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Carnegie

NEWSLETTER



OCTOBER 15, 1988.



THE FUTURE OF VANCOUVER

By SUE HARRIS

The most important issue in the City Election (Sat. Nov. 19th) is the Expo land. Everyone has been waiting to see if Vancouver will get a fair deal from the site - social housing. After all, hasn't this been the carrot dangled in front of us since the Socreds bought the land in the late 70's with our money?

But it's 1988, nearly 1989 and billionaire and land-flipper Li Ka-shing has been given this prime real estate for almost a song and maybe a handshake. The NPA dominated Council has been a major player in the Expo lands fiasco. They've been

almost silent on the sale, the cost, the planning or lack of it. The community is not being consulted - we "get in the way." They do not deserve to represent Vancouverites; definitely not Downtown Eastsiders.

The Expo lands can either benefit Vancouverites or they can be developed for the rich as an executive city. Vancouverites need social housing. Why?

- 17,000 people are on waiting lists for housing in Vancouver
- in the Downtown Eastside, groups like DERA have 3,000 people on waiting lists alone

- there are no rent controls
- Vacancy rates are the same as when Expo started. In other words, it's a landlord's paradise.

There are dozens of questions to be answered about the site and its effects on Vancouver & the D.E.

- 1.) If social housing is built, how much and when?
- 2.) Will these units be paid for by stealing from unit allocations for the Downtown Eastside?
- 3.) How will the site affect land prices in the rest of Vancouver? (If land costs go up too much in our community, then building social housing here will be impossible.)

COPE's Aldermen Libby Davies and Bruce Ericksen have championed the issue of social housing and community planning at City Hall time and time again.

COPE supports 50% of all housing on the site be social housing, with proper community consultation and planning taking place. Instead the NPA have patsied up to the developers, leaving Vancouverites out in the cold. A vote for COPE on Nov. 19th is a Yes vote for proper development of the Expo lands! Just so you'll know the names of the COPE candidates, here they are!

Mayoralty: JEAN SWANSON (COPE/C.NDP)

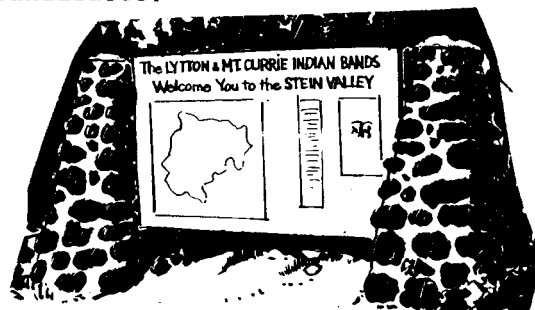
Aldermanic: LIBBY DAVIES
 BRUCE ERICKSEN
 HARRY RANKIN
 CAROLE WALKER
 BRUCE YORKE

School Board : CHRIS ALLNUTT
 JOHN CHURCH
 SADIE KUEHN
 GARY ONSTAD
 PAULINE WEINSTEIN

Parks Board : MIKE CHRUNIK
 TIM LOUIS
 PAT WILSON

Nearly all of the above candidates

have been elected at one time or another. Those others have worked hard and nearly being elected. On November 19th, we need to elect all COPE candidates to Council, School Board & Parks Board. And we need Jean Swanson replacing that up-start Campbell in the Mayor's chair. And we need the CIVIC NDP also in. They have endorsed Swanson, have 5 aldermanic, 4 school and 4 parks board candidates.



FREE LAW CLASS

The City
 Election & You

How does it work?
 What is the job of elected officials?
 What is the role of
 schoolboard & parksboard?

Wed., Oct. 19

7:30 - 9:30 pm

ALEX CENTRE
 320 Alexander

CASH
bingo
 at
Carnegie
 Wed. 6:30

It's Nothing Personal

By Muggs Sigurgeirson
CCCA President.

The Carnegie Board has instructed me to make a statement about the editorial policy of the Carnegie Newsletter. Specifically, that the Newsletter is not a forum for personal attacks on any member of our community.

We are all proud of the Newsletter. It is a vigorous voice of reporting, opinion and creativity in the Downtown Eastside. Some of the opinions expressed in its pages, especially about politicians and other public figures, are strong - very strong. That is all to the good. The Downtown Eastside is home to many strong-minded people, and we have many issues that are important to us.

But we must draw the line when it comes to personal abuse or invective against members of our community. Many will remember the bad old days of insult and petty bickering on our Board. That wasn't free speech. In fact, it had the opposite effect, because it silenced many good people by driving them out, or making them cynical or apathetic. That situation was a black mark against Carnegie, and indeed the entire Downtown Eastside. It discredited us, and kept us from fighting the real problems that face the community.

Carnegie members called a halt to that. The bad old days are behind us now. We've had a "fresh start" in the Carnegie Association. We don't always agree on everything, but when we argue, we strive to do it with civility and respect.

The editorial policy is simple: you can disagree with what someone says, with ideas, opinions and strategies. But there will be no att-

acks on a person's character or motives in letters, articles or columns.

Here's an example. Suppose Carnegie member X makes a statement that everybody in Carnegie should be given \$10 out of Association funds. If you don't agree, what is an acceptable reply and what isn't?

NOT ACCEPTABLE: "Member X is nuts. He's a card-shark and he wants to win the money away from everybody else, so he can get rich."

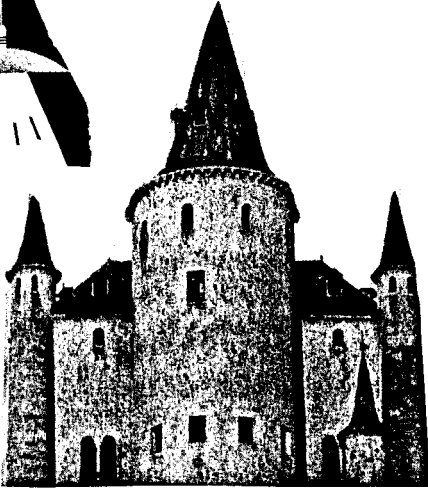
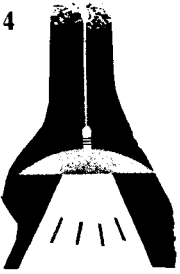
ACCEPTABLE: "That idea will bankrupt the Association. We should spend our money on projects that will have a long-term benefit, not just a quick spending spree."

