

Carnegie

NEWSLETTER

MARCH 1, 1987.

Danger signals

Anyone may carry out an investigation concerning allegations that may or may not affect their livelihood, and that is what I've been doing at Carnegie. By law, you can't hide facts and the case can't be based on rumours - concrete evidence is required for any authority to act. Discrepancies seem to hurt the whole case, yet the public is made aware of "what's going on" with care and patience - meaning have a little serenity; things will turn around before you know it.

My story begins at Carnegie Centre: Who is protecting who? My hands are tied to a point, as no one wants to come forth with some valid answers to questions concerning numerous allegations and infractions within the Centre's core. The more I became involved with the various complaints, the more lies and bullshit were thrown my way. Asking questions of one 'side', I was accused of being one of 'them' and threatened! It seems that everyone wants to rule and some are taking their stab at it. Asking the same question to people on

both sides gets entirely different answers every time. I wonder at times what is so secretive in this Centre... it's worse than Ronnie Reagan and the Iranian Arms Deal.

Both sides are guilty of some of the charges about situations they've created.

The first incident happened on the second floor when I was walking with Tony Seavers and we passed a certain individual. Tony said not to talk in front of him. I shot back that I or he could say anything we want as long as it's true. However, Mr. Seavers, I'm supposed to eat your bullshit and be labelled as taking sides for doing so. You should apologize to that person if you were any kind of man at all. Your brood is like old man Adolf: he wanted peace in Poland, France, England..it's been tried already.

It's no good to trust what someone tells me privately, as they can just deny it in public, but at the next Board meeting I have to get some clarifications as to our Constitution.

Cont. pg. 23

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

There's an old saying that "The pen is mightier than the sword".

In previous issues, questions have been raised again and again on the underlying strategy/purpose of the current voting majority on the Board of Directors.

Now, a large number of you either don't care or don't feel that becoming concerned will make any difference. The Carnegie Centre is a great place to include in your lifestyle, and if some people try to 'play' politics, so what? If the Centre is a living room, banging pots and pans in the kitchen doesn't change the landlord's opinion of the house or its occupants...

But consider this: Carnegie is a representative of the Downtown Eastside in acquiring money and offering suggestions for positive changes in the community we live in. These changes must reflect the best interests of the majority - for maintaining our identity as a vital aspect of B.C.

The Constitution is a document in place to make sure that the areas of involvement are approved by the majority of members and users, and is not to be 'gotten around' or violated at will.

Democracy is not the best

form of government; it's just the best available on this planet at the present time. The press must remain free to express the opinions of all, and not be subject to censorship or coercion through financial threats. To have this paper remain as an open forum for all, with opposing views given equal representation, the current situation with the Executive of the Board holding veto power on all articles, opinions, letters, artwork, ... everything from the cover to the back page, is not right.

The truth of any story is left to the reader to discern. Motives and innuendo are always speculative - even when explained by the perpetrators.

The signing officers on the Newsletter account, which has never received one penny of Association money, are the three members of the Executive of the Board. Prior to this, just the Treasurer and the Editor would sign, Now, anything not passing "inspection" will be cut out.

Freedom of speech is a RIGHT.

PAUL TAYLOR



LETTERS

One of the Board Members, Wally, is not only unfit to be on the board but is letting his personal vendetta against Linda Forsythe go too far. Wally is dishonest.

Wally used to be a tutor but forged Linda's initials to the Learning Centre tutor card for coffee tickets.

We have a chance at last for money for tutors.

There was a hiring committee and short listing and Linda Forsythe won - Wally has intervened to the point of the project's safety.

If I wasn't in jail I'd call for a general membership meeting--a vote of non-confidence for the existing board--and I'm sure that it wouldn't be re-elected.

What's going on there! Members & Staff should call for a vote of non-confidence.

RE: Wally - a known coffee ticket rip-off artist, having free rein to do this.

Oh sure, his dignity was hurt when he was found out re: signing Linda's name to the tutor card - Big Deal! He was ripping off students, the Learning Centre and all Carnegie.

Get rid of this idiot. No wonder good people have resigned from this Board.

