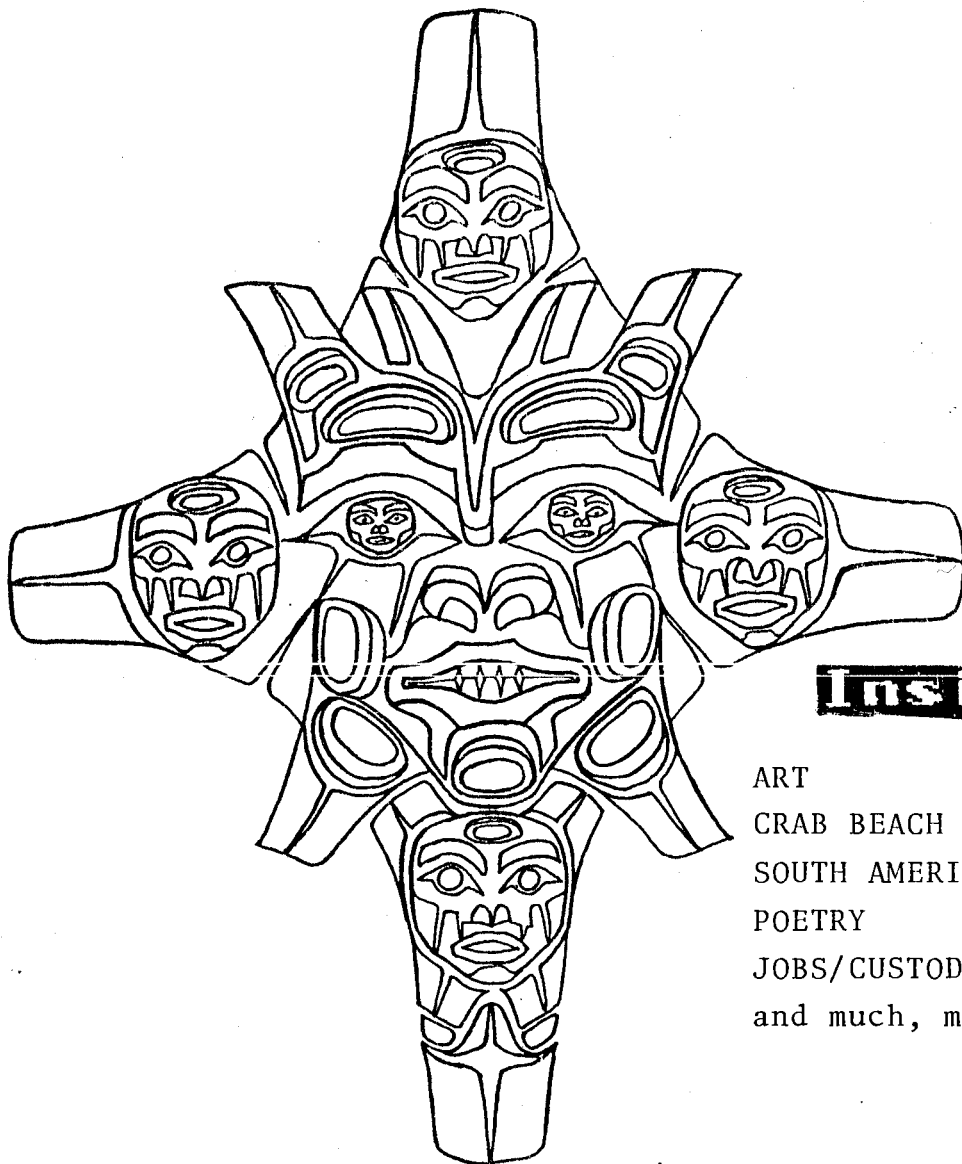


# Carnegie

## NEWSLETTER

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FEBRUARY 15, 1987.



**Inside**

ART  
CRAB BEACH  
SOUTH AMERICA  
POETRY  
JOBS/CUSTODY  
and much, much more!

Dear Sir,

It remains to be seen why our treasurer left without notice. We certainly all miss Kay and her tremendous contribution to this community centre. She was always present and it seemed that she always would be.. as though one always had a true friend who would listen to your problems and just by being there, could make your day better

This woman has sewed our clothes, cooked our meals, minded our money and manners - if there is a true mother-figure in this centre it is surely Kay Galan. And, like any other mother, she has the right to be shut of her bothersome children.

I for one miss my surrogate mother, whose stentorian roar covers the proverbial heart of gold.