The second reply deals with the substance of the issue. It doesn't personalize it. That's the kind of debate and discussion we want to see in the Newsletter.

Some publications don't believe in this kind of policy. The East Ender, for instance, regularly publishes attacks on people in its letters columns, and factual mis-statements based on what someone says, without checking into it to make sure it's true.

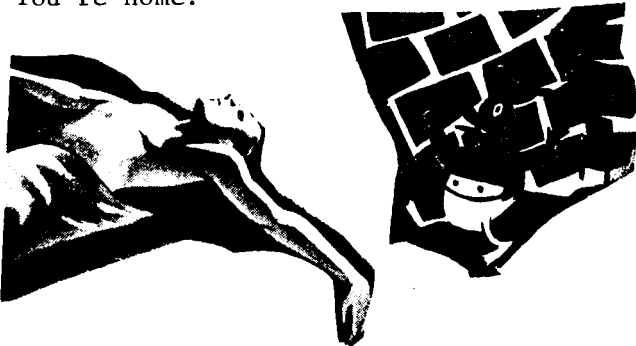
Obviously, the Carnegie Board and the Newsletter have not been 100% successful in sticking to our policy. Occasionally, there is an unfair or harsh word exchanged. But there has been significant improvement. With the help of Carnegie members, we will keep up the effort. If you have any questions or comments, please contact anyone of the Newsletter's editorial committee: Bill Deacon, Lillian Harrison and Paul Taylor.





A place called home P. Imm

and you've crashed
 on the floor
 in a pile of yesterday's news
 papers strewn
 round under your
 refrigerator, clinging wet fragments
 at the edge of
 a stainless steel sink.
 Mouse nibbles on wood mouldings
 and you're asleep on the floor.
 On a mattress of foam
 atop a sea of dust
 piled in an
 inaccessible corner slid underneath
 empty, molding
 Kokanee brown glass bottled stale
 last week's beer.
 You're home.

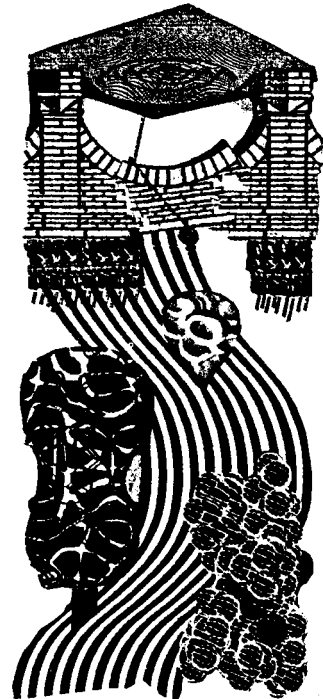


I LIKE YOU MORE THAN ICE CREAM

I say the chip on my
 shoulder turned into a boulder.
 About life, I say walk around
 those puddles and don't you
 dare walk through, for you
 Will get your feet wet and that
 Will make you blue.
 On the darker side I said
 She came into the store all
 Dressed in summer's clothes
 But it was raining Bats
 and Hogs and that's the way
 it goes.

He said 'you're not playing
 with a full deck
 And I aver I am
 missing 3
 the Jack
 the Queen
 the four
 and need I say more.

Kevin





LONG LIVE PIGEON PARK!

It looks like it's the beginning of the end of the "Downtown Eastside". So enjoy the cracked sidewalks, chipped paint and general unexpurgated mayhem and harmonic deterioration while you can. The Man from Glad and Mr. Clean are looking at it from all directions and foaming at the mouth.

In search of a morning coffee, I wandered into Carnegie and came across a meeting last Friday (Sep.30) At first a few loud-mouthed whiners were drooling about the necessity to have bright lights and a curfew at Pigeon Park. You know the signs - NO ONE CAN RELAX IN THIS PARK FROM... These squeamish squawkers blame the existence of Pigeon Park for random violence and tension which occurs in the area. I think they just like to look down on people who are less privileged, poorer, or have different values. One ignorant racist has even written, in reference to Pigeon Park, "Send the Indians back to the reservations" (Letter to the Editor, East-ender, Sep. 22).

Well, first things first, this here is "Indian" land, always will be, and if you haven't figured that out, I ain't gonna try to change your mind (just try closing your eyes for 60 seconds). Secondly, I spend a lot of time at Pigeon Park at various hours throughout the day and night and have never witnessed any violence there.

Is it all rumour or exaggeration? I've never seen anybody in Pigeon Park harass passersby, except perhaps to inquire about spare coin (but is that harassment?). I've never seen anybody drinking the salty wine, and those who are civilized enough to crack open some unsalted fermented grape or barley usually see it get poured into the garbage can by police who regularly patrol the area (every 15 minutes).

I find Pigeon Park to be a sanctuary, a place to go without the need of money to sit on a bench and dream away while the world floats downstream. I find it to be an aesthetically pleasing spot just the way it is and it reminds me of places in Europe and Mexico. I think the whole Expo site and adjacent parking lots should be a grand replica of Pigeon Park. To give it a sci-fi allure, we could name this viable money-saving alternative development "Daughter of Pigeon Park", and congregate there and invite the neighbours to celebrate the failure of the human species to attune with the ecosphere.

But alas, the Expo site, False Creek Annex, Coal Harbour, and the Downtown Eastside is doomed to become 'Son of Fantasy Garden'-sterile architecture, fenced and locked alleyways, 24 hour rush-hour traffic (mysteriously ignored in the

architects' depiction), pruned and weeded vegetation, and security lights to the max. All the characteristics of a breeding ground for violence, a spiritual vacuum, a psychological ghetto where real estate gangsters worship gold bricks and architects with Mechano sets escape their inferiority complexes. Or haven't you been to Victoria lately? Thus, the innocent victims which DERA represents (a minority of victims living downtown - ie they'll be out to get junkies and prostitutes next) will be free to rot to death in democratic bleakness, unable to enter the myriads of grotesque stores, restaurants, offices, and hotels that

will prop up catering to and enforcing fascist fashion and "order".

