parent families.

The second is Marathon Realities, the real estate arm of the C.P.R. They plan to build a hotel, an office building and a massive pile of condominiums along Coal Harbour from Burrard St. right up to the Bayshore Inn.

The Marathon development poses two threats to the Downtown Eastside:

- 1) There is no provision in their plans for social housing at the Coal Harbour project. None at all!
- 2) The existing train tracks on the Coal Harbour site will be ripped up and laid down exactly on the spot where we want our at-grade crossing!

The C.P.R. is an organization that is used to dictating terms to governments. When passenger traffic was waning they decided to get out of it. Despite an agreement made between them and the federal government in the late 1800's, passenger service didn't pay so abandon it. Let the taxpayer assume the costs. That's what is happening vis a vis VIA Rail.

C.P.R. gives up passenger service, concentrates on shipping eastern goods to the west (at their rates) and, as they no longer need the yards in Coal Harbour to service their passenger trains, they are going to

use that property to build condos on. There is one thing wrong with that. They are going to build on Heritage land, that by rights should revert to public lands. Those lands were the first thing many people saw on arriving in Vancouver. The waterfront and the railyards and the CPR station with the chateau beside it - ours. Now they are going to replace all that with a jumble of condos and fancy sounding street names.

According to rumour, there will be no park space, no sea-wall walk, & no access to the general public. If things go normally you will see security guards in blue blazers and grey skirts or trousers but bearing that CPR COP stamp. The area is already posted:

NO TRESPASSING

C.P.R. PROPERTY

24 Hours a Day.

That's one side of the city. Take the skytrain and in two stops you can see the other side. Here the buildings will be taller, more massive, there will be a sea-wall walk. It will extend the full length of the project and somehow through the Science Centre it will link with the one on the south slope of False Creek.

But, look at the buildings. Along Pender St. from Beatty St. to Shanghai Alley there will be what they'll call the International Village. It will be interesting to see how international the "Village" will really be. How many rich merchants not even living here now are already signed up to occupy space in the many stores that will grace that complex? How many of the condos or apartments in the two twenty-five storey buildings shown in their model have already been leased or sold? BEFORE construction has started or even permits granted?!

I suspect a deal has been arranged and when it's full implications become known there are going to be a

lot of heads falling in high places, and stories told...but not around campfires.

This developer says they favour 20% social housing but not where. They could, as I have heard, shove it all in one area like Yaletown under the Granville Bridge. They could hardly put some wealthy immigrant there - could they? But it would be good enough for the poor people, wouldn't it?

So there are some of the reasons why D.A.L.A.S. is needed. Some others:

1. We want at least 50% of the development to be social housing; 25% to be for families with children; 15% to be for single parent families; and 10% to be for seniors and the disabled.
2. Will all areas and buildings be wheelchair accessible?
3. What is being done about toxic soil?
4. There seems to be very little attention to public parking, particularly for the stadium. Where is this to go?
5. Is it planned to pre-sell the buildings as was done with Emerald West?

There are probably dozens of other reasons so, if you have any, contact D.A.L.A.S. at 9 East Hastings, Van.

By JACK CHALMERS

Living in the Downtown Eastside

I find it very difficult to live and raise my child in the D.E.

I don't mind coming down to visit but I just can't live here. Everyone must understand that some people are my friends but I'm just sick of looking at the working girls, drug addicts, and winos passed out on Hastings and in Oppenheimer Park.

I know there are nice people living in the area and not everyone is a bum. I met a lot of nice people in the Carnegie Centre and the Alex Centre. I just can't cope with some of the troubles the area itself has.

Please try to understand what I am saying - not everyone is weird or anything. I do know my family and friends I've made here will understand me.

Sincerely, Mary & Adam

What a Trip

My son Adam & I took a three-day holiday to Gambier Island with Senior and Volunteer members of Carnegie. It was terrific! Everyone enjoyed the boat ride; Adam slept on the way over but refused to sleep on the way back.

We camped out at Camp Fircum and the children enjoyed themselves as well as the adults. I didn't get much sleep as I thought I would miss out on things. The food was great.

Why do we get fed better when camping than at Carnegie? My answer from Donald was, "Because I'm in charge." Anyway, thank you Carnegie for a wonderful three-day trip.