Let us all stop for a moment and wish this woman well. Wherever she may be and whatever the circumstances; she certainly deserves it.

sincerely,

Tom Lewis

.....  
L.E.T.S. - LOCAL EXCHANGE  
and TRADING SYSTEM

A LETSystem is a non-profit organization initiated

locally to provide a community information exchange and recording service. Its purpose is to support trading and exchange for individuals, businesses, service organizations and other groups active in the local community. It is a self-regulating network which allows its members to issue and manage their own 'money' supply.

In a simplified form: if you do work for someone or make an uneven exchange with another member of this system. then the fee or difference is recorded in the 'bank'. When another member does work for you, the value of that is balanced against what you are owed and when it equals out, your account is clean.

You cut firewood, a friend welds, another cuts hair, another delivers goods, etc. Each puts a value on their work and each 'transaction' is recorded at the central clearinghouse. This way, many necessary services can be available without always having to have cash in hand.

The feasibility of this system, developed in the States, is being studied by the DEEDSociety. More info:

Sebastian Ronin,  
219 Dunlevy Ave., Van. V6A3A5  
Phone: 689-9536

By PAUL TAYLOR

All committees in Carnegie are subject to any number of Board members attending their meetings. Good, in principle, but even if they have never been to such a meeting before, they can vote on any issue or motion raised. The only exception to this 'policy' or 'tradition' is the Personnel Committee...because of the confidential or sensitive discussions that may occur.

Another policy that is long-standing assures any person giving time and energy as input for more than two successive meetings a vote. Being concerned and helpful are ample qualifications.

The problem being that the Personnel Committee has negated this right for two members that have been going to its meetings for months. Wally Bardysh, the president of the Association, vacated the chair of the PC and although several Board members attended the last session to cast their votes in selecting a new chairperson, it was ruled that they would not be allowed to do so.

So far, this all sounds pretty boring, but what the PC does is to hire all who will be paid for work by the Centre's Association both inside and outside Carnegie. If some service or labour is required, then those

applying must be acceptable to this committee - skill, talent, - fine..personally AND politically?!

Wally brought a motion to the Board meeting, recommending that only Board members already sitting on this most important committee have a vote - excluding anyone else regardless of their input.

QUESTION: "Why?"

It was attacked on the basis of being biased and solely in the interest of the present majority on the Association Board, which is the (almost) entire sitting membership of Personnel. All applicants should receive fair and just consideration without prejudice as this Centre is for all kinds regardless of "politics"..

The vote on this motion was a six-six tie, with one abstention. Wally then broke the tie in favor of his own motion! The first word to echo was, "Crooked!" The following motion that such people who are not allowed to vote on hiring may take part in sub-committees was labelled as patronizing.

If you aren't personally/politically acceptable, (you) have a lot of support from members in Carnegie. A united voice cannot be ignored.

# 4 POETRY

## POEM FOR DESPERADO

It wasn't so much  
Your pissing in my sink  
Or the way you groped  
The pizza man  
Because we had no tip  
Or taking the cowboy hat  
From your lezzie lover  
And giving it to me  
(She still calls me names)  
Or your boyfriend  
Knocking on the door  
Sunday mornings to see  
If you were alright  
Nor introducing me  
To your beautiful  
Street sister  
Who really ~~fucked~~ me over  
But when you threw the radio  
And beer out the window

That was goodbye  
With no sad songs  
No beer to cry in  
Whats a good ole boy to do..

..... TOM LEWIS

Listen  
Communication  
Is not all words  
Emotion can curl around you  
In total silence  
The warm sun  
Has no sound  
But pleasures the flesh  
As I unheard, in silent solace  
Would wrap  
Your warmth around me  
To secure the cold dark night.

Life's like chess  
It's really no riddle  
Each game has opening  
Ending and middle  
Deviously with nare a definite  
Yes or no  
The Bishops diagonally  
Slip, to and fro.  
The knights on their steeds  
Full of romance  
Sneakily skewering  
Eight squares to the lance  
Rooks protect Kings  
In castles of power  
Long live the Queen  
Causing strong men to cower  
The pawns march forward  
Till the blood lust is sated  
The King falls in agony  
Finally checkmated  
The King is dead,  
God save the pawns.

.....  
Lonely light  
Break-necking through space  
Frantic aged Casanova  
Searching for someone  
To shine on.  
Locked aeons  
Ere our beginnings  
To a boring straight line  
With only slight  
Einsteinian bending  
Through a total void  
Never seen  
Not even by blind men  
Pity the poor packets  
Quantumized, conserved,  
Reflecting eternity,  
In total darkness.  
Consumed  
Into expanding nothing.