So it's time to go. Off to some other place where us average Jo(e)s stand up against "Satanic" forces. And if they should disturb my peace of mind there, my lonely castle of tranquility, I'll be waiting with a special sort of surprise.

In Beirut, B.C.

- Blind David Blacksmith



Editor,

Response to the Board's motion at its October meeting to effectively censor our freedom as democratic Canadian citizens to express ourselves freely on the pages of a truly Canadian publication, The Carnegie Newsletter.

The Board's motion was specifically prompted by Shelly Schnee's letter to the editor that appeared in the October 1st Newsletter. It was stated that Shelly's letter represented a personal attack upon a local personality. Muggs Sigurgeirson put the motion forward in her President's report.

I was stunned and surprised to hear this motion put forward. I went up to the open mike and denounced the motion. I stated that Shelly had hit the nail on the head and allowed Carnegie members to hear reason and truth. I supported Paul Taylor and his courageous efforts as Newsletter editor to keep us, the membership, truthfully informed of community events. I was even more

surprised when it was stated, by one Board member who ought to know better by now, that we are free to express ourselves in the Eastender! Come on. Get real. Let's see a show of hands of those people from this Centre whose letters to that publication are not printed time and time again! However, the local personality who trashes Carnegie and other activists' efforts here in the east-side never seems to lack for space in the Eastender. So, what goes on? And why deny to us downtown east-siders our thoughts, our opinions, and telling of truth?

Get real Bill, Jeff, Lillian and Muggs. Don't pull a Stalinist censor-ship ploy, on us the people who voted you into your high exalted "office". If you have any sensitivity to poor people just realize that to have a voice is to have power; don't pull out the rug from under us.

Peter Imm, Volunteer,
Carnegie Centre.



TO: International Longshoremen's & Warehousemen's Union (Vancouver)
Local 500
The President and the Executive

Ladies and Gentlemen,

This letter follows a previously held discussion regarding the Christmas activities at the Carnegie Community Centre, between Carnegie Association Board of Directors and Louis A. Kaufman.

As a result of Mr. Kaufman's suggestion, we of the Carnegie Association are asking your union's executive if you would sponsor a full day's free food at the Centre on Christmas Eve and Christmas morning.

As you may very well know, Christmas is a time to rejoice, but for a great number of people here it has historically been a period of depression. We of the Carnegie Association strive year after year to lessen the stress of these people to the best of our abilities.

In sponsoring this project, your union would be of great help in making Christmas a day to truly rejoice for the patrons and users of Carnegie, who otherwise would have only four walls to look at.

If you have any questions in regard to this request, I will be more than happy to reply, and to attend your next executive meeting to answer further queries you may have.

Yours truly,

Julien-Joseph Levesque

Prose Ode to Martina Navratilova
(in remembrance of Jim Thorpe, et al)

The brooding sky above cast a stare
at the infant earth -
so young, so careless, it mused in its
half wake:
is there a gentle way of slowing down
this incredible need?
the brooding sky shook its weary head -
how can you slow down a child
so demanding for total knowledge
and consumption

can you sing a demanding child
a gentle song
does that stop the rage -
can you recite a poem
or play a gentle game with
a demanding child -
or; does the child in reality
- only want to play alone!

the sad sky shivered in its thoughts
and tried to think back upon its infancy
- its tornadoes, its hurricanes, its floods -
the sky looked at young earth
and thought of the toys of earth -
nuclear this and diseases of that
what a destructive, foolish child -
Imagine trying to destroy one's own self
and still trying to survive beyond the now -
the brooding sky didn't want to be
overly negative or pessimistic -
for surely the child earth would eventually
receive a healthy dose of survival wisdom -
but, well, the future seemed far away
and the present seemed too destructive
and the years before, what were they -
a stepping stone

the brooding sky couldn't help but wonder
about its lakes and rivers and forests -
and its young humans -
and the sad sky said yes,
it cared for its young humans -
but for what good -
a tear fell - a sadness was conceived
but for what good

Dave McConnell

Was ever strain more graceful?
On ice, perhaps. Perhaps.
(Lest dancers protest, we are
dancers all.)

All who share the court
learn from her.
She is not the only teacher,
she is just the best.

She's teaching relinquishment
now. Ask Ms. Graff, if there's doubt;
and remember, Steffi, that the Russ-
ians keep proving how well they
learn. Tennis is, after all, another
place where memories go to nurture
bitter loss.

Tennis is my favourite place.

Stephen David Belkin



A WALK IN THE GARDEN

There is a place where there
are no faces in the windows -
anymore
Let the prostrated plastic
Cat by the roadside attest to that
Look - the Elysian Fields are
filled with plastic flowers
cigarette butts
old newspapers
pop cans and
herds of cars

The clenched fist under my
skull needs to extend its
fingers. No
My heart is not become
a piece of coal and
Are these bloodshot eyes
Really a mirror of my soul?

Kevin



*Do Something
Meaningful...*



The Happy Sprite that died one night...

This being was such a Happy Sprite
a happy sprite with all its might
and wished the glen that sprites dwell in
would come to life and be clean again.

The trees were cut down and
sold down river
The air was polluted and
blackened forever.

And the water was in such a mess
that foods were tainted and unless
the spell was removed from the dell
this disaster spelled doom for all that dwell.

No water no trees no air no food
We can manage it said the corporate fool
We'll sell clean air in cannisters
and those who can't afford it will vanish
from here and it's educated people
that cause societies' problems so
we will be better off to let them go
and drown their minds in relief from a bottle
and when it came time they were left with so little
when you're dealing with ½ a cookie
in the alley
covered with dribble.

Taum D.

I saw this man, he smiled at me,
Let's be friends, I said to thee,
We were at that.

I saw him walk, and talk and sing.
I proud to be under his wing.
He made a swing, he's proud of me.
Happy also am I.

We laugh at things,
We never see bad
Even when it lingers near
I'm safe.

We walk, we play, we go away.
What fun it is when he could stay.
Window shopping, boating, fishing,
While we sit there wishing.
Life is fun when there's someone
to share it with.

Patty (8 years old)



A sadness...

