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Carnegie

NEWSLETTER



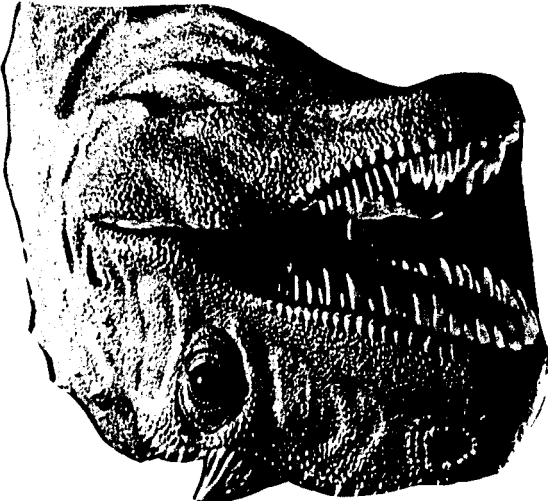
401 Main St.,
Vancouver, BC

FEBRUARY 15, 1989.

M-O-N-E-Y...again.
THEM that's got too much;
US that's got doodlly-squat.



MIRROR
MIRROR



Then there's THOSE who haven't got a lot but keep tryin' like hell ta git everythin' they kin lay their grubby paws on.

Finally is the rest of 'em with the only monicker worth stickin' on 'em bein' THAT - that traitor, that greedy bum, that sleaze...what makes people be like THAT?

Anyone of us who's been on Earth for a while has met scores of people who fit anywhere in the above scheme of things. Money is said to make people do strange things; money is also said to be the root of all evil. The second saying has more a ring of truth than the first, but neither gets down to what's what.

The human condition is that state which is non-satisfactory to those in it. More of everything... and having more means wanting more - you get a base, raise your sights, attain that goal and raise your sights again. This is spiritual evolution with the ultimate goal being oneness with the Infinite. Off topic? When a miniscule number of humans have more wealth than they will ever need and the rest of humanity lives in dire poverty, as beggars, what is it that keeps the very few so self-ish and greedy? What mental disease keeps them turning money into power and back into money and back into power ad nauseum?

There's a clue. What mental disease?!! Have you ever heard yourself thinking 'Why can't they ever

get it right, ever do something that is what the vast majority of common people know is right, right down to their bones?' It is a mental disease with symptoms of greed, avarice, aggressive manipulation for personal ends, ignoring or working directly against the best interests of the rest of humankind. The more virulent the disease, the more is the victim of it removed from common sense, from simple manners, common courtesy and fairness. As their opinion of themselves and their stonewalled spiritual growth grows more and more static, they enter the condition where they can't hear their conscience at all. They've locked their soul in a spiritual oubliette and welded the lid shut. This keeps their screams of anguish out of mind and the neuroses and attendant mental problems thrive. Witness politicians who front for big money - they are quite content to lie and cheat and break rules of moral conduct - and make their fortunes on the sly.

Witness in the States where con-

gress has had a bill introduced to increase their own salaries by 50%. The only way to stop it was to defeat the bill. In B.C. the pay increase of 10% was (supposedly) made palatable by having an all-party committee review it first. Those with the greed disease are in the majority and this is democracy, ultra-right style. The federal government is cutting spending to the bone, non-essentials like social welfare, social housing, and when it's all done look for a quiet pay-raise for all their 'good work'.

If any of this makes sense, think about it the next time a reasonable person charms you, from the TV or the news, with a condescending speech on working and welfare cuts being "only \$7" then "only \$25" and "only \$50". When their take-home pay is in the thousands each month (or week) that's hardly drinking money after the show!

So - be part of the solution rather than part of the problem. (Sounds simple.) Use money in ways that lessen the suffering of humanity. (Sounds right.)

By PAULR TAYLOR

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 Carnegie Newsletter Folks,

I picked up a copy of your paper at the Welfare Office on Main & Powell recently and was inspired by the terrific poetry I found in it.

I've written my own piece with hopes that you'll publish it in your upcoming issue.

I particularly enjoyed Starwind's stuff - I found it politically impactful; concise yet emotionally inspired. Powerful and clean.

I know nothing of your organization outside of what you conveyed through this edition of your newsletter.

I've been looking at loads of small 'zines from all over for the last few years and hadn't (until now) found a sheet nearly as open concerning 'real' street-oriented, hand-to-inspiration living.

A Boost for sure.

I'm leaving town for a while, but I hope I'll get to visit you and your place when I get back.

Until then,

Good luck and good community,

Julia Kent

A View from the Main

How to be on Welfare the rest of my life

What ambition is the vision of suites with Krishnamurtis in Vogue?

The glittering "W" turning 'bove 'ood'ards beckons all Welfarers & Woodwardsmiths.

You, my fleet of godspeeding, winged Cursed, AIDS-ridden Angels,

Fly, but, speak no lies. There is no indiscretion I have kn'aught contracted.

In one instance patients' symptoms are the festering DA insistence they have found while crossing through the crystalline palace -

Is it hovering or submerged between the shining city's shores?

Lilith will have rest here.

Bid yourself a fortuitous mean endeavor in the shadow of the whistling mountains. Spread a feast beneath the bridges.

Invite all the friends you will meet and miss the careful fingers which have crewelled the tarp est threes.

Miss Shri Murtees and willing avenges.

Love is less death.

Yet one plus one wills three,
AND MATURITY IS IRREVERSIBLE.

Julia Kent

Something To Think About

Make something out of nothingness. By making mental images into something. By using a mental plan. An idea is just theory, and it's invisible until made practical. Then it becomes visible. You can bring into existence something in your life which did not exist before. It can be a written poem, art work, a song in sheet music, a toy or game. Anyone can be creative. **Let a baby get** it's hands on a crayon and you'll see artistic design. **It may not** make sense but, when you think about it, some of the things we see in art galleries don't make sense either.

Jerry Walsh

DOE THE TRY
POETRY

4
Editor,

I just had to respond to that 'anti-abortionist' note in your newsletter. I think the most terrible thing facing a woman is having to face an unwanted pregnancy. All of those mixed up feelings: "Where am I going to live? How am I going to feed that child? How will I be able to clothe a baby?" Mostly women living at the poverty level...

In my era there was no one named Dr. Henry Morgantaler; there were no birth control pills. I had my first Ceaserean section, a beautiful girl, in my late teens. I remember my doctor saying "If the woman had the first baby and the man had the second baby, there'd be no third baby." How true those words are. I kept that first baby for awhile and then gave her up for adoption, which tore the guts out of my stomach.