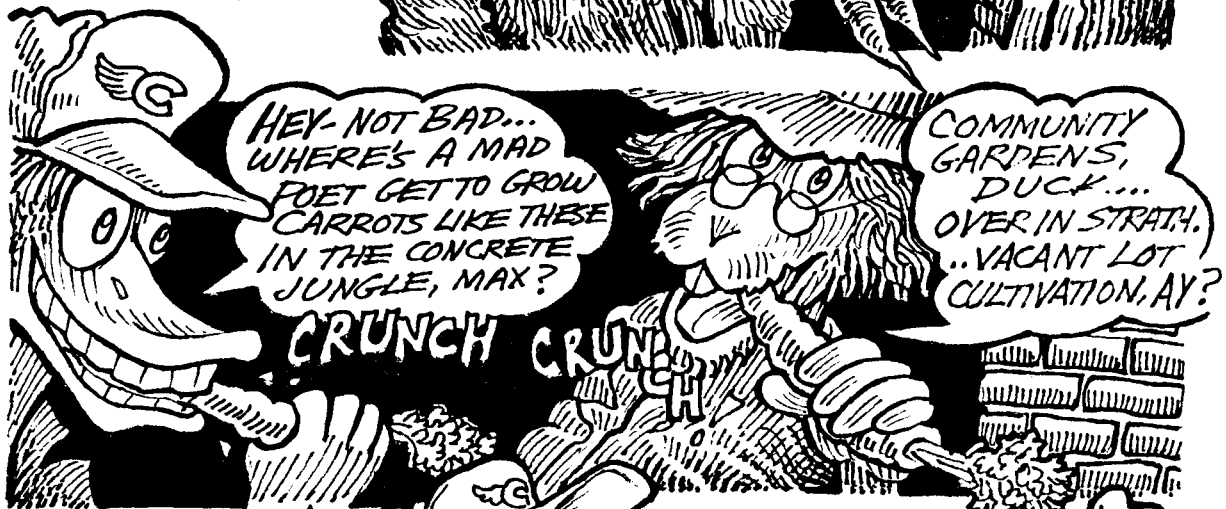
Beverly-Jeanne Whitney
Lakeside Jail

I must comment on Sam Snobelen's letter in the Feb.1 issue of the Carnegie Newsletter.

His outlook of Mr. Tony Seavers (least hairy member) I feel is totally wrong. He uses adjectives like reactionaries and opportunists. I wonder if the titles of disrespect could be applied to their(quote, unquote) side. I am looking at the instances of Rodney Jones, Peter Imm, and yes, Sam Snobelen.

First of all, let's look at Rodney Jones. Not only did he rip-off Carnegie to tune of thousands of dollars and hence create some of the financial chaos that the Centre is now facing, but if you don't look at life in the same political vein as he does he tries and beat his ideological values into his foes. I'm thinking of the incident of approximately one year ago at a Board meeting where both Mr. Jones and Mr. Snobelen assaulted Gray MacLeod and Mr. Jones threatened Wally Bardysh with physical harm.

That brings me to voice my opinions on Peter Imm. As a duly elected member, you'd think that he would follow the rules and regulations (ie board policy) that he was elected for. Requesting bus fare for what I assume was CCCAB business..when asked to return with a bus transfer couldn't produce one. Or how about going directly against board policy and issuing cheques without the required number of signatures? Cont. pg. 16



GARDENS NEXT
ISSUE...

POETRY

To laugh is to risk appearing the fool
to weep is to risk appearing sentimental
To reach out to another is to risk involvement.

To expose feelings is to risk exposing your true self
To place your dreams, your ideas before a crowd
is to risk a loss
To love is to risk not being loved.

To live is to risk dying,
To hope is to risk despair,
To try at all is to risk failure.

But risk we must -
Because the greatest hazard to life is to risk nothing.
The man who risks nothing -
does nothing,
has nothing,
is nothing.

He may avoid suffering, but he can not learn,
feel change, grow, love nor can he love.
Chained by his attitudes, he is a slave -
He has forfeited his freedom.

Only the person who risks can be called
a free man!!

