

FREE - donations accepted.

Carnegie

NEWSLETTER



DECEMBER 15, 1988.



READER SPEAKS UP

George Harris
25 E. Hastings St.,
Vancouver, BC.

Dear Editor,

I went to the Army & Navy Store on Dec. 2/88 on West Hastings. I was approached by a store detective who asked me to leave, claiming I was "undesirable". I asked why? They called me up to the office to look through their files for my picture. Meanwhile he was saying he was positive it was my picture.

The detective produced a picture of an entirely different person. After much waiting, hassling, I was finally let go without so much as an apology. He did not admit he made a mistake. The detective would not give me his name.

I feel they should take more care so they do not make the same mistake again. I feel angry that I was humiliated that way.

Sincerely,

George Harris

PS: I went to the Downtown Eastside Residents' Association for help in writing this letter. Freda MacLellan, the staff there, can verify that I have not had any alcohol or do I seem like I may be drugged.

George Harris,
Freda MacLellan
D.E.R.A. Community Worker.

ND McMillan (Michele, Miki)
c/o Mickey & Alan Smith
7846-160th Street
Surrey, BC Tel. 597-5227

Dear Carnegarians,

How are the Ladies and Knights in Shining Armour doing? (Me Luvs y'all!) Hi! To all Roberts, to Marys, to Dianes, to Dougs, to Jerrys,... love y'all! Keep on Truckin' & Larry, Alain & Janet, get into that basketball, folks! Dean & Henry, Daniel, Doug, Anita---Keep on plucking those guitarzan, guitars. This letter's on me!

Lawrence, Dean, Frank, Keep on living your Daily Bread for Jesus! God Bless! Y'all search for the true meaning of life, B4, x-mas righto? You too Cowboy! Get the Carnegarians in a square dance, U-2, Conrad! Mike & son, good sweet dreams thru night-n-day, daze! (in smiles) Here's 2-Sheilas & Berts, & Daves & Lauries 2! Tora, I cannot forget you-n-Paul Taylor! Real, Bonment Cava, Blake, you're going to Emily Carr, soon! Now don't overwork yourself! Sues, here's a tribute 2-U! Here's XXOXOOX 4-U, Carnegie! Tom, I feel like "Amanda" (Waylon Jennings). Dean & Henry, Luvs y'a;;, Jeans & Genes! Harley Davidson, 2!

Take care

Luvs Miki

PS: Write to address above; hope Santa kisses Janice!

By the way, to the staff at Carnegie & all peoples; a very Merry Christmas and a prosperous (we sincerely wish) New Year.

Goerge & Emma

LETTERS

Editor,

On Nov. 1st, about fifteen people attended a religious service outside government offices at 800 Hornby. The service had been arranged by the Ecumenical Committee for Social Responsibility, which works out of First United Church. Our action was non-threatening: a quiet prayer meeting, drawing the attention of the public and government to the sufferings of the poor and offering prayers that the Sacred government will restore the fifty dollars that were recently cut from the cheques of many welfare recipients. Hardly a threat to the powers that be! Two well-dressed young men, however, thought otherwise. They threw two raw eggs, one of which landed on my coat.

Did they really think we would stop just because they assaulted us? We kept right on with the service as yolk dripped down my leg. I thought their action was typical of what is going on in this province: dare to raise your voice, dare to protest the injustices done to the poor - and the comfortably-off will try anything in order to silence you. I find it significant that there are no grocery stores in the area; therefore the young men must have travelled to the meeting already armed.

As for the eggs - I picked up the shells, and they now have pride of place on my windowsill like a battle trophy.

Jancis M. Andrews



M.H.R.

were just letters to us when we were kids. They were people who help us when we were short of money.

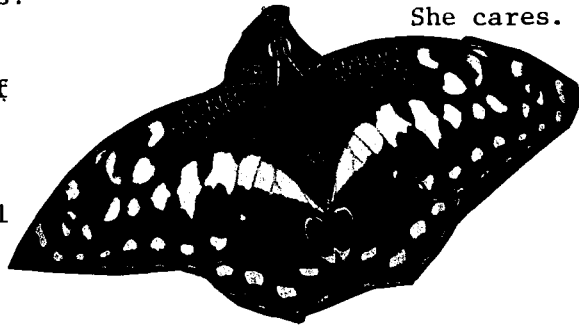
...and people who took us away from our families, because our parents were drinking too much. So they say.

But that wasn't fair, because my brothers and sisters always made sure we were fed and off to school.


Our clothes may not have stood up to their standards but we were comfortable with what we had. It's not how you look, it's what's inside that counts.

So who gives them the right to separate a family? Did they bother asking us what we wanted? No! Because we didn't have rights. If they had asked, I would have said with a member of my family.

Just ask Margaret;
She cares.



CASH *bingo*
at

CARNEGIE 

6:30. Wed.

FIRST MOVES

In case anyone hasn't noticed, the NPA still has the majority of seats on the governing civic bodies (Council, Parks & School Boards). Again, in case no one noticed, this paper expressed 'dissatisfaction' with the policies and political maneuvers of the people that the NPA promotes.

During the election campaign, Gordon Campbell and his cohorts stayed with the methods of winning an (almost) overwhelming victory:

- don't speak your mind except in general terms
- if pressed, attack the 'other guys' to avoid answering
- downplay or ignore serious issues
- limit responses to pious platitudes or unasked questions
- flood the media with professionally designed, slick ads
- AND, on the day before, pay a gross amount of money to run pages of scare stories about "socialism, communist encroachment, puppets..." (Of course, when asked about the cost of the campaign, Campbell told a fib - "\$300,000" (try \$900,000).

The sad state of democracy (meaning the democratic system as manipulated by the NPA/Socreds/Conservatives) allows voting by anyone... If you have no idea what the record and plans of the candidates are, you can still vote; and if you are a candidate with a nice smile or are aligned with a leader who is a consummate artist of the Big Con you'll probably get elected. The past can be relegated to the dusty confines of library microfilms, or the mem-

ories of those who actually keep track and voice the loudest concern over 'Where are we headed?!!'

When the NPA (Notoriously Political(Panderers) Association) had barely begun to warm their chairs, Campbell took his 1st anti-democratic swing at the COPE members of Council. It is the Mayor who appoints councillors to the various committees. Campbell appointed only NPA aldermen to both the PNE and Greater Vancouver Regional District Committees. So what? Well, any issues discussed in these groups will be resolved with only members of Campbell's party voting. Included in their responsibilities are tourism, transit and linkages with the municipalities in the Lower Mainland.