I went on to have three more unwanted children. I wouldn't go to any back alley abortionist. Horror stories like my girl friend using a knitting needle on herself and then being rushed to hospital while hemorrhaging; I was in the front room and she just went to the bathroom and did this thing. She lost the baby and nearly her own life. I had no idea she was going to do that.

I kept my next two children, a son and a daughter, then I had another which I gave up for adoption - another painful experience. Doctors I asked for their keep, but they told me their hands were tied because of the law. All of my children were ceasarean section. When my doctor asked me, because of my faith, if he could tie my tubes, I told him to go for it.

In my era there were a lot of couples asking me if I knew an abortionist that they could afford because they had enough mouths to feed.

The sadness in the woman's eyes was because she had to carry the baby full term and then give it up for adoption.

I know a lot of people are thinking that I rationalized; that I did the most unselfish thing in the world by making other people happy including the two girls who I adopted out. But I have feelings also & I love children very much & at times I wish I had of kept them, but I won't blackmail myself with guilt. I did what I thought was best.

This Every Woman's Health Clinic is the best thing that could ever happen for a woman. Now she has control of her own body and when she makes the decision to have an abortion it will be her choice and not other people's.

If these anti-abortionists get their way in Ottawa and change the laws that allow a woman to have an abortion it will be legalized crime and back to the dark ages of coat hangers, knitting needles and filthy abortionists who don't even sterilize their 'equipment' and cause a woman to have an infection - maybe sterilizing her for the rest of her life. A botched abortion can cause the woman to have a brain-damaged or retarded baby or even cost her her life.

This "serious writer" (last issue) should have a serious thought about the women around her. Why does that woman want to have an abortion; for what reason? There are a lot of them, and the reason is usually economic. They simply can't afford to raise a child (too young, single,) or they have too many children as it is. There are dozens of reasons and most of them are valid.

A Reader.

reflections on abortion

I am a man who has risked a great deal during the past decade defending women's rights to have legalized abortions.

I have remained silent when threatened by the police with imprisonment & deportation, for refusing to reveal what I knew about a woman who was charged with performing an illegal abortion.

I have written essays advocating what I once perceived to be the human values of radical feminism.

I have supported women with whom I have been intimate, in obtaining abortions when pregnancy resulted amidst very difficult social circumstances.

I now deeply regret the position I have previously taken supporting abortion.

I am firmly convinced that feminism has become a betrayal of human values for the sake of economic gain.

I also believe that legalized abortion is as much a genocidal technique as the so-called "mercy-killing" of very ill people currently practiced in hospitals throughout north america.

I believe that institutionalizing abortion evinces total disrespect for life, a disrespect & contempt for life that is turning north america into a death-camp beyond that desired by architects of the 3rd reich.

either life, all life, is sacred, or it is not.

there is no longer, in my opinion, any room for a relative position on these matters.

recently a man reproached me for my views & asked if I was against women's rights to control their own bodies?

I replied that I have learned that "rights" are something asked for only after they are irrevocably gone.

& I told him that I believe it is degrading to women's truth & experience to deny that in the past women, as well as men and children, had much more freedom to do with their bodies & lives whatever they wished than anyone has right now.

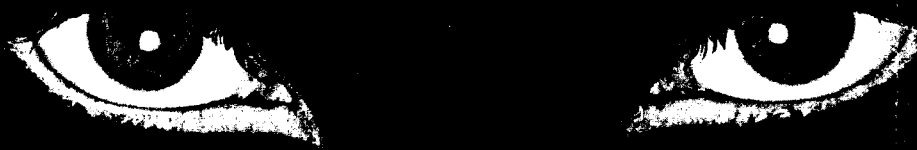
besides, abortion by natural wisdom has only in recent history been lost to untraditional women.

after hearing my opinions, this same man said, "then you must be pro-life!" as though I could not think as I do & not belong to an organization I abominate as much as I do pro-choice.

more personally, my past advocacy of abortion has gouged ugly unhealing wounds within the soul of my most intimate relationships.

what I do now advocate is a revolutionary return to human values, not legalized rights within a system of extermination.

- bud osborn



6 Lithe Spirit Valentine

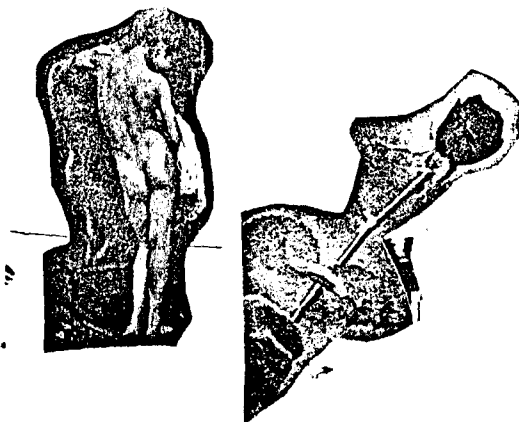
She moves across the room
drawing a crowd of quiet eyes
to her dream-like passing.

She shows the grace of a lioness
who serves no living master
but sagely shares her space.

She holds the world in her hands
then sends it spinning to a perfect circle.
The quiet eyes blink in applause.

She inspires the impossible vision of love
that quells a void from afar
Her twin chastely frequents my heart.

Garry Gust



Deer Peers

I sat in some spiritual crazy-glue
And I can't get off my duff.
I'm winter retreating like some old brown bear
Who's grumpy and can't sleep enough.

But maybe, just maybe, I'll feel the spark
That once gave me relevance.
If I don't hightail it by April the first
Please put some ants in my pants.

Garry Gust

Phases

All along the waterfront
From Carrall Street to Main,
Fear is second-nature, like
Umbrellas are to rain.

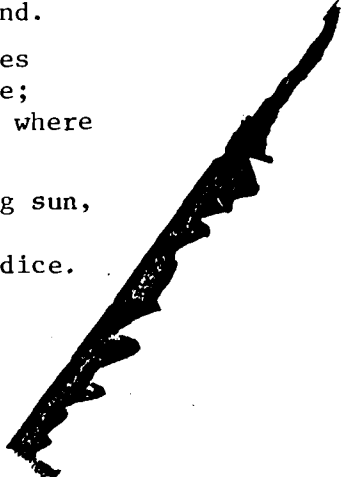
Willing forces move the night
In needles, booze, and pills;
Shiver with the fallen stars
Or languish in their chills.

"Enough!" cries the Prince of thieves,
"Skid Row's a state of mind."
"No way to live," chides the strawberry Queen,
As sight comes to the blind.