Submitted by
Darla Hamilton

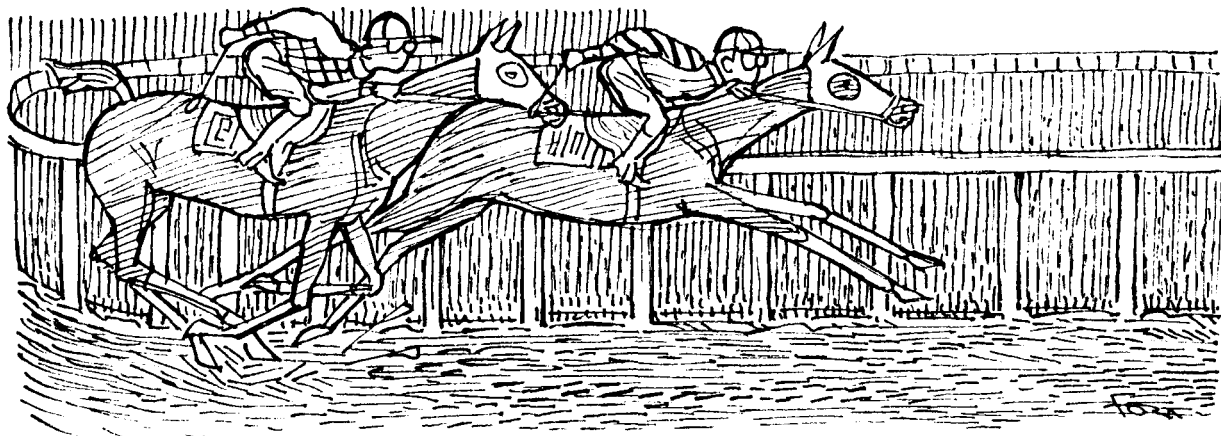
S.O.S.

The rising bottle glistens,
a rising emerald in the copper sun
bathing the stoney library green
nine o'clock on a cool morning.
The clock reads a fine time for drinking.

A ship in a warm bottle going
nowhere fast, no one bothers
to read his S.O.S. but
he was so brilliant a writer
when young, they say, a gold sun rising
in the cool spring of a radiant career.

Claudius Ivan Planidin

Pushing the limit



THE COMPETITION

By Peter McCart

The sun had begun to lighten the shadow which darkened the alley between the stalls. For me, the sun signalled the beginning of the work day. The sun's rays reached the horses through the cracks in their stall doors. For them, the sun signalled feeding time. I could hear them rustling and snorting in expectation, but today I wouldn't feed all of them immediately. Today was race day, and those animals chosen to compete would not be fed until after they'd run.

I swung the upper half of the door open on the stalls housing the horses that were to be fed. The remaining horses would wait in semi-darkness until I took them to the showers for their pre-race

bath. The feeding done, it was time for me to clean the manure from the stalls and add a layer of fresh straw. Once the stalls were clean, I would be able to brush the horses and pick their feet without fear of them getting dirty again. By the time these routine chores had been completed race time was drawing near, and I had to wash and brush the contestants until they were suitable for public view in the viewing paddock.

One of the day's entrants was Twyla Sands. I liked Twyla even though she was difficult to get along with. She squealed and kicked the walls when

Cont. pg. 19

I was born in Chatham, Ont., a little jim crow town. The famous "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was only eighteen miles away in Dresden..people used to come from miles around to see it.

My 'Aunt and Uncle' decided to go there one fine summer day and they asked me if I would like to go for a ride. It was not the ride to Dresden ..that was the problem..but a one horse town restaurant called "Morley's Cafe". I found out after we arrived that the place didn't serve blacks. I told my relatives that I didn't eat the bastards anyway ..my quip came at the wrong time. My 'Aunt', a full blooded Indian, my 'Uncle' a half-breed; together they posed as full-blooded Indians in order to get a meal. I had to sit in the car while they had their dinner. I sure as hell was stark, raving mad - not because I couldn't go in to eat - but because the bastards never brought any food for me.

When I asked them why not, they tried to explain that they didn't want people talking about them. I was twelve years old, and at that age I still screamed, as I do now, when confronted with bullshit. That was a crock of shit.

My Grandmother said that I'd forever be in the midst of gregarious assholes of perplexity: how right she was. I was told as a child to just walk away no matter how hurt I felt. I try,

but there comes a time when one has to say "suck nuts".. and that's just what I feel about a lot of these jerks I've run into. I've no love for people who speak sweet words of love and honour to someone, then turn around and stab you in the

back. I've witnessed it on numerous occasions in Carnegie Centre. I can see where the assholes who discriminate are coming from and thank God that my level of reasoning is not part of this screwed up world. I've no desire to live amid the throes of a faust as these so-called leisure bound termites of fornication do daily and openly. It's not always a lousy day for me, so long as I leave debauchery to the experienced fools of hopeless city. Even a bad day is fine, if you know how to take it.

When John Lennon sang "Isn't it a Pity", he was right. People scream "look at all the problems in the world" - buster, the biggest problem is YOU. We are all 'problems' until we decide to do something about it..no one else can. When one or more decide to discriminate, let them. You'll find out that there are much bigger asses in the world than you. If the shoe fits - wear it.

To all discriminate: take heed, lest you wake up one morning and find out that the ugly duckling is you.

