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Carnegie



NEWSLETTER

APRIL 15, 1989.

401 Main St., Vancouver, B.C. (604)665-2289



VOLUNTEER RECOGNITION WEEK

April 15 - 22

Volunteers are
special people!



GARRY GUST

Letters

Editor,

A distorted picture of coffee tickets...well, I've been accused of worse things, but, yes, I admit it - my picture was a little distorted, but not deliberately. What I was going on were a few disjointed statements & rumours, & you know me, - any excuse to bash the establishment.

I think I understand coffee tickets better though - legally, city hall can't fund volunteers so the whole thing is covered by the Kirchen, & the prices of food & coffee actually subsidize volunteer tickets & if there's no pressure & no conspiracy, I'm happy. But I should apologize to Max Beck for slamming him as "rich & successful" - from my point of view, it made sense, but I guess I jumped the gun. Correct me if I'm wrong.

TORA

ABOUT DANCING - By Archie FU

The most common style of dancing is the popular slow dance, called the one-step. Take one step forward, backward or to the side for every 2 beats of the music.

Next is the good, old two-step, quick or slow; with so many kinds of dancing, learning these two types will add the joy that almost dancers seek in dancing.

Words on paper - difficult to make a good picture: when you learn dances like the waltz many interesting steps and movements become part of your fun on the dance floor. Of course, how to do all the steps with fluid movements on time with the music could best be explained by your instructor. Dancing instruction is available through private lessons or by joining the group at a dance school; the least expensive way is just to come to Carnegie and join the Ballroom Dancing Class!

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



Half Lotus

A VOLUNTEER IS MORE
than a Coffee Ticket

I volunteer at Carnegie.
I tutor 4 students and I
facilitate P.O.W. meet-
ings and do advocacy. I
also volunteer with RAP.

I get coffee tickets
for tutoring only.

What I get in return is
more than coffee tickets.

I have had the pleasure
of being in a poetry
group and taking a road-
trip to Kamloops to read
my work.

I have been taught, with-
out cost, word processing on the
computer. I am also going to be
learning video production for free.
I just came back from a wonderful
trip to Nanaimo; a boat cruise
with the Seniors, seeing sea lions
and eagles, with lunch and supper,
all for \$2.00.

In the past the Chinese have been
great teaching me ballroom dancing
(until I hurt my knee).
Most of all I've met many wonderful
people here and made some really
good friends.
I believe people volunteer in our
Centre because they care and are
committed. This is what makes
Carnegie unique.

By SHEILA BAXTER

I saw her standing in the Vancouver rain
Like a dreamer by a wishing well.
She turned around and found my eyes
And broke an ancient spell.

We walked 'til midnight in the Vancouver rain
Searching for the long way home.
We talked of the life and loneliness
From birth our fates had known.

I Wed her spirit in the Vancouver rain -
Consummated in the rising sun.
We locked together in a double soul
Where two become as one.

I woke from dreaming in the Vancouver rain -
A heartless death to bear.
Outside my window I searched the sky
For the ending of an ancient prayer.

Garry Gust



Memories of Hope Lake

chickens uncaged
laying eggs
in chosen nests.

Roosters strutting
cows roaming
freely in the yard

Sheep birthing lambs
in warm comfort
Wild turkeys
pecking at strangers

Cows milked by human hand
memories...

of a visit to CEEDS

on Hope Lake

- Sheila Baxter



When the heat is on,

RE - CONSTRUCTION THE STRATHCONA COMMUNITY GARDENS

Spring has finally arrived and work at the Gardens has stepped up. This is in spite of the fact that the pace has been steady all winter long.

Late last summer, you'll remember, City Council took away one acre of the Gardens (the most highly developed acre) for the Chinese Free Masons to build a four-storey seniors housing unit. In October the Parks Board gave the Gardens a five-year lease for the remaining three acres. Those of us left at the Gardens after the City's blow decided to re-construct. We spent all winter trucking (by hand in wheelbarrows) tons of soil, rocks, leaves and trees off the lost acre. We laboured on in spite of snow, sleet, rain and lots of sub zero weather.

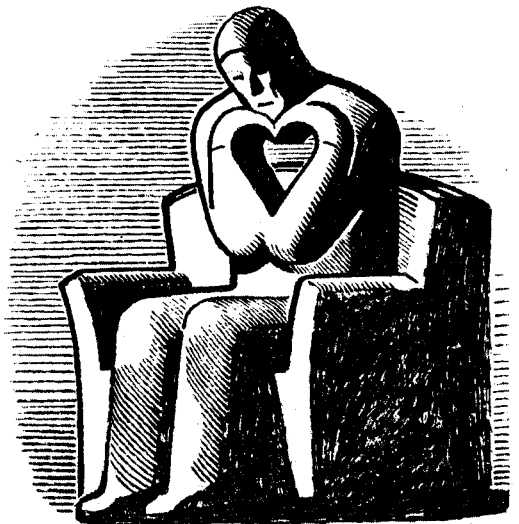
Everything was moved off in time for construction of the building to start on time. Unfortunately, all this wheelbarrow traffic in such bad weather almost destroyed our path system. The construction of the building has ruined what was left of our drainage. The irrigation (water-piping) went right across the construction site, so it no longer exists!

In re-designing the area and mapping out the work to repair what we've lost, it became clear it was going to require thousands of dollars for gravel, drainage material, water pipe, etc. Quickly in November we made application to the Parks Board for money from their annual budget in March.

We also realized with sinking hearts that the labour would require THOUSANDS of people hours. Just when we were at a loss on how to get this done, along came a group called the Sterling Community Service Foundation. They offered to make May 6 & 7 their Community Work Day this year. On this day, they go out and work on a project that some community group has. This year they picked the Gardens!

They have offered to bring out 200 people, many skilled in the trades we require, for this weekend project. We have been meeting with them to organize this gigantic work party weekend. Everyone who wants to help out on this weekend is welcome!! We need lots of labour and hope to have literally hundreds of people out over the weekend.

A lot of prep work is required to prepare for this weekend. Between now and April 22nd we need 620 feet of irrigation ditching dug. This past weekend, lots of people turned out to help and about half of it is dug. Next weekend, April 15 & 16, the rest needs to be finished.



On April 22 the Sterling crew are coming to lay the water line. This means that on May 6 & 7 the drains will be put in and the paths built.