Look beyond the hollow eyes
And see the treasure there;
A special, firm community where
Belonging is to care.

Rebirthing with the rising sun,
The infant's fear is gone
Away with pride and prejudice.
Goodbye, Skid Row John.

Garry Gust



POETRY

Lost in the Quest

I woke up in the morning
And I was mourning
A lost loved one.
The desperate search for belonging;
And I stumbled on the past,
Of the birth
Of the lost loved one
I was lost in the quest.
The beauty was still there
But I was caught daydreaming
And the fear almost caught me
In my tracks
Heading for doom -
Lost in the quest.

Dorin

By SAM MEISEL

In the early fall of last year, in the general vicinity of Hazelton, B.C., the Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en Peoples blockaded the attempt by Westar Timber Ltd. to erect a bridge over the Babine River which would have given access to the untouched Tribal Lands north of the river to the logging company. There was no violence at the time and the blockade was successful. Also in the Fall, Mr. Justice Alan MacDonell of the B.C. Supreme Court issued an injunction preventing the construction of the bridge and subsequent access to Native Territories (to the north of the Babine) until the broader Land Claim case is decided, a case which has been in the courts since May, 1987.

From January 30 through February 1, 1989, I had the honour and privilege of bearing witness in the B.C. Court of Appeals hearings to the attempt by Westar and the Province of British Columbia to have this important injunction removed.

Westar argued, with the support of the Province, that inasmuch as the Province of B.C. had already granted it a legal forest license, Westar had a right to continue its work, especially as any delay would cause the company irreparable financial damage. The Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en argued that, were the company to clear-cut log--that is, to ravage--the area north of the river as it already had in the land south of the river, even a subsequent court victory in their favour in the Land Claim case would be meaningless; the value of the Land - its meaning, its power - would be no more. The Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en understand this power, this spiritual essence to issue from the trees, the animals, the Peoples' history, the total environment of the Land. This is the Land which the Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en have loved, honoured, worked and cared for throughout long centuries. All the Peoples have wanted with respect to the injunction is a delay, a moratorium on access to their Land until the Land Claim is decided.

For three days I watched and listened as a team of dedicated, competent lawyers - Peter Grant, Louise Mandell and Gordon Sebastian - squared off against a legal team from Westar and another for the Province. Admittedly, the latter two teams enjoyed superiority, both financially and politically, over the Peoples' team; but Peter, Louise and Gordon did have a few things going for them as the legal drama inexorably unfolded. Behind them, as they faced the three-justice panel, were three rows of Gitksan Elders and other members of the two Peoples sitting with immeasurable, quiet dignity. They directed unmistakable and timeless power to support the efforts of their lawyers, their friends in making clear the case of the Peoples to the Justices. And, of course, they had legal and eternal truths on their side. As Louise was to say after Tuesday's hearing, during which she seemed to demolish the opposing lawyers' arguments in a torrent of clear thinking and straight talking: "I could feel your energy behind me...the words just came...they were there for me." [The spiritual tension in that courtroom was palpable.

After each session in the Robson Square court complex we supporters gathered for some coffee, sometimes music, always discussion, some time together... in a certain sense we were and remain "always together". At the end of each day, the Peoples' lawyers and leaders briefed us on what had happened during

the day's proceedings--the legal meaning, the spiritual demands and ideas on what was to come on the morrow.

Westar and Province, over the three days of hearings, pleaded dollars and cents, board feet and saw logs, licenses and permits, profits and damages. The Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en pleaded love and respect for the Land, spiritual and ethical energy emanating from the Land, ages old and contemporaneous truth inherent in the Peoples' unbroken relationship with the Land. The Peoples' demand is nothing less than complete and unqualified control of and jurisdiction over their Territories. Their magnanimous offer to all of us is to help us understand that there is another more sane and more valuable way of relating to our environment, and to one another. What became obvious in these 3 days is essentially a conflict between two cultures, two world views, which holds potentially many lessons of immeasurable value for all of us.

In the end Westar and the Province don't really have a chance on this one, despite their spurious arguments, their attempts to mislead if not lie outright, their disrespectful, even shameful assaults on the personal integrity of many good and spiritually evolved, questing people. While the Court's decision will not be announced for some time, it seems clear to me that legally, ethically and spiritually the Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en have won this round. What is inescapable, however, no matter what the decision on this injunction appeal, is the fact that these Peoples will succeed in keeping their Land...they will not be stopped. Their cause is just and they are united in their efforts. Others throughout B.C. and elsewhere, of many racial backgrounds, are slowly coming to understand that their own interests and the interests of the whole planet are served by the history, the inclusive vision and the example of the Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en Peoples.

The broader key Land Claim struggle continues at the Robson Square complex and elsewhere. I urge all people everywhere to support the Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en Peoples. For more info call 682-1990(Van) or 842-6511(Hazelton).



THE FIRST VOLUNTEER

This is the story of the first volunteer. It's a sad story filled with humour and although it's tragic it is hilarious as well; which says something about my state of mind although I'm not sure what.

The very first volunteer was a Babylonian who lived in, that's right, you guessed it, Ancient Babylon. Ancient Babylon was located just south of New Babylon and was called Ancient mainly because their buildings weren't as shiny as those in New Babylon. There were also a large number of beggars and winos that populated the streets. It was a situation not unlike the one between the East End and West Van.

The year was 1975 B.C. and this ancient Babylonian, whose name was Phil, had recently joined the army and was a buck private. Now one day the Generals called a general (ha ha) meeting in the main square. They needed a volunteer to go on a hazardous trek through the land of the savage Gerbil Men. Of course nobody wanted to go on such a dangerous mission. But Phil just happened to absent-mindedly swat at an annoying black fly that was buzzing around his head. The Generals assumed that he had raised his hand to volunteer for the perilous task. The Generals then took him aside and explained what he had to do.

It seemed that there was a visiting delegation of important Persians at the Royal Palace and they had run out of toothpicks to hold the hors-d'oeuvres together. He was to procure some for a reasonable price from the Gerbil Men and be back no later than 5:00 that afternoon.

Being a vigorous patriot and a generally stupid individual he agreed to do the task. Besides he

was promised 8 coffee tickets upon his return.

To make a long story short, Phil was killed by the Gerbil Men because they didn't like his sneakers and the Persian delegation left in a huff because their hors d'oeuvres kept falling apart in their hands. Shortly thereafter a huge war broke out between the two nations which made the spear and sword manufacturers very happy and they adopted Phil as their patron saint. Which goes to show that one person can make a difference, even if his name is Phil.