Backing the vigilantes

It would seem that many people at the Centre, including some Board members, have forgotten how democratic representation works. They seem not to be able to comprehend where a Board member's responsibility lies; they seem able only to understand what they or their representative faction desires.

The true function of the Board of Directors is to do what is best for the majority of Carnegie members, not just for those most vocal or those who appear at meetings, also that the image of Carnegie should appear as a respected representation of the Downtown Eastside.

When the elected Directors vote and reach a decision, it should be respected as these people represent the majority of votes cast. The publishing of material that represents

only a small number of people, but assumes to represent the majority with no open forum for those accused, is a mockery. The only way to challenge their decisions is by proper parliamentary rule at the Board meetings, or by a plebiscite with the required amount of members for a new election. Any other method would seem to be in the same line of politicking that these dissenters seem to resent.

It reminds one of the kid with the only baseball, who threatens to go home if he can't be captain. There is no wonder why it seems that liars, cheats and thieves are in the forefront here - in an atmosphere of innuendo and deceit - they thrive. Let us all pull together for a better community centre.

By TOM LEWIS



"Oogalug here is a moderate."

Voici mon premier poeme, ecrit en peu de temps, lors de mon passage ici, a votre "newspaper editor."

J'ai beaucoup apprecie ma visite "chez vous", et j'espere bien revenir. Je me presente Emmanuelle, de France, etudiant au College Lester B. Pearson a Victoria, ou j'ai la chance d'etudier pour deux annees, ici, au Canada.

(Si vous voulez visite le College, pres le Sooke, vous etes "welcome". Les portes vous sont ouvertes. Demandez Emmanuelle!!

Je ne vous connais pas
Je ne vous parle pas
Mais tout au fond de moi
Je vous aimerais pres de moi.

Car sans optimisme
Et trop de pessimisme
Rien ne change
Rien n'avance.

Tout ce que je sais
De tout ce que j'ai
C'est de l'optimisme
Pour un monde meilluer.

J'ai demande
Et attendu
J'ai espere
Et j'ai recu.

Puisqu'il ne reste que toi,
cherche les autres...

Voila ma vie
Au Canada

Des certaines de visages qui
retombent sur tes yeux, une
autre vue, un coup reel, une
autre realite. Des histoires
qui s'accumulent, des senta-
tions, des images qui fouillent
et s'entrassent les unes sur
les autres. Ca blesse de re-
sister le poids mais ca prouve
qu'on est vivant. Des faits
qui moutrent la verite divers-
ement multiplee et qui ne
pourrait resider et persister
malgre le temps, que par un
mot, un coleur, une note musi-
cale qui se posera pour tou-
jours sur l'arbre eternelle-
ment vivant de mon esprit...
taut qu'il aura des hommes, il
aura le sang qui se melange au
bleu de la mer, il aura le
vent et le soleil, et avec eux
le chant et les formes multi-
colores du peintre et du poete,
de ceux qui sentent la vie
comme un poeme et qui ne peu-
vent partager qu'avec l'human-
ite entiere.

Faite d'ennuis
De beaucuop de joie.

Since only you are left,
seek others...
Certain faces which strike
your eyes, another view, a
true gesture, another reality.
The accumulation of stories,
sensations, fleeting images
which trace one upon the other.
The facts which reveal the
truth, various and infinitely
multiple, can continue and
persist in spite of the times,
in a word, a colour, a musical
note which rests forever on
the eternal living tree of my
spirit... as long as there are
human beings there will exist
the blood which mixes with
sea's blue, there will persist
the wind and the sun; and with
them, song, the multicoloured
forms of painters and poets,
of those who feel life as a
poem and who cannot travel but
with all of humanity.

Soraya Hoyos (Columbia)

"DEATH THREATS, accusations of assault, sloppy bookkeeping, political factions...Wall Street? The Middle East? The Oval Office? No, the Carnegie Centre."

These words begin an article by Pete McMartin in the Friday, February 27 edition of the Vancouver Sun. The bold headline is "Rum doings at the Carnegie", and the opinions of Tony Seavers, vice-president of the Association, are the basis for Mr. McMartin's commentary.

Despite the facts of debts accruing over the years, misappropriation of funds and bad business sense, the allegations made by Mr. Seavers of the perpetrators being all cut from the same cloth of "Ultra-left radicals" is a little hysterical. Describing himself as a member of a "moderate non-partisan" group, all messy actions are ascribed to any and everyone outside this group.

No communications have occurred between Katherine Galan, Treasurer, and people in Carnegie, yet Tony reports her being attacked in an alley and having gone into hiding. Given the present debacle, resulting from an investigation by a reporter for this paper, it seems that truth or facts become edited or ignored where some Board members are concerned.