But what about Vancouver?

Okay. Marathon Realty made their billion dollar plan to 'redevelop' the waterfront, north of the downtown core, public awhile ago. There was an immediate public demand for view studies...being able to see the mountains and the sky are part of the beauty of Vancouver.

Ray Spaxman, the head of City Planning for the last 15 years, made a very comprehensive study of the effect the skyscrapers, proposed by Marathon, would have on the views & living conditions of downtown Van. His study concluded that it would be a direct slap in the face for thousands of us. The skyscrapers would effectively block most of the views, except for the rich residents who would live in them - they would also pay ridiculous prices to get the best vantage. Spaxman was forced to resign and his study was yanked out from under him by Campbell and given to Fritz Bowers at City Management where, presumably, it could be re-done in a way that would pull the

wool over the eyes of the average Vancouverite.

The NPA has been adequately reassured that a slick ad campaign can con the majority everytime - they won the last two elections doing it - and it's a small matter to apply the same techniques to developers' plans.

Just before the election, the entire False Creek policy formation method was a blatant example of what democracy means to the NPA. There were five Special Council Meetings where no one was allowed to speak except the aldermen and those giving reports. Only after 150 pages of complex policy was in its final draft form was the public given the opportunity to respond - for exactly FIVE MINUTES each. The NPA decided, gave it to a public forum and bluntly implied "Like it or lump it, this is the Policy.."and the ideas, alternatives etc. involving community schools or space for social housing or even investigation of the toxic landfill there...nope.

During the campaign Campbell announced his brilliant idea to ensure the inclusion of social housing in the 3 massive developments now in the works - he'd give \$20 MILLION to his friends the developers. (Campbell worked as an executive of Mara-

thon before putting one foot in politics (and you get 3 guesses where the other foot still is).)

When the candidates met in Carnegie, Bruce Ericksen said that the Mayor had no control over the other NPAers so, rather than introduce a motion in Council mandating all developments to include as little as 25% social housing, he just gives them the money! It saves all the paperwork of recording motions and mailing them to the developers, not to mention the postage!!


Another thing: in the NPA plan - the Parks Board is hot to trot to pour \$40 MILLION into expanding the zoo in Stanley Park. Bears, moose, cougars...in steel cages...The rest of the city will just have to wait to fix roofs on buildings, to implement services and programs in community centres, because it's far more important to upgrade tourist traps.

All these huge expenditures come after Campbell and crew cut \$4.? million from the city budget and scrapped the fireboat and reduced the number of firemen on trucks and gave themselves a raise and... Not voting is dangerous to your health. Seems I've read that

By PAULR TAYLOR

"First they arrested the communist - But I was not a communist, so I did nothing.
Then they came for the social-democrat - But I was not a social-democrat, so I did nothing.
Then they arrested the trade-unionist - And I did nothing, because I was not one.
And then they came for the Jews and then for the Catholics - But I was neither a Jew nor a Catholic, and I did nothing.
At last they came and arrested me - And there was no one left to do anything about it."

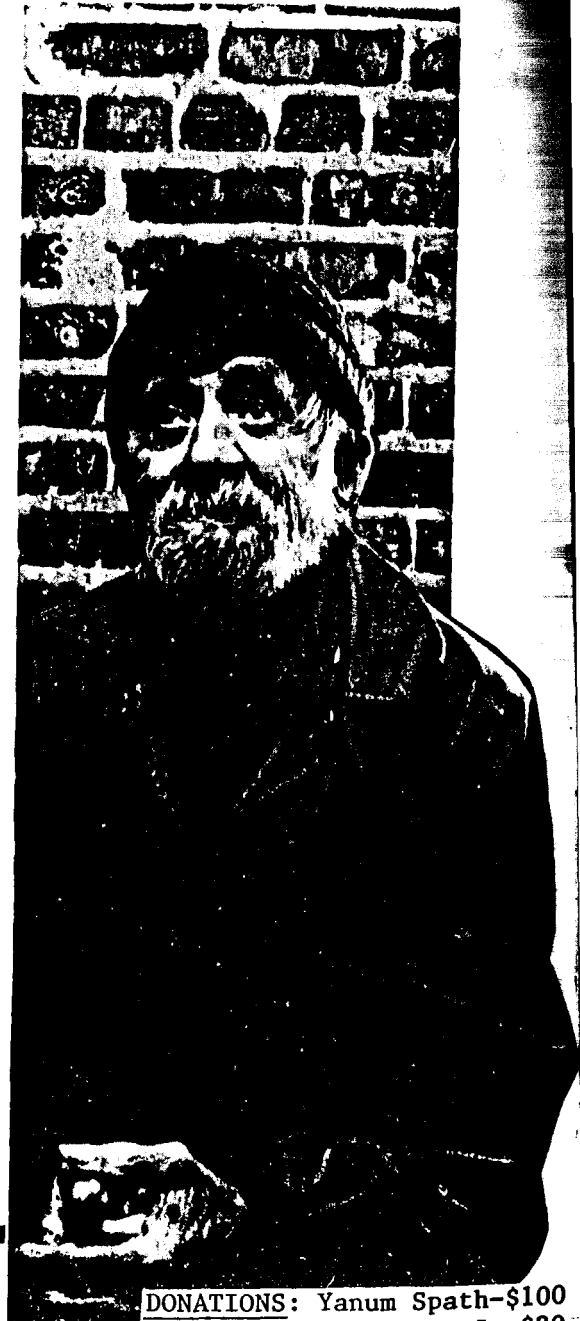
Rev. Martin Niemoller
Nazi prison survivor



Parking Lot, First United Church

In the underground garage
 a street person sleeps
 in a cardboard box, as if indicating
 his own world has ground to a halt
 in this place where cars proclaim
 another world that's going somewhere.
 Caught up by headlights
 he hangs from his own high beam
 of catatonia, the black light
 that swallows the flash
 and lash of tongue of those
 who protest they've already paid
 one loony
 for his six feet of earth.
 Welfare recipients
 must have a permanent address,
 a place to park themselves, and maybe
 that is what has drawn him here,
 to create a box number
 of cardboard and harsh neon and a cold wind
 that does not slow down
 but hits hard
 as a hand ordering him out.
 But he remains motionless, already far gone
 into himself, stalled
 in his individual defeats,
 and curled fetal-like
 against a human race that roars by
 on a southward or a northward,
 an eastward or a westward exodus,
 leaving him behind, packed up
 and abandoned in a corner
 like some inconvenient parcel
 left for someone else to find.

