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Carnegie

NEWSLETTER



APRIL 1, 1990.

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

DOWNTOWN

EASTSIDE



**TWO OF THE HOTTEST ISSUES ARE
THE ENVIRONMENT AND HOUSING**

IT WORKS!

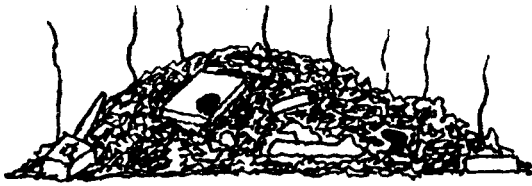
People got involved..you and me and all of us together; starting here at Carnegie with the Community Relations committee and the news that the City of Vancouver (specifically Gordon Campbell acting as the Mayor) was going to put a garbage transfer plant near Main & Terminal. Before anyone knew much about it the City Council (specifically Campbell's NPA cohorts) was all ready to swap some land slated for low-cost housing in exchange for a parcel about 600 feet

from Strathcona Community Gardens. On this land the NPA Councillors wanted to build a plant where all

'VOTING' ON THE

GST

Special Report Pg.7



garbage picked up north of 16th Ave. would be trucked (up to 35 trucks an hour), dumped on the floor and gone over by workers to skim whatever could be resold/recycled. At best, 20% of this mountain would be fit for sale and the rest - 80% of the smelly mess left - would be trucked to Burns Bog landfill.

As an integral part of this whole scam, the City would pay corporations to pick up the garbage, the private company could sell anything it got out of the mess and pocket the profit and then the City would pay again to have the rest hauled out to the dump.

Starting here, we circulated info to community groups in the four neighbourhoods surrounding the site, asked that they take a stand and send delegations to Council. Leaflets were printed and taken door-to-door, to centres and campuses, calling for stoppage of this stupid plan and source separation of trash - to allow for maximum, public participation in recycling - and demanded public hearings all over the city.

The NPA, with the notable exception of Alderman Johnathan Baker, refused to stop but did agree to one public meeting "to inform the public."

Alds. Libby Davies, Bruce Ericksen, and Harry Rankin spearheaded the condemnation of the political agenda of the NPA. At the public meeting EVERY SPEAKER was dead against this ill-thought plan. On every aspect, from location to rats to practical recycling the NPA was damned. Support had even come from the City's Engineering Dept., which politely said the thing was dumb.

There were so many speakers who didn't get a chance, after 3 hours, to say their piece that we demanded another meeting..this time in Strathcona. Lo and behold, almost half of the audience was from the Chinese community and the NPA, continuing its display of wisdom, had failed to arrange for any kind of translation.

A member of the audience performed in this capacity and again, EVERY SPEAKER was dead against this sell-out of responsibility. Even though the Engineer was under orders to end the whole "public hearing" tedium the members of the audience finally voted unanimously to end the meeting and demanded yet another one - this time to be in the West End.

Okay, you may wonder why all this is being rehashed? Well, Campbell has been forced to recognise the political costs of ramming this plant through against the wishes of EVERYONE who knows even a little about it. On Sunday, March 25th, he came out and said that he will "urge" other members of Council (specifically the ones with the half-wit NPA logic who tried to whitewash this scam) to seek alternate means of dealing with the garbage issue. Wanna bet they all of a sudden 'discover' source separation?!

By PAULR TAYLOR

PS: If "scam" sticks in your mind... when seven elected officials all try their mouth on selling something so obsolete, so obviously shown by example (in the U.S. this kind of thing was exposed in a book called Dirty Business) as having nothing to do with changing society's direction. True leadership makes the right decisions at the right time, not after being raked over the coals for being stupid.

Who would write about welfare workers?
Who would even care
Who would express the understanding
the Compassion
For their jobs, their stares

Who would take the time
to be curious about their minds?
Who would wonder how they manage,
how they handle so many caseloads?
And when they consult their Supervisor
do they do what they are told?

I wonder if they take the time
to care about a client?
or do they oride themselves on being
strong and playing the role of
evil tyrant.

I wonder do they smile
and really mean it when they greet you
or is it just a fancy front
to find out how to treat you.

They sit across their cluttered desk
and ask us to hold on,
with phones a-ringing and
they're just grinning
to watch us wait so long.

Do you feel they treat us
with even an ounce of respect?
or are their reasons so high up
they forget that you exist.
olsas! you're the one to demand
and to persist.

"Oh pardon us for being here
and ruining your day,
But we just came to get some help
if you think that's O.K.?"

Some sit in judgement
as if they're Queen and others as King Tut
Then when you ask them for some help
they say, "get yourself out of that rut."

"So let me tell you something Bub!
While you sit so self-indulged
If it wasn't for people like us
you wouldn't have this job."



I wonder if they think?
to bid you a fondest farewell
or when they turn their heels so fast
and mutter
"I'd wished you'd go to hell."

There are the few and far between
So Keen, and so intent
Who sincerely give a damn
about your means, about your rents.

The ones that are sincere
the ones unselfish too
who are genuinely concerned
about well-being, about strife and you.

I admire the ones who've worked so hard,
to get themselves to where they are
They need not expect the little people
to tell them, remind them of who they are.

So remember when you see ME
and figure I'm no good
That I am the person
I am the human
I am the One
who understood

How life isn't always as it should be
How difficult things are.
That, if the tables had been turned
You'd be the One I saw.

a welfare recipient

READER SPEAKS UP



How are You?

Editor,

RE: Issue of March 15, 1990.

Your choice of "client" as in "ex-psychiatric client" is inaccurate.

According to lawyer Bill Trott, Patient Advocate on-site at Riverview - "More than 80% of admissions to...Riverview are involuntary...half...have no legal basis for detainment under the Charter of Rights."

In light of the above, it would be more accurate to replace the word "client" with "inmate" as in "ex-psychiatric inmate."

Sheila Carson

Do you think those words are nice to use when meeting or greeting?

Suppose your friend is not feeling well and you ask him 'how are you' upon greeting him. Maybe he doesn't want others to know how he actually feels and if he lies and says he is feeling good he will feel bad for lying.

So why ask? Are you ready to help him or her if they need help? Are you ready to give them what they need to feel better?

The question "How are you?" is similar to pushing the Total key on a cash register. You are asking a person for the total of their thoughts and feelings.

Don't be asking such of one another and beware of other euphonic queries.

Patrick G. Rochon

LEARNERS' CONFERENCE at Carnegie; Friday, April 6. Call the Learning Centre for information.