Mr. Chan, beloved helper for the
Ballroom Dancing in the Theatre,
was struck by a car and killed
after leaving Carnegie.



Hard to believe, but true.

POVERTY LIES BLEEDING

10

Belts tell the real story
of a people's wealth
you make up stories and excuses
they powertrip over other's lives
you steal and squeal
and make up more lies
The others predicted you will.

Stop being yourself.
The ring seperates from the Spring
You are one of my people
Blue-green and orange flashes
and something new
White flashes illuminate
shadows cast about this hall
ever-changing light patterns

You were easily
Ripped - Off!
It's a phrase I find I repeat
They'll rip you off when you're asleep
A faze these rainswept days
A return of a Pacific High
Happiness in Summer's dreaming
I cast these doubts
I forecast the Sky
Peace I pray for
and this and more
For this I implore
Hey you down there
Where's everybody going?
No Love No Sex
Has everybody gone to Mars?
Kindly quit whistling
at my door.

Taum D.

DERELICTION (Self-analysis?)

Garry Gust

Lazybones won't clean up his room,
He can't even see where he buried the broom.
Lazybones won't wash his sox,
They're hidden away in an airtight box.
Lazybones won't look for a job,
He's a guest of the government (a welfare snob)
Lazybones won't spread his wings,
He just daydreams about doing great things.
Lazybones won't follow the crowd,
He's too busy being alone and proud.
Lazybones won't clean up his room,
He just closes his eyes and shuts out the gloom

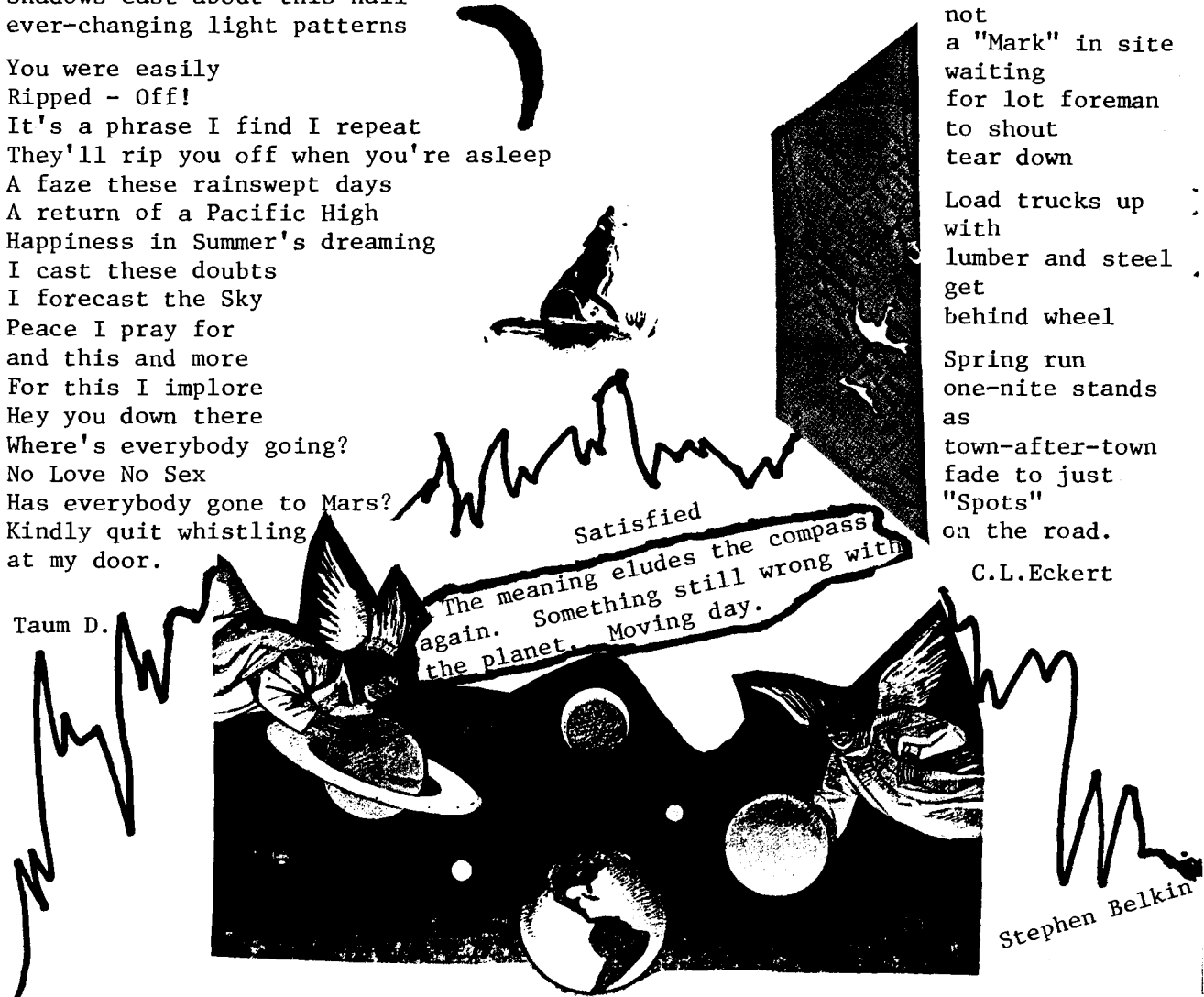
Carnival midnite
not
a "Mark" in site
waiting
for lot foreman
to shout
tear down

Load trucks up
with
lumber and steel
get
behind wheel

Spring run
one-nite stands
as
town-after-town
fade to just
"Spots"
on the road.

C.L.Eckert

Satisfied
The meaning eludes the compass
again. Something still wrong with
the planet. Moving day.