Jancis M. Andrews



DONATIONS: Yanum Spath-\$100
 Nancy W.-\$200 Willis S.-\$80
 George B.-\$15 Rich.P.-\$41
 Robert S.-\$20 Jancis A.-\$20
 Louis P.-\$20 Tom -\$4.02
 Marg.S.-\$10 L.B.T.-\$100
 Ted B.-\$5 Sheila B.-\$2
 Doug -\$20 Anon.-\$11.23
 Lillian H.-\$20 Bea F.-\$25

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

FREE - donations accepted.

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. 

IN EXILE

Garry Gust

The months pass away,
And the flower of your beauty
Still blossoms
In the darkened shadows
Of my eyes.
Though well, I linger
In sad despair,
While I am here
And you are there.



GETTING IN TOUCH

I suppose you'd do
you'd do it you know
you're doing it - to me
imagine creating
the image I
destroy at a touch
Just a transfer
blowing across the
road. Pardon me
Con you, what a blow
hard but anyway I
thought you'd say that
too and I heard it that way
food and choose this restaurant
today I'll pass and Hey! pretnd
this way.
Black out tonight
this way to end
Your words my word believe you send
To think at once I understand
It's in within you I suppose
You do it now born with it shows
smell with it knows essence of life across
dropped damn blast it, middle of the night
He's more of a man than you are tight
My firing complete I turn to clay.

Taum D.

The Return

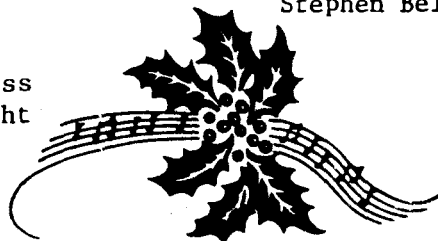
What do I owe my friend
who drops in unannounced,
just back from two years
in Toronto, from nostalgia
for Vancouver and old friends,
expecting to uncover
a cleansing crucible
of personal and private dreams,
but finding on return
a city now more tarnished.
Can I hide Vancouver's foreign face
when it reflects his own,
or apply a tourniquet
to the city's racist razor wound?
how devastating it will be
when he confronts
those fighting urban factions
which mirror hungry hawks
he ran away from in himself
when he fled to Toronto for a time
and now comes back unhealed.

Joanne Hamen

S.P.'s

Small pleasures segregate purpose,
scattering passion. Sky-pale ser-
iousness, pain seen plainly, scream-
pent solutions pall. Sunglass panes
suitable proxy: see past stained
pillows. Some poetry sustains. Per-
haps sympathy prepares serenity.
Perhaps sere position, seeking per-
son sexy. Progress smells poor.
Some poverties sustain. Planted
strengths. Perhaps. Send Persiphone
somebody; please. So pretty, so pretty.

Stephen Belkin



SMOKING/NON-SMOKING AREAS

Effective January 1, 1989 the new smoking regulations will be in place at Carnegie.

The basement and third floor will be non-smoking areas.

The floor plans on this page indicate the designated smoking and non-smoking areas of the first and second floors.

Material ordered from the B.C. Lung Association has not yet arrived but when it does the Director will share the literature and set up **stop smoking clinics** for interested staff and patrons.

THEATRE
DEPENDING ON USE:
SOMTIMES SMOKING
SOMTIMES NON.

SENIORS
LOUNGE

LOUNGE

LIBRARY

INFO

ENTRY

RECEPTION

MAIN FLOOR

WASH ROOM

WASH ROOM

GYM

ELEVATOR

SECOND FLOOR

● SMOKING

NON-SMOKING

POOL ROOM

LOUNGE

CONCESSION

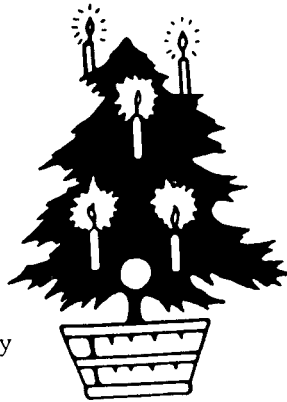
NEWSLETTER ASSOCIATION

OFFICE KITCHEN

TIS THE SEASON

'Tis the season to be jolly
a handful of Alexandra Street glass folly
I'd fire and create colour red sand stone
melt ware and fuse annealing mushroom
blue glaze and blue haze this is winter's hue
too soon it's late turn back now it can
play come a later date
Showbuis now, just doesn't wait
location and scene
Christmas reds and green
My cards my canes I made these now
I give - they're yours to take
not bought at stores or
purchased in those shopping malls
or the commercial strip that avenues
'round this hall, not wares
of a shop but fashioned and spun
with care and patience for you in
the craft shop of the C.C.C.
Seasonal Greetings to all
Come this day.

Taum Dan Y Creag



A Daughter's Legacy

Organ music played
both summons and farewell.
Flowers challenged man for space
where space lay vacant...
Voices soothed and jarred
in the stale air.
Stage make-up coated
the image now distorted.
She slipped from the parlour,
an inheritance of vision,
his knowledge her eyes.

Joanne Hamen

THE RESTAURANT CLOSES

The restaurant closes,
And panic sets in,
The coffee's cut off,
Soon want will begin.

The fiend, caffiene,
Will toll its bell,
The nervous system
Will jiggle and swell

Wide eyes look around
The second floor,
Who will come
To open the door?

Who would take on
This terrible task;
The endless lineups
For the coffee cask?

The mob clears a path,
Then rush for the bar;
for opening shop
It's good ol' PaulR.

Skid Row John



A JOURNEY OF ANGELS

Garry Gust

The scarf of winter
Rings the warm wind
With a memory of
The Nicaraguan sun.

It's winter days that
remind the soul to sleep lightly
And dream of a morning
When love is found freely

Floating on the hot summer air
Like white clouds full of
Yearning raindrops,
Waiting to fill the garden of life
With mystic delight.

The scarf of summer,
What became of its meaning?
Was it cast away as a rag,
Or did it find a home?

Stupid Tief

Tief eh suppose to be stupid, buh it have some ah dem well dotish oui. When ah tell yuh dotish, ah mean, dey does make yuh wonder how dey could be so stupid. Take fuh instance, de tief in Calgary. Last year, dis man stay jes so and decide tuh break in ah construction company building safe. Now tell me dis ting, de man leave all dem bank, jewellery stores, gas station, and trust company, tuh choose ah construction company. Why he choose dey, ah really doh know, because de way de construction business is dese days most ah dem companies scrunting, looking fuh wuk.