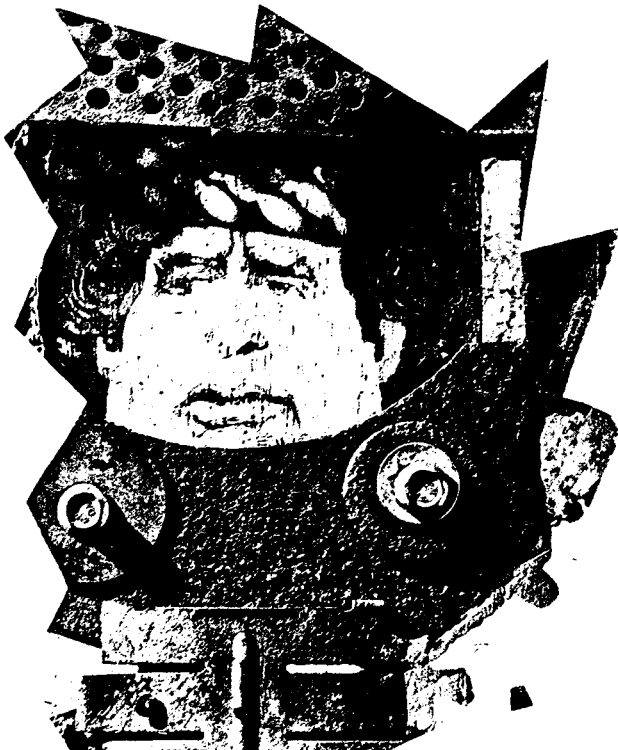
In Memory of GEORGE CHIEF

Monday I went to the hospital to tutor George Chief, a Carnegie member who was on dialysis; his kidney did not function.

I was shocked when they said he had died on Saturday.

He was a real nice man. I really liked him, he had so many interesting stories. We had planned to write them. I was really upset when the nurse said he chose to die.

Sheila Baxter, Tutor
Learning Centre.



O CANADA!

Canadians come home, look down...and they see a doormat marked: Get Lost!

Anyway, here's more information:

RE: That Quebec may separate, and that Canada be "English Only!" "French Only!"

RE: That certain people would like B.C. to separate

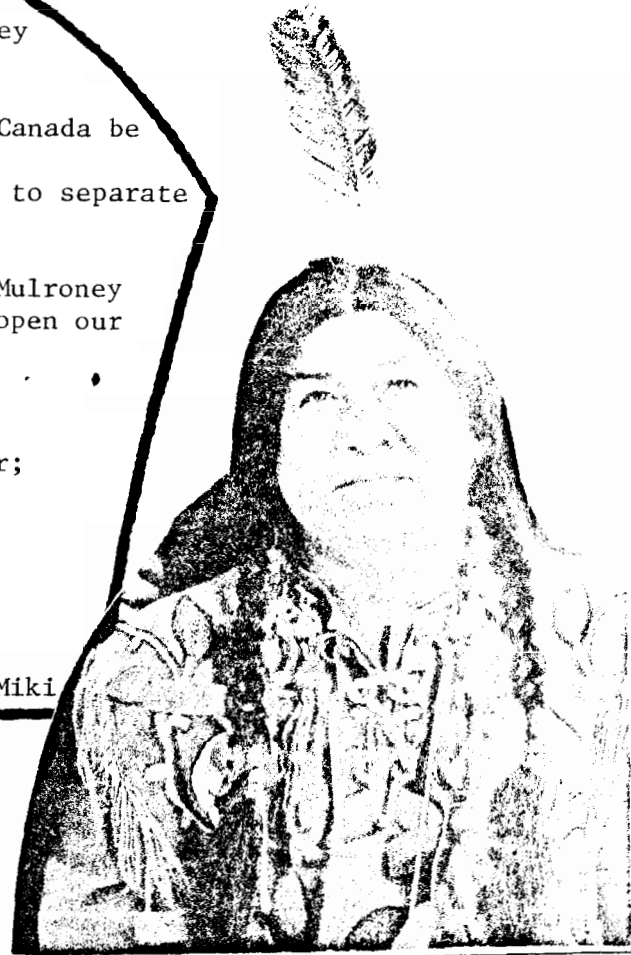
RE: That we should tighten our belts, even if we cannot afford one.

RE: That we should Free Canada & Trade Mulroney
In this case may we tighten our belts, open our eyes & our ears & open our hearts
... even if we cannot afford one?

We Canadians will always be Canadian
The Big & the Small; the Rich & the Poor;
The French & the English

What would we do without Canada?
Whether we are english or french,
If we're not Canada,
We'll always be Canadian.

Miki



Some of you will remember Jones Lake, out near Mission. If you were around there up to about 30 years ago you may even have seen this sign - it actually stood tall at the entrance to a private logging road that came down from the camp back in the boonies. According to Terry Terhune, the company was dead serious on frying your butt if one of their trucks didn't cream you first!

PRIVATE LOGGING ROAD.
NO TRESPASSING.
Logging Trucks Cannot
STOP.
SURVIVORS WILL BE
PROSECUTED.

(Weep Not)

Weep not for me when I'm gone; do not fritter and cry uncaring tears on the mound that I now claim for mine own. This world I thought I loved has turned into a cauldron of lava whose thirst cannot be quenched. Only Human Compassion will snuff out the Holocaust. So carry on, and don't tarry at my grave. Save your tears for a rainy day so that they will blend as one.. Crocodile tears of deceit and disgust, go away..away.. far, far away and let me rest in peace.

Albert Milton

March 23 1990

TO MY FRIENDS - THE CARNEGIE COMMUNITY CENTRE ASSOCIATION

THANK-YOU FOR YOUR SINCERE SUPPORT OF THE CARNEGIE LIBRARY. KNOWING THAT YOU WERE THERE MADE MY JOB MUCH EASIER. BEING LIBRARIAN AT CARNEGIE HAS BEEN A TRULY REWARDING EXPERIENCE - THE LAST TWO YEARS HAVE GONE BY IN A FLASH!

I'M NOT SAYING GOOD-BYE - IT'S NOT POSSIBLE TO REALLY LEAVE CARNEGIE AND I KNOW I'LL BE BACK. THIS IS JUST SO LONG FOR NOW!

THIS DONATION IS FOR THE CARNEGIE NEWSLETTER. THE NEWSLETTER IS A REAL SOURCE OF INFORMATION. AS A LIBRARIAN, I FIRMLY BELIEVE THAT INFORMATION IS POWER.

KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK,
Jnda Kalman





Murphy

Vote 'NO' on April 7

Meech Lake..the deficit..the budget ..\$1.8 million for ONE painting as women's centres lose \$1.6 million in funding and close all over the country ..Native funding cut... and, amongst all this, there is a little thing called The Goods and Services Tax or GST for short.

Mulroney sold the "Free" Trade Agreement with money, money and more money poured into the most massive advertising con-game in recent memory. He's said that he plans to sell the GST the same way, but people have had a year to see the effects of "free" trade:

ENERGY: U.S. gets virtually total control of Canadian natural gas.

WATER: Free trade/tapping on the tap?

SOCIAL PROGRAMS: Clawback of pensions, family allowances signal end of universality.