Max Beck, Director of Social Planning, brought the paranoia back into perspective by labeling Mr. Seavers' remarks as an

overreaction.

"Basically, we're talking about events that happened two years ago. There was bad bookkeeping, and yes, some money was taken. But we had auditors look at their books...and still many of them will not believe that no more money is missing.

"It's not Kerrisdale, you know. There's always a problem down at the place. It's a difficult place, but I'm immensely proud of it."

Mr. Beck went on to say that the bickering is a way to release tension that accrues because of the environment of the Downtown Eastside.

Thank you, Mr. Beck!!!

EDITOR'S NOTE:

A letter was received in the Newsletter office, hand delivered by a woman calling herself Peggy. The typed name on this letter is David Lenzi.

The letter was taken to the editorial review, and was approved as being "good".

Upon returning the next day to finish the paper, the letter was read and several libelous statements were pointed out.

To protect the Association from possible lawsuits, a meeting of newsletter staff was held to decide on how to deal with the problem.

The letter has been reproduced and will be put up on bulletin boards in Carnegie for people to read, but will have to be taken to a lawyer for advice on its publishability.

Paul Taylor



I was lying on the thing, reflecting on the relationship between apples and aluminum. A myriad assortment of faces met my eye when I paused to glance around Good Lord, these were students from the '40's. I had seen the pictures...the fat one...

"Why don't you go back?" I asked the class. "Take a trip. Our time zone is all screwed up!"

"What would be the purpose of that?" a scrutinizing pair of oddly laced runners asked.

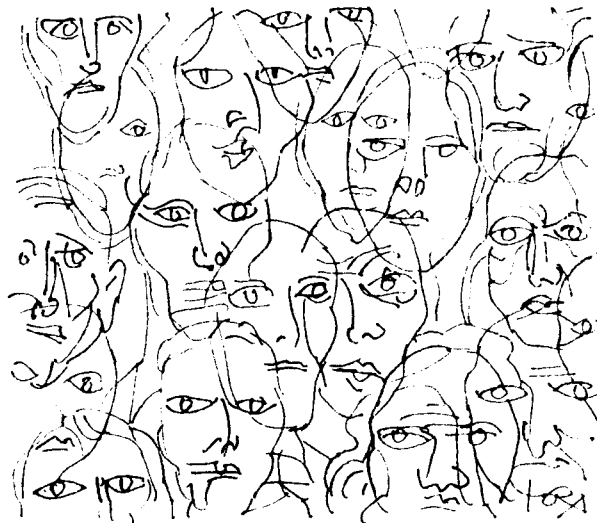
"Get to the point," some fool said. "I went back..to the '50's and nobody wanted me. I sought a response at the lovely hotels they had. They thought I was a baby. I wouldn't give up and it made it worse

I was lying on the thing, reflecting on the relationship between apples and aluminum. A myriad assortment of faces met my eye when I paused to glance around. Good Lord, these were students from the '40's. I had seen the pictures..the fat one.

"Why don't you go back?" I spoke to the class. "Take a trip. Our time zone is all screwed up."

"What would be the particular purpose for that?" a scrutinizing pair of oddly laced runners asked.

"Get to the point," some fool said. "I went back. To the '50's and nobody wanted me. I



sought a response at the lovely hotels they had. They thought I was a baby. I wouldn't give up and it made it worse."

"What were you wearing?" one wagged.

"pyjamas, I think." I continued, "Down on Main Street there was a race track and the women in their print dresses were waiting around and the men were constantly going and opening car doors."

It was a genteel age. I sighed. I saw some women at the hotel with that '80's look - oh, I think I was wearing an apron. Down at the race track I was surprised to see that the women of the '50's were fit. Not like me, but beautiful. Boy, were they fit!

Between the races, they would drag little carts behind them to mulch the course pro-



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Looking back, my first trip to Mexico could have well been my last. The first night in Mexico City, I hit the streets with a dictionary and a phrase book. Neither seemed to work, but I met a fellow 'gringo' who was the son of an ambassador and he became my guide. Then I headed for the coast.

"Zuihat" is now known as "Ixtapa" in the travel brochures, but then it was a small sleepy village where you could wake up to find your hammock being nibbled by ranging cattle. Hitchin' up the highway towards this place, we got picked up by some freeks in a hand-painted van. I can't describe it in detail, but it was held together by gosh, golly and St. Jude, the patron saint of Lost Causes!