Now I could see if was material he was after like galvanise, wood, nail o' even brick, sand and gravel tuh build ah outhouse o' even finish ah basement, buh de people safe deynah! Buh dis tief like he did done make up he mind, and allyuh know when ah stupid person make up dey mind dat dey going and do something nobody o' nutten does kyah stop dem.

De dey de man choose tuh do he ting, when he reach dey, he find de office close tight. So he geh vex onetime and jump on de people front end loader and start smashing thru de brick wall ah de office until he break it right down tuh de ground. Den he grope 'round looking fuh de safe until he see it, only tuh find out dat it was a huge maco steel one. He grab de people welding toeck, buh couldn't operate it and mamaguy heself and leff ah set ah bun mark on de steel door. As he was fumbling with de welding torch de whole place started tuh flood from ah bus' water-main dat did gush open when de wall fall down, and befor he know it, he was knee-

deep in water. He pelt way de torch in frustration and start tuh cuss. Den he pick up ah sledgehammer and start pounding away at de safe. Seeing it was ah waste, after all dat wuk, he drop de hammer and left empty-handed. Now if dat man wasen ah stupid tief, me eh know.

*(From Doh MAKE JOKE by Dick Lochan with permission of the author.)

Al Wilson

Once again, at this festive time, I would like to thank you for your valued contribution to the enhancement of many of our programs. The Health Department utilizes a unique volunteer corps in serving the City of Vancouver.

On behalf of the staff of the Vancouver Health Department and the people you serve, I extend to you Season's Greetings and health and happiness in 1939.

John Blatherwick (Medical H. Officer)
Cindy Carson & Doreen Stalker

Enough For Us To Enjoy

A clean night bestowed upon us
Stars gleaming so peacefully
Full moon gives off the white satin shine
Distant planets give their glowish colours
so slight - yet enough for us to enjoy
In the water you can hear the waves come
Gently, making an ever slightest sound
Yet enough for us to enjoy
A night so soft and quiet
Only the stars and planets above for company
More than enough for us to enjoy.

Alan King

There will be an end to all things
As there was a beginning.
One day
There will no longer be your warmth
To ease the pain,
Only bones; yours and mine
Scattered across the land
Whilst flowers grow
Marking no one's grave
Nodding their heads
In mindless contrition.

Nor will there be the vellum
Of your skin
Whereon to etch my poems
With the stylus of my tongue.
While your gentle breathing
Fills the quiet room
I know my mortality.
I bequeeth thee
My ashes
To nurture
The red roses in your garden
So that I too may nod
In silence
At your passing

Will ye nae promise lass
To join me in the garden

Tom Lewis

L.E.'s

Laughter ebbs. Lost evenings linger every lull. Evolutionist loneliness exercises loonscaped emotions. Long eve's, lending everywhere, loom. Escaped love ebbs last, ekeing long-ing's elegy like evening's last embrace.

Stephen Belkin

haiku

FOR

THE

BLUES

It is only crying about myself
that comes to me in song

Tsakak

Northwest Coast Indian Song

a thousand songs of sorrow
in my heart
a thousand tears
give birth to each note

Cuba Dyer

hollowed by pain and loss
my life has not been
empty

cuba dyer

CRAB PARK

A New Crab Park Pier

What is a waterfront park without a pier? The local community won't have to wonder much longer because this summer will see a \$119,000 pier being built at Crab Park.

The pier is "phase two" of the waterfront park and is part of the original victory of CRAB. The park sits on \$35 million worth of real estate.

The dimensions of the pier are 120 feet long by 26 feet wide and it will be built sturdily of wood. It will be placed in a northeast direction at the pensilua where the wood sculpture and rock is.

C.R.A.B., SPOTA (Strathcona Property Owners and Tenants Association) D.E.R.A. and groups such as the Chinatown Merchants were on the original Port/City/Citizens central waterfront liaison committee that oversaw the original decision for the pier.

Brian Guzzi, Perry & Associates, the same architects who worked with community input on the park's design, are also designing the pier. An engineering firm will be hired to carry out the detailed work.

At a meeting on Dec. 9, 1988, phase two for the pier was discussed and it will be (1) a roof-covered structure to allow for year-round use; (2) equipped with a number of benches both on and near the pier; and (3) a float leading towards the beach areas. The pier will be ten thousand sq. ft. (285 sq. meters) of decking and will have guard rails.

The above, both finishing the pier and the improvements, will take place after 1990 and the next Parks

Board capital plan/budget. The roof would allow for use during the rainy season and protection from the summer's hot sun. There is almost no shade in the park now and that is one of peoples' complaints.

The park was designed with input thru surveys and petitions taken a number of years ago. And the park does have the following: a music bandshell, a children's recreation area, a senior's rec. area, a bird-marsh, a natural beach and soon - a pier.

Storage space for summer Ray-Cam staff, more trees and a water-park (sprinkler-pad) for local children are other future needs for our park.

Congratulations to all the people of the downtown eastside on the new addition to the neighbourhood: a pier.

By DON LARSON

Cruel Fêtes

"I'll make him an offer he can't refuse..." The Godfather

'Make me an offer we can't accept.'

This is how CPR and the Mayor seem to have arranged things concerning our community's long fight to get access to Crab Park.

Mayor Campbell met with a vice-president of CPR this summer and an offer ensued: CPR would allow an at-grade crossing at Columbia

Street. The one little hitch was that they would continue their operations as if there weren't any people to consider, meaning shunting cars and so on. The offer that couldn't be accepted...well, they stipulated that the City of Vancouver would have to assume liability for any accidents, no matter whose fault they were. And of course the legal beagles said, "No way!"

Campbell next made a ludicrous move by announcing, at Crab Park on a rainy Friday morning, with then-MP Pat Carney that he had given his blessings to another overpass - at Carrall Street! The public reaction was immediate and angry. At the next Council meeting, the blessings were transmogrified into the striking of yet another committee to look once again at all the options.

This kind of runaround has been going on ever since the Main Street overpass was finished.