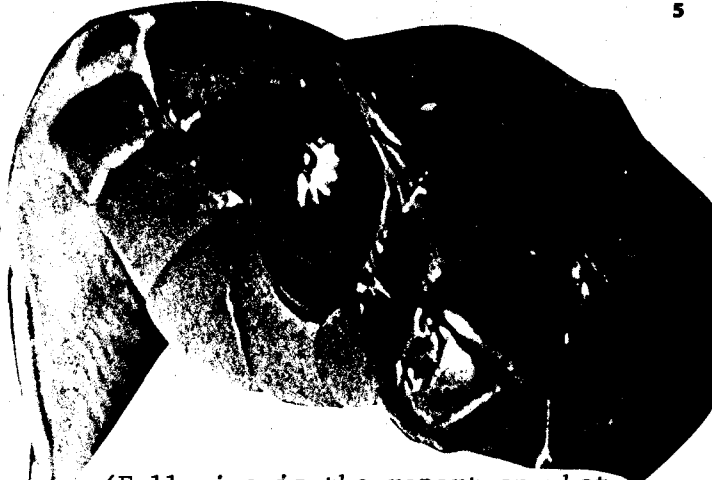
The next big problem we have is MONEY. On April 3, the Parks Board decided they couldn't afford to help the Gardens, but voted unanimously to go to City Council and ask them. Last Thursday, April 6, the issue came up. Council at first didn't want to give the Gardens any money. Then, after Ald. Rankin and Davies insisted that the Gardens be considered for money, Ald. Puil (who was in the chair) allowed Ald. Erickson to move a motion for the Gardens.

Mayor Campbell quickly moved to defer the motion to the Supplementary Capital Fund, a fund which they all previously agreed had little money left, until they could check with the developer to see if he would come up with the \$50,000 he'd offered last Spring. The Gardens has met with the developer and couldn't get him to agree to give us anything. The Parks Board has also had little success.

Last April, when the Chinese Free Masons first approached the City for this acre, they offered the Gardens \$50,000 to relocate. At that time we said that we'd rather stay where we were, thanks, but Council decided they'd vote against us and for the Freemasons. Now, almost a year later, we have done many hours of hard labour to relocate but have not seen any money from any source for supplies.

Considering that it is spring and water is crucial to seedlings and compost, leaves, etc. need to be moved by wheelbarrow along paths to plots, you'll understand why we are a little anxious when the Mayor says, "Oh, we'll talk to the developer."

By MUGGS SIGURGEIRSON.



(Following is the report on what happened at Council as an appeal was made for crucial funds...)

The Gardens accepted the Mayor's promise to "talk to the developers" and a motion was made by Ald. Davies to just set the absolute minimum aside; if the developers continued to refuse to fulfill their promise then the Gardens would still have a little money to begin.

Puil was practically foaming as he called the gardeners "squatters" and Campbell said nothing about meeting with or even arranging a meeting with the developers.

Ald. Rankin subjected Puil's pomposity to hilarious ridicule and both Davies and Ald. Erickson gave firm support to the request. Ald. Baker spoke against the Gardens but when the vote was called for he voted in favour. Ald. Price also supported the allocation of money.

These five were equalled with five voting against the motion, and because it was a money motion requiring 8 votes to pass, the request was defeated. Council members voting against it were Campbell, Puil, Owen, Taylor and Wilking.

The Sterling Group made a presentation and none of those voting no even asked them any questions.

In the aftermath of the defeat of

the motion, Gardeners Society members voiced some insights into 'why?':

"When we exercised our democratic rights a number of council members started to reason like four-year-olds. They expected us to fold up and just move when the one acre was first promised to the Freemasons. We demanded a rezoning hearing, as was our right. Their hypocrisy was obvious to a large number of people and they were embarrassed. We have the right to appeal, did, and again these same councillors took it personally. It's like they're saying "How dare you question our decision!" When almost all other funding requests in the city are approved, and the Gardens are repeatedly slammed there is no other conclusion. You have rights and access to the democratic process only so long as it doesn't embarrass the decision-makers. Campbell's promise to "talk to the developers"... just hot air."

By PAULR TAYLOR



Campbell, Taylor

Owen, Wilking

Puil

The Ivory Ghost - Garry Gust
Stoned in the graveyard
with Molly, Pott, and Sue.
Suddenly a tombstone
fell and cracked in two.

Standing in the shadows
stood a set of bones,
picking at its skull holes,
singing off-key groans.

We watched this ivory ghost
dancing over the graves,
freeing other spirits
making them his slaves.

"Get those stoned mortals"
shrieked the ivory ghost.
"Light them with matches,
burn them to toast."

"Rip out their livers,
pluck their eyes for the worms."
Molly flung back her hair and
spoke in stately terms:

"Sir, your assumption
that we four are alive
is mere speculation
and pure turkey-jive.

"Who would call this living
doing what we four do?

We are Gods of body and soul
and have powers over you.

"Flesh is our corruption
thus, we judge, you scum,
that we have two physical evils,
while you have only one.

"We died the death of being born;
my three good friends and me.