This essay on history was written by L. BRADLEY FENTON



DANNY KORICA has been nominated to receive this recognition from the Vancouver Volunteer Bureau.

A resident of the downtown eastside for thirty years, Danny became involved in community volunteer work in 1984, after retiring on a disability pension. Danny has been a very active and outspoken advocate of community input and representation throughout his 4½ years on the Board of Directors. He has consistently donated over 1,500 hours a year as a volunteer in a variety of positions.

As Vice-Chair of the Seniors, he initiated an annual Christmas Toy donation drive to the local child-care centre, Crabtree Corner. In 1986 Danny was a founding member of the Volunteer Support Group, the mandate of which is to both promote volunteerism as well as to provide a forum for Volunteers to have input to the Centre's operations.

In addition to Danny's outstanding contributions as a Seniors' and Volunteer advocate, he can most often be found in the Carnegie kitchen where he volunteers an average of 150 hours a month preparing foods for fund-raising concessions - for the

Carnegie Volunteers, Seniors and the Pool Room Support Groups.

In addition to Danny's committed dedication to Carnegie users and volunteers, he is also a well-known community figure; he has spearheaded a number of community petition drives over such issues as improvements to street safety, lighting and policing, the fight for a downtown waterfront park and access for the disabled, for programs and staff for local children's activities at Oppenheimer Park. He helped found a tenants organization in the Jenny Pentland Housing in which he resides and is active in the Seniors Second Mile Club.

Besides being a regular face in the Carnegie kitchen, Danny can also be found once a week making cookies for the First United Church.

We are very proud to nominate Danny as our "volunteer of the year" and believe he represents an outstanding example of unselfish caring, commitment and community concern. Affectionately nicknamed "MR. CARNEGIE" by staff and patrons alike, we feel Danny Korica embodies the true spirit of volunteerism.

By ATIBA SAUNDERS,
Volunteer Co-ordinator.

Locations:

DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE FAMILY DROP-IN

A place for moms, dads and kids to come, relax and have fun with others.

New People WELCOME!
Free lunch served each program day.

- Wednesdays & Fridays -
Ray-Cam Community Centre,
920 E. Hastings Street,

TIME: 9:00 am - 1:30 pm

- Thursdays -
Carnegie Theatre,
401 Main Street.

TIME: 10:00 am - 2:00 pm

- Saturdays -
Crabtree Corner,
101 E. Cordova.

TIME: 11:00 am - 4:00 pm

If you have any questions, please call Diane or Cecile at 689-0488.

CASH

bingo

at

CARNEGIE

6:30 Wed.

FRANÇAIS

FRANÇAIS

C'est une demande, une priere que je fais,
Laissez de grace, votre haine de cote
Arrachez cette mauvaise herbe et faites-la brulen
Unissez-vous et vivez plutot dans la paiz.
Detournez la violence, faites prendre l'air a l'amour
Enveloppez vos semblables de comprehension et d'amour.

La route est longue dans la haine et l'indifference
Examinez votre coeur, et que dis votre conscience?
Votre voix interieur? N'entendez-vous pas ce cri?
Ecoutez encore, est-ce que vous avez maintenant compris?
Il faut changer d'attitude completement, et faire place a la tendresse
La planete, l'univers des humains vous envoient un S.O.S.
Les querres, les otages, la rancune, l'indifference, terminer.
Essayez de semer l'amour, il est urgent de commencer
Et petit a petit, on pourra, dans ce monde, enfin respirer.

Marchez vers la lumiere
Il y a tant d'obstacles, de barriers
Comment ne pas s'y perdre de temps en temps
Houlette a la main, se frayant un chemin
En confient le reste au destin
Levez la tete, ne pleurez plus, vous etes deux a present.

Jouissez de la vie
Ayez confiance, cela suffit
Soyez genereux avec autrui
Montrez-vous affable, soyez gentil
Invitez riches ou pauvres a votre table
N'oubliez jamais que la solitude peut-etre parfois insupportable.

Comment expliquer ton silence
Helas, suis presqu'a bout de patience
Amour, que fais-tu? Aux creux de mes btas
Repose-toi, ils n'attendent que toi.
La vie a ete si cruelle envers toi
Te laisse pas abattre, c'est l'huere du reveil
On peut, si tu veux, aller au pays des merveilles
Ne crains rien, je ne peux que t'amener au soleil.

Hissez la voile, matelot, c'est le grand depart.
Enfin on pourra s'aimer tranquille, a l'abri des regards
Se blottir boucement, se laisser bercer,
Te tracasse plus, respire c'est la liberte,
Ouvre grand ton coeur, et laisse entrer le soleil de l'amour,
Ne te retourne pas, le bonheur est devant toi, toujours.

12 Walked to the riverbank, near a world that didn't look the same,
 Smiled at the moon and let the dark night breathe warmth...
 compassion lives there.
 Saw a good dog run with a child,
 protecting the child from all danger
 compassion lives there.
 Saw a younger person stop rushing
 and listen to an older person's story
 compassion lives there.
 Saw a life-torn man bend down on a
 dirty street and pick up a butt
 Another life-torn man came along and
 both of them contributed what they
 could to each other to make a better day
 compassion lives there
 Walked down a wild street that didn't
 look the same - and tore a part of my
 youth and of my heart
 - smiled anyway -
 It's too bad, I thought...
 All I ever do is walk away. Afraid to
 look back at too much need in myself -
 too much need in others -
 Walked to the riverbank and tried
 to learn something about everything
 all over again!
thought about compassion.

Dave McConnell



From Dr. Sun Yat-Sen Park
 for Carnegie Centre's 9th birthday.

all Jackie Papers out there -
 In the heart of Vancouver's China
 scene,
 The park revering Dr. Sun Yat-Sen,
 recalling Canada's expatriot
 Dr. Bethune
 (if dishonourably knowing only
 enough about either honourable name
 to know one knows too little -
 tho' one can commune with souls here)
 I paused in crossing one of the solid
 beam bridges there,
 (the Bridge Being by treating both
 sides equally)
 I might have sworn by St. Chas or Jude
 that I'd caught a fleeting glimpse
 of what might have been a baby dragon
 tail
 diving deeper into the still jade pool.
 If indeed it was a frond of water weed,
 not in fact a baby dragon's tail,
 well,
 as we say graciously at gift times,
 "Well, it's the thought that counts,"
 still, the jade green pool was real
 the solid beam bridge extending to
 both sides equally

was real, & phantasmagorical rocks &
 rushes & fronds & bushes real
 & so avoid all that sunlit reality

I can defy and smart-ass scientist or
 social planner - East or West
 to prove to me & any other poet, artist
 or child-at-heart
 that any baby dragon can't disguise
 it's tail
 to appear as
 a descending
 water-weed
 anywhen... anywhere...