1987

"We should put pressure on CPR to re-open the crossing at Columbia"

-Ald. Carole Taylor

"This will be dealt with immediately so you can get to your park"

-Ald. Johnathan Baker

"This matter is very close to resolution"

-Ald. Phillip Owen

"The physically challenged deserve better and this is immediate"

-Mayor Gordon Campbell

1988

"This matter is very close to resolution"

-Ald. Phillip Owen

"What's the problem? You can get there (to an able-bodied person)"

-Ald. Phillip Owen

"What's the problem? I jog across that overpass all the time"

-CPR executive

When the Access Committee was formed, Ald. Gordon Price was the chairperson. After nothing happened

for over a month, Harry Snow called him to ask what's what and Price said, "What the hell do you guys want?"

CPR has already begun putting in 4 new sets of track on the site of the old crossing. This is to move the noise of the shunting away from the Marathon development, from the high-priced, highrise boxes, and right in front of the Four Sisters Co-op. The people there and all along Alexander must be irrelevant - we don't own stock in CPR. Stay tuned.

By PAULR TAYLOR



If elected I will do
My best for you
I'll keep my wits
About me all the time
It's an imperfect world, but
You can trust me.

I'll reward all my colleagues
In order of course
I'll remember your name
I'll smile and say Hi!
It's an imperfect world, but
You can trust me.

I'll serve the status-quo
No matter how low it may go
I'll hire pollsters to know
If you like red or blue
It's an imperfect world, but
You can trust me.

I'll attend parliament
Whenever I can
I'll always think of you
When I vote.
It's an imperfect world, but
You can trust me.

I'll always vote
The party line
That's what you want
I know
It's an imperfect world, but
You can trust me.

Everyone accepts greed
and I'll do my best.
To keep inflation rolling
High numbers for us all.
It's an imperfect world, but
You can trust me.

War may be the answer
It's worked before
A concept I'm studying is
Controlled Nuclear War.
It's an imperfect world, but
You can trust me.

We may have to raise taxes
As we always do
And there's perks for sure

Selling out to our neighbour next door.
It's an imperfect world, but
You can trust me.

Not many politicians
Would admit as I do
You can't eat cosmetic recoveries
And there is no work.
It's an imperfect world, but
You can trust me.

And all you poor people
That are praying to God,
Put your faith in politicians,
We'll promise you jobs.
It's an imperfect world, but
You can trust me.

No rights reserved.

Greg

Specifically Speaking
(IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN)

FEELING RAYS

The sun always shines
and I can face a new day
and although it
never knew
that interference will
cause static ionic
cosmic
disturbance Solar
flares illuminate
Jungle lairs winter's
early gloom trick
bride and groom and
freezes summer's head
too soon
only too soon
feelings touch
thoughts bloom
lighting up a face
and I just wanna
lie on a beach.

Taum D.

So, who are all these people
who make up the rules,
You know! The Rules of
conduct & behaviour
- your reality -
as if you didn't know by now!
Do they tell you how to act
in any given situation
Do they tell you what's becoming
and proper of you
- in any given situation -

O.K.

but the biggest farce of all
if you succeed in puppetry
They will accept you at face value
because you are just like them
- they are just like you -
...(((make up the rules)))...

Now you know exactly what is
expected of you
- such as -

When being talked to by a superior
look up at them, agree and smile -
When being talked to by an inferior
look down at them, smirk and
patronize and you know, in the Rules
society, who is superior and who is
inferior. Follow the Rules right-
eously and they will keep you in

money and good shoes and your tele-
phone will ring all the time.
- the benefits are awesome -
- you only lose yourself -
- and that isn't no big deal
to those who make the Rules; they've
already been there; they might not
remember who they are as individuals
- but they will remember what shirt
is acceptable in any given situation-
They will remember the acceptable
form of speech
- for any given situation -
BUT: alas, if you don't conform to
the rules of conduct & behaviour...
- you might live your life -
...(((penniless)))...
- you might live your life -
...(((alone)))..

you might be buried in a pauper's
field. Strange, in a day of enlight-
enment, or so we are told -
..the rules of conduct & behaviour
are the main criteria for a decent
life; strange, strange fruits I say!
So, if I and my friends drink and
are foolish a bit, don't blame us...
We're just dreaming of a different
tune, a different pathway.

Dave McConnell

From The Heavens

Rain falls quietly from the heavens
The leaves sing softly from the drops
that befall them
With the wind it brings an added sound
to form a small symphony.
Sweet is the sound that nature provides
for us through its own music
How the rain forms the illusion of diamonds
as the sun shines down its golden rays
The leaves transform into a diamond mirage
Rain falls quietly from the heavens.

Alan King

Love in the Time Warp

He said he liked life's simple things
and killed me a flower to prove it...
After all the things we talked about
as we strolled along the beach
and walked on sands of time
for that summer that got drowned
in subsequent events,
I hear his wife's a member
of Weight Watchers and the Bridge Club
and he's a computer salesman
who calls her every day...
So much for my wide eyes
and all my clever questions.

Joanne Hamen



THE HARD EARNED GIFT

As an eleven year old, I was dishing out my favourite cereal in the winter of 1953 when I saw the advertisement on the back of Kellogg's cornflakes. The more I looked at the beautiful, black, double holster and the two silver pistols, my desire to become the owner of these toys increased.

I was going to ask my father if he would buy this toy for me. But after realizing that the only time to ask him anything was when he was sitting near the battery-operated radio on the window sill in the living room, I chose to ask my mother. Before my mother answered no, she reminded me about the household rule: if she bought me a gift, she would need to do the same for my brothers and my twin sister. I was also informed that her budget could not allow for an additional expense at the time.

Determined to make my wish come true, I asked if I could earn the necessary funds by cutting a few cords of wood. Mom was pleased with my idea because she knew it would make my wish become a reality. My mother was also aware that it would erase any thoughts of favouritism

in the minds of my brothers and sister as they saw me earning my gift.

The tool I used was a half-length of a crosscut saw. I really disliked destroying those beautiful maple trees. After cutting, splitting and piling five cords of wood, I also helped load and deliver it. It was then sold for \$5.00 a cord.

By HENRY HEBERT

When I wake up in the morning I never know where I will end up. Last Friday after finishing at the Mount Pleasant Neighbourhood House I was asked to work in the nursery to replace someone who caught the flu.

The parents asked what magic spell I cast on the children, as I managed to get them all asleep at the same time. I sat on the floor and kept singing to them. Children are much easier to deal with than adults.

A week ago Saturday there was an excellent film about three families living in extreme poverty, at First United Church. "A Ballad of South Mountain" was shot in the Annapolis Valley in Nova Scotia.