FISH: Canada surrenders processing rights; fish delivered directly to U.S. plants. Can. plants shut down.
U.I.: Cuts to UI increase poverty, drive down wages.

WHEAT: US farmers say Can. wheat unfairly subsidized. CWB endangered.

PORK: American protectionism locks out Can. pork, depressing prices.

DAIRY: Supply management in peril.

JOBS: Over 70,000 jobs shipped to US and Mexico.

MONEY: High dollar hurts exports, jobs and investment. Canada's balance of payments hits record deficit. Regional development money cut.

SOVEREIGNTY: NATO and American planes practice over Canadian soil.

DEREGULATION: Seats sales give way to rising prices, monopolies.

PRIVATIZATION: Government sells off public property to friends!

FREE TRADE: Canadian social programs, communities and sovereignty sacrificed to the continental marketplace.

TAXATION: GST makes consumers pay business to adapt to Free Trade.

Most of us don't have enough money to pay income taxes; we get a \$100 "rebate" and think 'not bad!' Think again. If the GST goes into effect every buck we spend - on everything except rent and food - will go up by 7%. Landlords and grocers will increase prices to cover their extra taxes. Corporations and rich people get off almost free.

On April 7th, Saturday, there will be info and a ballot box on the 1st floor of Carnegie. Take a minute and fill out a ballot. Vote NO on the GST.

By PAULR TAYLOR

COUNT ME IN!
APRIL 7-9



CAMPAIGN FOR FAIR TAXES

Canadian Labour Congress
Pro-Canada Network

Coalition Québécoise contre la TPS

- Public Social Responsibility Unit of the Anglican Church of Canada
- Canadian Centre for Policy Alternatives
- Canadian Conference of Teamsters
- Canadian Council of Churches (Justice and Peace Commission)
- Canadian Day Care Advocacy Association
- Canadian Federation of Students
- Canadian Teachers Federation
- Centrale de l'enseignement du Québec
- Coalition of Provincial Organizations for the Handicapped
- Confédération des syndicats nationaux
- Confederation of Canadian Unions
- Cooperative Housing Foundation
- Council of Canadians
- Ecumenical Coalition for Economic Justice
- Fédération des Associations coopératives d'économie familiale
- Fédération des travailleurs et travailleuses du Québec
- Fédération nationale des associations de consommateurs du Québec
- National Action Committee on the Status of Women
- National Anti-Poverty Association
- National Farmers Union
- National Federation of Nurses Unions
- National Pensioners and Senior Citizens Federation
- Oxfam Canada
- Rural Dignity of Canada
- Solidarité populaire Québec

CAMPAIGN FOR FAIR TAXES TARGETS BIG BUSINESS; CORPORATE TAX FIGURES SPARK ACTIONS ACROSS CANADA.

The nationwide CAMPAIGN FOR FAIR TAXES will take on big business in the fight against the GST in the coming weeks. It will expose some of the profitable corporations that pay no income tax with the help of figures released March 15th by the Pro-Canada Network.

The Pro-Canada Network invited economist Duncan Cameron to analyse and interpret tax information on profitable Canadian corporations. Cameron is President of the Canadian Centre for Policy Alternatives.

"The GST debate is leading people to look critically at how revenues are raised in this country. The government will likely be sorry it ever mentioned taxes once Canadians get a look at how big business gets out of paying them," he said.

The Pro-Canada Network released a list of fourteen well-known companies all with profits over \$10 million that pay no taxes. It also released figures for seven companies that received millions of dollars worth of tax credits.

The Pro-Canada Network is making the corporate tax figures and Cameron's analysis of them available to the community-based coalitions of students, seniors, women, farmers, nurses, church groups and trade unionists participating in the CAMPAIGN FOR FAIR TAXES.

"The government can't get away with saying there are no alternatives to the GST when big business is not paying its fair share," said Tony Clarke, Chairperson of the Pro-Canada Network. "Armed with these latest corporate tax figures, community-based activists across Canada will expose the unfairness of the GST."

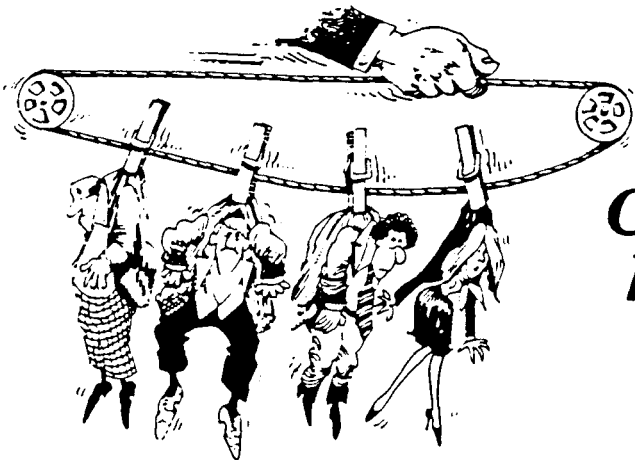
In 1988 the corporate tax rate was reduced from 36% to 28%. More than 60,000 corporations paid no taxes at all. They include:

<u>CORPORATION</u>	<u>PROFITS</u>	<u>TAX PAID</u>	<u>DONATION TO TORIES</u>
Algoma Steel	\$80 million	0	8,750
Bramalea	\$33 million	0	12,625.08
Brascade	\$64 million	0	n/a
Brascan	\$263 million	0	50,362.92
Confederation Life Insurance	\$62 million	0	11,186.52
Edper Enterprises	\$52 million	0	n/a
Fletcher Challenge Finance	\$24 million	0	30,000
Maritime Life	\$34 million	0	n/a
North Canadian Oils	\$30 million	0	5,000
Ocelot Industries	\$432 million	0	n/a
PWA	\$30 million	0	n/a
Standard Trustco	\$13 million	0	15,363.30
Tridel	\$72 million	0	29,441.06
Xerox Canada	\$74 million	0	11,558.59

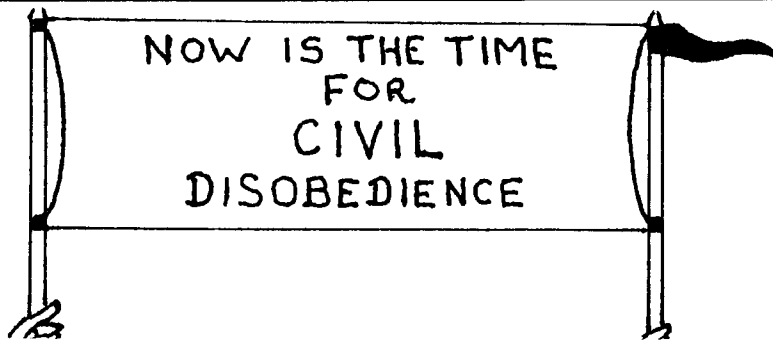
While contributing nothing to federal tax, 1988 tax credits went to:

	<u>PROFITS</u>	<u>TAX CREDIT</u>	<u>TAX PAID</u>	<u>DONATION - TOR.</u>
Central Guaranty Trustco	\$75 million	\$2.86 million	0	30,934.44
Goodyear Canada	\$11 million	\$1.4 million	0	n/a
Hemlo Gold Mines	\$43 million	\$2.73 million	0	n/a
Magna International	\$19 million	\$8.2 million	0	2,983.40
MICC Investments	\$72 million	\$29.97 million	0	n/a
Power Corporation	\$214 million	\$2.12 million	0	72,143.40
Ranger Oil	\$15 million	\$4.07 million	0	36,000

The Goods and Services Tax



*Canadians
hung out
to dry*



CAMPAIGN FOR FAIR TAXES

WE NEED TO STOP THE GOODS AND SERVICES TAX
WE NEED FAIR TAXES IN A PEOPLE-FIRST ECONOMY

In January 1991, the federal government intends to remove the old 13.5% Manufacturers Sales Tax (MST) that applied to certain manufactured goods and replace it with a 7% tax on virtually all goods - and for the first time ever in Canada on services as well - except basic essentials such as groceries, medical care and rent. Almost everything from haircuts to funerals, from children's clothing to home heat will be taxed at 7% in addition to whatever provincial sales tax already exists.

The GST is the latest step in Conservative Finance Minister Michael Wilson's tax reform package, which in the last three years has seen personal income tax increased to 46.3 percent of government revenue, while corporate taxes now account for a mere 11.2 percent. The GST shifts even more of the tax burden onto the individual by taxing consumer dollars spent - dollars that have already been taxed when they were earned. Businesses meanwhile either do not pay this tax at all or if they do will get the entire amount rebated from the government in the form of tax credits.

Individual consumers will pay the entire GST. This tax is inefficient, inflationary, unfair and regressive. It will erode services, raise prices and cost jobs. It will not help the economy and it will harm working people.

WHAT THE GST WILL DO

The GST will immediately cause a jump in inflation. Estimates vary from between 2.5% to 5%, but if the experience in Britain is an example, it will rise a good deal more than that. In one year, for instance, inflation in the United Kingdom jumped from 8% to 20%.

The inflationary spiral will drive up interest rates and increase the deficit, forcing the government to increase other taxes or the GST itself.

Jobs will be lost. Estimates run between 72,000 to 100,000, mostly in the service sector.

Small businesses will go under because of dramatically increased accounting costs, cash flow problems and loss of customers.

Working people need a fair tax system where everybody - Corporations and Canadians - pay their share.

We must oppose the GST and fight for real tax reform where people come first. We must have a system that taxes on the ability to pay through a progressive income tax system, which applies equitably to corporations as well as ordinary Canadians.

DOWNTOWN
EADTSIDE
YOUTH
ACTIVITIES
SOCIETY

685-4488

Free Doctors on site
223 Main St.
(confidential)

Wed. evening: 5 to 8:30
Dr. AL VENNEMA
Thur. evening: 5 to 8:30
Dr. COLIN HERRICKS
STD Nurses are on site
through the weekdays.

Drop in
or call
for an
appoint-
ment.

Carnegie

NEWSLETTER

THE NEWSLETTER IS A PUBLICATION OF THE
CARNEGIE COMMUNITY CENTRE ASSOCIATION

Articles represent the views of individual
contributors and not of the Association.

FREE - donations accepted.

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

Thanks everybody.

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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**

THE SHOW MUST GO ON

I, (having just arrived in town, jobless, a little worse for wear but nevertheless determined to make the best of it) asked a Social Worker where a good, affordable place to dine was.

"Oh, the 44 Club puts out very reasonable meals at an affordable price," she says matter-of-factly, "and I have it on good authority that the food there is second to none," she quips. "of course if you can sing.."she adds and at that point I congenially interrupted. "I have been known to a good impersonation of 'Maimie' by Al Jolson when I'm in the Party Way," I say, somewhat glad to be making small talk with an elevated Person of Authority.

"What I meant, sir, was your only other option at this time is the Salvation Army!" souping sarcastically.

"Well I never!" I huff as I accept the meal voucher for the 44 Club and head out into the street.

After getting a round about, conflicting report on directions to the 44 Club, by three capricious old Characters (illuminated individuals whose only claim to free expression seems to be whose turn it is to take the next pull on the bottle), I find the place.

'Wow!' I think, amid hopeful Ecstatic Rumbings from my stomach, 'just look at this line-up!' The food here must indeed be SECOND-TO-NONE in this city. Why, there must be 150 people lined up just dying for the chance to partake of the Exotic Delights served here.

The patrons seem an odd bunch though ..the way they're dressed and act.

Oh well, I think (the optimist in me comes to the rescue again), the food is probably so good and the place so popular (judging by the line-up) that in order to save time they all neglected to go home, wash up and change after work so that they wouldn't have to wait too long.

After waiting in the slowly moving line-up for one solid hour, I began to be a little suspicious of some of the restaurant's patrons... especially the character behind me who looks and smells as if he just got off one of the fishing boats as he coughs right down my neck for the sixth time since we've been in the line-up.

I slowly gaze around the foyer with a critical eye. The guy two persons up from me keeps breaking out of line and doing back flips, adversely annoying the guy in the wheelchair who is trying to sell what look like his only pair of shoes.

Maybe this place isn't really as affordable as my Social Worker thinks. Oh well, I seem to be covered anyway and this is no time to be turning around now.

'Cafeteria style,' I muse as I deftly pick up a tray and start loading it down. It's about time too, what with all the People Saving Places in the line for their friends.

By the time I get to the Cashier, I've accumulated one piece of cake, a bowl of pudding, two dinner buns, a salad with French dressing, one plate of two Cold Smokies (that had been sitting for some time for want of someone to pick it up), one plate of a small slice of meat loaf, ½ scoop of potatoes and a tablespoon of veggies, one juice, one coffee, one serviette and a bowl of hang-over soup.

The Cashier tells me that I am only allowed one beverage one dessert one dinner bun and one meal and promptly takes the Extras off my plate.

"Here! Here!" I protest using my best authoritative voice. "That's not the way to treat a Patron who comes all the way from the Interior just to taste your good fare. It's a wonder that you have any Patrons at all the way you're going on about it! This is indeed embarrassing, madame, and I strongly protest!"



All of a sudden I'm met with two very large gentlemen who quickly convince me that my best recourse at the moment is to "Shut the fuck up" and find myself a place to sit down; otherwise I will be unceremoniously tossed out on my 'Dickens'.

"Imagine that!" I fume to the intoxicated gentleman seated across from me. "Business must be so good that they can gang up on their patrons and rob back the food from one's plate." In answer I am met with a very loud "belch." "They're not the only successful restaurant in town," I mumble. "Next time I'm going to try the one around the corner on Powell Street where I saw another line-up."