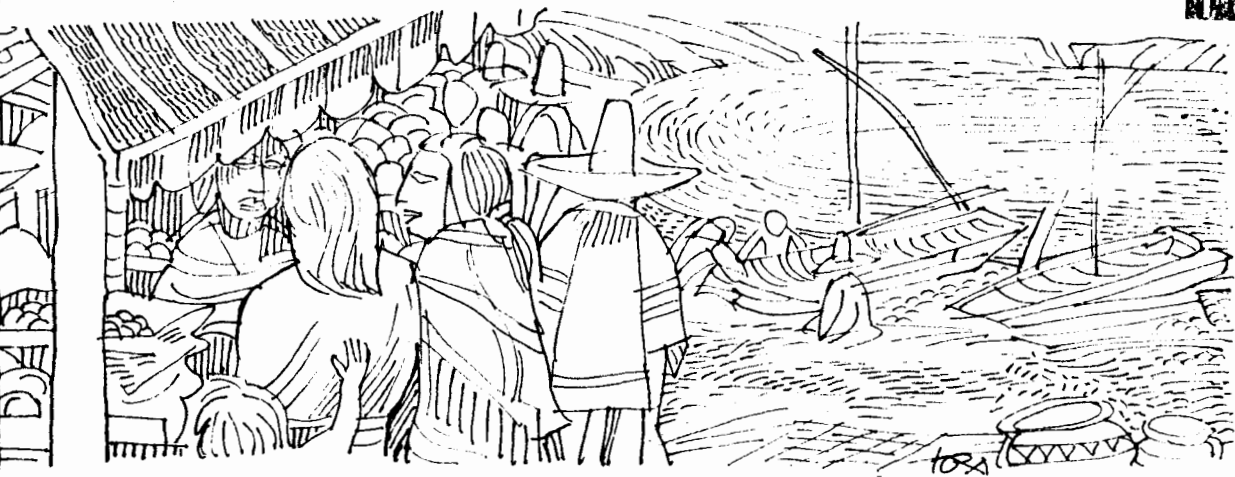
Just to give you an idea of how laid Zuihat was; when we got there St. Jude took a vacation and the van broke down. I hired some donkeys and pulled it to the junkyard for rep-

airs. We met some Americans who had been waiting for a wheel bearing for a month and when we left a month later, they were still waiting,

Our camp was on the far side of a large, horseshoe bay from the town and only boats could give access. The daytime schedule was pretty loose, but after dark - you a wanna boat? - you a swim!

Lyndon B. Johnson was daPres of da U.S. of A. and his solution to the exploding 'grass' problem there was simple: burn the suckers down! Unfortunately he was talking about burning a land area the size of Alaska.. not to mention that this particular state of Guerrero was #1 for being infested with revolutionariy guerrilas and just plain, pissed off poor folks. Good thinking - you hoser!

Luckily, us happened to be in a state on the most wanted hit list. At night, you could see and smell the fires and hear sporadic gunfire. The story



By ROBERT LEMIEUX

was that the cash crops were owned by 'personas' high up in the Mexican politico scene, and the feds had hit the wrong farm. Village people, upset anyway, had dusted seventeen of them and in came the army.

All this was coming down on the Eve of Easter. Keeping our usual low profile, we went to an old black and white movie projected onto a whitewashed adobe wall and started to party sippin' on mescal - da one with da worm in it. After, we went down to look for a boat and all that was there was this police launch. We logically assumed that we had discovered it - just like Chris discovered America.

Halfway across the bay, we heard these strange, crazy sounds - the Doors - my God - a party! Riding breakers to shore, we swamped the launch and made ourselves at home. Leaving sometime during the night, we

finally arrived at camp (after bailing out the feds boat, of course). But, upon awakening, we were surrounded by all these suspiciously empty bottles of mescal..and looking out on the bay, we saw a boatfull of the "federales", fully armed and a little "T'd" off.

Our presence had been reported in town by then, but we'd been loosely labelled as artists or 'artistas' - touched by God - or crazy. Nobody messes with the crazies, so, practicing their form of foreign policy, they cast evil, wicked, mean and nasty glances, hooked up the launch and split. (I had a vague idea of checking out a monastery after that).

It was a funny feeling to be that close to a reality that these people had been living with for over 300 years. It gave me incentive to improve my Spanish to communicate with them - to go from a 'tourista' to a 'compadre' - a friend.

perly and it was such a game to them. When they added another kind of person - officials, I think - it made for another event.

"What were you thinking when you said that?" pink lips said.