Wayne Rymer

CARNEGIE
 POETRY
 POETRY
 POETRY

Most of us are aware that these days garbage is a mounting problem all over the world. Countries like Canada and the USA are having harder and harder times finding places to dump their garbage. In the Lower Mainland we just want to truck it up to communities in the interior and dump it on land that is still unspoiled wilderness. The problem here is not only does it ruin that land, but the leaching out of toxins from the garbage will spoil underground water systems for miles and miles.

The planet we live on is slowly sinking under the weight of its own garbage. All of us, in a collective manner, have got to find new ways to use the world's resources. Part of the solution is to start re-using things. We have to change the 'throw away everything' approach. This is where re-cycling comes in.

Some places like Surrey are doing it as a community with curbside pickups. Each household sorts its glass, tin and paper, then puts it out to be picked like it does with garbage. Unlike garbage these items will be taken to re-cycling depots so we can prepare them to be used again.

It probably doesn't surprise many people to know that Vancouver City Council has done very little to help re-cycling in Vancouver. They don't want to spend much money on things that don't make money. But they do end up spending lots of money hauling garbage to dumps. The problem doesn't go away either, it just gets bigger.

Meanwhile, the Carnegie kitchen has taken their own actions without waiting for Vancouver City Council to lead the way. Garbage in our kitchen is now being treated differently. Cans are washed, labels are stripped off, bottoms and cans flattened. Glass

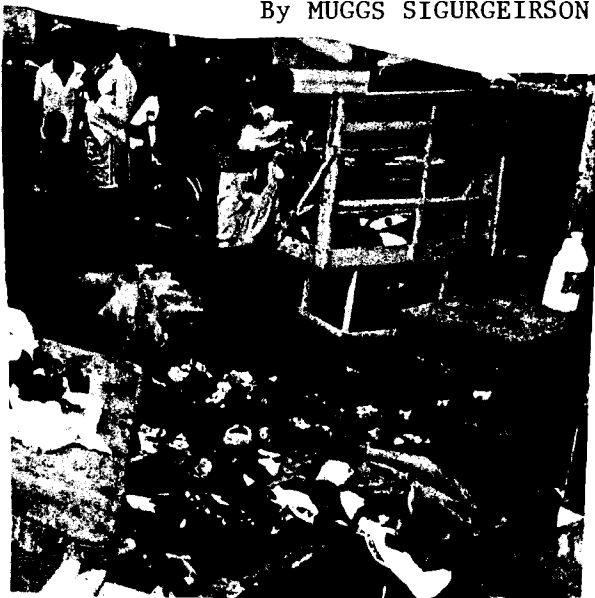
is washed clean; newspaper and cardboard are sorted; compost is collected in buckets.

All of this material is put in separate bins, then trucked off to re-cycling depots. The compost is dropped off at the Strathcona Community Gardens to be used as fertilizer in the Carnegie garden plots.

Obviously this is a lot more work for the kitchen volunteers, and as a community we should appreciate it. It also costs money (for trucking), which the Carnegie Association supplied for start-up. As a community we can be proud that we have just quietly started to tackle a big problem. We started in the place where it is most effective - right in our own community!

Re-cycling is the topic of our next Town Forum, on February 19 at 7:00pm in the Theatre. The City is proposing a sorting depot in our neighbourhood near Terminal and Main. There has been some criticism of this proposal, by CUPE and others. Carol Cameron from CUPE has done some research on this and is coming to share her conclusions with us. See you there!

By MUGGS SIGURGEIRSON



Carnegie

NEWSLETTER

THE NEWSLETTER IS A PUBLICATION OF THE
CARNEGIE COMMUNITY CENTRE ASSOCIATION

Articles represent the views of individual
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FREE - donations accepted.

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

Thanks everybody.

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Unexpected Trip

The blue serge of the sea, ponderous
as a matriarch's hip, heaves
from the canning factory rusting
into history, to the totem pole: tower
of childhood cut off
by the father's blade of flesh
"Peaches" thought she'd hated it -
small reservation,
smaller people, she said - except for
a father larger than life
even in death.

Now to return, suddenly,
is for her to be caught unawares, to glimpse
in the saltpool of memory
something that shimmers, awaiting her touch.

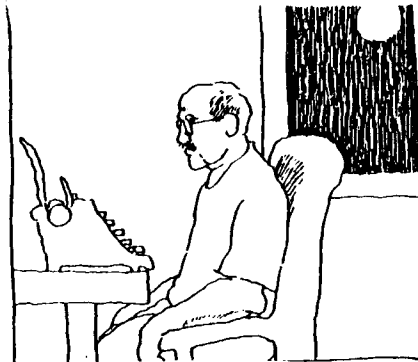
About her, the sea's cadence rises, falls,
like a Native Indian accent.
When she steps forward, she plunges
up to her heart
in the phosphor
of tears.

Jancis M. Andrews

What is Life

Life is a challenge---meet it
Life is a gift---accept it
Life is an adventure---dare it
Life is sorrow---overcome it
Life is tragedy---face it
Life is a duty---perform it
Life is a game---play it
Life is a mystery---unfold it
Life is a song---sing it
Life is an opportunity---take it
Life is a journey---complete it
Life is a promise---fulfill it
Life is a beauty---praise it
Life is a struggle---fight it
Life is a goal---achieve it
Life is a puzzle---solve it
Life is Life - live it.

Submitted by Sheila Bell.



At the Digs

By C.I.P.

Have all the
poems to be
written long
been written
so we keep
digging for
music calling
somewhere deep,
a spring rippling
under deep clay?

SUM IN ADDITION

World free Censorship
energy release controls
watch your circuits
your panel boards
inconsistencies vanish
escorted say nothing for
much to consider, evaluate
reevaluation an imperfect fix on
clay on display

Art hits

in the heart

ignite wild fire in the mind

Kissets of lost poems

call Vancouver a home

now the presence of a

return this way from

Mona Lisa to English Bay

the creator adjusted

Genesis in order

perfect geological record

slatered states are staying

unknown analysis

inconsistent exceptions

Flawed anti-logic

remarkable constant comment

is this your first reading

owned and operated in

British Columbia

revolving location

Network Service a write

Cymbals clash Maltese Cross

spray paint colours the sign

electrifies the innocent

New lids for the Kiln tops

is blue-green, light combinations

Hastings Street East sunrise

lower per capita deployment bureau

beer case smashed in highrise

pieces of eight, nine to five

time shifting into glide

Red Dawn rockets blare

ducks decoy it wears

its heart on a sleeve

Deer hunting in season

Sun's rays the reason
Orange safety strip day glo flair

Nestlings glide in the air
outside grown Child free
parenting outdistance Batchelorhood
incandecent pure and true and goodly.