# WISDOM'S CRYING DAILY AMIDST THE SQUARE

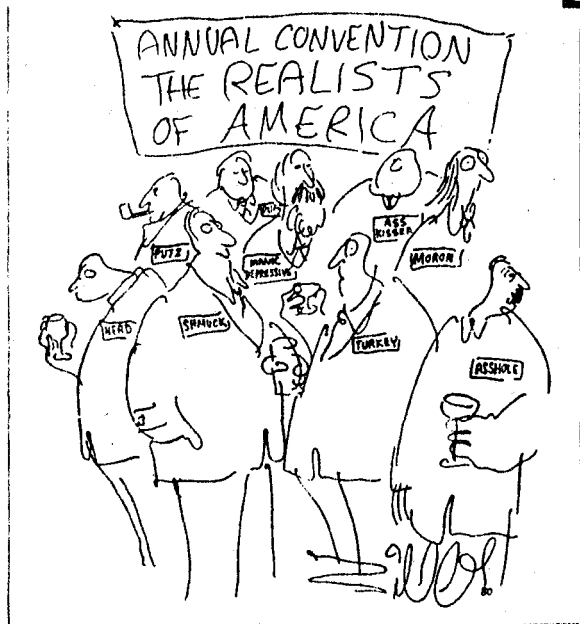
By FRANK H. PARKER

The problem with learning begins when the Teacher assumes the sole role as Master.. becoming the absolute judge, jury and executioner. The pupils, in turn, may just rebel because of the outmoded doctrine forced upon them. I shant ever seek to adhere to single-mindedness, now or ever. I've no desire to compose so that the world will love me - screw the world!

If my seeking of the truth and love is hard for many to comprehend, that's not my damn problem. It is my God-given right. To follow a simple rule of thumb: it takes a fool to swing, a man to walk away from any kind of confrontation, and a much better man to say the words "I'm sorry". When one wishes to aquire wisdom, the road of endurance is long and hard.

I've no ill-gotten desire to impede anyone in the poetry workshop in their style of writing; neither shall I assume the position of a presumptuous ass who's forever expounding mid mirth and bullshit. I've no desire to be paraded around by the hand like a two year-old.

Many find my style of writing absolutely strange. My Grandmother said to me, "Frank, many judge a book by its cover with-



out ever reading it." The A.A. saying that I carry daily in my heart: If you can't comprehend what I wish to say, then that's your problem, not mine.

"Poetry is the whisperings in the hallways of the mind"... and still numerous asses of perdition insist that I change - for whom I cannot comprehend.

This conglomerate world is overstocked with assholes seeking to become absolute rulers. My answer to your quest for fame is to take your secular group of Phari-sees, Saducees and lowly Republican whores you live with and "!!!!!---".

And how was your day? Most certainly not like mine, I hope.

"Poetry is..." from collective poem of Carnegie Workshop.

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

By DAVE McCONNELL

The Classical Joint on Wednesday night has become quite an outing. The music and musicians are from everywhere, with a lot of different styles. It makes for a good evening.

Flying Ship, the band, worked the "Classy joint" on Monday night..perhaps several Monday nights(?) Agood sound!

A variety of instruments, good players, good vocals, and most important of all, the music - mystic, haunting, atmospheric melodies. They work mediaeval music..pre-history folk.. not blues songs but with deep rhythm of "blue" feeling. Melodies are everywhere, three and four in one song.

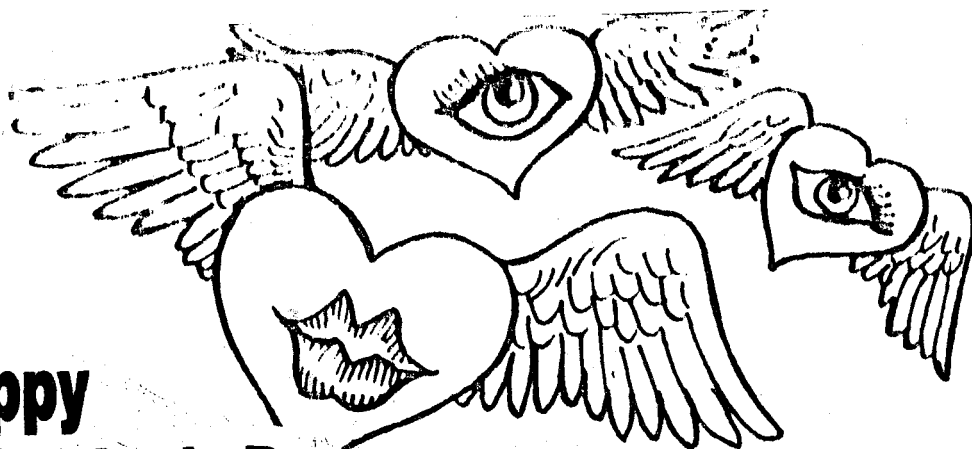
One song is about one hundred and five dances and the

equivalent number of (what was that?) something about something else, and there's dust from somewhere and it means something about something else again; and the vocals are (it sounds like) a native Indian chorus from somewhere..er,ah, hmmm...maybe I won't give too much away, huh!