Mary & Adam

CAPITALISM MIGHT BE REAL
POPULAR, BUT IT SURE
AINT PRETTY.



LIFETIMES FOR RENT

Wake up class - here's your totally rad absolutely awesome & ridiculously simple lesson for today - the heaviest hired bully of capitalism is real estate - you doubt it? Well, this thing "real estate" is a concept, an idea, (dreamed up in god knows what greed-demented but well-meaning mind) that allows, encourages, & makes a big deal out of collecting, every thirty days without fail, enormous sums of money from virtually every person (& families) on earth in "payment" for the space that person or persons occupy on the surface of the planet ...got that? Do you think you could repeat it back?... That's right, on the first of every month, everyone who is now taking up space on the planet must hand over a large part of their income to the "owner" of the space they're using, or the police will come & drag them out onto the sidewalk... all right, cut the laughing in the back row, this is serious stuff...it's called real estate!

This is legal - in fact, it's illegal not to pay for the space in which you exist...

Never mind the fact that everyone from Li-Ka-Shing, Jimmy Pattison & Peter Toigo on down to you & me & the lowliest most anonymous individual on the street doesn't know how or why they got here, let alone what to do with themselves while they're here... You know, - we all come & go the same way, more or less, but real estate is a very strange thing - a totally unethical concept & piece of legislation even...it's a piece of paper someone wrote up giving them or someone else the right to "own" the space you live in... Think about it.

According to this piece of paper, the "owner" can, of course, force you (police with loaded guns behind him) to count out eleven brand-new twenty dollar bills into the manager's hand every month, 12 times a year... At the same time millions of people just like you, all over the city, are counting out much much more, every thirty days, regular as clockwork...every year, for the rest of their lives, these people who are us will be doing this...

This is the world's largest extortion racket - talk about organized crime! Well--don't forget, this is the legalized basis of capitalism we're talking about here - the pillar of society holding up any number of decadent western democracies... Canada, for example.

When white-skinned Europeans said to Native North Americans that they would "buy" up their land & "own" it, just by manipulating the little pieces of paper they held in their hands, the Indians laughed & walked away, muttering something like "these guys are nuts, man"...

Wake up there in the back row! This is very serious business... Our white-skinned ancestors were determined to show the Indian who's "boss" around here...just as the same bastards are today...determined to show who's boss; & as history undeniably demonstrates, the rainbows soon disappear into a pot of gold. As one crazy bastard after another succeeds in signing everything over to himself...& that, they say, is what gives them the "legal" & historical right (in their own minds) to "rent" you the space you're using now, to live your life in, - & if that isn't a plot, I don't know what is...

TORA

Vision Quest

Emergence into dusk
 my migration within the wraps
 of darkness - begins
 Exiling from the city dimming
 its significance fades
 its folds of illusion
 its flicker and spits of light
 behind me blackened into
 its locked up divisional dreams
 hidden now by unmapped places
 by swallowing valleys
 trailless terrain
 starpaths

I enter into a cave
 becoming engulfed entire
 my soul brushes alongside
 fathers forefathers
 of this mother earth
 I step slowly
 surrounded by the brooding
 ancientness

With dampened feet
 I fully enter
 Darkness blooms
 paintings on rockwalls
 appear and fade
 Sweetgrass burns
 the air fills with voices
 the air fills with shouts
 drumming and singing
 as loud as thunder
 fright is the only
 thing I do not feel

Ray Williams

There runs a child
 of the very first nation
 seemingly quick and in step
 between the rubbed graffiti walls
 in an un-named exiled reservation
 in the east end of a westcoast city

Over his bony shoulders and ribs
 he wears a heavy metal t-shirt
 and tucked under his arm
 is a brightly coloured skateboard
 he clutches it like a bible
 With cigarettes in back pocket
 he runs to get away from the rain
 that often hides the tears
 of a silent anger
 he sometimes understands
 in a dominant society
 cropping above his head
 overwhelming his spirit
 that is ancient
 and too complex
 for his surroundings

Ray Williams



Index of first lines of (some)
Redundant Poems

Aspire after spirals
Attack the attack
Awaiting developments, I grow
(turgid) unwilling

Because the answers keep on teasing
But...but not...