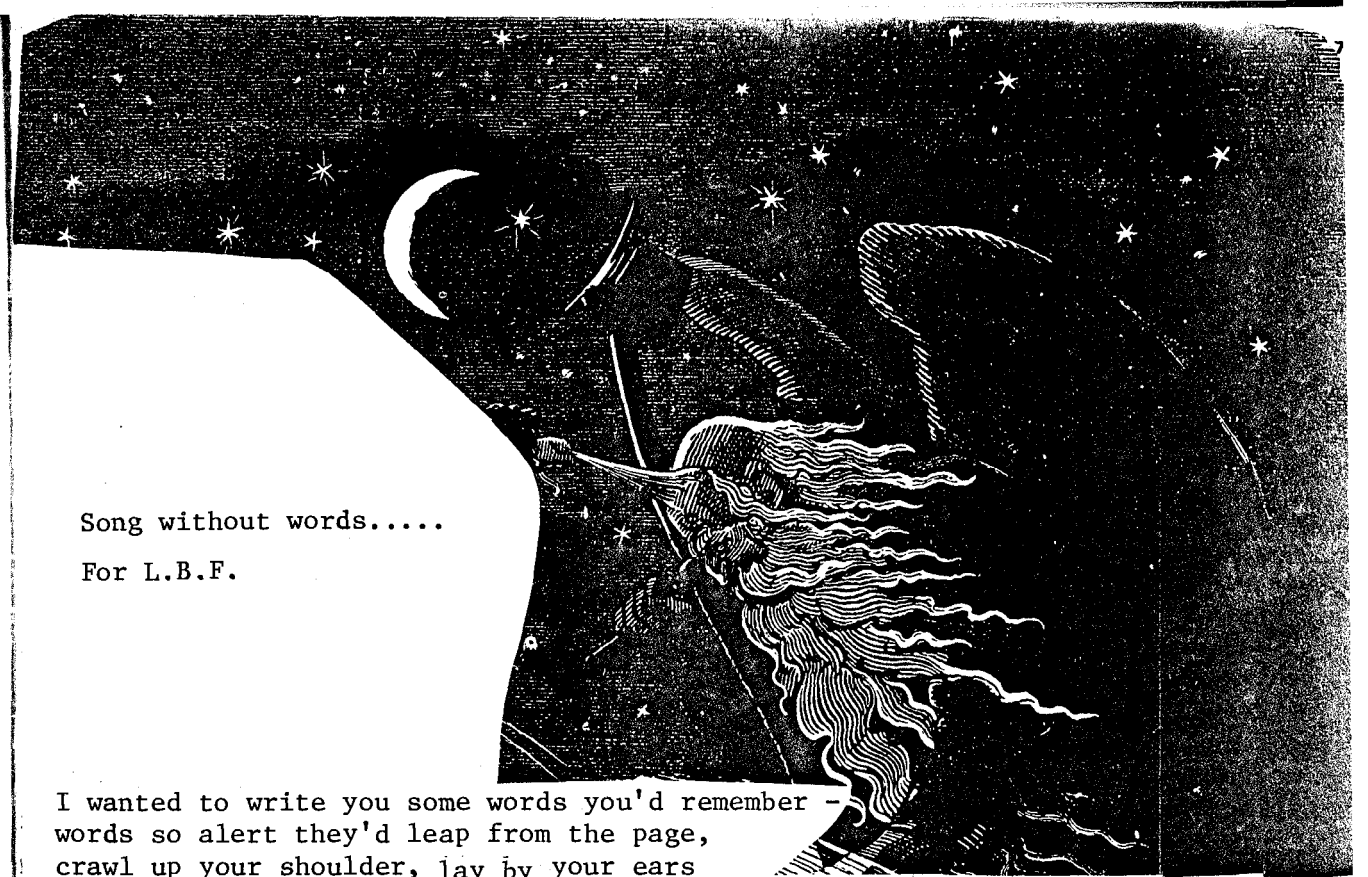
Now we're trapped in the night
until life sets us free."

"I've heard enough," screamed the ivory ghost
sticking two bones in his phantom ears.

"Does she ever shut up?" he asked us,
sobbing pitifully queer.

With that, he spun down into his grave
taking his unholy class.

We floated off to Crab Park
and laid down in the grass.



Song without words.....

For L.B.F.

I wanted to write you some words you'd remember -
words so alert they'd leap from the page,
crawl up your shoulder, lay by your ears
and be there to comfort you
down through the years...

but
it was cloudy that day and I was lazy
so I stayed in bed just
thinking about it.

I wanted to write you and tell you that maybe
love songs from lovers
are unnecessary.

We are what we feel
and writing it down seems foolish sometimes
without vocal sound...

But
I spent the day drinking coffee
smoking cigarettes and looking in the mirror
practicing my smile.

I wanted to write you one last..long love song
that said what I feel
one final time.

Not comparing your eyes to the stars
but

telling you only
how like yourself you are...
but by the time I thought of it
found a pen, put the pen to ink
the ink to paper
you were gone...

and so this love song has no words.

atiba

of interest to



SENIORS

Especially for

VOLUNTEER RECOGNITION WEEK!

Mon., 17 April: Seniors Dance
Theatre..6:30-9:30

- the Metro Seniors Band will play
- door prizes, snacks & lots of fun
so everyone is welcome but Seniors
will be treated special!

Let's dance our feet off!!!

Saturday, 6 May: Seniors Wellness
Festival at Kerrisdale Community Ctr

War Dance will represent Carnegie,
speaking in his native tongue about
Indian life and the activities and
respect given the Elders in his
culture. If you're interested in
attending, contact Donalda.

Downtown Eastside Neighbourhood Lunch

A small group of people working
with Seniors in the Downtown East-
side have come up with the idea of a
Senior's walk around the neighbour-
hood, visiting places that have
activities for Seniors. These walks
will finish with lunch and a social
gathering in Oppenheimer Park.

This activity has been slated for
the summer but the exact dates
haven't been set yet. If you'd like
to participate and help plan Carne-
gie's part in this event, let Don-
alda know. The next planning meet-
ing is Monday, 17 April, at 10 am
at Jennie Pentland Place.

Camp Capilano Champs

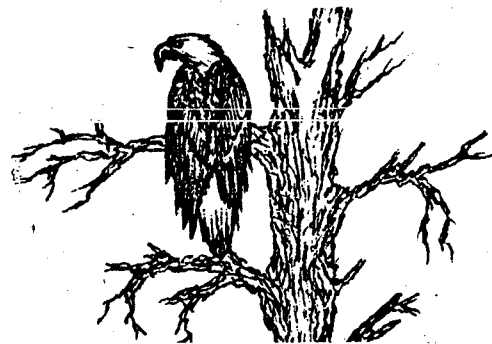
Do or Die: that's the story from
Capilano. Besides fishing, eating &
hiking, last year's champs are at it
again. Bowling seems to be the #1
sport at camp.

Yugoslavia-(Bob, Danny, Bell, Granny)
Cuba-(Andy, Donalda, Cuba, George)

Yugoslavia beat Cuba at the Grouse
Mountain Triangle.!

Next up is Irene, Norman, Joe & Bud.

The finals will be reported next issue.



Wildlife Cruise

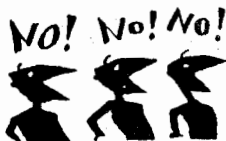
A bus full of Seniors left our
Centre on April 4th to travel on
the ferry to Nanaimo. Our destina-
tion was the 66 ft. motor yacht
"Bastion City", operated by a family,
in the waters near this Island port.

They had a warm hospitality, with
home-baked goodies and the captain's
entertaining narrative.

Promised and delivered were sights
of bald eagles, seals and sea lions;
thousands of seabirds were also in
the area. Natural sculptures like
Elephant Rock and the Dragon's
Mouth highlighted the pleasant trip.

Near Newcastle Island and Piper's
Lagoon there used to be a whaling
station and decaying shacks are
still to be seen. The plentiful
wildlife made this a great trip
away from the Wildlife of Vancouver!

- Irene Schmidt



Positive thinking can be helpful...

There are no difficult problems that cannot be solved in our life. If we contribute our intelligence and energy to do anything, we can overcome them. We know that one of the most important elements of success is a strong mind. A great man always has a strong will and an inflexible spirit. One will never succeed in one's life without a firm will.

As usual, great achievements are defined by men with strong minds. For example, Dr. Sun Yet-Sen, the founder of the Republic of China, helped the Chinese people through a long period of hard struggle. Finally, he led the patriots in overthrowing the Manchu government.