"Gene Kiniski!" It was held all over the city..all over the country. The train tracks.

"They drag little carts around there today," round eyes emoted.

"Alas, they've adapted them to lime," I replied.

"Which is why," the principle interjected, "they'll never make it."

I cringed in my Safeway chaise lounge. I didn't have a snowball's chance in hell.

"What I was meaning to say - for old hats - is that there is a place for everything, even spirits..those bloody things.."

"And everything in its place," said the prince, and took my arm and walked away with it. This was obviously only for adults.

A long time ago someone said he was God: why not? Those damn spirits gave him a trick or two for his sleeve and Jesus, He was obviously trying to leave

I can understand Hell. It's where someone who says they're God makes you live. And you know what they say; if you have an idea, keep it to yourself.

I could that my pal was interested. He smelt nice.

"What about it," I leered.

"I can tell you shave. What do you think about the misdirected calls, those places that don't exist and those funny numbers I keep finding in the phone book. "That's a definition of urbanity. "It's those idiot reality warpers "this is high school", he said. "I'm going to grow up to make popcorn for carpets."

I realized he had received the black mail I sent him.

"What about you?" he cried. "You're no princess. You bum smokes! You'll drink anybody under the table..you can't tell the difference between a clandestine relationship and a yo-yo!"

"Yo-yo". She knows then. And she's sweating."

"Yeah," he adlibbed.

"Well," I said conversationally, "you supply the roses and I'll supply the bees and GET OUT OF MY CLASSROOM!! You're one bad influence. I smelt faint perspiration, then it sluffed off.

After all, the spirits had been human beings once.

wjt

CRIME FLASHBACK

1841 - Liver eatin' Johnson robbed, killed and ATE 19 men. Native, white or black; he had no preference, requiring only a few fried onions. Before being hung, he went on record as saying, "I were only hungry. I never et a man I didn't like."

ORDER OF THE LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR IN COUNCIL

Order in Council No. 2054 , Approved and Ordered NOV. 26. 1986


Lieutenant Governor

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL CHAMBERS,

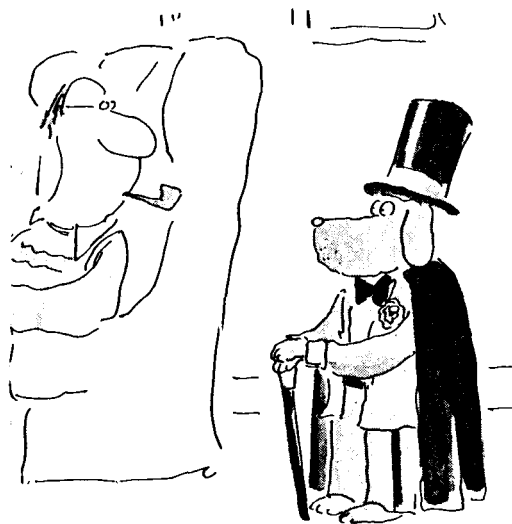
VICTORIA NOV. 26, 1986

On the recommendation of the undersigned, the Lieutenant Governor, by and with the advice and consent of the Executive Council, orders that the Guaranteed Available Income For Need Regulations, BC Reb. 479/76, are amended by adding to the end of section 4 the following:

- 5) When a recipient satisfies the director that income assistance given to the recipient has been lost or stolen, in whole or in part, the director may authorize issuance of income assistance to replace that lost or stolen, only if
 - a) in the case of theft, the matter has been reported to the police,
 - b) in the case of loss/theft the recipient (i) makes a statutory declaration of fact (ii) undertakes that upon recovery of the assistance lost or stolen, it will be delivered forthwith to the director.
- 6) Where the loss or theft of income assistance is of money or a cheque which has been endorsed by the recipient and cashed, the director is empow-

ered to deduct from future income assistance payable to the recipient the amount replaced under section 5.

- 7) Where a security deposit is required by a recipient to secure necessary rental accommodation, the director may, in addition to the benefits set out in Schedule A, authorize payment of the deposit to the recipient on receiving from the recipient undertakings to refund the government the full amount of the security deposit at the end of the lease.



I think the dog wants to go out.

Instances like these, I believe, have put the Carnegie Community Centre in the dire financial straits they now face. I would rather put my faith in people such as Tony Seavers, Wally Bardysh, Harvey Bowers and the rest of the so-called reactionaries and opportunists right than the proven track record of the left.

KENNETH R. CORRIGAN

YOUR MORNING SMILE

I received this on entering the Centre Tues. Feb. 24.