Taum D.

Young Bard

By Claudius Ivan Planidin

Sounds and images reaped from the sweat
of others -- his stoney plain growing crops
too thin for readership fuel -- he burns
for fame as bard, prophet, healer,
claims fire way below but the eyes
on the young poet look blank
waiting for his granite heart to feel heat.

Boxed In

Claudius Ivan Planidin

He stares at the spaces
of the crossword puzzle,
white gulfs between borders,
till his focus blurs,

focus returns,
black print sharpens,
he studies numbered words,
begins to fill spaces,

the picture changes
as letters bridge gaps,
he goes through the list once,
pencil leaving coda behind,
repeats the ritual,

one horizontal section remains,
one four-letter word wanted,
a word for "empty,"

space, gap, blank, void.

CARNEGIE CENTRE CULTURAL GATHERING
Feb. 12 - 1989

Special thanks go out to all the wonderful people who made our first big Cultural Gathering a success. The Theatre was transformed into powwow grounds by the traditional drummers, Arrows to Freedom from Vancouver and Thunder Eagle from Lytton, B.C.

The evening began with a special song and prayer by our Elder from Coqueleetza Many Uslick, followed by a sweat grass smudging. Tasty chili and bannock was served to at least 250 people. Our MC's for the evening were War Dance Walking Eagle and Frank Superheault. The opening friendship dance filled the floor with circles of young, old, children and babies dancing to the heartbeat of Mother Earth.

The evening was filled with a variety of fancy dances & intertribals. Many people were dressed in traditional outfits but others danced in overcoats, jeans and city moccasins (running shoes). It was obvious that many of Carnegie's patrons are very fine dancers. The owl dance gave the ladies a chance to pick a partner from among the men. Should a man refuse to dance, he would have to give the lady a gift. Most men danced!

Words of wisdom came from many people. We were reminded to show love and respect to Mother Earth and our relatives, the four-legged, swimmers and flyers. We were asked to honour our Elders and lift each others' spirits with a smile and kind word for all people we meet.

Kelly White & Robert Butler spoke of the struggle still going on to free Leonard Pelletier from prison, and asked the people to write to the Prime Minister, in support of Leonard Pelletier being returned to

Canada. Kelly sang "Now That the Buffalo's Gone" and the people's voices joined hers in singing for justice for all indigenous people of North America.

The speakers also reminded us of our Brothers and Sisters separated from us by prison walls, but with us in spirit as we danced in the Circle of Life

The Red Cedar Circle group drummed a round dance, Coastal style. The evening drew to a close with an honour song. People gathered close to the drum and raised their voices and hands in a very powerful song, filled with strength and energy to carry us back out into our daily lives. Everyone attending expressed their hope and support for continued Cultural gatherings throughout the year at the Carnegie.

Special thanks were offered to the Carnegie Association for their contribution of \$200 and to the staff and volunteers whose energy made the evening happen.

Thank all who helped and attended:

Walk in strength
and dignity on our
Mother Earth.

Ho!

Carnegie Cultural Sharing meeting:
Every Monday evening at 7:00 in the
Association Office.

CRABTREE'S
Preventative Health Clinic

- 1st Wednesday of each month.
Next month: MARCH 1. 2pm - 4pm
Staffed by Nurses

CRABTREE CORNER,
101 E. Cordova St.,
Tel. 689-2808

DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE KIDS KLUB

A quality program for children ages 6-12 years old; with activities such as swimming, skating, cooking, arts 'n crafts, gym, play, special events AND MORE!!

Kids Klub staff will pick up your children at Strathcona School and drive them home after each program day. (Downtown Eastside residents only.)

* Snack will be provided.

* This is a free program.

Location - Ray-Cam Centre

920 E. Hastings Street

Times - Monday to Friday, 2-6 p.m.

If you have any questions, please call Cecile or Brian at 251-2142.

* Registration required.

BRIGHT EYES

Who was it that once told me
The Key to Truth and Lies,
Is not to read between the lines,
It gleams in people's eyes.

A Lie, it can be piercing
Like sunlight at midday,
Or just fish-tale exaggerated
Like the children out to play.

But Truth is easily announced
Through brightly lighted eyes
For it glows with Love and Beauty
And it will overpower all the lies.

Regrets to Liars

"Ragman"

J.W. Adlys

P.S. Lies and Liars are anethema; that is to say a curse or an ecclestical denunciation which comes from God. Lies and therefore Liars are to be scorned like the plague, for they are an affront to the dignity of an honest woman or man.

"COLD NIGHTS"

Living in car,
Freezin' to bone.
Four wheels BMW's
You's Cadillacs.
In mind rust bucket
junk tucket
Cold as your bold
cold nights!

II

World just kicked
her in face.
For money drugs
honey, puny.
Jet slack crime of
century.
It's happening
wang, bang
thank who?
I got orgasm who.
Another day
Like street girl you
Too hard for bang.

Frank

"OLD CROW"

Sitting on old oak table,
Looking at sunset,
Parke Place Cafe.

It's my home.

Boy she's got a
funny face,
A window
children laughing.

What a place!

Frank

POETRY
TRY
TRY



Dear Carnegie Friends,

Here we sit in the newly opened "Sandwich Factory Restaurant". There's just the two of us here right now - June Buggy and myself, La Coneja. June and Javier opened this place 3 weeks ago and I've been helping out and hanging out ever since.

Tourist season hasn't been what was expected this year but this little restaurant has taken off from the start. The food is good and the prices are low. That's because the service is lousy. What we lack in efficiency, we make up for with good old down home hospitality.

Everything's different here in Mexico; the weather, the food, the people, attitudes, etc. This is a very capitalistic society with very little in the way of social services. Life in Canada is much in certain ways. I mean if you don't have a job or some kind of income here, you're in trouble. There is no unemployment insurance or welfare here. Needless to say, there's a lot of crime happening around town varying from break 'n enters to purse snatching to the usual befriend and betray scenes. There are also abandoned children sleeping in the parks and on the beach. There are no shelters or food banks for them. It is normal for the young beach boys to be sexually molested. Also, everything here is really expensive.