A student without resolution will never succeed in his studies. The same is true of people in every walk of life. If we wish to succeed in business, we must have a strong resolution.

In conclusion, positive thinking is very helpful to human success.

By SHANG LIAO

(Mr. Liao is over 70 years old. He was in the armed forces of China in World War II and has been in Canada since the early 80's. - Ed.)



People never really change...

We know that everyone has an original character. A baby is born innocent. The baby's behaviour will be influenced by his family's situation. If someone is brought up in a respected family, he will grow up and become a good citizen. On the contrary, if someone lives in poor circumstances, he can do nothing.

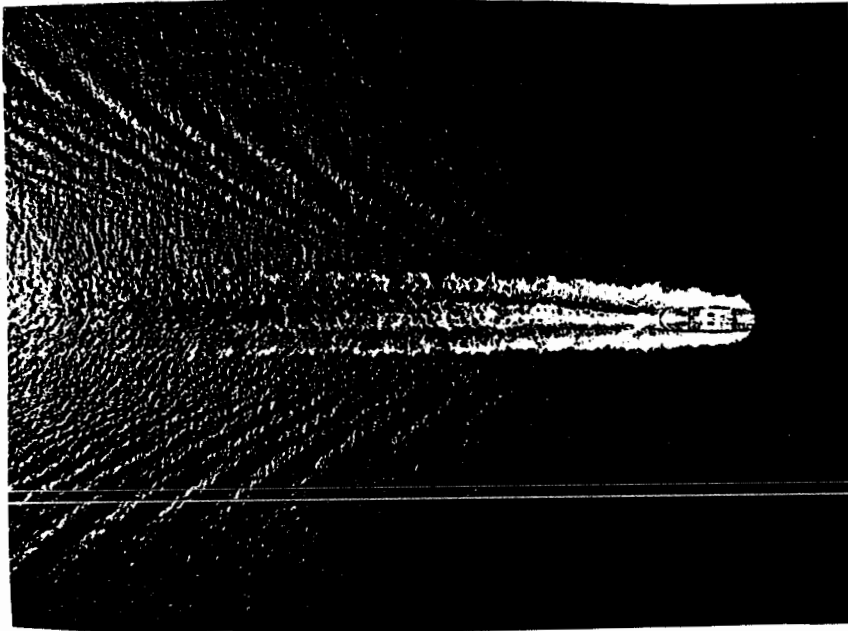
For example; a long time ago a famous pickpocket was always stealing passengers' money in the railroad station. One day he stole money from a woman who was also a famous pickpocket. After that they became acquainted with each other and finally they got married. Pretty soon a child was expected.

Unfortunately, the baby was born with a deformity. His right hand was clasped and could not open. Although his parents sent him to the best surgeons, they could do nothing.

In desperation, the parents took their child to a quack doctor. He decided to try a primitive method to treat the child. Therefore he took a gold watch on the end of a gold chain and, holding it about six inches above the closed little hand, swung it to and fro many times. At that time, the child's hand started to open little by little. Without expectation, in the child's hand was an object: the midwife's wedding ring. This astonished his parents. The baby was definitely his parents' child!

From the above example, we can reach the conclusion that the hereditary characteristics of mankind are not changeable.

By SHANG LIAO



R.S.V.P.

I need a line to start a poem
But the hotel's closed, the bozo's gone home.
All such conversations we had here
Ten Guinness sure dispels the fear
Of bombs and war, marriage & mortgage
The fog obscures reality (such a lovely boon)
To dispel the life's longevity
In a carouse at noon.

There is only so much loving
Only so much life
But I want my full share
and perhaps a large surplus
Women young and old become such lovely creatures
It seems the magic brew dispels
Their true arranging natures
Would all there were a loaf of bread
a jug of wine and thou my own true love
Anon, anon, I've gone too far waxing erudite
Perhaps a duet at Pigeon Park.

I'll meet you there tonight.
(Bring your own wine)



A Thought Unbidden

Put in a material world are we;
Given material eyes,
Material hands, material feet,
Material works to devise;
Dependent on material means
Our material lives to keep;
Yet bound to shun material joys
Our "Peace on Earth" to reap.

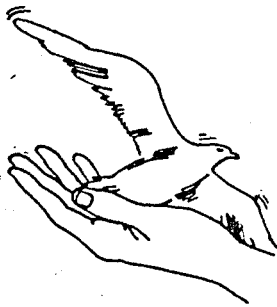
Were we creatures of spirit fine,
Put in a world divine,
Given a love of soulful things,
A wisdom superfine;
Would we be forced to shun all things
Spiritual, good and true -
And tread the paths of material lusts
Our "Heavenly Rest" to woo?

(1925) Bea Ferneyhaugh

Girl how you gave
'til there was nothing left
in the well
And quietly suffered
through years of hell
giving your love so sweetly
to a black hole
you gave
til there was nothing left to give
and no reason left to live
didn't you know you didn't
have to give so much?
or respond to every touch
lavish some love on yourself
for a change

little Asian girl
I love your smile
so shyly
I hope you never learn
there are those who would
protect you from my smile
let me protect you from
their hate

Elizabeth Thorpe



I am you
and you are me
we are all the same
I feel what you feel
and I fear what you fear
though logic tells me
otherwise,
and experience is on
my side,
and I don't know why
that's just the way
I am.

There are those
that would tear you down
and criticize
Because that's the way
they are.
But you don't have to listen
To their hate-filled lies
Just be
be what you are.

I don't know how you did it
You broke the code of secrets
and I am alone;
Where do you get your info
Who told you things
I alone knew
Who told you things
even I didn't know?
Here's to you.

Elizabeth Thorpe

Haven

"Do you mind?" I'd like to say,
Ringing the bell and standing
Awkwardly, there on the landing;
"I'd like to come in, if I may."