Callow, callow is the flame
Celebrate the space between

Disturb me a little harder, peace!

Euclid wrote in sand for beauty's sake
Evangelists list not their blackness

False prophets ring the bells
Fear is my special friend
Funding remains problematic

Ghost rapers in the sky

Hell's heaven; the old cliché yawns on
Hunger haunts the bellies of the full

Janus! Janus! keeper of the echoes

"Laughter is the curse of fools!"
so I've been told

Money doesn't scream, it shifts

Open the gate sesame

Police, Police, wait for me!

Rare finds weigh the most
Rare friends find rare enemies

Silence reigns

Utility grades are no less edible

Victory cups splinter the night

Zarathrustra is through

Stephen Belkin

Governments Give Money for Literacy
Newspaper headlines scream
Little mention of methods,
that have long destroyed a child,
when they first began to learn.
A hungry child unable to think.
The slow ones left behind.
Cutbacks, and cutbacks, crowded schools.
Teachers, their backs to the wall.
Governments encouraging private schools.
The abuses are end to end.
Let's speak the truth about the
non-reader...
It just didn't happen by chance.

Sheila Baxter

News Services

SAN FRANCISCO — Riot police broke up a food hand-out for the homeless in a public park yesterday, arresting 53 people for distributing food without a permit.

Food and fists flew when 150 members of Food Not Bombs began handing out plates. It was their second clash in a week.

Cigarettes

p. Imm

destroyed his lungs
years long fed on smoke and butts.
One life-long passion fueled
with tobacco, nicotine and tars.
his breathings
became wheezings; tubercular hackings;
external spittings;
irregular; irrythmic timings
of his dis-eased, dis-figured lungs
that whispered
in an X-rayed field of some
large stupid black-mass attached to one.
Medical practitioners..
They said it'd kill him with-in the year.
He died in coma 6 months later.

Ecomedia

REZONING THE COMMUNITY GARDENERS ?!

Ecomedia Vancouver is a monthly publication of the Vancouver Ecomedia Collective. We were inspired by and maintain close contacts with the Toronto Ecomedia group yet we are completely autonomous.

E c o m e d i a
V a n c o u v e r

Issue #1, September 10, 1988

We hope that the size of our collective will grow as more people choose to write articles, help with distribution, or contribute money. When we have sufficient resources we hope to publish biweekly and increase our circulation.

Subscriptions are \$10 per year. We can be contacted at Chaotic Distribution/Ecomedia, c/o PO Box 15642, Vancouver, V6B 5B4.

FIGHT AT THE GARDENS

Vancouver City Council has voted to rezone one quarter of the Strathcona Community Garden to allow the Chinese Freemasons to "develop" the area and build a senior citizens home. But as Jeff Sommers pointed out at the public hearing the land has already been developed.

The garden was started in 1985 on three acres of Parks Board land and one acre controlled by the city — land that had never been anything but a garbage dump since the forest was first cleared away. The gardeners have slowly turned it into a park, clearing away old pieces of concrete and metal and digging vegetable plots out of the hardpan. In the last year they have developed a comprehensive plan for the park, building an earth berm to cut traffic noise, planting an orchard, installing a water line, and planning a pond and an herb garden. All this at al-

most no cost to anyone but the gardeners.

In an area which has less green space than any other in the city, the garden is a valuable place for children to play, a place for people to meet and helps to create a sense of self worth and

community for the gardeners and their neighbourhood. It has also provided food, an important consideration in a low income area.

There were several lessons to be learned (or relearned) at the public rezoning hearing held on August 25th.



First of all, the whole hearing was, in many ways, a farce. Ten tired and disinterested councillors sat through seven hours of hearings that ended at 3:30am without ever changing their predictable opinions. The gardeners and delegates from several community groups presented impassioned and well reasoned pleas to leave the garden intact, but were up against a council which did not want to listen.

As the hearings dragged on past midnight several speakers pointed out that the whole process had made council's claims to be democratic an obvious sham. Seniors, single mothers and people who had to get up in the morning and work for a living were forced to leave early. Four hundred people showed up for the hearing but only 20% survived the process of democracy by exhaustion, while at least 26 of the 98 people who signed the speakers list could not stay long enough to be heard. Gordon Campbell has been promising to make council more democratic and allow everyone a chance to be heard but he and his NPA buddies defeated two motions to adjourn the hearings to a subsequent evening.