The blend is good, good guitar bottom or glue, good chord work (what are those chords anyway?) really haunting violin playing echoes. Well, okay, there's sax and piano and bellaclava and...

Look, do me a favour. Go down and see them because explaining this is giving me a-uh----

Okay. Flying Ship - Classical Joint, on Carrall St.



**Happy  
Valentine's Day**

## An emotional appeal

Senior Citizens of Chinese ancestry are finding fewer places to go and visit with friends, be understood in their mother tongue and live socially. In a report on the Second-Mile Club, Danny Korica advised members that overcrowding at the Hastings St. facility has left a growing number of Chinese seniors upset and alienated.

Other community centres in this area offer rooms at set times for set functions, but none has the space to provide 'living room' for scores more people with interesting programs.

Housing for seniors was also mentioned by Danny. Renovated buildings, like the Ford across the street from Carnegie, were originally to be for seniors. Yet, of the over 100 units, only 30 are being used by seniors with the rest occupied by "youngsters".

Sheila Baxter volunteered to help Danny investigate this.

ARCADIAN HALL  
6TH & MAIN

CRAB DANCE

FRIDAY  
FEB 27 8 PM

be there!

ROOTS ROUNDUP!

THE TOOLS!

ELECTRIC WARRIORS

RAFFLE & VIDEOS  
LARGE SCREEN

NO MINORS

\$4 UNEMPLOYED \$5 EMPLOYED

TICKET INFORMATION  
DON 321-9365  
BEFORE NOON  
OR CHRIS 255-6252

TICKETS AVAILABLE:

Octopus Books 1146 Commercial  
Spartacus Boods-311 W. Hastings  
Zulu Records-1869 W.4th Avenue

"Constitutions become the ultimate tyranny. They're organized power on such a scale as to be overwhelming. The constitution is social power mobilized and it has no conscience. It can crush the highest and the lowest, removing all dignity and individuality. It has an unstable balance point and no limitations. People, however, have limitations. To provide the ultimate protection and permit the maximum service for the benefit of..." members and users of this centre, the constitution should be refused as the ultimate arbiter.

This thought from "DUNE Messiah"  
by Frank Herbert

# hidden danger

The Ministry of Human Resources (MHR) has been renamed the Ministry of Social Services and Housing (MSSH). Changing the name doesn't alter the work - it just increases it.

The Community Relations Committee report by Sam Snobelen asked that the corresponding secretary write to the appropriate people and express concern over the problems that this Ministry perpetuates:

1) A recent proposal that any parents living on welfare must take an offered job or lose custody of their children.. This has been labelled as a scare tactic and moves us closer to a police state. It was also slammed for not considering essentials like subsidized day-care and transport costs.

Under the Canada Assistance Plan (Federal) such seizures would not be condoned. The measure was reportedly defeated in the Supreme Court of BC. Note: If anything like this happens to you, make an appeal at once. MSSH cannot touch your cheque once an appeal is made.

2) Being that the United Nations has designated 1987 the "Year of the Homeless", a call has been made to ask the MSSH



to conduct a realistic survey (not just on cheque day) to find out how many in Vancouver

are in fact living in the streets without adequate shelter. Further recommendations include the passing of laws to stop landlords from grabbing any increases in welfare by raising rents; to make welfare increase with the cost of living (not 4% in three years) and to somehow lower the artificially high rents in this area..which are tied to welfare shelter allowances and don't reflect the rooms' values.



# THE ART WORLD

9

By FRANK H. PARKER

The beginning and understanding of what is called music today, like life itself, had a start somewhere..whether it is good or bad.

Poets in the days of yore, along with the many musicians, would carry a lute slung over their shoulder upon entering the many small towns. They would proceed to play some sort of ballad taken from a poem. In most cases, it was their only way of survival during that era. Everything and anything we attempt to do in life itself is poetry.

You just might have heard of the song "Poetry in Motion" - it's true! Every last living thing on this planet has movement. Motion is everywhere; sleeping, eating, dancing, working and various other aspects of life. Whatever we do in life

requires movement of some form or other, and that means being active. Because the music has ceased, that does not mean that poetry is dead; in fact, poetry is alive in our heart and soul. Example: if you've dreamed that you're playing in a famous band, it simply means that whatever I've dreamed is in my heart and soul. Again, I would like to add that feeling comes through the bosom.