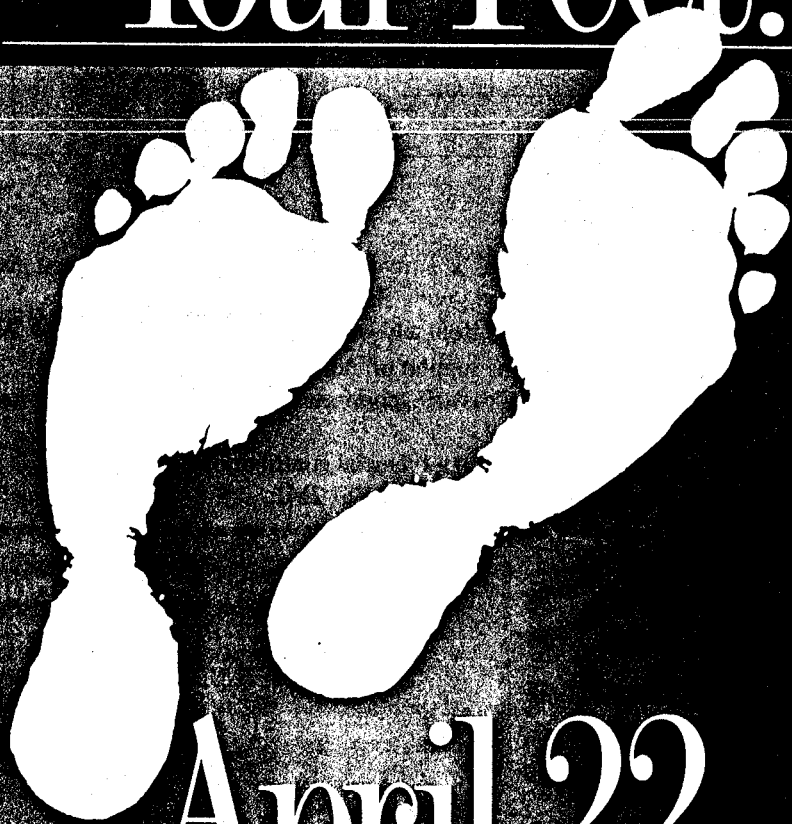
She'd step back - graciously, perhaps,
Say "Welcome", - graciously, and lead
Me into that room; and an hour'd elapse
While I'd talk, perhaps; certainly gaze and read.

I'd leave then, with my life restored.
Having gazed on beauty, having pored
O'er beauty - seen the painter's coloured flight
And harkened poet's strong delight.

(1931-32)

Bea Ferneyhaugh

Peace Needs Your Feet.



April 22

WALK FOR PEACE

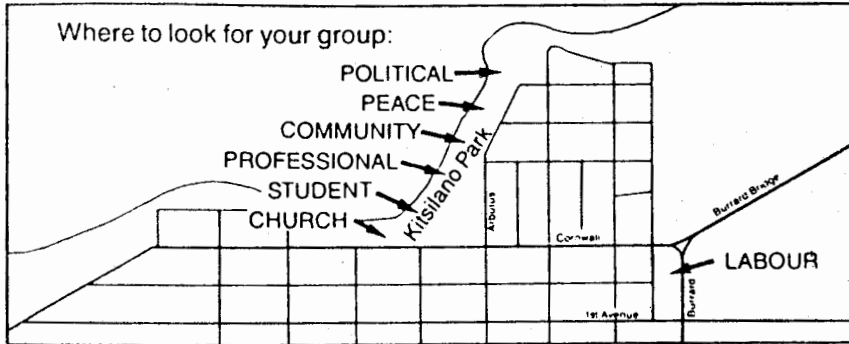
SATURDAY, APRIL 22 ■ ASSEMBLE 11 AM AT KITS BEACH ■ WALK AT NOON ■ PEACE RALLY 2:00 PM AT SUNSET BEACH ■ DETAILS, 736-2366

SPONSORED BY END THE ARMS RACE, INC., THE VANCE SCHOOL BOARD, and Vancouver Parks Board



WALK for PEACE

April 22 Assembly Site



Financial Support

British Columbia's Walk for Peace will be a tremendous success this year if you give your support by coming to the Walk and giving financially.

We receive no direct financial support from any governmental department so the Walk For Peace is dependant on the generous support of individuals such as yourself.

The money you give ensures the Walk is safe, comfortable and fun for you, your family and friends.

Please support your Walk For Peace with a financial contribution.

Write: E.A.R., 1708 West 16th, Vancouver, BC, V6J 2M1

YES!

I know my financial support will ensure British Columbia's Walk For Peace is a tremendous success!

Name: _____

Address: _____

Postal Code: _____

Phone _____

Enclosed is my donation for:

\$25 \$30 \$45

\$55 \$75

\$ _____ (your choice)

The Loss of Something Weak

You taught me how to cry,
And then I stopped hating,
And I lost something weak;

I met you,
And I was in a dream
You showed me I was hostile
And I let down my defences
And I lost something weak;

I was shoved around,
And the world hated me,
I reached out to an angel
In a dream,
And lost something weak!

Dorin

Observe this boat
Sailing on lines.
Penciled water,
Curlicued waves and
sun contained in
A half-cut cantaloupe
Abutment of stone wall
...all pencil on paper.
So then even here
In Art,
The picture's of wasted energy
To be hung on a wall
Making mock of the saving
of Nature
Wasting paper from trees
Wood from trees;
Give til it hurts the affluent
But never never park your car
To walk to the marina
Save the Whale, Save the Seals
and fuck the ecology
even on paper.

Tom Lewis

Revenge My Insanity

To dream the nightmare that shall
do me no harm
To revenge the insanity that lies
within my sleep
How I pray for the maddened dream
to cure my madness
The waking times of day drive my
desire away from being sane
So much loss in thought
No longer do I see a clear vision
My walk no longer exists in straight
lines of hope & glory
Glory seems to be further away
from every step I take
Shattered glass is spread before me
yet doesn't break under my step
The insanity of life has left me
with no weight in desires
Still I pray for the nightmare of
insanity to revenge the madness
I need the nightmare of insanity to
drive my desire for being sane.

Alan King



DECENT MEN

Decent men, speeding drunk down the road
looking to kill you,
looking to maim your kids -
just boys playing wild,
just decent men on a toot
spilling blood and guts,
burning, burning
to warm the icy autumn in their bones.

When Jill came back from Australia
she found her husband had moved in with another woman.
Jill hadn't been able to leave him before
because he couldn't survive on his own -
needed a woman
to keep the chilly winds of autumn from his bones.

The neighbour's boys grew to be men
and in the process, smashed up twenty six cars.
Har, har,
twenty six cars,
har, har,
twenty six cars,
har, har,
some parties,
har, har.
Boys will be boys, you know.
Gotta live, gotta drink
before the chilly winds of autumn rot their bones.

When Janie was driving back from Seattle
she picked up a hitch-hiker
who preached the virtues of sobriety.
He had been sober and didn't drive
since he had run a red light
at high speed
drunk
killed four people.
He sure learned his lesson.
Janie wondered what the four people had learned.

Cultures in violent pubs
looking for young meat
earnfully proclaim love
lead relationship
as they drink young blood
to ease the pain of aging in their bones.

The boys long for manhood -
haven't yet broken up their first motorcycle,
written filth on walls in drunken hilarity,
eat up a girl,
smashed up a car -
their whole lives still ahead of them
while they yearn towards manhood,
warning for the rotting of their bones.

It is not only men who drink
but drunk women are already disgusting
whereas men drinking are funny,
and tragic
and kind of
romantic.