No attempt was made by

chairperson Campbell to sort out fact and fiction despite the fact that lies were obviously being told by the Freemasons. They claimed and the NPA agreed that the city had promised them the land despite the fact that there is no record of the promise in the minutes and that the city does not have the legal right to make such a promise prior to a rezoning hearing.

The Freemasons bused in "supporters" after buying them dinner at a local restaurant. They were also completely unwilling to negotiate any sort of compromise, accusing the gardeners of being selfish (this from businessmen!) and insinuating that the gardens would not be tolerated even on the remaining three acres of parks board land. Nothing but contempt was shown for the idea of urban farming. However, the councillors were obviously aware that any organization which bused in supporters and mailed in 4600 form letters in support of its application could also deliver votes at election time.

Jim Green of the Downtown Eastside Residents Association offered an alternative site for the development. Unfortunately, neither the Freemasons or city

council were willing to seriously consider DERA's proposal. Their complete lack of any desire to work out a solution that everyone could live with reflected their total disinterest in saving the garden.

That there is one law for the rich and another for the poor was also made apparent at the hearing. The same council which refused to defend the small amount of green space left in Strathcona, recently denied a proposed \$4 million, 10 acre subdivision in Southlands (South of Marine Drive near UBC) creating another park in one of the richest neighbourhoods in Vancouver, an area already blessed with large private yards, golf courses, riding stables and the UBC Endowment Lands.

An important consideration in council's decision — never mentioned at the hearing of course — is the issue of control. The garden is empowering the gardeners and thus it has become a threat, because power given to ordinary people is power taken away from the authorities. For the rich, local initiative and neighbourhood control are frightening prospects. For the dispossessed they are valuable tools.

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

Dave Ryerson, Cuba Dyer, C.L.Eckert

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 | Richard P.-\$35 |
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| Louis P.-\$20 | Tom -\$4.02 |
| Margaret S.-\$10 | L.B.T.-\$100 |
| Teb B.-\$5 | Anon.-\$11.23 |

Jean Swanson for mayor



DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE

DANGER
WARNING: **not voting**

CAN
SERIOUSLY DAMAGE
YOUR HEALTH.

& Government Health

NEED HELP ?

DERA can help you with:

- * any welfare problems
- * UIC problems
- * getting legal assistance
- * unsafe living conditions
in hotels or apartments
- * disputes with landlords
- * income tax



DERA is located at 9 East Hastings
or phone 682-0931.

DERA HAS BEEN SERVING THE DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE
FOR 15 YEARS

breakdown
scratching to make their mark

HOLLYWOOD

disappointment

a dingy L.A. apartment

Down on Hollywood Boulevard
Glamor gets only the best sides
Iniquitous dreams and the ladies
Get the bargains
on the Boulevard of tides.

the
boulevard
drives a
hard bargain

Ubiquitous heartaches,
they're all around
Hollywood seems to be
a dream all right

You got your girls on the Strip set
On the Boulevard lights
and Hollywood nights.

The Boulevard
drives a hard bargain
When you don't know your way around
The Boulevard
drives a hard bargain
When you still can't reach the ground.

arrested
WRONG PLACE, WRONG TIME

ON
THE
EDGE

montage by Darin Devorsy

L.A. ladies turn tricks to earn a living
Out on the Boulevard's west end
Driving rain
and beating sun-hot streets
That keep on changing with the trends.

The Boulevard
drives a hard bargain
The life has all it's ups and downs
The Boulevard
drives a hard bargain
For it's hookers, kids and sad old clowns.
Sunset Strip is making old news
Hollywood Boulevard has taken it's toll
There's lots of action
in the City of Angels
But Doctor Destruction is on a roll.