The good news is that I haven't

moved since I've been here. I remember you all with love and thanks to Barbara Morrison and Mike Kramer, I now enjoy reading the "Carnegie Newsletter" - two copies of which I received today. Also, Larry Novak, a friend from P.V., says to say 'hi'.

Bye for now,
Your friend,
La Coneja



"Life is either a daring adventure or nothing." - Helen Keller
(1888-1968)

POETRY

Insane virgin of wealth
She dances in the moonlight
with her black satin dress
flowing in the wind
Haunting blue eyes scanning
the stars
Her long blond hair singing
with the breeze
Magical voice of mother earth
cries to meet her lover
Patiently she waits on the
beach by the sea
Seconds turn to minutes
Minutes turn to hours
Hours turn to days
Days turn to weeks
Weeks turn to months
Months turn to years
Years turn to decades
Decades turn to centuries
For as long as it shall be
She will wait for the time
when she will kiss her lover's
sensuous red erotic lips
When the blond hair of both
will entwine with each other's
When both can hold each others
long slender fingers and
sensuously stroke each other
in whispering modes

Alan King

"HANG UP"

Beep no
phone.
It's got to be
a Carnegie.
What's that,
a bird?
No, it's a place
to be free.
Popcorn
anyone?

Frank

She Calls

She calls on the stars
She calls on the moon
She calls on the sun
She calls on her insanity
She calls on the radiation
to devour her once fruitful mind
Now destroyed through love
She calls on the ravens
She calls on the hawks
She calls on the eagles
She calls on the eels
She calls on the stingrays
She calls on the neons
of space to cure her eyes
Now sightless through hate
She calls on her madness
She calls on her insanity
She calls on her lover
She calls on her passion
She calls on her teeth'
She calls on the woman
to drain her life in vain
Now she settles in sleep.

Alan King

Valentine

Baby eagles fly around our hearts,
To aim for a loving spot.
On Valentine's Day,
Things turn red hot.

As it whirls swiftly into a
weaving knot and spills out,
The loving sauce that marks this day
with fireworks on the way!

To commemorate an international
holiday,
Bands will march on their way,
For lovers that thank Venus
Each day in a special way.

Buddy Lee

Big deadline to butt out

"Every citizen has the right to say the power of the state stops at my skin." - Feminist Gloria Steinem

News Services

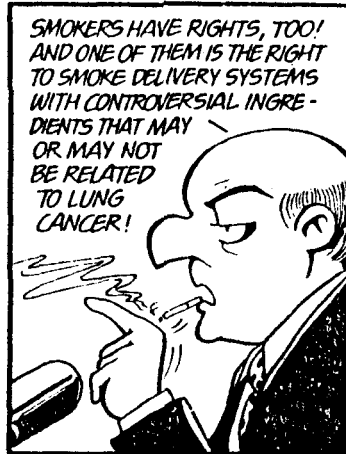
WASHINGTON - Their goal is a smokeless society by the end of the century.

A presidential commission said yesterday that tobacco should be classified as a drug and regulated by government, a move that could lead to a "tobacco-free society by the year 2000."

The report said Congress should pass legislation declaring tobacco to be a drug and place it under control of the Food and Drug Administration, a move that would help to "intensify the pressure and activity in America to eliminate smoking & tobacco use.

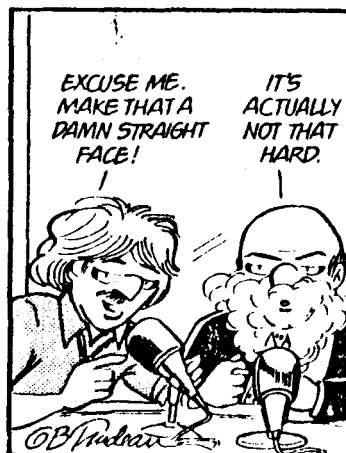
The report by the National Cancer Advisory Board, which conducted a series of public hearings on cancer prevention, also recommended that smoking be banned on all airlines and other public transportation, in the workplace, public buildings and in all schools.

Doonesbury



THE GRADUAL RESTRICTION OF PERSONAL RIGHTS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD

Carnegie may not be trying to eliminate cigarette smokers from the building right now - but our government does what the Americans do, & "by the year 2000" the majority of Downtown East-siders may be banned from their own Community Centre as Drug Addicts dangerous to public health....& they might even say that the staff who smoked didn't have the guts to defend their own habit & the habit of the majority of their patrons.



TORA



OO BUT CHA BOO GA MOO

WITH YOUR CORNFLAKE DIAMONDS
ON THE CUTTING STONE GREEN
'NEATH THE MILK HEART HIGHLANDS
SMOKING WEDDING CAKE WEED.

MAKING PEACOCK WAFFLES
OUT OF BEARSKIN RUST
FOR THE MIDNIGHT MODELS
FROM THE BLACK HOLE BLUFF.

WRITING WINDSONG RIDDLES
IN THE MUSHROOM FOG
ABOUT BACKSEAT SIGNALS
IN THE FRESHLY MOWED MUD.

POURING FRATERNAL MOUNTAINS
FROM A JERKWATER JUG
BREAKING STRAWBERRY CURFEWS
WITH YOUR MASKINGTAPE STUD.

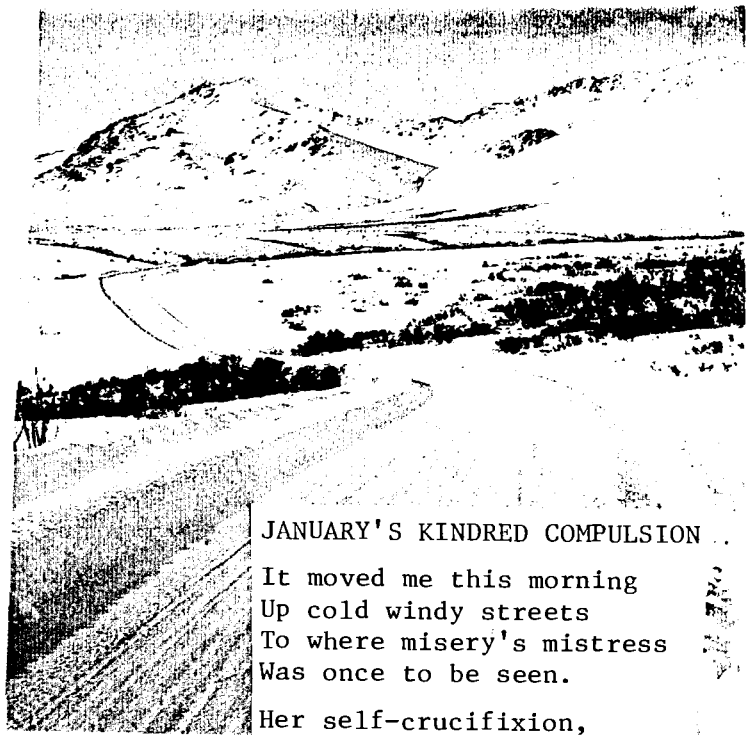
THROUGH INDIAN PORTHOLES
YOU CURE THE DEAD LAKES
ON YOUR SWEEPING HORSE GOBBLER
WITH FRECKLES OF GRACE.