I truly love poetry and also music. It's like two lovers who marry..though still individuals who are completely separate from each other, and yet for either to survive, each needs the other - equal partners in harmony and truth..Poetry the husband - Music the Wife.

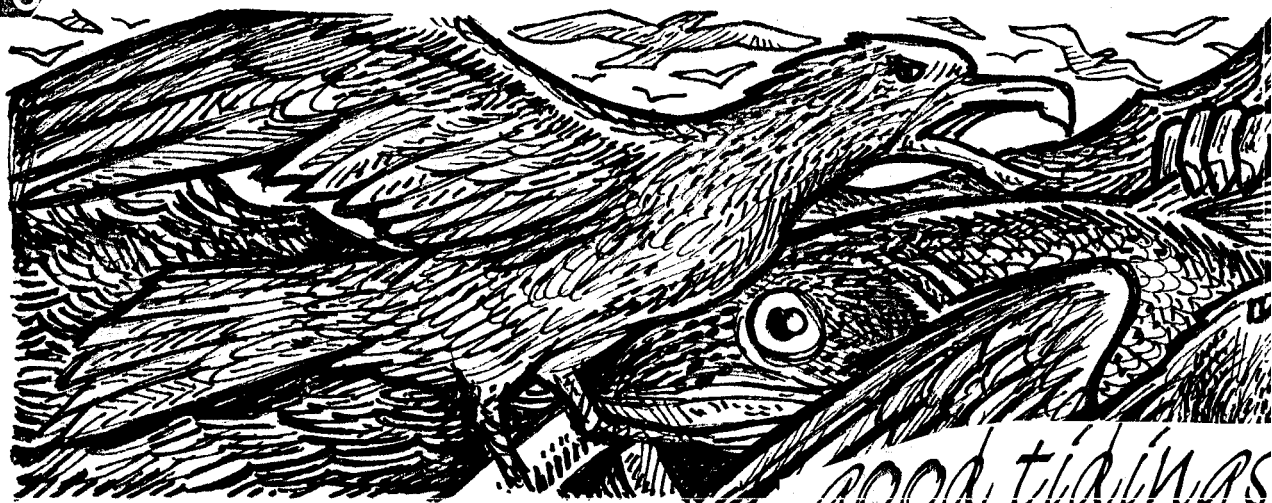
This is my personal opinion which I';; always cherish and hold in my heart.

## 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.

ART BY TORA



*good tidings*

## Imagine

It's 4:30 a.m., low tide. The false dawn still leaves all in inky shadows as a small procession of fishermen and villagers make their way down to the "bongos" on the beach. the bongos are carved and wooden canoes with elevated sides or 'gunnels'. The bottoms are heavily coated with tar to plug up any holes and, from a distance, look like sampans. The boats are high on the beach to get away from the high tides and now, because the ocean is quiet and glass-like, for launching.

Logs are used to transport the canoes. You simply rock the boat up, slip logs across the bottoms, and push. As the canoe rolls over the last log, the log is picked up and carried to the front. Cheap, efficient, chain production! Wading in up to our knees, we waited for a large wave or

"set", ran the canoe into the surf, and were off!...like a herd of turtles?

By daylight, we've reached the fishing grounds. On the trip out the waves got higher and higher as we headed off-shore. By the time we were where we were supposed to be, it was "show time".

Sometimes the fishing ground is found by following the bird flocks feeding on the ocean. Imagine thousands of birds, mostly gulls and pelicans, dive bombing for food with about 40 canoes going up and down, in and out, all trying to get the same fishes. Madness! - and quite dangerous. You spend more time hooking birds and trying not to run over boats.

Previously that night we prepared our lures and the fixin's for breakfast. The lures were made out of rare white feathers found on only one small nesting island. Breakfast in-



*s of great joy*

cluded 40 lemons squeezed into a 5 gal. "valde" or pail along with onions, tomatoes and the "Aji" - little, deadly, vicious hot red peppers.

The first white meated fish, usually a "corbina" or dolphin was fileted on a paddle layed across the gunnels and put into the pail to marinate in the lemon sauce. In about an hour the acids have literally cooked the fish and it's ready to eat. After about four hours of work, we headed back to port.

There to greet us are smaller boats, small trucks and buyers from the mountains. The smaller boats buy from us, then in turn, sell to the buyers on shore, who again sell to buyers further up the beach. Your typical south American "sales chain". Ice blocks are brought in and fish going to the mountains are packed in sawdust and ice. Because of the lack of

refrigeration, fresh fish has to be caught, trucked and sold all on the same day.