I'M
ON
A ROLL

CLeANing UP

(On finding a broken ornament after the
Access for the Handicapped Protest,
Crab Park)

One-winged angel, unearthed from the dust
of this day's protest
was it pure accident you fell
from the celestial city
to huddle like a broken bird
in the Downtown Eastside
where there are no streets paved with gold
and no pearly gates, not even
a wooden gate and crossing
for the handicapped?
Were you imitating Christ? Did you become
human and poor, and so were maimed
by the doors forever slamming
in your face?
Or maybe you looked down
and were unable to sing
when old men and women
are turned out of their rooms;
when fifty bucks are chopped off
a welfare mother's cheque,
and a ramp, inaccessible and inflated
as a governmental ego,
is built at the intersection
of big money and mendacity ...
Or maybe you protested,
and when you asked God to intervene
your right wing shrivelled all of itself,
and so you got thrown out as a trouble-maker
in paradise ... Or maybe that fall
from perfection to this,
was just too much, and it crippled you
to a crooked shadow
plummeting from heaven, your one wing
screaming ...
But maybe the truth
is that you were born imperfect;
that you dared ask God for access
and so were banished here, to the D.E.,
where live other damaged angels -
on their backs, shoved out, wings torn off,
faces rubbed in the dirt -
left-wing angel, welcome home!

Jancis M. Andrews

This is verbatim - Ed.

CoMMUNE NatURe

Quit smoking cigarettes
Buy a lottery ticket for
A retreat
Island side
Across open water

It was a rough crossing
Cheese sangajize tossing
And all where sliding
in the decks below

I isembarked on a dock

Under theeves of Jubilee Hall
Four baby barnswallows
furry tyfts on their heads
Yellow bands around their eyes
Like four Apaches
they look surprised

Went on a hike
and trailed over a mountain
Saw a snake in the grass
and the rowboat was a gass,
With Deer in the wood
A Harbour Seal in the water
Black slug-fest in the Orchard
A winged grass-hopper flew
to be destroyed by another.

NAMU Namu

A whole city cried for you
When you passed away
in the pen
on the lamb
Such Stupid Creatures ...

the Gong!
A triangles' call
summon WE to Feed
in Jubilee Hall
And IT Stops me
from swimming
AGAIN!

taum dan y creag

Cobblestones

Coming off Granville Street
feet hit Gastown's cobblestones

Neon competes with starlight
as
cloak of darkness wraps
around the shoulders of this
west coast city

Dodging tourists, nodding
recognition to street folks

Losing my bad attitude now
back in the eastside

On to the Classical Joint
have a coffee
on this open stage Wednesday night

Hear some heartfelt song
Maybe a poet will recite
a poem or two

Closing time back outside
standing under old street light
At fork of Water and Carrall

Looking across at the Europe
where I drank many a beer
in years past

Hearing sounds of a guitar
playing for nickels and dimes
from
drunks coming out of closing
bars

Walking down Alexander Street
to Crab Park
avoiding Mardis Gras
on Hastings

Sit at edge of sea
light a joint
letting the solitude
wash over me

C.L. Eckart

A Park for ALL SEASONS

This Sunday, Sept. 18, the Carnegie Town Forum will tackle a subject that is close to the hearts of Downtown Eastsiders - Oppenheimer Park. Like a favourite grandchild, Oppenheimer receives doting attention from all members of the Downtown Eastside family. No wonder - it's the only open space in the neighbourhood that is easily accessible (until we win proper access to Crab Park). If Carnegie is the living room of the Downtown Eastside, then Oppenheimer can be called the backyard.

A big question is how to keep Oppenheimer safe and useable by young and old, able-bodied and disabled alike. The new covered pavilion being built now next to the Oppenheimer field house will encourage more seniors and families with young children to use the park for picnics and outings in all weather. They must not be deterred by drinking, violence or other anti-social behaviour there.

Many community groups and individuals, working through the Downtown Eastside Parks Planning Committee, have contributed to making Oppenheimer a better place. Carnegie members and staff can feel proud of their contribution to this process. We were part of delegations that went to the Parks Board two years ago to successfully demand community input in re-designing the fieldhouse. (Even the old Friends of Carnegie Users Society - FOCUS - sent a delegation.) A public meeting at Carnegie last October gave the community a chance to say what sort of changes they wanted at Oppenheimer. Among community priorities stated at the meeting:

- responsible full-time staff, covered picnic area, disabled access, improved lighting, and better facilities for the caretaker.

Carnegie people also took part in the year-long campaign to win two after-school recreation workers for the neighbourhood to help serve the growing number of young children. Those two workers used Crab Beach this summer and will use Oppenheimer and other facilities in the winter.