The three families were living under pioneer conditions, even carrying their water in buckets from a local creek. Despite the extreme poverty, these people still kept their sense of humour. To save \$10 for delivery of a mattress, one family attached wheels and hauled it for miles to their residence. The film ended with the families moving to decent, affordable housing with running water.

Last Friday morning we found out how expensive it is to protest Free Trade. Ten of us went to see John Turner when he appeared on CKNW radio. We wanted to obtain support in the fight against Free Trade. When we went to get the literature out of the organizer's car we discovered that her car had been towed away. Now I have to go up to the office for the literature. You may phone the Senators in Ottawa to protest Free Trade and it's free. It is still not too late to join in the fight to save our country for future generations.

By IRENE SCHMIDT

Invocation to the New Moon

Moon, you are a small, subversive
messenger to this blue planet,
this cage where poor people crouch
like imprisoned birds, scratching
sustenance from the stony ground
of megabusiness and megagovernment.
Tin Pan Alley misread you - made you
a silly moon in June
whereas you are much more: symbol
reflecting a series of horizons
as you wax and wane - silvery shores
we could reach, if we would only match
your revolution.

The sun is ever the same
unchanging great patriarchal stone
grinding us day after day,
whereas you, at full moon
holding yourself in equipoise, are a woman-vision
of what could be in a world where small
is beautiful, and your quieter light
is balm for a wounded earth
sick of neon and noise and pollution and poverty.
Yourself overshadowed, you speak
for desperate people going down
in the dark, without hope.
Nurturer of all green growing things,
gardener of night,
we know we live in macro, not micro
times, and thus it is at new moon
your message is most urgent for us -
when you rise up like a silver blade of grass
breaking through night's heavy dark
to remind us of this truth again and again:
one small blade of grass
can shatter concrete, one small blade of grass
can overthrow stone.

Radical moon,
reach down in our common earth
and bring our hidden seeds
to green life and strong harvest
that, in this day's darkness,
the poor and the dispossessed
may also rise up
may also shatter and overthrow
those dead weights who suppress us.

Jancis M. Andrews

Canadian Voters say "No FTA".

Sound shocking? Contrary to all media hype? Newspaper headlines burn into our minds - tell us "FTA all the way". But it ain't so.

Look into the results of votes cast: the percentage who voted PC was 43%, and the percentage who voted Lib. & NDP together = 52%. Remember both opposition parties took the well known position of rejecting Free Trade - that free trade meant the destruction of the nation's unique sovereign status.

The election, nationally, was claimed to hinge on and decide one major burning issue - pro free trade or no free trade. The only major party aligned with free trade and which put the agreement together is the Progressive Conservatives.

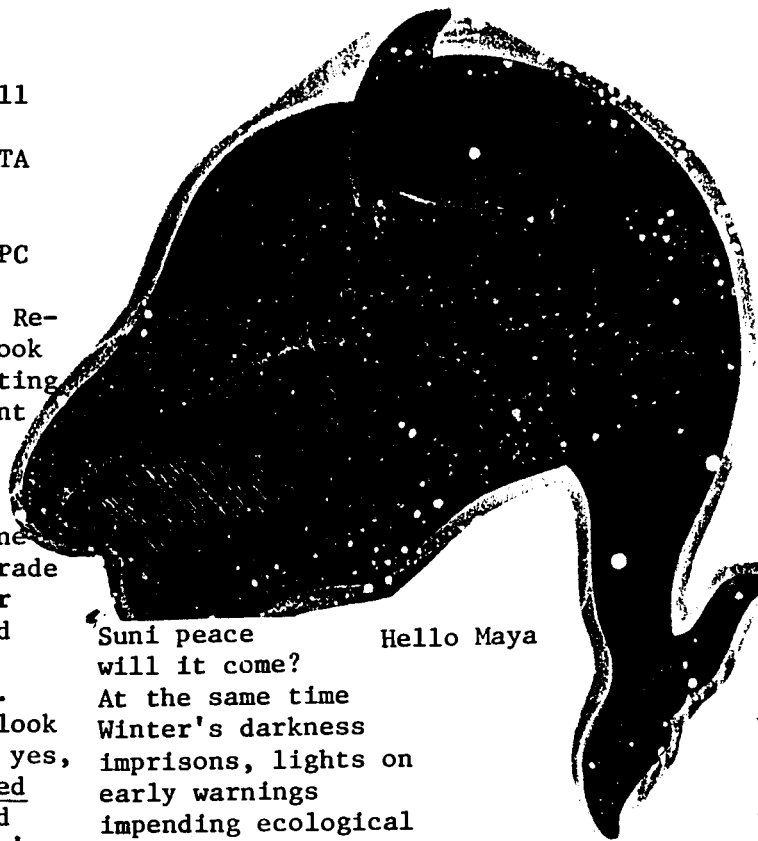
So we can come back and again look at the percent of votes cast and yes, the voters of this nation rejected free trade, just as the polls had stated for so long. However, don't be fooled into thinking that either opposition leader will press the issue.

P. Imm

Jet lag is a gas
and music is a drug
But they haven't outlawed either
So I'm still winning the race
Moving in circles
Ever larger it seems
But always the same direction
Heading Home, for a rest.

No rights reserved.

Greg



Suni peace Hello Maya
will it come?

At the same time
Winter's darkness
imprisons, lights on
early warnings
impending ecological
disaster, greed and
Resource interest ignores
the Earth's rattle
signal silent end.

Suni Avatar
shifting shapes
colour by design
paint by number
sixth talent star.

People on Welfare
Women on Work
afterschool Powwow
can't figure this quiry.

Across the waves of peace
the ocean at least
You choose to come away
on the waves of the distant ocean
this is the wish is the kiss is the ocean
Down is the ocean is the wishes
You choose to come a wave....

Taum D.