While the "wheelin' and dealin'" is going down, those of us who have been paid open the "cantinas" and the sleepy little village turns into Mardi Gras! The party goes on for a few days until either the money runs out, the folks pass out, or someone talks someone else into going fishing again.

Somehow the system works. Cash flow is spread throughout the town, work (or something close to it) gets done and the world turns again.

Sloppy, loose but co-operative; reminds me a bit of the Carnegie. Somehow in de crunch regardless of minor problems, the show must go on!

By ROBERT LEMIEUX

# CRAB

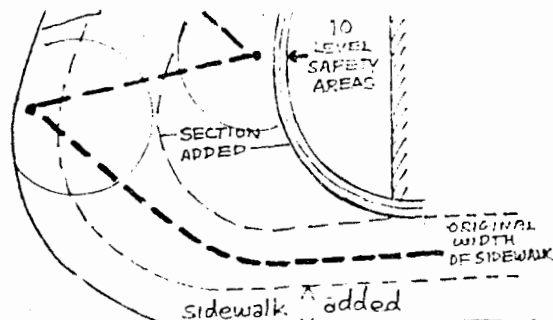
Did you ever try to climb over the Main St. overpass? Well, it's too steep for 80% of our community; the elderly, the mothers and children and the handicapped.

Pressure at City Hall by C,R,A,B,, DERA, and the B,C Coalition of the Disabled has led to a recommendation by Ald. Bellamy's Transportation and Strategic Planning Committee to study an idea by engineer Bill Blakely to make the overpass properly or adequately accessible to hndcps.

His idea is to take the ten feet of planted area that runs along the length of the sidewalk(western), and place it on the eastern side - making what Mr. Blakely calls a "land bridge" thirty feet wide. Put in more zig-zags snaking up the overpass with rest areas at each end of the zig-zags. The whole ramp should be level (as was originally promised by the Port).

And the entrance at Alexander and Main to the east sidewalk and the first 20-30 feet of this entrance needs to be sufficiently widened to allow a gentle, easier slope to the zig-zag ramp. Tony, age 52, couldn't get to the first rest.

The City and Port own the land in these areas, so there should be no problem; behind the scenes planners have estimated a cost of \$250,000. If two to three feet of land-



fill had gone in at Alexander and Main then none of this would have happened. But, this supposedly would have cost 3/4 million.

Why did the Port raise the road 23 ft. over the tracks? Is it because of U.S regulations insisting on 23 ft. to allow defense dept. missiles to be moved on flatcars???

Ald. Baker suggested hiring two attendants to push wheelchairs - total cost - \$20,000. Is he serious?

Ald. Caravetta thought that handicaps could cross at track level from Columbia - there is a high, wire fence. Serious?

With some pressure and homework done by local speakers, the Committee voted to study Blakely's idea. It would also have metal railings to keep people from walking across the traffic lanes.

CRAB is telling the Port, City and Federal governments that the Main St. overpass is not safe..someone's going to get killed. It is not (as promised by the Port) safe, proper or accessible.

Support CRAB on Feb.27, Friday at 8p.m. at the Arcadian Hall, 6th and Main at our benefit dance.

By DON LARSON

## Love Poem

Anita Stevens

I'll send you a poem inscribed in a scroll.  
 I'll send it with ribbon entwined with my soul.  
 I'll send it from heaven on gossamer wings,  
 Flying with cupid and angel-harp strings.

The message is this, dear; our love will live on  
 In the seed of our son, dear, the son who will come  
 From the mingling of rainbows and blossoms so blue,  
 Oh, my sweet darling, this love is so true.

Two trains running,  
     which one would you choose!  
 One train takes the open, easy road,  
     of money and love for self.  
 One train takes the rough road  
     of conscience and struggle -  
 but with love of life with someone.  
 One train laughs at people  
     and preys on their misery.  
 One train lives in the world  
     with heart and care.

Two trains running,  
     which one would you choose?  
 One train's the everything's easy life.  
 One train's the nothing's easy life.

Two trains running!  
     which one would you choose.  
 -----Beware the wall!  
     beyond a certain point  
 the choice is no longer yours -  
 but the choice will be made anyway!  
 You're on one train or the other regardless  
     without your consent or knowledge.  
     Beware the wall!

Two trains running!  
     which one would you choose.

Dave McConnell

Part of this poem is strong; an  
 idea based on an old blues song.

AT  
~~CHARLEGIE~~

Coffee tickets may be for sale - during the week after cheques are issued. A lot of people are hard put to get the price of a cup of coffee, and actual food is even harder to find.

To help with this problem, the idea is to buy a 'credit card' or something like a bus pass that values can be punched out on, and then marked off as you use it.