There's nothing else to do on a Saturday,
a man in a restaurant explains to his adoring companions,
so you go drinking.

They nod.

A man's been working all week
needs something to do on a Saturday,
If there was something else to do on a Saturday,

what would it be, I wonder.
Now there's only bowling, curling,
squash, racketball, tennis,
movies, theatre,
swimming pools, skating rinks,
amateur hockey,
volunteer jobs,
amateur drama, choirs,
night school courses,
records, tapes, books,
libraries,
knitting, crocheting, embroidery,

long walks and short walks,
parks to sit in,
hobbies, crafts, collections,
thousands of games,
and there are houses to clean,
dinners to cook,
shirts to iron,
seams to lounge around looking at
and that's not even half of it all
so

If there was anything else to do on a Saturday night,
what, I wonder, would it be?

You want friends, you gotta drink, he says.
Do you ever consider what happens? I ask.
The accidents, the losses, the early deaths?

I suppose, he says.
Do you think someone will look after you?

That there will be nurses to care for your poisoned body,
counsellors to ease your pain
family and friends to care for you?

Do you consider that right now, as you train
to drink yourself sick,
drink yourself crazy,
others are training to heal you?
I suppose, he says.
Doesn't this bother you?
Not really, he says.

Yet I do not mean now
to speak against alcoholics,
but against their glorification.

They start drinking because it's fun;
because everybody drinks.
As they slide slowly into the abyss of alcoholism,
they drink, they say, and we believe,
because their lives are difficult,
their wives dowdy,
their mothers inadequate.

But they drink because alcohol is cheap
and socially necessary.
They would have us believe this is freedom.
Books, movies and songs
would make drunkards romantic
until we have a generation
screaming from the pain of alcoholism.
Mix in drugs
to make it more painful.
Pain is romance these days.
Out of the bottle,
out of the joint,
out of the needle,
they suck paranoia and pain
and self-pity.

If everybody drinks twice as much
there will be four times as many alcoholics.
When there were fewer, we trashed them.
They made drinking unpleasant
by living out the predictions of prohibitionists.
Now there are a lot,
we accept them as part of the scene.
We say they're not responsible,
we say they're romantic,
we pretend they're creative,
we sing praises to the
god of dying capitalism.

Are we not yet weary of the carnage?
Who dares whisper prohibition?
Or at least a monumental increase
in the price of alcohol?
The ocean of alcohol now
has only one island -
AA -
underground anarchist network
of sobriety and hope.
Only trouble is, it's for alcoholics.
In a Christian society
only sinners can be saved;
compassion is reserved
for those who have done wrong

and if, as they say, we are all sinners
then prevention is irrelevant.

Did you think it would be easy?
The drunks did.
The frunks still do.
If it isn't easy, they won't do it.
They are real men and can beat up
any woman or child who denies it.
They're sick, you know.
They cannot be blamed.
You, who do they're work, can be blamed
because everything is an addiction
and everyone is sick
and where do you get off calling alcohol bad
when you're an ignorant intolerant asshole
who calls alcohol bad?
At least addiction to alcohol frees you
from all those other addictions
like work,
like caring and sharing and responsibility
and love
and sleep
and food
and finally,
even life.
An alcoholic does not trouble a dying society
with the needs of a living, growing person.
The destroyers are more socially useful
than the builders
if destruction is the goal.

And, oh, how they love their dying,
dying,
worship with trembling hands their dying,
weeping in self-pity,
screaming in senseless rage,
burning, burning,
to speed the rot of autumn in their bones;
to keep the chill of autumn in their bones.

Helen Potrebenko



GRASSROOTS POETS

GO TO C.E.E.D.S.

urban
gorillas



A vanful of those darned Downtown Eastside Poets terrorised the Fraser Valley and as far north as the Caribou on a 4-day spree Mar.30-Apr.2nd.

In Chilliwac they unleashed their biting tongues (translation: read their poetry) at the Chilliwack Museum. This Museum looks a lot like the White House, so the poets did their best to outdo George Bush's bland, oratorical style. Their infamous roadie and chauffeur, Bob Sarti, was heard muttering Mussoliniishly on the balcony...

The Museum archivist, Jim Bowling, let us spend the night at his house.

After shopping madly at thrift stores, the group headed up the Coquihalla Highway - Bill Bennett's multi-billion dollar bungle. All of the signs along the Coquihalla are done in irrelevant Shakespearean quotes. I guess this is Bennett the Corporate Bum's way of saying, "Hey, I'm a classy guy." (Or maybe he figured us poets would appreciate that literary touch. Thanks, Bill.)

At our rest stop (translation:



'Krist on a Krutch!'

smoke break), Tom Lewis gave us a Sermon on the Snowbank. It was good to have Tom's morally upstanding presence to keep the rest of us rascals in line.

We pulled into Kamloops, only to find that we had to go on television in less than an hour. Hey, they all think that just because we're poetic pros that we can give readings on demand! Somehow, we managed to muster up the muse - because the show must go on. PJ Flaming said the 'f' word on TV and rambled on about all the Holy Rollers in Kamloops. Somehow, it hypassed the local censors! After an intimate reading at a union hall (translation: we had a small turn-out), we absconded with two hostages: Pat Chauncey of the Feed the Hungry Kids Program and Donna Biro from the Kamloops Unemployment Action Centre. We ended up on a dead end road at Deadman's Creek in the dead of night. Luckily we wandered across a hoedown hootenany at Paula and Mendel's house. They let us stay because any friend of David Bouvier's is a friend of theirs. The

mesmerising music of the Mama Coyote band got us dancing demonically, as the Northern Lights shimmered across the sky in answer to our howls. Dave McConnell was howling to dawn! Let it go on record that none of the above had anything to do with homemade Saskatoon berry moonshine!

It was a grumpy and sleepless lot of poets (and one hostage) that stumbled into the van the morning after the night that never ended. A snatched catnap in Kamloops helped us come to our senses. Leaving our hostage to return comfortably to bed, the poets pushed on. Life on the road can be tough, you know. Not having the sex, drugs and rock 'n roll that other superstars have to keep 'em going, we had to rely on a little sleep, coffee and Bob's stories about old gladiator movies filmed during his youth in ancient Rome. Being on tour means long hours and not knowing what day it is or where you are supposed to read next. Hey! It ain't all glamour and groupies!