D.P. Born

German folk
Landed in Adanac - '51
& me in '53.
& i spoke only
their native tongue, 'til
i was five & started school
out east, Ottawa address. i
spoke only ing-lish ever after
My loss & my gain.
but, you
in your arrogance may think
& claim to know.
what it was like for me
to grow in a german-canadian household.
you may believe,
all Germans have got
nazi traits en-grained in our genes.
Genetic dis-ease.
You may believe
i marched 'round
my folks' living-room
clad
in black-shirt,
in black-boots,
in Sam-brown belt, holstered pistol attached.
giving out the straight armed salute
with a yell.
in your ignorance
you may think
my dad ranted on
'bout the glories of Der Fuhrer.
& indoctrinated my youth,
you may believe
my family
had a swastika flag secretly pinned up
over the fireplace behind a large painting
that would come down
late at night
while candles burned
& you may think
that we perpetuated
the memory
of the destroyed, dis-sheveled,
bombed out, burnt down
third reich.

with your ignorance
you may think that
and whatever you wish
but, know this, i tell you
"you're full of shit"

And remember this
that those
who first dis-appeared behind
third reich barbed wire fences
were
German communists,
German socialists,
german trade-unionists
german intellectuals

& free thinking german nationals.
Progressive german & german jews jointly
first suffered the
ever mounting storm of death
whose clouds would appear
over the horizon
of many other nations' nationals.

— Peter Imm

Merry Christmas to you Mrs. Jennings
a two inch beaver leather strap
black & blue fingers you like lemmings
stop that noise you're making that
sound the monitor found you clown..
Down to the office, submission for you
do little boys have tears in their
primary years? Go by the name in the
book...the volumes it spoke...
Movies in this town
ain't no joke,
go for broke.

Taum D.

P.O.W. Report -

Courage and community feeling are shining through the actions of People On Welfare as participants are helping each other fight back!

Jack and Janice from POW volunteered to go to Court with a woman charged with hitting a social worker with a phone. The woman didn't show and Jack asked the court to hold things for an hour so he could try and find her. He didn't locate her but the Judge was very impressed with the feeling that both Jack and Janice had taken the time to stand up for friend.

This was great advocacy on their part. The social service system works both directly and indirectly to make people receiving assistance feel second-class; and that it's 'their' fault that welfare is supporting them. It shows clearly that anyone in Carnegie and the Downtown Eastside can fight and win against the stupidity of the Socreds.

I remember the glow of sunshine
The room filled with happiness
The water was like a diamond ring
As the sun was shining down.

As Dad's boat turned into the bay, joy and happiness flowed through the room. Mom was sitting at the table taking the curlers out of her hair. We were just getting home from school, all excited because Dad was coming home. We smelled the home-made bread from down the hill.

When Dad and other fathers came in for the weekend, each brought their share of fresh fish and the money they earned. But when winter came, it was a different story. We would make do with what we had. We were a family with Love, Joy and happiness. And to me, that's more than money can buy. Thanks Dad, for those days.

Love always,
Margaret.



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**

Dear Anyone,

A lot of the time it seems that no one understands what it's like to be a single mom. Everyone has this picture of a woman in the home, raising the kids and doing the housework and being happy and content. In stories on TV maybe,...

I'm a single mother with 3 kids. I left my husband after going through the hell of being battered, beaten, used and abused but it was just as frightening to be home as it was thinking of leaving before he killed me or the kids.

Women are put in the worst position by having nothing except what they are given by their mate. On welfare the cheque comes for the whole family made out in the man's name. He's the only one who can take it to the bank and bring money home. If he blows it on drinking or gambling, the woman has nowhere to go. If he comes home and beats her for any reason or no reason she can tell him to get out, but the place is rented to him and the landlord won't care what kind of crap she is going through - he gets his money from the guy - and no rent means no place.

The woman has 3 choices: (1) She can stay, suffer being battered, watch her kids get neurotic and traumatized by the drinking/violence/poverty; (2) She can tell him to get out, which, if he figures she has nowhere to go and no money, will just make him laugh and tell her to get out; and (3) She can pack all of her belongings (dishes, clothes, furniture, toys & the kids' stuff) and move out..really just leave. If it's go or die (staying sure as hell isn't living) she will be looking at the following: no money except what she could borrow or scrape together, storing all the stuff somewhere and probably going to welfare to try and convince someone that she needs help. There will likely be nothing but hassles there; being told to go back, being almost ordered to make the best of it, telling the same thing to 3 or 4 workers until they finally realize she means it. Then she will be told to find housing...she doesn't have near enough money to even make a deposit...to convince some landlord that she will rent from them, get them to sign some paper saying that they will rent to her, bring the paper back to welfare, they'll call to make sure, they'll give her a rent cheque (after a few hours wait with upset kids), she'll take it to the landlord and get the key to her new 'mansion'. She takes the rent receipt back and gets another cheque for food, somehow gets her stored stuff over to the place and starts to take stock of the situation..all the time with all this back and forth having to care for the kids and bus or walk all over.

The thing that's really missed in this first step is the near impossibility of finding decent, affordable housing. Landlords who will rent to a single mother on welfare with kids with her know that she has to find someplace fast. Because she's on welfare they can rent her the worst dumps imaginable - cockroaches, basements with dripping pipes running across the six foot ceilings, concrete floors, laundry tubs for sinks, mold growing on the walls from rain leaking in - and she has to take it because there is literally nowhere else to go.

On top of this she now has to raise and provide for her kids with no support from the guy, who will likely just write her off. If anything goes to court, the woman has to appear "fit" or welfare will apprehend her kids for her being "unfit" even though she can't get work because there's no daycare that will take 3 kids of varying ages, especially if one or more are school age. Somehow the kids have to be fed and clothed and taken to school or kindergarten at different times and it just won't happen if she has to go to work somewhere at 7 or 8 a.m. All of this can be happening and the government will step in and cut the assistance cheques by \$50 a month - to "provide these women with an incentive to find work" doing God-knows-what and Claude Richmond says we can always babysit!

Welfare is about the only route a single mother but the whole nightmare can start anywhere, regardless of the income of the 'family'. If you ever wonder why women put up with years of abuse and battering it's because the consequences of getting out of the death cell are almost more frightening than staying.

When that woman killed herself and her kids I felt sick. She saw no light or hope anywhere. The odd wacko vindictively milks the system and people trying to help for anything they can get and puts the other 99% honestly in need through all this crap set up just to stop that odd wacko. The next time you come across a single mother having problems coping, give her a hand. In my mind she deserves being helped.



Count Your Blessings

On another front, the Socreds are crowing that they have a surplus - meaning they have money they haven't spent yet. Looking at how they distribute funds, things get clearer: if you rip off money from one place and don't put it somewhere else until after the report is made public, you have "made" money!