For the past two summers, the Carnegie Community Centre Association has contributed \$1,000 each summer for nutrition and camping programs at Oppenheimer. And last Spring, the Association and Carnegie staff successfully fought behind-the-scenes to stop City Hall from cutting funding at Oppenheimer, which would have devastated the summer program. The Association has funded the summer program through a grant from the city social planning department. This past summer, Carnegie director Diane MacKenzie gave an extra boost in her first few weeks on the job with a little private fund-raising effort that enabled us to "top-up" the wages for the summer workers.

The Carnegie city staff have responsibility for programming at Oppenheimer. The whole staffing structure at Oppenheimer is now being re-examined by City Hall. Because of the widespread interest in Oppenheimer, now is the time for a Town Forum, so the community can be brought up to date and give their opinions.

CARNEGIE TOWN FORUM

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, AT 7 P.M.
IN THE THEATRE

ALL WELCOME

P.S.: As an extra attraction, we are also hoping for a speaker from the

Western Canada Wilderness Society, the group that is fighting to save Canada's biggest and oldest trees, in the Carmanah Valley on Vancouver Island. The trees are threatened by (what else) logging by MacMillan/Blodel.

Oppenheimer and Carmanah - green space in the city and in the country. It's all part of one big fight for environmental sanity.

1) Women's Drop-In - Fridays -

All women welcome. Bring concerns & ideas for discussion. Classroom 2.

1:30 pm - 3:00 pm

2) Women's Fun Gym Time - Thursdays -

Volleyball, basketball, soccer, non-torture exercise, group choice.

2:00 pm - 3:30 pm

3) Women's Weight Room - Tuesdays -

Volunteer supervision, some occasional workshops.

2:00 pm - 4:00 pm

If you have questions or want info, contact Barbara Jackson at Carnegie.

THE DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE RECREATION
ADVISORY COMMITTEE
cordially invites you to

A FAMILY PARTY
FOR PARENTS AND THEIR CHILDREN

ON SEPT. 17, 1988 - 1 - 3:30 p.m.
CARNEGIE CENTRE, 2nd fl. theatre

Come and meet your neighbours, have some fun; games and prizes for the kids, entertainment and more.....



MY SOBRIETY

— my ambitions :

Survival is the game, Marriage is the same
the two of them only play fame
They call it the love game
Simple to say, but most marriages fade and fade
And the hurting memories always stay!



If only they had consulted the issue with a mature being, then would they
still be as devious as to steal their future opportunities away

Young newly weds, gone wrong
Life is too fragile to be taken for granted!
The high price you have to pay to defy morality.

Love calls for honesty, but it sure has mocked me. Am I to see your mascara
paints pathetically. Surely with all due responsibility, surely with all due
responsibility, I may stumble over your purity.

Cynical I am not to be but I lack that necessary longing to be free;
for changing habits of guilt in me. Protective arms will provide me
with these needs. "Quick embrace me!"

At 35, I have arrived, knowing to be ageing out of sensory.
It's more logical now to me; I can't endure survival without femininity.
Humanity, I plead! But this is lacking pure sympathy
.....or is it to intimidating to perceive?

A neglecting animosity I am to see
Help me to discover this morality, as it is to be - Look, Look At Me!
I am to confront this issue with thee.

You are so pretty indeed, as in poetry,
Could you or would you be worthy of me? Please.

I want understanding - a priority - responding only to me.
For directly. constantly, forcibly I am to play with thee as to taunt thee
romantically, passionately, for I have told you -
My male degree to carry you through in curiosity.

BASIC EDUCATION PROGRAMS at CARNEGIE

Fall - 1988

Buddy Lee

Writing Course: Mondays & Wednesdays
10:30 to 12:30 Sept. 19 - Dec. 15
Teacher - Mary-Francis Smith

G.E.D. Course: Mondays & Wednesdays
1:00 to 3:00 Starts Sept. 19
Teacher - Mary-Francis Smith

Math Course: (Basics, GED, Gr. 11-12)
3:30 to 5:30 Wednesdays
Ongoing - 7 to 9 Tuesdays & Thursdays
Teacher - Nick Kocken

Science Course: (basics, GED, Gr. 11-12)
3:30 to 5:30 Mondays
Ongoing; 4:30-6:30 Tuesdays & Thursdays
Teacher - Nick Kocken

**Register for any of these courses at
the Learning Centre on the 3rd floor
of Carnegie Centre on, or before, the
first day of classes.**

For more information contact Tom or
Claude at 665-3013.