We were glad to have persevered because we ended up visiting a few org-

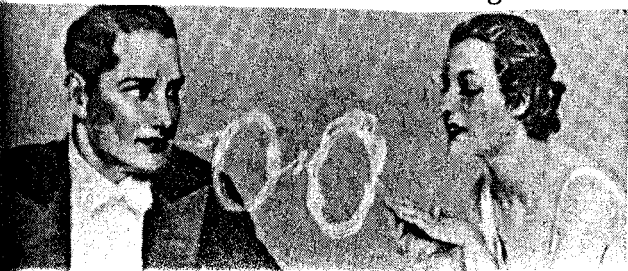
Horse
love



anic farms run by C.E.E.D.S. (NOT D.E.E.D.S.) near 100 Mile House. Shortly after our arrival, Sheila Baxter fell in love with one of the horses. Between the two farms there were baby lambs a sucklin', fat pigs a rollin', wild turkeys a gobblin', cows a milkin', banjos a strummin', bellies a fillin' and homemade mead a flowin'! We even had our own log cabins to sleep in! It was a true "urban-poets-meet-rural-farmers-and-fall-in-like" kind of story. So much so that the farmers were fool enough to invite not just a handful of us hooligans, but the whole lot of the merry wordsters back for a return visit! All of the Downtown Eastside Poets are heading up there for 4 days (Apr.30-May 2) to celebrate MayDay, meditate about the meaning of poetry and poultry, and just generally mince verbal bullshit with their real bullshit! YeeHaw!

So I'll keep y'all posted, and send ya home news via pony express from Horse Lake. Stay tuned for the answers to these and more questions about more poets: What gladiator movie will Bob tell us about next? What has David Bouvier got to do with La La and the Do Do's? Will Sheila be able to ride the range with her new Equine love? Will Tom Lewis become that country boy he keeps trying to tell us that he is at heart? Will Dave McConnell realise his true calling as a coyote? Will PJ ever stop writing this article? Just a few of the musings of the muses...

PJ Farming



HEALTH PROJECT - April Program

Apr.18 - MENOPAUSE SUPPORT GROUP
meets from 5-6pm, giving women an opportunity to share experiences, knowledge and insights.

Apr.19 - SELF DEFENSE FOR WOMEN
A 6-week course - 11-1pm - with basic instruction in ways to ward off an attacker, blocking and delivering blows, etc. This is a 1980's life skill, open to all women.

Apr.19 - VIDEO: Living with Sound & Fury: Living with Schizophrenia
Shows viewers what living with this illness is like from the inside out.

Apr.20 - WORKSHOP ON HEALTH ISSUES
To explore the meaning of health and, seeing the obstacles to better health, what can be done to improve health. This workshop will launch the Video-production by the Health Project to be called Health For Women: Issues & Obstacles

Apr.24 - VIDEO: A Secret Illness: An Explanation of Mania & Depression

Apr.26 - SELF DEFENSE FOR WOMEN
(See Apr.19)

Film Project

As outlined in "Apr.20" the Health is producing a video on the health problems facing women in the Downtown Eastside. All interested women are asked to call the Women's Centre at 44 E. Cordova and ask for Joanne or Judy. The number to call is 681-4786.

First Aid Course

If enough women show interest, the Centre will ask St. John's Ambulance come and give their basic course.

CARNEGIE POETS WILL BE READING AT

COMMUNITY POETRY EXCHANGE & FESTIVAL

Poets and poetry groups interested in learning how to obtain funding, publish their own works and organize readings & tours are invited to this event to be held Saturday, 22 April, at Carnegie Community Centre.

Poets and poetry groups from the Lower Mainland, Vancouver Island and the Fraser Valley will participate.

Resource people from the B.C. Federation of Writers, the Carnegie Centre Programming staff, the Normal Arts Society and the Downtown Eastside Poets will conduct how-to workshops and information exchanges on topics such as:

- * How to secure funding from foundations, government agencies and other sources for poetry activity.
- * How to produce books, pamphlets, leaflets and other media at low cost.
- * How poets in a community can organise themselves into a group and develop links with other types of community groups.
- * How to perform in public.

The event is being organised by the Downtown Eastside Poets, with the assistance of the Canada Council Explorations Programme. The Downtown Eastside Poets are not professional or academic poets, but a group of local residents who write about life and experience in their own low-income community.

The workshops will be held from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m. In the evening, starting at 7:30 p.m., a public Festival of readings by some of the visiting poets will be held in the Carnegie Centre Theatre.

The entire event is free, and open to the public. Arrangements will be made to billet out-of-town poets.

For more information, or to arrange billeting, please contact Sheila Baxter at 324-5801 or at 665-2220 (to leave a message).

COMMUNITY POETRY EXCHANGE AND FESTIVAL
SATURDAY, 22 APRIL, from 1 P.M. to 10 P.M.
CARNEGIE COMMUNITY CENTRE
401 MAIN, Vancouver.

POETRY
POETRY
POETRY

POETRY
POETRY
POETRY
CARNEGIE
POETRY

Leaving Me Meaningless

Remember the Spring when
Things were growing
And the bond between you and me
Had meaning,
Love was free,
Because God came first
Then civilization brushed me aside
And you left me meaningless.

A freedom was ours
And we were at one with the
Universe,
But a star exploded
And you left me meaningless.

Dorin

CAMBRIDGE MASS
(A Colonial Supper)

Spicy foods make
Hot!
Foreign language Alumni
taught

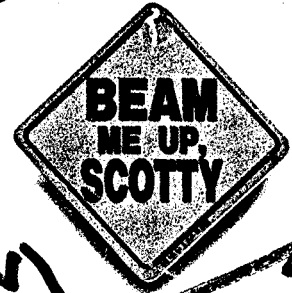
I refuse to feel
Guilty
'bout being middling Aged
butting butts out on
the floor

Conquistador an Imperialists trip
Stop the Rip Off
(the Buck stops here)
tidy up thy Cosmic Corner

Borrow his Universal Broom
Read designs
Limelight on you
Purple corner outta
the blue my eyes
my mind, omn

Streetlights Flash Out
Bomber's warring
Air Raid wailing
Red & Green : Xmas scene
Helmeken & Howe & Reds & Whites
Firestruck//Hook and Ladder Club

Taum Dan Y Creag



The Nite Before W.W.

Jolly golly
Sessil solly
Tofo feels soggy.

Simple dimple
Cunning pimple
Tofo Tastes pukey.

Boil it spoil it
In the toilet
Tofo will not flush.

Nutritious & cheap
It sits in a heap
If only it could blush.