They put a few hundred million dollars into a 'fund' that will be used to help the government (read to fund their election next time) and ripped off the people by cutting 20,000 assistance cheques by \$50 a month. They sold the provincial energy company to private hands, even though it was making money. They are "philosophically opposed" to social housing and hence don't have to spend any money on either promoting the concept or, worse, funding the construction and helping citizens get affordable housing. The B.C. Affordable Housing corporation has a dismal record for maintaining housing - the quality is substandard & the living conditions are an excuse. "It's HOUSING" they claim. The bottom line is that if you can't afford to get private housing, that's just too bad: for low-income people it's 'Take what you get'...and for the well-to-do it's "Get what you take."

By PAULR
TAYLOR

Count your blessings one by one
You've got time for that
Well time is not money
I'm thankful for that
And I don't have a watch to keep track
And all the money I'm saving
By not having a job
I can't waste it
Like I did in the past
On parity with the Jones
And drinks for the Boss
So I'm doin' all right
I'll thank God for that.

Count your blessings one by one
You've got time for that
Well my vote has never counted
Except for Pierre
And there's no one else like him
~~So~~ I don't really care
I'll look after myself
Just survivin' along
Singin' an' pickin' an' strummin' a song
I'll grow my own pot
And trade some for booze
So I'm doin' all right
I'll thank God for that.

Count your blessings one by one
You've got time for that
Well God has no money
And neither do I
I have a strong will to live
And no one knows why
But survival of the fittest
Can take many forms, and
Doing without toughens you
And lets your mind explore
Possible answers to problems at hand
So I'm doin' all right
I'll thank God for that.

No rights reserved.
This song is for everyone.

Greg





There will be no
 christmas celebrations
 in bethlehem in 1988
 cancelled in solidarity
 with revolt and war
 as
 half a world away
 canada
 ponders its new role
 playing the fool for
 american money machines
 yankee dreams, corporation schemes

Cannot lay all the
 blame on our nieghbors south
 of the border
 they're
 just trying to look after
 home-born sons and
 daughters
 as the world runs
 out of room
 not enough food not enough
 farm land
 while the earth fills the
 rivers and seas
 from centuries of cutting down
 forests, stripping land, blowing
 mountains away,
 soil erosion takes its toll
 nature retaliates in her own
 special way,
 earthquakes flood and fire

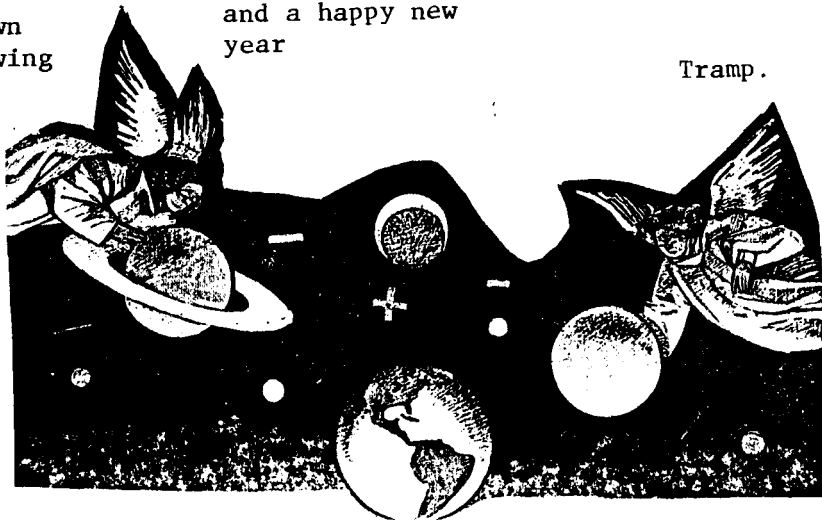
While millions wander
 the earth the planet
 of all living species'
 birth
 border - after - border
 locks them out
 humanity lives in grave
 doubt of the future

Riots in the street, a.i.d.s. in the blood
 dioxins in the sea, teenagers practicing
 their own form of gun control, neo-nazis
 crack houses, sadistic rites the world
 over, religions fighting religions all laying
 claim to the only true faith, incest
 and bestiality, rape and
 mass hate, acid rain, government control
 minds, fathers, mothers killing sons daughters,
 to save loved ones from
 suffering of a lost world, polluted
 water, greenhouses overhead,
 a world
 spinning out of control and a space
 race that takes its toll of the stars above



while
 the list of wrongs goes on, will we
 change our self-destructive ways
 or
 is it our fate to disappear in a
 ball of fire
 just another burned-out star
 for evermore
 merry xmas
 and a happy new
 year

Tramp.



of Giving

GEORGE and LILLIAN HARRISON, married on Dec. 20 one year ago in Carnegie, are graciously hosting a dinner on the same date - here in Carnegie! The dinner for friends will be at 5:00, followed by a Cabaret from 6-8 and then a dance from 8:00 'til closing time. A celebration indeed!!!

Holiday Calendar - December '88

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
4 CUBA'S GALLERY DISPLAY OPENS	5 QUILTING WORKSHOP 2-4 3 rd FLOOR	6 THEODORE "CELTIC HARP" 2-4 3 rd FLOOR	7 QUILTING WORKSHOP 7-9 3 rd FLOOR	8 XMAS BAKING 2 ND FLOOR	9 XMAS BAKING 2 ND FLOOR	10 QUILTING WORKSHOP 2-4 3 rd FLOOR
11 2 ND FLOOR BREAKFAST 11:00 AM.	12 THEODORE CELTIC HARP 2-4 2 ND FLOOR	13 VOLUNTEER CHRISTMAS DINNER 5:00 P.M.	14 SENIORS XMAS TREE CUTTING.	15 OUTDOOR XMAS LIGHTS CELEBRATION	16 DECORATE THEATRE 5 XMAS TREE	17 BREAKFAST WITH SANTA 11-2 "BEAT THE DRUM FOR HUMAN RIGHTS" - THEATRE
18 ENTIRE CENTRE'S TREE DECORATING	19 THEODORE 1 ST FLOOR 2-4	20 FLOOR DECORATION COMPETITION → ENDS	21 WINTER SOLSTICE CELEBRATION	22 WOMAN'S SINGING BAND THEATRE	23 VIDEOS	24 XMAS EVE FUN FOR ALL! BREAKFAST 6-7 A.M.
25 XMAS DINNER \$2.50	26 BOXING PAY 3 DINNERS FREE	27	28 FREE "XMAS BINGO"	29	30	31 NEW YEARS EVE DANCE JAN. 1 ST NEW YEARS DINNER \$2.50

7:30-9:30
THEATRE

OPEN ALL NIGHT.