Since appetizers are not anywhere in sight in this place, I partake of the half-bowl of slightly wilted salad. The Portion Pack of French Dressing touches it off nicely and I hurriedly gobble it down..as one is wont to do in these times of hunger. The soup has a unique suspicious taste of curry and just a hint of oregano. I mention this to the illuminated patron across from me and he cackles gleefully. "Not surprising," he says between chews. "Yesterday they had curried beef and way last week we had spaghetti."

Although I suspect he's joking, I forego the rest of the Experience.

The meat loaf is swimming in brown rich gravy; it's skillfully brocheted by a small clump of crawly-flower on one side and a nibble scoop of rice with gravy on the other (very cost efficient). It's not too bad at all but I suspect the gravy gives it the taste. It seems to be a mixture of ground meats rather than ground beef but nonetheless food for a thankful stomach.

I look over at my Dinner Companion and find it hard to tell just what he ordered as, due to his illuminacy, his food is scattered and mixed up all over the table and tray. He sure seems to be enjoying it though, and I chalk up another Plus for the place.

My pudding, for want of a better description, is surprisingly tasty. It looks like hunks of bread with raisins, cinnamon and probably an egg and a little milk to bind. I don't know what the yellow stuff on top is though, but the old capricious Character across from me, whom I'm beginning to enjoy, tells me he saw some yellow stuff like that once way back in '43 at a Sally Ann line-up.

At that moment I chose to leave.

This Cafeteria is a very hard place to rate, as the City Fathers claim it is the only one of it's kind in town. So, since it's recommended by both our illustrious Social Services (I wonder if they ever eat here) and our Good City Fathers whom, I am told, make timely Periodical Inspections of the place after they give them three or four days notice. I will assume that they know what's best for us... and give it a Five-Star rating for "Second-to-None" establishments.

I will not mention the two large fellows who manage to occupy the desk in the foyer; or how they're so busy either reading pocket books or chatting up their acquaintances that they don't seem to see all the many people butting into line...

...or the fact that a clean table is hard to find here. I will say though that I shall be glad to return and be obediently thankful for the three meals a day I'm allowed.

By W.G. FERGUSON



A MONTH IS A MONTH IS A MONTH

Five weeks between Welfare Wednesdays
Ten more days to go:

"Can you spare sixty-five cents?"

No.

Put on the shabbiest clothes;
Make them know you are
one of them.

Nine more days to go:
You can't take a walk
at night now;
There's too many desperate
characters out there.

Eight more days to go:
A nervous young man sells a
gram of hash, which is really
a small hunk of wood-filler,
to an older man who
hands over \$15.00 and
walks away.

Seven more days to go:
A young man was stabbed
in the stomach last night.

Six more days to go:
baby sitters are promised
money by single moms
who'll have plenty of cash
by morning if they get thru
the dangerous night.

Five more days to go:
Lysol, aftershave, bay rum;
anything goes down here.

Four more to go:
Coffee tickets! - the
Carnegie - must go -
be with people.
It's Saturday Night!

Three more:
The addictions of
food and tobacco do
battle to see who
will be bought,
stolen, or ~~borrowed~~ -
No! You can't turn
into a bum.

Two:
Sardines and dry
smoke - the paupers
feast. But wait!

One day: tuesday -
the Carnegie - free
Volunteer dinner!
Oops: did I put in
15 hours?

Welfare Wednesday -
The mail box-
The utter let down.

Garry Gust

Conversation at Carnegie

One morning I heard a man tell of a fantastic celebration on an artificial lake in ancient Egypt. People surrounded the lake and drifted into the water on small boats with candles. The glassy water reflected the constellations.

I said, "Maybe Stonehenge was an ice rink." Without discipline minds can see Inuit, Celts, Druids on bone skates. Unmechanically minds can envision the practicality of using an ice surface for moving such big blocks of stone. Surely smoothed

ice is an artificial lake; the lake is solid though it may not reflect the heavenly lights as brilliantly but it can, given care, be accurate.

The difference between all cultures of the world is only superficial. Discipline suppresses not only the surface but the depth of mind into dull conformity. All cultures grow from mind. We are destined to slavery, to meaningless malice and prejudice unless we get out of this groove. Habits and hatred flourish as mind sleeps.

By JOHN HUSSY

THE THROW-AWAY SOCIETY

People drive by. Walking quite slowly so as not to go too quickly for him, we made our way along the sidewalk. The stink of car exhaust is only a few feet away, their lights clear as they speed by.

"What's your name?"

"Mark," was his reply; a short, aged Native man, his walk varying in pitch in the cold midnight air, his leg apparently hindering his progress. Walking at times a few feet ahead I would stop to let him catch up.

We had walked for twenty minutes not going more than six city blocks or so. It was one of the times I'd stopped to wait for the man. I turned in time to see the way he turned in circles on the spot - as if all of a sudden he was lost. He went round about three times, looked up at the sky, then went over on his face onto the roadway..half on half off the sidewalk! I put my bag and knapsack down trying to move him, hoping he wasn't hurt too badly..perhaps he need not be lifted.

I discovered he was much heavier than his size indicated.

People still driving by. I got both arms around him; he was stiff as a board with some blood on his face. I lifted him sideways onto the sidewalk.

"Mark! Mark!." He lay there slightly convulsing, still quite stiff. For some reason, perhaps to half-guard him, I leaned over him with my left leg and foot still touching him and started waving both arms, trying to flag down passing autos for assistance as it was too far to any other aid. No one would stop. They would drive around without hardly slowing.

I turned my attention to Mark. He seemed to be aware enough to speak, to my relief. I tried to flag cars in more earnest, actually walking out in the lane and pointing at the person and objects on the sidewalk. One woman passenger seemed to react quickly, talking to the driver who braked the car a bit but then drove away. I returned to Mark.

By now, he realized that people weren't stopping. I felt badly, asking the injured man if he could walk, even thinking of leaving my bag and carrying him. No, he couldn't walk and still lay in his place on the cold concrete. Somewhat angered at the people who wouldn't stop, I walked out into the lane with my arms and hands out in front as if to stop cars. I managed to trap one in my lane. The vehicle stopped about twenty feet before it got to me. I could see the turn signal on, as if to pull into the other lane and drive away, but I moved quickly up to the car. I could see the lady was perturbed, not sure what to do. By now I was beside her window with traffic going by and another vehicle behind her. She rolled her window down a half-inch. I got a few words out, moving my body closer so as to be heard clearly. She rolled the window closed tight. I gestured to the sidewalk and mimicked speech. She rolled her window a half-inch.

"Will you call an ambulance?"

"Yes, okay."

She drove by looking towards Mark. She was still in sight when a police cruiser happily jerked to a stop at the curb.