Stephen Belkin

Memo To Parents From a Child

1. Don't spoil me. I know quite well I ought not to have all I ask for - I'm only testing you.
2. Don't be afraid to be firm with me. I prefer it. It makes me feel secure.
3. Don't let me form bad habits. I have to rely on you to detect them in the early stages.
4. Don't make me feel smaller than I am. It only makes me feel stupidly big.
5. Don't correct me in front of people if you can help it. I'll take much more notice if you talk quietly with me in private.
6. Don't make me feel that my mistakes are sins. It upsets my sense of values.
7. Don't protect me from consequences. I need to learn a painful way sometimes.
8. Don't be upset when I say, "I hate you." Sometimes it isn't you I hate but your power to thwart me.
9. Don't take too much notice of my small ailments. Sometimes they get the attention I need.
10. Don't nag; if you do I shall have to protect myself by appearing deaf.
11. Don't forget that I cannot explain myself as well as I would like. That is why I am not always accurate.
12. Don't put me off when I ask questions. If you do you will find that I shall stop asking and seek my information elsewhere.
13. Don't be inconsistent. That completely confuses me and makes me lose faith in you.
14. Don't tell me my fears are silly. They are terribly real and you can do much to reassure me if you try to understand.
15. Don't ever suggest that you are perfect or infallible. It gives me too great a shock when I discover you are neither.
16. Don't ever think that it is beneath your dignity to apologize to me. An honest apology makes me feel surprisingly warm towards you.
17. Don't forget I love experimenting. I couldn't get along without it, so please put up with this.
18. Don't forget how quickly I am growing up. It must be very difficult for you to keep pace with me but please do try.
19. Don't forget that I don't thrive without lots of love and understanding, but I don't need to tell you, do I?
20. Please keep yourself fit and healthy. I need you.

Submitted by Irene Schmidt



WELCOME TO THE HUMAN RACE

By PAULR
TAYLOR



Reading all the books is useless without a spiritual something that makes every experience or word or action or all together be a part of my path. I'm marking time, waiting for Ba'ba' to incontrovertibly say, "Go ahead, start walking."

Old sayings about journeys of a thousand miles/one small step are true and applicable but there is no inner faith. And the smoking goes on - and the inner seeking goes up in smoke and the waiting continues.

Thinking five years down the road gives a blank picture- the only aim in mind is to be an extraordinary human being in all aspects: superb health (prowess, vision, speed, every-thing); awesome intellectual power; and spiritual surety as the foundation of all. Nothing less than everything will suffice for the feeling (knowing) that this life is worth it.

Being alone for my entire life is now normal - but it's not natural. Years ago (ah, the past again (they told me the past can teach if you listen to the right words)) body weight was 89 pounds and my most dynamic act was to sit up straight. I began to sit with eyes closed for 16 hours a day, taking no food or water. On the morning of the fifth day it - IT - happened. For almost 5 seconds I found a place inside myself where no one could go but me, and in that Place something listened!

I have no craving for acquaintances as life provides those all the time. I would like to know a feeling of inner peace and acceptance. 'Welcome to the human race.' Maybe this is the grist for being a Wholetimer; when mundanity threatens in whatever way or situation, "there is work to do....."

Smoking is a refusal to live life to the fullest. Whatever Sam'skaras ripen and seek expression/resolution, mental propensities strengthened by negatively perceived experiences - past-living - block the soul's desire to grow with all possible speed toward Thee.

I've been self-programmed since adolescence to underachieve ... to come up secondbest or to cause other factors (personal discipline, social behaviour, psychic expression) to necessitate censor by authorities (parents, teachers, the Law, etc.).

Growth seems to be consequent on "being perfect" with the subliminal conviction - again programmed - that the impossibility of this goal makes any true effort in that direction doomed from the start.

All methods are just that - methods; narrow, promising the world, but delivering little more than frustration. It reads like I need something supernatural, something that isn't logical or reasonable or even possible in my frame of 'reality' - to KNOW that regardless of the consequences I must move on with all possible speed.

Taking any method separately makes the results dismal when the remainder of my being is untouched. Tantrik practice became the mundane world promised by Ba'ba' - "mediocre at best."

READER SPEAKS UP

Editor: Carnegie Newsletter

Inner progress must be balanced with action to realise progressive social change. There are no Tantrik monasteries. Inwardly, no progress is more important than getting myself together to the point of being happy with myself. Outwardly and equally vital is to establish a sentient peace worldwide. Anything less on either journey is a violation of spiritual evolution. The main difficulty is having no clear idea - smoke does that; there's always a haze, an inhibition to stretching beyond the present level.

Intuition is the best when there are no self-imposed barriers, when I'm actively involved in the war of dharma; the war against 'my own worst enemy' - myself. The corollary to this little homily is, of course, 'myself - my best friend,' but the Infinite is unbounded and I have never felt limitless.

An experience will be the turning point. Continued degeneration with excuse-finding will either remain a constant activity or a true beginning - with my past/the past - acceptable.

Spiritual practice cannot be dependent upon time, space or persons but must be as solid as light.

"How are ya'?" "Pretty good."

Save for Homage Rendered

The past does not forgive. Memories assure inner sadness. The carriers know this, seeking sharers. The innocent wait their turn.

There is nothing harder than granting children their release from ignorance, unless it be saying good-bye to the cost of living.

Wisdom buys.

Stephen Belkin

I see the prostitutes are outraged again about the police doing nothing to protect them. Don't they realize the police hate their guts & want to see them dead? It's a proven fact that police break the bones of citizens in jail elevators, & that they think nothing of pumping four bullets into a drunken man weilding a knife on his own front lawn. Of the 5 cops who surrounded him, not one stepped forward with the simple skill of disarming a drunken man to save a life.

If the prostitutes would read the newspaper thoroughly every day they would recognize the overwhelming evidence that policemen are hired killers in uniform, armed to the teeth & ready to kill at a moment's notice.

It also amazes me that community "organizers" co-operate with police on "cleaning up the neighbourhood." Don't they realize that cops will take any opportunity to terrorize an urban community where the majority are always involved in some kind of petty transgression of the law... whether it be shoplifting, jaywalking, or the occasional use of soft drugs in their own home... This makes you a "criminal" & criminals are fair game for police sadists in a closet fascist society.

It's about time Downtown Eastsiders woke up & realized their real enemy is the government in all its forms... especially law enforcement.

Tora: Carnegie Member.

Is Marjorie alive?
 Inquisitive minds want to know,
 and they want to know RIGHT
 NOW, DAMMIT!