SO BELOW KING CARN'S STRING LIGHTS
OVER SHAKESPEARE'S GLASS BEARD
WE'LL MEET THERE SOME NEXT YEAR
AND TRADE BUTTERSCOTCH WORDS.

Skid Row John

Man took salt and pepper
from restaurant to eat
Manager saw and dialed
the damned number 911
cops came and took
man away cops didn't
even care what happened
they just put him in his cell
as the job is done.

Zak Grant



JANUARY'S KINDRED COMPULSION . . .

It moved me this morning
Up cold windy streets
To where misery's mistress
Was once to be seen.

Her self-crucifixion,
Still fresh in my mind,
Haunted me senselessly;
To madness sublime.

The hallowed pilgrimages
Spanned hours from years.
I came to the Narrows
Where winged ponies perched.

'Neath dull metal archways
Came my journey's end.
I bowed to the temple
Where she sighed for our sins.

Go home said the north wind,
The horses have flown.
The livestock confection
Is shuttered and closed.

I wish it were springtime,
Perhaps then I'd see
Her lingering shadow
Resurrecting in peace.

I'll cherish this journey
That caused me to stray
Beyond my own shadow
For a few precious days.

Skid Row John

No More Middle

no more middle to anything
all are forced to take sides
anti and pro
the middle class disappearing
the rich against the poor
young against old
countries aligning
riots of racism
gangs of youths
and an end on the division
caused by the suffering
and the suffering caused by the division
all of us both victims
all this way of life
and perpetrators of it
institutions substituting for human sensitivity
and responsibility
no one claims to be responsible anymore
the buck does not stop
anywhere
it goes round in circles
a serpent eating its own tail
a wheel flown loose
from the hub
the spokes flying in all directions
gone mad
instead of wild
nothing wild anymore
the senses tammed and dulled
newspapers full
of a memory in the blood
going crazy with the rage
of expression
children gunned down in school
and returning their brutal legacy
with a vengeance
riots in streets
and in homes
poisons spilling
into the air
the water
the soil
car crashes
bus crashes
plane crashes

murders
by police
by governments
by corporations
by people against people
by people against nature
by people against all life
poison spilling
into
and from
us all

Cuba Dyer



Parting

through the pane that was a window
separating us
and the pain dense as blood
binding us
we each buried
our tears deep in our hearts
for the necessity of getting through
this brutal world
of airports
and cars
and public places dead of feelings
and all the pain that has ever been
shot deep in my breast
like a million shards
of glass exploding
as we turned
and went
our separate ways

Cuba Dyer

DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE POETS
CELEBRATE FIRST ANNIVERSARY

It's been a year since the start of the "literary renaissance" in Vancouver's lowest-income neighbourhood, and the occasion will be celebrated Saturday, February 18, at Carnegie Centre with a free anniversary bash and literary-cultural happening.

The second annual WORD, SOUND & POWER - DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE INVITATIONAL POETRY GALA will provide a showcase of east-end Vancouver cultural achievement.

Featured performers will include:

- * Feminist poet and novelist
- HELEN POTREBENKO
- * Electric guitar and voice duo
- MECCA NORMAL
- * Poet/singer/songwriter
- GERRY HANNAH

As well, the DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE POETS who made their debut one year ago will present new works.

It's been an eventful first year for the Downtown Eastside Poets. Their work has been recognized by the Canada Council, which is providing an Explorations Program grant to help them prepare a book and to underwrite their readings in Vancouver and throughout the province. The Vancouver Sun has called the work of the Poets "a literary renaissance... their poetry reflects the reality of poverty and struggle in one of the city's poorest and toughest neighbourhoods."

The upsurge of literary activity has also included publication of two books - "Hastings and Main," an oral history of Downtown Eastside characters that was on the B.C. best-sellers' list for several weeks; and "No Way To Live," a disturbing view

of poor women by Sheila Baxter, one of the Poets.

A week after the Downtown Eastside Invitational Poetry Gala, the Poets will be leaving on their first tour to Vancouver Island, including readings in Nanaimo on Feb.24 and Victoria on Feb.25. Other tours this spring will cover the Interior and the Kootenays.

The Poets are not professional writers, but a group of about 20 residents who write and read together in the neighbourhood that many think of as simply Vancouver's Skid Road. Most of them live in hotels or social housing.

The poetry they produce gives voice to the passions and the insights that come from living on the edge of the affluent society. It is sometimes raw and unfinished writing. But it packs a punch and immediacy that is often lacking in the more polished work of academic and parlour poets.

The Carnegie Community Centre Association is the sponsor of the Downtown Eastside Poets.

Again: WORD, SOUND & POWER
THE SECOND ANNUAL DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE INVITATIONAL POETRY GALA... Saturday, February 18, at 7:30 p.m. Carnegie Centre, Main & Hastings.

A STUDY OF PSYCHIC PHENOMANA

There are many questions that come to mind when studying the world of PSYCHIC PHENOMANA, such as: "Is there an afterworld?" and "If there is, do they accept coffee tickets?"

I know a telepath and a psychic who were married a while back but were divorced 3 months after the wedding because they both complained that they didn't talk anymore.

CO-OP RADIO
C F R O 1 0 2 . 7 F M

PRESENTS

**DOWNTOWN
EASTSIDE**

INVITATIONAL POETRY PROJECT

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF

**WORD
SOUND &
POWER**

FEATURING

Helen **POTREBENKO**

MECCA NORMAL

GERRY HANNAH

**DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE
POETS**

CARNEGIE CENTRE

SATURDAY FEB. 18

Hastings

& Main

7:30 - 9:30

Everyone welcome

Sponsored by Carnegie Community Centre Assoc. with assistance from the Canada Council