Ahh. Assistance, radio & lights. You'll have an ambulance soon, Mark.

We attended to the Native, the officer getting a plastic-coated pillow and blanket for the treatment and comfort of the patient. Dabbing the bit of blood that had pooled in the corner of his eye, I saw a bump the size of a quail egg above the left brow. We waited for the ambulance.

The people drove by on March 11, '90 at 12:20 a.m. I suppose they will look for it in the newspaper or the news. Such a thing after reading of people driving around an injured and dying woman on a busy Vancouver crosswalk made me shudder. The 64 year-old woman died about 6 a.m. on March 6.

After calling two hospitals about Mark, I learned that he was released the next day.

People drive by.

A true story. I was there.
By MIKE BOHNERT

My Little Spring Butterfly

You captured my eye, like a little butterfly -- You smiled, with sincerity. You took a snapshot of me, off guard. You introduced me to something beautiful.

With your camera You captured the great beauty of the seashore, the parks, the streams and rivers and the gardens. I enjoy the ocean, the real aquarium, and I love hiking and canoeing.

You are Spring -- I've always looked forward to being with you. It's nice to catch a butterfly; Spring, you have come to greet us.

I realize that the butterfly has to be set free, come fall and winter -- I have come to hold this friendship very special.

Miki

Celtic Hospitality

Just for the now me lad, lay yeself down
Cross the sea, ye say ye have done
from a land of long days n' long nights
ye say ye come
From a people of burning blood
ye say ye are

Yet, yer skin isn't sun drenched
Yet the sea salt ye smell not
Yet burning to touch ye are not

Yea, travel wary ye are
yea, ye have a sailor's cuff
Yea, a foul temper I see ye have

Firbolg ye are not I see
Celt of no kin ye look I see
Yea, two hands taller than me men
ye are
Yea, a true Vicking ye are

Fer I see and saw ye had wenches and
slaves by the cordfull
Och Mahorn lair safe ye are here in
me domain

Mind yer witts about, fer once ye are
begone shall we e'er meet a'ain
Sure as me name McFiannan ye'll
sur'ly fell the kiss of me sword
Till then ha'e yeself a care in
a safe n' sound sleep me lair

Plume



An inverse proportional
 Stratigraphy a sociologist's term too
 Sorority, Diamond and Gold
 A girl's best friend, but all that glitters
 aint gold
 Shaved die, no dice

to an eternal world of tomorrows
 Prostantant women sharing common views
 of crises and fear and food
 little triangle cheeses
 and bananas

Writing so quietly
 Love inspires the music (Too loud)
 it is the conservatives
 who are wrecking the country now (GST)
 injured workers hobble along
 crippled by society's indifference
 pushed and shoved by hurried crowds
 shunted, railroaded
 lots of yelling going on
 shout drunken abuse
 hurl hurt curses
 and swear, bullied and beaten
 We know why
 Poverty is the crime
 Corruption is the club
 Jobs, jobs, jobs
 comic books and a bottle of pop
 a pink and a green for the blues
 James Jennings



at

CARNECIE

6:30

Wed.

bingo

The Empty Nest

It's waiting for me
 with a warmth
 and a glow
 of colour and pictures
 photos of kids.
 Waving plants.
 Happy to see
 me at last.
 As I water
 their earth
 They gurgle
 with glee
 The cat
 goes bananas
 and rubs
 at my feet
 My kettle
 all shiny
 starts to boil.
 The whistle
 shrieks out
 with a nerve-
 wracking scream.
 The telephone
 usually starts
 to ring.
 And a friend
 or a loved one
 Is glad that
 I'm in.

I snuggle
 I wiggle
 against a
 soft fluffy
 cushion.
 Deciding on
 what to do next?
 TV or music?
 A book?
 Or a poem.
 The choices
 are mine -
 Mine alone.

Hanging on the hook
 is my robe
 Old & worn,
 Waiting for one
 to hug
 Up in its arms.

I pull down
 the covers of
 my very own bed.
 I really appreciate
 my full
 Empty Nest.

Sheila Baxter

When the poor begin to speak...

May I suggest Mr. Minister;

- A. That we need attitude changes of both administrative and social worker staff;
- B. That we get more and better information of our rights in a welfare system;
- C. That we see a decrease of defensiveness, growing out of limited access to opportunities, and tokenism help.
- D. We could benefit by better, meaningful special resources and back up services..such as a real emergency program.

May I also suggest, sir, that your good offices assign us social workers who can see with our eyes, hear with our ears and feel with our feelings.

It has been said before, sir, that the problems of poverty can not be resolved as if they were isolated from the wider economic, social and political patterns of the nation. I also think that because of our poverty, a lot of middle-class jobs exist. I would like to see a majority of these people stand up and be counted on a critical issue that affects the poor. If they are not willing to put their jobs on the line for the impoverished then there will always be poverty.

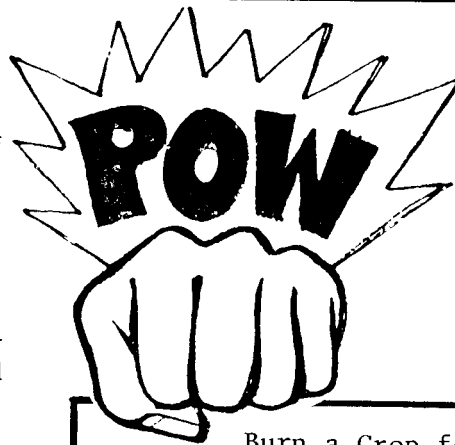
History will tell you, sir, that when an impoverished people learns how to break through their own apathy and learns to speak the words that they must, their voice will not be gentle.

Can you blame us for that?

Would you have expected anything different?

Regards,

W.G. FERGUSON



Burn a Crop for Peace

Now that we have
THE WORKERS
under our thumb
we
can start with the lay-offs.

First we'll have rumours
So that the RATS
Can do their own thing.
Exploiting the sins of their brothers
and burning themselves.

Then heavy competition
For their mindless jobs
and each winner
gets a paycut
They'll understand.

I wonder what happens
to the losers
We never see them leave
They would make us feel
out-numbered
We don't need that stress.

They're all totally alone
and the system
is against them
because
They're unemployed.

The system is unfair
We all know that
But sometimes,
I can't help thinking that
maybe there is a God.

Greg

THE ANATOMY OF A HIT AND MISS
WELFARE RECIPIENT

(a two-sided story)

By W.G. FERGUSON

The difference between being a welfare recipient and being in jail is the fact that the Warden doesn't send me traipsing all over the city on seemingly endless missions. The purposes for this, I strongly suspect, are just as confusing to the social workers as they are to me.