Was Marjorie Mallard really seen
 chowing down at Burger King with the
 "not-as-dead-as-had-been-believed"
 King of Rock 'n' Roll? Has she really
 been hiding behind a paper bag. Did she
 really have a close encounter with
 Reverend Joshua Profit? According to
 the Irrational Inquisitor, the answer
 to these questions is YES, and the
 tabloid claims to have documented
 evidence. If this is true, then some-
 thing isn't as it's quacked-up to be.

As you may recall, the January 1st issue
 of the Carnegie Newsletter reported that
 Marjorie Mallard, a local activist, had
 met her demise on someone's dinner plate
 last Christmas. Subse-
 quent issues had the
 finger of accusation pointed at

Captain Chaos (a newsletter writer),
 who insisted that while he may have done
 the eating, it was Sam Slanders (another writer) who
 had done the cooking. Shortly thereafter, Slanders
 mysteriously disappeared.

Just recently, the Inquisitor stories were
 brought to my attention by Chaos, who pointed out
 that if they were true, then it could not possibly
 have been Marjorie that he had eaten on Christmas
 day. Chaos asked me if I would help him "find the
 duck" and prove his innocence. I decided that I
 would take this case on and bring my findings back
 as an exclusive to the Carnegie Newsletter.

During my investigation, I came across an abund-
 ance of people who claimed they had seen Marjorie.
 One woman believes she saw Marjorie's photo on a
 billboard for Ducks Unlimited. A young boy said he
 saw her in the movie WHO FRAMED ROGER RABBIT. Two
 teenage punk-rockers said they bumped into Ms. Mal-
 lard at one of their slamdancing parties. A hooker
 on Seymour Street claims that three times she had to
 keep Marjorie from waddling away with her clients.
 One person even stated she saw Marjorie ducking out
 behind the Regent Hotel. All these sightings, but
 still no duck.

Is Marjorie alive? Keep an eye out.....

EVANGELIST

SHACKS UP

WITH DUCK CRITIC IS REALLY DEAD DUCK LIVES

IN DUMPSTER BEHIND FRIED CHICKEN RESTAURANT

ELVIS SHARES WHOPPER WITH MARJORIE MICHIGAN MOM CLAIMS MARJORIE reincarnated as my son's PILLOW

Story & Montage by David Ryerson

but eats fish and occasionally vegetables. He ate fried vegetables. He ate fried vegetables.

faith and they have breached their faith. They were leading us to this situation where I...

alleges, so that the healthy...

easier tion, I in...

my head, m what led the s. I'll that? out-ry to

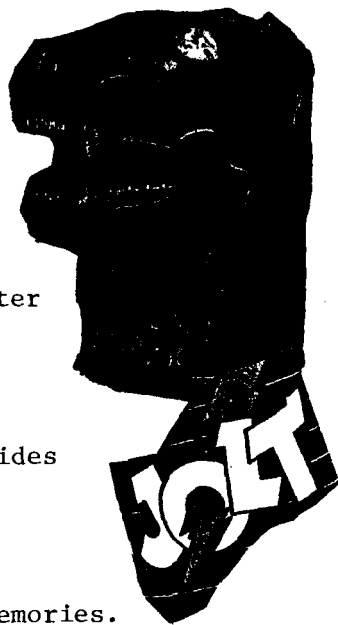
of 8 of my daddy at the age of 9

Nudist claims

dry clothes and somehw oneg endo

know it

Seasons



It's fall once again
on the midway
What was once the sound of laughter
is now the echo of hammers.

What was happy screams
is now the sound of men working.

The colours are coming off the rides
like leaves off the trees.

The rock and roll has faded
to the roar of trucks.

The bright lights are just dim memories.

The candy floss and joints are folding up
like summers of seasons past.

But in the winter,
The joints and rides will be refurbished,
And in hte spring will be set up again.

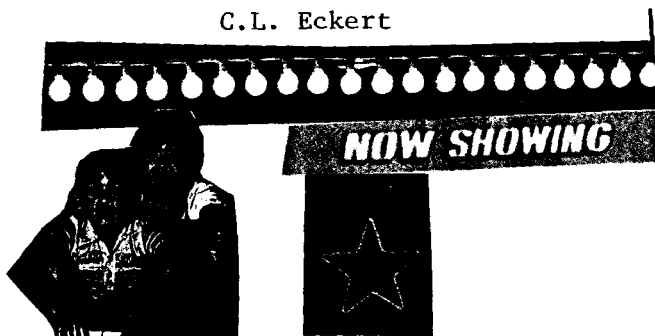
Carnys working late into the night--
Talking, swearing, laughing.
They know it will get done
for this is show business.

And in the summer,
There will be laughter and happiness again.

This is the forever-changing-yet-staying-the-same
World of the Carnival.

Like the Merry-go-round,
It's a never-ending-Circle-of-Life.

C.L. Eckert



STRUGGLE IS THE ESSENCE...

By JOANNE HAMEN

It's surprising what a little money can do. But the disadvantaged know what not having it can do. A political candidate with no money has more trouble making herself known to the electorate. A downtown eastside resident may have trouble getting enough to eat. Yet somehow they both survive.

Political candidates with lots of money don't have these problems but we all know who they are. Probably not so for the candidate with no money. But Jean Swanson has never let this stop her and now she is gunning for the mayor's job. And she knows why there is no money and wants to improve the quality of life for downtown eastsiders at the very least. Since Jean doesn't have a lot of money to buy publicity, maybe not everybody knows that she is a unity-slate candidate, - the best qualified choice of the Civic New Democrats and the Committee of Progressive Electors (COPE) who is running as an Independent. Jean Swanson is a survivor.

Originally from the U.S., Jean grew up living in a trailer home that, by the time she was 11, had settled in as many states. Married at 19, Jean got her B.A. in history, saying, "I just got it. My parents expected me to go to college. Mind you, it was easier in those days. I was married then and we both went. We lived in one room for \$29 a month - and it had roaches. If you worked in the summer you could go to school. It's impossible to do that now."

Jean came to Canada during the early 70's with her husband and when

the marriage failed, stayed on as a single parent, raising two children now aged 22 and 21.