So far, each ticket is worth 35¢, the price of a cup of coffee. Nancy Jennings said that the idea is great, but

that setting up a selling system is a lot more complex than it sounds.

A few suggestions: a credit card for \$5.00 with so many coffees, sandwiches, soups, etc to be marked off; selling the tickets as are and using them like the volunteers do; having the \$5.00 be itemized as to cash amounts, so an item worth 40¢ or 75¢ can be purchased without using a whole ticket for a nickel.

The idea was approved in principle and the staff will look at ways and means in Feb.

~~~~~

### Watching the Flow of Silver

Tramping downriver  
 under a sky slate  
 our rubber boots  
 leave slippery holes  
 deep in the slushy snow.

On the other side  
 mills puff smoke and steam  
 the silver river slides by.

A small tugboat  
 slowly slides a barge upriver  
 but time slides forever  
 a silver river.

when you are eleven.

Claudius Ivan Planidin



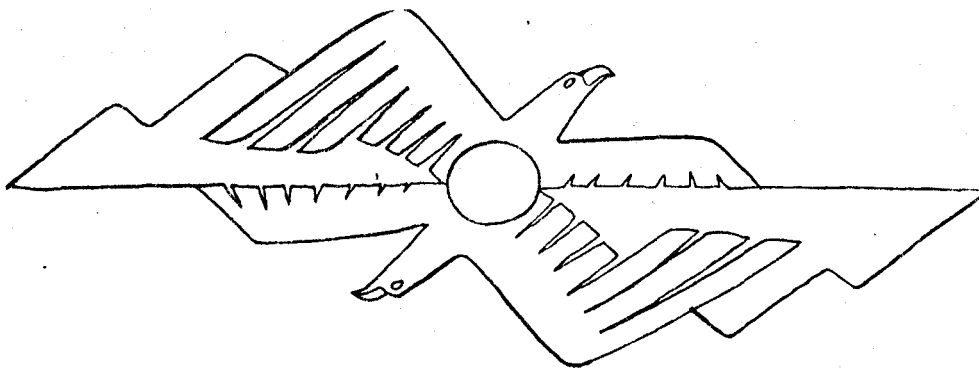
Oh! What an ass  
 I've been.

The sober times  
 so far between.

If only then I  
 could have seen, that I  
 was missing, all the things  
 I could have been.

So take it easy, if  
 you know what I mean, I mean.

BRAD TAYLOR/DAVID MALTAIS



## PEACE AND THE INDIVIDUAL

It is in the minds of men & women who hate themselves that wars are created and a continual state of hell, greed anger and animality manifests in the world.

When a person hates...this emotion perpetuates a snowball effect, and in turn more of the above life conditions are ever present.

Is world peace possible? I am sure that this is a question a large majority of people will find themselves asking at some point in their lives on this planet.

One may ask, "Why bother?... who cares?...Screw Society... what can I do?...I am only one alone...etc.etc. and yes, there are many injustices in this world. I think that it is for precisely this reason that one alone, first, must take an inward journey and realize how he/she may be supporting a system that is not working.

When one alone takes resp-

onsibility for his/her every thought, word and action this is the first step I don't accept that things will never change and conditions won't get better. I spent too many years myself accepting this way and giving in to my own negativity.

There is genocide happening all over this planet right now. Look to our own streets; South Africa; South America;

India; your own home. We are all responsible one way or another for this destruction. The world and all its people are "one big family" and we are all related.

Therefore we all share in the collective Karma of this planet.

When only one individual begins to change and becomes aware of his/her own negativity this too creates a snowball effect. So what will it be. comrades - Peace or War?

The choice is yours.

By ANGIE VERA

# An inquiry

Wally Bardysh, President of the Carnegie Association, met with Mayor Gordon Campbell recently and reported on Feb. 5 at the Board meeting. Previous to this a letter signed by Mr. Bardysh "demanding" financial statements bearing information on money leaving the centre were sent to Nancy Jennings, Director, and copies to Max Beck of Social Planning and all Board members.

Nancy said that she could not find Association papers that are kept in a locked (the Association's) file. She also

said that while running a centre with over 1500 people a day she really doesn't have 8-10 hours to look through all City files for pieces of paper that shouldn't even be there.

The Mayor was reported to say that this is an Association matter; the letter's reference to an ongoing police investigation is extreme and very serious.

Board minutes have disappeared and correspondence is unsafe yet only the Executive has keys to their files. How valid are allegations that senior staff are responsible? I ask ya'!

## DERA OBJECTIVES

1. To KEEP OURSELVES INFORMED about the life of our community.
2. To EDUCATE OURSELVES about ways of improving the life of our community.
3. TO ACT COLLECTIVELY to bring about the changes necessary for improving the life of our community.
4. To CO-OPERATE FREELY and HONESTLY, with organisations and people willing to assist us.
5. To EXPOSE and PUBLICIZE the inadequacies we discover in the laws, regulations and services enacted and provided for us.
6. To FIGHT the indifference and the corruption we experience or we become aware of.
7. To PURSUE our objectives in a spirit of good will and unity.