I have an "uneducated" hunch that misleading missions of endyrance and satmina are aimed more with a view to pleasing the middle class than they are to aiding the recipient. Here's an example:

During your first interview you are classified, read the Riot Act and judged - seems to happen the minute you walk through the door. With or without this judgement it seems that the social worker wants to see you "dance-a-lick", but this being 1990 (she or he must not offend your rights) you won't be asked to 'dance' as such.

Instead you are simply told to walk 12 long city blocks down the street to the U.I.C. office. This takes some doing because you are on crutches and want to be able to get a welfare cheque issued and cashed before the banks close.

You have damn near busted your other leg getting to the U.I. office waited while fifty or so people are processed and then are given the proof in writing that you cannot collect U.I. because you have not worked since 1947 when they tried to get you to pay property tax.

Then it's back down to Social Services, another hour in the line-up and then to the waiting area for another ½ hour or so. She calls you

in and judges you fit for work, having precariously capered the ¼ mile twice in a 3 hour time span.

Now comes more questions..and this time she has her hand on the phone as if she's suspicious as hell. Meanwhile the time is ticking by and after another barrage of what will happen to you if you are caught cheating she tells you to pick up a cheque at 3:30 pm.

You almost panic! "3:30 pm. why that's way after lunch," you hint.

"Can you sing?" she snaps rather loudly. Flattered, you answer, "Why yes ma'am, I can do a good impersonation of Ma'amee by Al Jolson when I get loosened up some!?? Course I don't have any black face to put on," I chortle but...

"You have a drinking problem!" she exclaims.

"No ma'am," I sarcastically snap back. "I've never taken a drink that didn't deserve to be drunk. And I might add, I have no problem drinking."

"Well, since you can sing, I'm sending you down to the Sally Ann for lunch but I'm going to give you a voucher instead of a cheque. This way you might get more food in your stomach than alcohol, and your Al Jolson might end up sounding more like Don Ho. Good day, sir."

That's when I lost my cool. After all it was Friday and all the guys would be at the pub doing what they do best while I..while I... What the Dickens!!!!

"You ought to see your face!" I explode. "It's enough to put the run on the whole Fifth Fleet. You aint gonna treat me like no mug," I say (using my best 'Cagney'.."I'll phone the Cops!" I switch to Gleason: "'dis time it's gonna be da moon, Alice, 'dis time it's gonna be da moon. All 2 million square miles of it! And you're gonna be there... ALLLLL over there!" Some time later...

The difference between being in jail and being a welfare recipient is the fact that a welfare recipient, who is inclined and determined, can still manage to sell a food voucher so that he can buy a bottle now and then. The stuff they make in jail is so awful that "Every time you take a drink, you can feel the Devil bite your ass!"

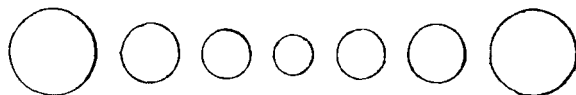
Hey! You guys can't keep me in here! I know my rights! There's a law against what you're doing to me! I got a Social Worker who can kick your ass any day! Lemme out!!!

By W.G. FERGUSON

Poets from the Downtown Eastside

Poets from Carnegie Centre and the Downtown Eastside will be reading their work live on Co-op Radio on a special program called "Poetry is My Bomb." This program will be broadcast Tuesday, April 3rd from 1 p.m. to 2 p.m. and is part of the Co-op Radio Spring Membership drive.

The Radio Access for Literacy Project continues. This month we will be doing various workshops on interviewing, sound operating, announcing and tutoring. If you are interested in finding out more please contact Brenda or Helene at 684-8494.



Dance Without Music

The earth all around us
like a thread through a maze,
we dance without music
till we stumble on death.

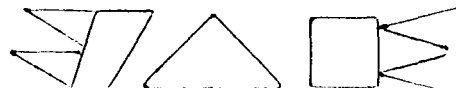
With the past all around us
like the colours in white,
we add white to white canvas
and call it canadian.

The sky all around us.
like a context for meaning,
we work, lust and party
down to an exact science.

Our selves all around us
like shadows and echoes,
we draw-up a self-image
that clings like a noose.

And myself all around me
like this ten-foot-square room?
I just miss seeing the poet
with the changeable name...

Stephen Belkin



**Arts & Crafts
for Kids**

Mondays 7-9pm.
Saturdays 2-4pm.

Free

Carnegie Centre
3rd Floor

... starts Apr. 2

A NOTE TO ALL CARNEGIE PATRONS

Dear friends,

It appears that renovations will begin in late May. Though we're disappointed with the slight delay, we are pleased with the cause (which was maintenance to the existing ventilation system prior to adding on additional ducting and vents and fans and motors). Here's to fresh air in the New Year.

The remaining months of 1990 will be a challenge to us all. Some groups will be temporarily displaced; some spaces will disappear and new ones will appear. Construction will bring noise and dust and inconvenience. We hope that the building will always be open, though, obviously, parts will be closed for various lengths of time.

If we ever needed to hang together as a Carnegie family, 1990 is the year. It's going to be tough, but we'll make it and 1991 will see us enjoying our upgraded, renovated downtown eastside livingroom.

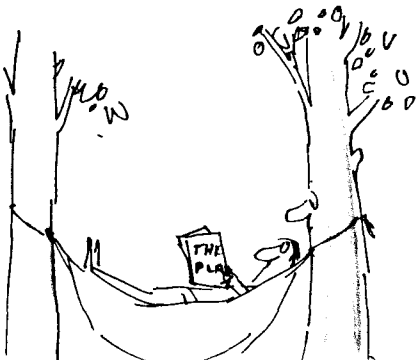
Thank you for your patience and your co-operation in the months to come.

Sincerely,

Muggs

Muggs Sigurgeirson & Diane MacKenzie
President Director
C.C.C.A. Carnegie Centre

Diane



The Friday Night Poetry group on the 3rd floor has fun. An average of 10 people come with different styles and lots of talent. Thanks to those who came and contributed.

Spring is here and the outside beckons, so we'll stop for awhile. Anyone interested in having some more workshops, please leave a message at the Learning Centre.

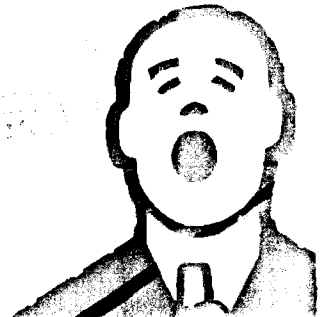
Sheila Baxter

Are you homeless? Have you been homeless?

I am collecting stories of homelessness for an upcoming book. The first book was called No Way To Live Poor Women Speak Out.

Leave a message at the Learning Centre or with Paul Taylor at the Newsletter 665-2289. You can be assured of confidentiality.

Sheila Baxter



"Onions"

I love to eat Onions
It tends to douse my inflamed bunions.
I love to snap garlic
It's tangy zip acts as a tonic.
I love hot sauce in my soup
Only trouble is it burns my hoop.
Oysters I dearly cherish,
Not too much, not too lavish,
But I still love onions.
It quells my Burning Bunions.