To support herself and her two children, Jean got a job slinging beer at the Patricia Hotel. The Pat was considered a real downtown eastside pub, she says, and one of the better quality hotels.

"Working there was a very good experience," Jean says, "although a very tough one for a single parent. My shift was 3:30 p.m. to 1:30 a.m. and I worked Saturdays. The only time I saw my kids was when I walked them to school in the mornings."

It was a place for area residents to meet their friends, Jean recalls. Since they lived in rooms, it was difficult for them to invite people there since they would be essentially be inviting them into their bedrooms. She says she often saw people trying not to drink but they knew they had to or get kicked out. She would go up to the bartender and say, "Give me five" and he would say, "Take ten." She knew that if she refused she'd get fired. Patrons knew the tray was heavy and would buy the extra beers. Bruce Ericksen (now COPE Alderman) would drop in occasionally and she would see the DERA newspaper. He was then community organizer for DERA and Jean would see him on a TV news clip sometimes.

"He was trying to get decent housing for the poor," says Jean, "while I was doing something rotten, selling people beer they couldn't afford."

So one day, she gathered up all her courage and walked up to Bruce Ericksen in the Ovaltine Cafe where

he was having lunch and asked him for a job. He told her to hold on for six weeks and finally she was working at DERA - at a third of the money she had made at the Pat, but she was doing something worthwhile and the hours were better.

Jean remembers a set-to with a local hotel owner during her DERA days, following a complaint made to DERA about a rent increase. Jean checked with the Rentalsman who told her "These guys aren't covered by the Landlord and Tenant Act." She took some reporters with her to view the complainant's living quarters. Jean pretended to be a social worker so the owner took her up in the elevator to see the room. Meanwhile, the reporters took the stairs and started a film interview with the resident. When the owner realized what was happening, he allegedly assaulted Jean. The entire incident was on film and she pressed charges. However, the judge refused to allow the film as evidence and the owner was acquitted.

Jean was with DERA for eight years, then worked for the Hospital Employees' Union where she produced a study on the quality of care in nursing homes. She was with Operation Solidarity before co-founding End Legislated Poverty (ELP) four years ago. She is still there. Jean served four years on the city council's planning commission, on the economic advisory committee, on the B.C. Place citizen advisory commission and in 1982 helped found End the Arms Race, Vancouver's nuclear disarmament coalition.

While with DERA, Jean worked with Libby Davies (now a COPE Alderman) and Darlene Marzari (today an NDP MLA) to preserve Carnegie. The city had other plans for the building at that time. The possible options included plans for a restaurant for

lawyers, a proposed parking lot or a site for the rock collection of one Harry Fan. The rest, as they say, is history, and Carnegie Community Centre remains as an alternative to beer parlours, providing an educational, artistic and social focus for locals.

Jean has a subscription for the Carnegie Newsletter and says she especially enjoys the poetry as residents define their own reality.

She says incumbent mayor Gordon Campbell is not addressing the issue of poverty and is just giving the city to developers. She is concerned about the future of Li Ka-shing's north shore of False Creek and Marathon Realty's inner harbour development.

Jean Swanson wants to see more funding for community groups, subsidized transit fares, affordable housing, food for hungry kids and a clean environment. Come election day, she wants the opportunity to make it happen.



CHAOS IN TROUBLE?

Received by Cockroach Express -
HELP!! I'm being held prisoner in
a Big Buck Party cookie factory
and they are trying to torture me
to go over to their side...with
caviar n' champagne.
Help!!!! the Captain

PS: (\$508,000 & 4 jobs, it has to go
somewhere...on Something...!)

COPE NEEDS VOLUNTEERS!

Decisions made up at City Hall affect the Downtown Eastside and affect you. How you vote on Nov. 19 will make a big difference on issues like housing, parks, community centre programs and traffic.

COPE needs your help to get more people on city council who will fight for the Downtown Eastside. We need phoners, leafletters and others right now! The campaign is in full swing at the new COPE office, Commercial Drive at 7th Avenue. Drop by or give us a call:

COPE
working for
Vancouver

ELECTION CENTRE
2240 COMMERCIAL
VANCOUVER V5N 4B5
251-2963

Jean Swanson for mayor



DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE

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WARNING: *not voting*

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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

An Autumn Falling

a Poem

Autumn comes down misty blue
and frantic
on Hastings St.
An elevator

free falling
still falling

descent,
Past the limits of gravity
and no matter.
Amid desperate laughter
The pain of falling is required.
She said

It was my....
Oh he was beautiful
but I was bad and
he was driven away
.....

Now she suffers
racked and spread
crucified
Beneath the nailings
of twisted men

.....
Oh Father
Please forgive me, for you know not
what you have done.
Our Father ... who art in hell
For whom I am humble
I abase myself
Falling through pain
with angelic white lady.

(Now I lay me down to bed
In anxious tortured dread
To listen to the monsters tread
Dreaming dreams in childhood's bed)

And in falling, let me fall
Til I am wracked and nailed upon the wall
Til I have atoned, and paid for all
And found a measured peace,
in the quiet of the pall.

Oh Lord our help in ages past
With his all enfolding manifesto
Supplies demonic Torquemadas
(en flaggelant delecto)
Suffer the little whores to come
unto Him.

Tom Lewis

I

From a nearer distance
"AHM" I said political,
WHY DON'T YOU KISS ME?
"NOW?" someone else asked.
Because I don't how to spell.
However random the order,
Waitress, Waitress, this is a minute
again.

II

Yet still the answer lingers
Zeusly while I sleep, dreaming of Morpheus
Who quotes the silent ones to no one
but himself like me.
Dumbells are all named Janet or Keith
Or so Linda tells me
Who happens to be
Unknowably carnal
through a naked moment.

III

Know she'll do it here used to
sound like screaming until
Somebody I know quite well
MOVED EVERY LETTER!

IV

and Because
He forgot to save me one,
He gave me another
and called it
27.

V

Copy Tea
We renamed it screaming.
It's just another word for virgin.

VI

ANYWAY

VII

Squelched assly
Envy knows a boundry now, called death.