POVERTY CLAY

Five thousand foot
Sea Level
It's found all around
Art's nature classic substance
To be fired into
Turned into
Stone

Like these granite walls
Around me
Lights on so I can see
But oh when it gets dark out
My mind's eye roves about
And no one else
Can reach me

drapetomania

you have to pack so fast you can't
feel or think about the pain you're
fleeing strengthen inside you & yeah
that's your thumb stopping a beat-to-
shit station wagon with diapers baby
shoes & a stuffed lion on the dash
board the backseat splashed with
clothes a janitor leaving ohio a
woman & 5 kids & outside chicago
blinding headlights cold carbon wind
& a ride of a thousand miles from a
mexican trucker scabbing a load of
steel & porno with sawed-off shotgun
& reinforced grill & hank snow singing
"who's gonna love you when your
ramblin' days are gone?" & windshield
wipers like glacometti sculptures
wiping arkansas fog west & you end up
dead-broke in dallas on sunday
evening lost between industrial &
reunion streets attracting cops &
creeps until reaching a sally flop
with a hundred others & a kid on the
next cot crying out loud all night
long

full moon

flooding

the red river

Bud Osborn

I am poor and cannot afford this
Poverty clay all around me
Would I mold and make thee
In my image
Can I create without
A fee?

Taum Dycreag

pigeon shit and rain
like a hammer on an anvil
singing paeans of pain on
pain
listen to the rhythm of the
ancient rain
penetrated by the wail of a siren
(another fallen angel in a
trench coat)

I feel much induced to
abort these confusions that
infringe upon my sensibility

muteness dreaming
Van Gogh eyes screaming
A stained table cloth
all too amiable conversation
amid the greasy spoons

Ah man just put a stamp
on my head I gotta get out
of here.

Anonymous

BROKEN BRIDGES: THE GUTLESS HEART

Most people just don't know
The bridge is down
Between their guts & heart
& don't see how
Without the heart they
Raise a gutless world
Where hope & fear
Keep changing places
 changing places...

The guts got no heart
The heart is gutless

Another bridge is down
Love & sex & spirit
Just don't mix
The way they should
Islands inside disconnect
& every changing wind
Blows shipwreck
To the gutless heart
That finds no sign of rescue.

TORA

I have a Vision
And for now perhaps this is all I need
it will sustain me more than bread and water
it will elevate me
it will asphyxiate the innate hours
it will justify my mute presence under the stairwell
people will look but will not see
is it a pipe dream...
even so it justifies my existence.

The Dream must always be
but to give it life
This Dead Leviathan
to give it colour and dimension
Sometimes it really is like
Moon beams melting between the fingers

it is not tangible
only a projection
and you're in it too
I've changed you
I've dictated the Order of Sequence
the weather
the clothes you will wear
the hour (not the clock hour) and
YES the seasonal clock
will spin slowly, wildly
fragrances pervade my mind above the
fraise
dead leaves and rain fall about me
under the stairwell.

Anonymous

PROCuRe
FOR ME **One**
Feather
Of TRUTH



FOR MRS. NORRIS, AGED 91, WHO DEFIED HER FAMILY,
BLEW ALL HER MONEY ON A SEA CRUISE TO HAWAII,
AND DIED AFTER PARTYING ALL NIGHT.



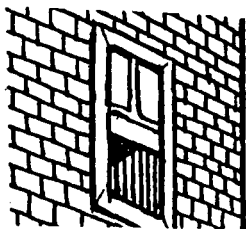
That's for me! The ink
on plans and charts still wet
with anticipation, a hornpipe
of exotic place names dancing
on my tongue, and a few salty asides scouring
the frowns of younger relatives, lips buttoned
about doubt and disapproval,
their plans for the nursing home
the sexless nightie and carpet slippers
wrecked on the rocks
of my elderly intransigence.
No barnacles
on this old lady! All such seawrack
left behind, I shall rollick up the gangplank
of my own craftiness,
a mickey of bad scotch stuck into my bra,
wearing loud shorts and cheap jewellery that clunks,
bellowing a rude song about sailors and loose women,
and planning to blow my pension on bingo ...
Me, leaving on an ocean of blue sky
and a fleet of stars;
with the tide high
and my spirit high,
breaking up and out
of outworn flesh and rising
like a lean, clean, silver fish,
to seize the dragonfly
of a new morning.