Albert Milton

March 21, 1990.

Open Letter to Dr. Strangeway
(President of U.B.C.)

With the UBC Engineering Department's long history of sexism, it is not surprising that they have now begun to dabble in racism.

Sadly though, it is often those who ridicule native social problems who are, at the same time, fierce opponents of Native people's attempts to solve their own problems through land claim settlements and Native self-government.

As a representative of the Downtown Eastside Women's Centre, which is largely utilised by Native women I would like to know specifically what action your administration intends to take in response to the Engineering Newsletter's racist content. I would appreciate receiving a letter from you in this regard. Your letter will be printed in the Carnegie Centre Community Newsletter, a newspaper which serves a large native population.

Maureen Rivington
Social Action Cmтт.

(Ms. Rivington called UBC's administration office on Monday, Mar. 26, to ask again for a response from Dr. Strangeway. She was told that, because of the enormous amount of mail a meeting of the President and the Vice-Deans of various departments was planned to draft a letter to send to all people who had written. In the meantime, there has been no further action on the matter of suspending the students responsible. A radio interview with one of these had him stating he "wasn't too worried" about further action on being suspended from UBC. When telling Ms. Rivington of actions that the University had taken, nothing was mentioned about this either. Are we to assume that Strangeway is backing off..or worse, chuckling to himself?)

CARNEGIE NEWSLETTER REVIEW COMMITTEE
NEEDS A REVIEW

As a poet, I was delighted and honored to read some poems for International Women's Day at Carnegie. Many women told me that they really liked my work.

After the reading, Paul Taylor asked me to submit 3 poems in particular to the newsletter. He asked for 3 in particular. He obviously thought the poems were suitable for the newsletter. He is, after all, the editor.

I unwittingly assumed that my poems would be printed verbatim; word for word how the poems were written, unless there were typos. When I read the newsletter, I found that the content of 2 of my poems had been intentionally changed. Not mere typos. Entire chunks were taken out and replaced by someone else's words.

I was horrified. Editors of newsletters do not edit poetry. Do cura-

THE Principles of a

POET

SUBJECTIVE ALLOYS By Garry Gust

SOMETIMES I FIND IT
HARD TO KEEP MY
SANITY.

EGO

IS IT TRYING
TO ESCAPE?

ID

NO. IT JUST WANTS
MORE POSITIVE
STIMULATION
FROM THE
SENSES.

EGO

YOU MUST LEAVE AND
FIND A MORE
POSITIVE ENVIRONMENT
FOR THAT.

SUPEREGO

I CAN'T LEAVE YET.
THERE'S STILL TOO MUCH
AWARENESS TO BE GAINED...
IF I CAN ONLY KEEP MY
BALANCE.

EGO

YOUR TROUBLE IS,
YOU'RE TOO
SENSITIVE.

ID

THAT'S TRUE, BUT THE SENSES
PRESENT SUCH A BRUTAL PERCEPTION
OF THE HUMAN CONDITION; IT'S HARD
TO IGNORE THAT AND FEEL JOPLY ALL
THE TIME!

EGO

NOBODY SAID IT WAS GOING TO BE
JOLLY DOWN HERE. IF YOU WANT
MORE POSITIVE CONDITIONS, TRY
CREATING SOME.

SUPEREGO

YEAH, YOU'VE GOT TO ZERO
IN ON THE GOOD THINGS THAT
ARE GOING ON AND GIVE A
HAND.

ID

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
YOU TWO ACTUALLY
AGREE ON SOMETHING.

EGO

tors of art shows add paint to paintings? Or resculpt sculptures? I think not. It is not their job.

Unless otherwise requested, editors either wholly accept or reject poems verbatim. Poetry is not negotiable. The *raison d'être* of poetry is the uncensored voice. Like a painting or a sculpture, it IS the expression of the artist.

So why did the Carnegie Newsletter edit my work? I had to ask Paul: What happened?

Paul told me that the newsletter has a review committee. All submissions to the newsletter, even those

requested by the editor must be approved by the committee. This means that the review committee has the power to accept, reject, alter, change, and mutilate peoples' submissions. The committee seems to have a vague role and it seems to be to prevent controversy. The committee told the editor that the poems had to be changed. Why?

Apparently, one poem was "denigratory to churches." I had to laugh. The text that they find "denigratory" is, without question, critical of the Catholic church's hypocrisy about, and denigration of, women. The

Catholic Church relies on the denigration of women for its very existence.

According to the committee, the second poem "portrayed women as victims." As a feminist, with a fairly clear analysis, I was stunned. The poem compared the brutalisation of the earth, vis-a-vis clearcut practices, to the brutalisation of women. In a culture where "man has dominion over allthings," and woman is seen as nature and therefore part of that "dominion," my comparison is entirely accurate. The poem is quite clearly a plea to stop the brutlisation of "nature."

I was deeply offended by the changes to my work. I would rather that the poems were not printed at all.

What can be done?

1) There should be an editorial box in every newsletter. It should explain that submissions will be reviewed by a review committee and the mandate of that committee. You owe this to your editor, as well as the readers and writers. Paul is left holding your dirty bag. People don't know that he is not solely responsible for decision making.

2) I am not disputing that there should be a review committee. But, the review committee must be accountable to the public and have a clear mandate. Censorship is not arbitrary; it is, by definition, very selective. However, 'censor' is also defined in the dictionary as "a person who tells others how they ought to behave" and "a person who likes to find fault."

If the committee has no mandate, you better make one. Either that or call yourselves what you appear to be, i.e. "the woolly minded gee this might offend someone" committee, or "in defense of the status quo" or "arbitrary slash n' gash" committee.

3) Lay committees and journalistic

newsletter editors do not and cannot edit poetry. Just exactly where do they get their poetic license from? If you don't like the poem, don't print it. But have sound reasoning and a clear mandate as the premise for doing so.

Who are you protecting by butchering poems? Surely the public can, and will let you know if they find it "offensive." Or is that what you're afraid of?

At the very least, every effort must be made to notify the writer about such blatant changes before the works go to print. I would have pulled my poems without hesitation.

The issue of censorship is neither particular to this newsletter nor my poetry. Surely the committee realises what a ball of fire they are playing with. Censorship must be dealt with ethically.

For myself, I want an apology, to be printed in the newsletter, for the committee's unwarranted and unjustifiable censorship of my poems. I want my two poems reprinted in their original, and only, forms - the ones that they were submitted in. A review committee should make itself accountable to the writer, not the other way around.

I think the "review committee" will be surprised as to how little a response my poems will incur. You have created controversy where there was none. Isn't that what you are trying to avoid?

This letter is written in good faith. I hope that it will prod an internal review of the review committee. Be public, accountable, and have a clear mandate.

pj flaming