Stephen Belkin

Washday In The Pit Villages, Northumberland

I celebrate women's work, the work of my foremothers
the beauty of the weekly wash defying skies grey
with slag-heaps and poverty and lives
held cheap, in winds pockmarked
with coaldust and sour with gasometers
and black lung. I celebrate
muscle and sweat scouring tablecloths and teatowels
in a grimy rainbow of suds and black grit: the Friday baptisms
in the battered washtubs and outside cold-water taps
of miners' row housing. I celebrate
the white flames of washing
lighting dark back alleys, the triumphal banners
of pillowslips and bathtowels greeting
husbands condemned to the pit
and choking on dust, only the white os their eyes
signalling the end of each shift
as the years clock in and clock out
with the blind pit ponies dragging coal.
On invincible women, salt of the earth
scouring the centuries,
doing battle day in and day out
girded only in an apron, your weapons: bent backs,
and a hard yellow soap and harder water
standing soaked through and immovable
in slum backyards, up to your armpits
in steam and the rhythms of washing, wringing out dirt
like the necks of the enemy, your hands red and raw
as your lives, gasping and victorious as each sheet
rises like a miracle above soot-blackened streets,
rises like a great white heron loosed to the heavens
on majestically flapping, wet, pristine wings
in the white dance of women, white ceremony
of washday, the sweet-smelling
spotless testaments
to love.

Jancis M. Andrews



**FALL
MUSIC**

By Claudius Ivan Planidin

On the bench in the park green
and gold playing his guitar
fired copper, the gold sun sculpts
his face gold under sky light blue.

THE POWER IS WITHIN

The last issue contained an article entitled
"AN ADVOCATE OF CHANGE FOR NATIVE PEOPLES",
which gave but a brief glimpse of a Native Elder's approach to dealing with
the conflict that exists between Native peoples and Canadian law. For this
edition I have included, verbatim, some of Arthur Solomon's profound and
inspirational words.

The Tree of Life That Died is Living Again Today

They said that a long time ago
There lived a holy man of the Sioux Nation,
His name was Black Elk.
He lived many years on this sacred land.
Before he died, he was given a vision of what was to come,
What would happen to his people,
And they said that the sadness that came
To his heart from that vision
Was what killed him.

He saw the desolation that would come to the Earth
And to his people,
In his vision Black Elk saw the Tree of Life,
(A Tree that is not visible to human eyes,)
The Tree was withered and dying
Right down to its roots,
He said, "I see you there, by those grey shacks
Sick and diseased and dying
And I see that life will be very hard for you."
They said he prayed to God not to let it happen,
He even offered his own life even though he was then
Very old,
But the vision was true,
And the destruction and desolation
Came to the land and to the people.

But we are the keepers of the land,
Not the owners.
Because we cannot own
What belongs to God.

We have stood strong, strong
Against the onslaught (of progress and development)
Against governments and corporations,
Through the centuries we warned against fouling the water
And the air and the Earth,
But no one listened to us
And the destruction continues.



Have you heard the words
Justice?
Freedom?
Democracy?
Fair Play?
And did you perhaps hear the words
"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself"?

But the cries of God's children for justice
Are being heard
And there will be a day of accounting.

We have stood,
And we still stand strong,
Against injustice
And against prisons
And against the desecration of the Earth
And the people of the Earth.

It must be obvious,
That at no time in the history of the human family
Has the Earth been so desecrated
And fouled up as it is now,
And now we face the two greatest imperatives
That have ever been seen on the Earth,
And they are:
Either we destroy the environment until
It can no longer support life
Or we will have a nuclear holocaust.

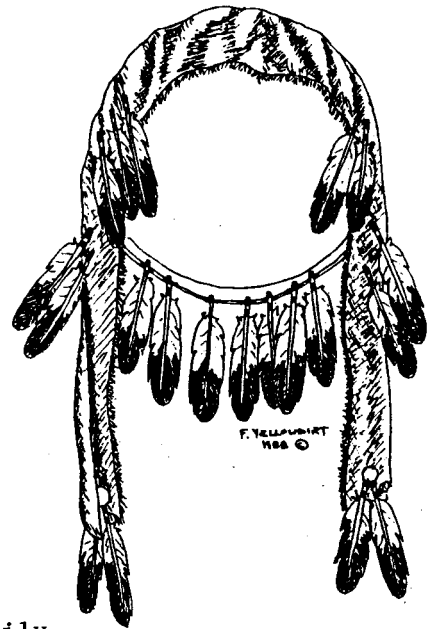
But, we have the power within us to stop both -
So the question now is:

Do we have the vision and do we have the will?
Life was not given for us to endure, but to celebrate, together.

Did you know that the World Council of Churches
Has said that:

"The Native spiritual ways are among
The great faith traditions of the world
And that they need to come and learn from us"?

I have been involved in the struggle for justice
For more years than I can remember,
And I am again reminded of Dr. Alan Boesak,
When he said,
If there is no justice,
There will be no peace on the Earth.
It is that simple.



I have been convinced for many years
 That God is not going to allow
 His/Her creation
 To be destroyed by the hands of fools.
 And I have never been so affirmed and so certain
 Of the future as I am now because,
We have the power within us
 To heal this sick and troubled world;
 It is the most powerful medicine
 That was ever given
 And the name of that medicine is L.O.V.E.
 And, there are many across the world
 Who have the courage and the will to use it,
 And they are changing the world, right now
 While we sit here.

And the simple truth is:
 That as we heal others,
 Our own healing comes to us,
 Only in that way can there be peace and tranquility
 On the Earth.

Yes, the Tree of Life is living
 And will come into full bloom again
 Because there are those among us
 Who refuse to let it die.

Kitchi Meegwetch.



Carnegie

NEWSLETTER

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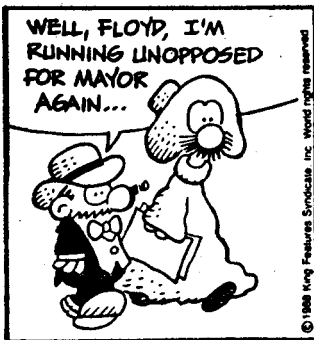
City info staff can't accept
 donations for this Newsletter,
 if you can help, ~ Paul Taylor
 and he'll give you a receipt.

Thanks everybody. 

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SAM & SILO





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