Garry Gust

Main & Hastings

LIVE UNREHEARSED



CO-OP RADIO 102.7 FM / 4:30 PM

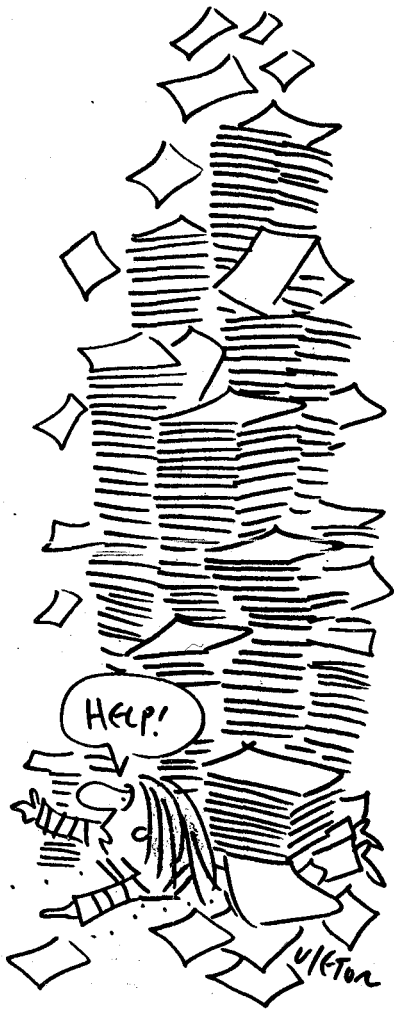
RADIO EVERY 2ND THURSDAY

Access to CRAB Park

Under, over, across - 3 ways to get past obstacles that won't move (or be removed). Council's committee to study all the options has done just that, with every possible look at about 14 different ways for residents of our neighbourhood to get to our park. The one, major criteria not taken into account (yet) is public opinion. If we, as residents, refuse to use the access provided (safety, distance, convenience, security) there will be no point to giving it any further consideration.

On Sunday, 30 April at 4 pm there will be a public meeting in the Carnegie Theatre to see what the best options are, why others are no longer options, and get as solid a direction as possible. Regardless of the outcome, we demand proper access this summer.

By PAULR TAYLOR



The Editor is ... awake?

Carnegie

NEWSLETTER

at

CARNEGIE

6:30 Wed.

bingo

DONATIONS: Yanum Spath-\$100
 Nancy W.-\$300 Willis S.-\$100
 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 -\$25 Bea F.-\$25
 Lillian H.-\$20 James M.-\$50
 I.MacLeod -\$100 Kelly -\$3
 Anonymous -\$11.23

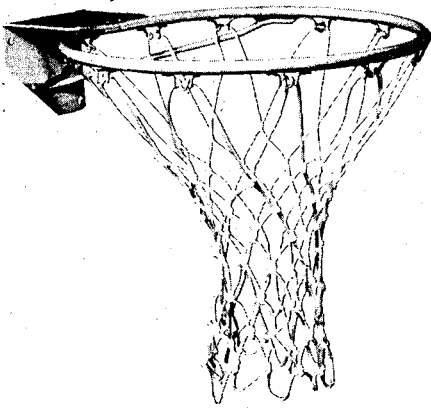
THE NEWSLETTER IS A PUBLICATION OF THE
 CARNEGIE COMMUNITY CENTRE ASSOCIATION

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, so
 if you can help, find Paul Taylor
 and he'll give you a receipt.

Thanks everybody.



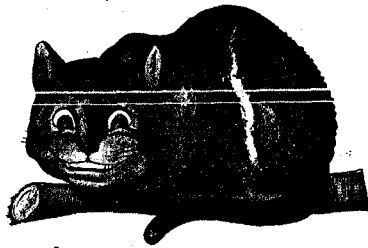
THAT WAS A GOOD FALL

Some are better than others
 Most are all the same
 Some go quick as silver
 Most drift slowly lame

Bitter ones are hard to take
 Sweeter ones are rare
 Some are overwhelmingly
 Sad and other ones are fair

Now that this one's almost gone
 Here's all I have to say
 It might sound crude and whiney but
 It's been a shitty day

G. Gust



FIREBIRDS Softball & Hardball

There is a need for 16 women, between the ages of 25 and 45, to make up our team this summer. Practice is either Tuesday or Thursday from 1:30 to 4:30. If you're interested, call the Downtown Eastside Women's Centre at 681-8480.

- Erica Keller



.I RUE HASTINGS

Toll due (I'm doomed)
 Money for a cabfare
 Plucking notes
 backstroke motion
 Wishing. . . Life
 wouldn't be so cold

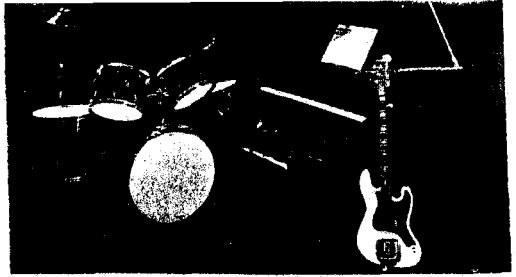
Play a tune for a buck
 une Plastre really cool
 Dud

Rookie of the Year total
 Shots on Goal
 Open up a Donut Shop
 Robson Strauss working tastes

She stopped every automobile
 You look like a fisherman
 little shrimpkin
 sailing into the rain
 coastal humid cloudburst
 Rainmen bouncing in the downpour
 traffic a gleam through pavement
 slick black crown top
 Broke, You?

Taum D.Y.Creag.

Volunteer Recognition



- Sat. 15 April: Special Dance with the Fabulous 50's 7pm Theatre
- Door Prizes for Volunteers - *
- Mon. 17 April: Special Breakfast...Cheese/Bacon/Mushroom omelets
- Reduced price \$1.00 for Volunteers - *
- Tue. 18 April: Starting today and all week Volunteers will be
receiving personalised Carnegie Volunteer buttons *
Special prizes at tonight's Cabaret!
- Wed. 19 April: Gardens Bingo ... Free admission for Volunteers
with passes - *
- Thu. 20 April: Volunteer Recognition Dinner starts 4pm Theatre
- Musical performance by John Lyons -
Dinner sponsored by the CCCA
Thanks Volunteers!
"No Mean Feet" Hoedown Squaredance Band 7:00 pm
All welcome; special door prizes for Volunteers.
- Fri. 21 April: (Another) Special Weekday Breakfast
- Cost to Volunteers will be \$1.00 - *
Volunteers Bowling Excursion
- Friday afternoon; details during the week - *
Free Pool - all day Friday for Volunteers
Free Popcorn - at tonight's movie
'*' Atiba has the tickets for these events!!
Free Coffee & Cookies - will be served at various
times throughout the week.

VOLUNTEERS ARE SPECIAL PEOPLE! VOLUNTEERS ARE SPECIAL PEOPLE!!!
VOLUNTEERS ARE SPECIAL PEOPLE!! VOLUNTEERS ARE SPECIAL PEOPLE!!
VOLUNTEERS ARE SPECIAL PEOPLE!!! VOLUNTEERS ARE SPECIAL PEOPLE!
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