Jancis M. Andrews

*Open
Stage*

CABARET
TUESDAYS IN THE
THEATRE 7 PM

**The roots of all living things
are tied together.**



**DOWNTOWN
EASTSIDE**

CASH

bingo

at

Carnegie

Wed.

6:30

STARVE A SOCREd-fEEd A child

Feeling like a spiritual piece of shit? Looking at your lack of progress in divining the Secret of Life? You go point by point and the dismal results leave you little but despair - no jobs except at starvation wages, treated as slaves at minimum wage, families in constant danger of being split up by the Rules of legislated poverty...

if you're a single mother you're being forced to take any kind of work even though there is no affordable daycare/shelter/clothes/services ...training programs get you to the point of being in the "competitive job market" with only a certificate in your hand against hundreds of others playing the game of "It's not What you know but Who you know.." and the Welfare rates never change to make things a little easier;

and when you try to look outside for a little hope you see everything being sold to the political friends of the Socreds and zoning laws change to accomodate developers whose only ideation involves the coldhearted bloody exploitation of our heritage.

and children are left hungry while the fat cats use bureaucratic manipulation to perpetuate their criminal activities...and a cry of seemingly hopeless rage erupts from our soul: and then you hear a whisper of sanity...a way of action that is truly radical...a way of thinking and being that is worth living and dying for...and an enlightened vision begins to unfold before your inner eye: a silent mantra begins to repeat itself in our minds and we sound the words of power out loud -

starve a socred, feed a child

The mantra is uttered out loud in conversations, at public events, you see crowds of us chanting it at rallies, on the streets, in schools and on campuses and in factories and in offices...people stop mumbling, crying, trying to escape; anger and rage and frustration stop slashing all and sundry and suddenly coalesce with purpose and direction

- the Socreds are floundering with the resignations of cabinet ministers, public knowledge of scandals like RCMP investigations of the Premier on at least three occasions being blatantly swept under the carpet, the spending of millions of dollars on private deals and on public TV commercials - designed to brainwash viewers into believing rather than knowing, bullcrap words about supporting families while - in reality - doing everything to disrupt and destroy the lives of the non-rich with the selling of needed services to private enterprise/multi-national corporations where it is done only to make a buck and people depending on the service have their viselike budgetted monthly money run out in two weeks and the truth behind the media hype gets closer and closer to home...the bottomless pit of the fixed income suddenly gives you the knowledge for turning the tide of this onslaught... the mantra again -

starve a socred, feed a child

- Civic politicians try to hammer our power into mush; big money is behind the plans to "final solution" outrages against the poor, the elderly, the disadvantaged, the mentally and physically disabled, new Canadians, the illiterate...

...the most obvious have to do with the Expo lands, Coal Harbour, Crab Park, Strathcona Community Gardens, pornography outlets, the continual application of the iron heel to those of us who will not support the system of oppression that makes our children go to school hungry -

the City Council majority are the N.P.A. are the local Socreds, and are well-versed in methods of pulling the wool over the eyes of voters with million dollar TV campaigns and asides of "stopping the socialist hordes" while selling out our heritage and history - for personal gain - to the influx of more rich exploiters who made their billions by paying slave wages in the third world...
...and this Council majority follows the Socred example without blinking an eye and lets kids go hungry; the buck-passing excuse being that it's not "their" responsibility when "our" children have no food to eat yet their system legislates malnutrition.

Democracy is a system that has been warped into a bureaucratic fog to brainwash us into believing that there is nothing we can do because we "just don't understand."

True democracy is not a political condition, it's a spiritual condition. There are more than a few of us and our power is enormous - we are part of a whole planet full of like-minded people. Start with your friends, they will pass it on, networks will form - the power of a single vote is stronger than any nuclear weapon in the world. We will not unsee what has been seen; We will not spend time wailing about what-might-have-been... remember -

starve a socred, feed a child

By PAULR TAYLOR