#4-9 EAST HASTINGS, VANCOUVER. V6A 1M9 Tel. 682-0931



By PAUL TAYLOR

Irene Schmidt came under the gun at February's Board meeting: For not holding correspondence until the President has seen it; for not reading all letters sent out in the Association's name as part of her monthly report; for not having photocopies immediately available of such letters; for refusing to remain as a signing officer after Peter Imm was removed as treasurer.

Ms. Schmidt replied that Board minutes for the last six months have disappeared from the Association office.. and that a more secure system must be found before it's safe to leave correspondence here.

She said that letters that must go out at once can't really wait until whenever the Executive (president, vice-president, director-at-large) decides to drop in. This met with calls of "yeah", pointing out that these people are rarely here.

Ms. Schmidt is not in the habit of carrying all letters with her constantly on the off-chance that she might run into one of the Exec. She also followed common sense in not

ensuring more than one Board meeting per session. Reading all correspondence word-for-word would mean lengthening these meetings, which in the last seven months have always required at least two sessions and sometimes four!

The last item of concern was prompted by a letter from Peter Imm's lawyer, stating: "...the proceedings of Jan.12 contravene the requirements of the Society Act, R.S.B.C. 1979, Chapter 390, specifically section 31, regarding the need for a special resolution, as defined in Section 1..."

In addition, the proceedings of Jan.12th failed to comply with the Constitution and By-Laws of the Association, Article 5, Section 9."

By remaining as a signing officer, Irene was worried that she may have been found criminally liable.

Tony Seavers, vice-president said that the Board had formed a "committee of the whole" and that the entire Board was responsible.

Irene chose to co-operate and agreed to sign again. She stipulated that the security measures must be created as soon as possible.

# 18 POETRY by RAYMOND ALEXANDER

Hey there mister are you looking for sympathy  
Take heed to these words if that is the case  
There are others far worse than you  
Yet they have a smile upon their face.

I met a little boy - he hung his head down low  
Like one would in disgrace  
But when I stopped to him  
A smile came on his face

He asked if I had time to listen to his story  
I said sure and then he went on  
My father went away two years ago and left us on our own  
There are four others at home and I am the oldest  
So I have to bring home any money I can

I do not know where I'll be in the morning  
As I'll do any old thing I can  
I might stay in one place for one or two days  
But I don't mind I am glad to help my family out  
in any way I can

Do you see what I mean Mister  
This boy had less than you  
But he had happiness  
So why don't you be like him  
And put a smile on your face.





YES - HE MAY BE THE NEW DUCK MANAGER,  
BUT DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE'S GOT PROBLEMS  
OF HIS OWN...



...& WHO KNOWS WHAT FATE  
AWAITS ANY WILD DUCK  
AROUND THE NEXT CORNER...



\*\*\*\*\*

"This Centre can run without almost anyone - except Peggy."

Nancy Jennings was serious when, as a note of information she reported that Peggy Munro is leaving the staff of the Carnegie.

Peggy has taken a position as administrative assistant at the Emily Carr College of Art on Granville Island. Ms. Carr was a pioneer in BC for her work in art and impressions of the many native cultures.

"Peggy is the lady who is often leaving Carnegie at night with shopping bags full of papers that she worked on at home." Rather than good-bye, let's say auf weidersein, "until we meet again."

\*\*\*\*\*

## Friends of the '44'



Admission: \$1  
Regular cards: 50¢

Throwaways! Bonanza!  
Pick-yr-Own!

May the N<sup>U</sup>M<sup>B</sup>eR<sup>S</sup>  
be WITH You! -

7:00pm every Monday

320 Alexander St. 681-9019

I have arranged time  
in a quantum equation  
as the only true constant  
in one direction  
you cannot go back  
not one minute  
only from light to black  
poems are only finite  
reflection  
written from past light  
to forward darkness  
we all arrive



CARNEGIE FRIENDS OF POETRY  
THE NEW CARNEGIE POETRY  
CLUB MEETS EVERY FRIDAY  
AT 7:30 ON THE THIRD FLOOR  
CARNEGIE POETS & THOSE  
INTERESTED IN POETRY ARE  
WELCOME TO ATTEND.