MESSAGE

If you're going to attack in print, learn to spell your victims Name!

Operator (

URGENT

Mr. MacLeod,

I do not have to attack you or try to make you look foolish, You are doing a great job on your own.

But, you should go to the third floor and see Linda for a crash course in spelling.

Good Luck!

Mr. D.W. Todd

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 13 YEARS

By PAUL TAYLOR

In 1947, the Ontario government started a public relations project to persuade Europeans, especially those living in the British Isles, to come to Canada. One man, Frank Helden, took the "land of opportunity" promotion seriously, leaving his wife and baby in England and coming to establish himself first. In those days, the trip took 27 hours (flying time) with stops in Gander and Montreal.

Upon arriving, he found that no jobs were waiting for the thousands like him - it was either find work or starve. Most men were quartered at the Sally Ann in Toronto, but Frank and a handful of others chose to "go west, young man" as Horace Greely said, and reached Vancouver on Sept.13. He found a job the next day, at BC Ferries. Previous experience in telephone work was not a help, as at 29 he was "too old".

In 1948, he returned to England for three months, but his wife wouldn't leave. Divorced, he worked his ship passage from London to Saigon & Singapore, getting to Vancouver five months later.

The Ferries became govt. controlled and he left to do various jobs until starting at BCTel in '55. He retired in '83. Mr. Helden came to Carnegie for legal advice from one of the student law-

yers and gave the story not often heard in the press concerning new refugees here.

It seems that by having status as a refugee, deserved or not, many people get subsidized income, housing, jobs and social benefits, as well as the opportunity to bring as many of their families as they can to Canada.

Mr. Helden stated that many Britons can't get visas any more, and that those who do don't have the same priv-

ileges as these new arrivals. His 87 year old sister has to wait 10 years for a pension, and Chinese seniors wait only three. Mr. Helden's concern is that people who have been working for almost 40 years in Canada are still bound by regulations that don't or aren't applied to newer immigrants. He has been accused of being a bigot, but says he isn't. The laxity of rules when applied to these people isn't fair, as he says that many people who have been here for over 30 years see benefits that are denied them going to people who have been here for 2-3 years.

Mr. Helden is a lobbyist in Burnaby and has run for both Mayor and Alderman. He is also active in the Marine Ass. and the Army, Navy and Air Force Veterans Association.

This year will mark the 40th anniversary of the Ontario invitations, and Mr. Helden hopes to have them and other provincial governments acknowledge this and pressure the federal government into reviewing existing immigration regulations. To contact: Mr. Frank Helden, 102-6075 Wilson, Burnaby, B.C. V5H 2R5 Phone: 435-2870

quality is something

How they fell! The leaders. Kennedy, King, others; Marylyn, Lennon, so many others. They had to stand accountable in life as well as death - and yet the masses can remain in lulled, sleepy-eyed bliss.

They were leaders, as were others like them. They were the ones who stood and were counted, and yet they were judged by those who lacked the courage to state their name and their game to the media. "Were they right or wrong?" ask the masses, as they collectively look in their microscopes and are nameless. "Putting shame to rest", said the teacup.

Is it any wonder that the real world leaders of today are only visible to a select few and those few only remem-

ber when necessary! Is it any wonder that potential world leaders take up 'shoe clerk' jobs instead of doing what people need them to do.

A self-centered person once said to me, "Better safe than sorry." Of course she meant her own safety and the safety of anyone else who could do her financial good on a personal level.

Large monies and protection do not ensure the safety of publicly exposed world leaders. So why have the leaders fallen? I believe the motive is revenge. People hate looking at their own shame. "They were who they were!" the masses cry..but how did they get there except by being courageous and terribly frightened. They are no different than anyone else, but what they did is one of the hardest things on earth to do.

Now people search for new world leaders, to give them a sense of direction and hope. But, no-one's home.. the phone's off the hook... is it any wonder!

It's sad how they fell, and it's sad how other leaders are in constant danger from the shameful, sleepy-eyed masses. But the masses will wake up - someday.

By DAVE McCONNELL



anyone was in her stall, and it required patience and a gentle hand to groom her at close quarters. Twyla had bowed legs and bad knees and it was necessary for me to freeze her legs so that she would not appear to be crippled prior to the race. Her normal gait was stilted and choppy. After freezing her legs, I bandaged them, braided her tail and put on her bridle blinkers and reins. When Twyla was ready, I waited with her in the barn until the announcement was made for the race.

The announcement was made on schedule, and Twyla and I made our way to the entrance at the track. Twyla was aware by this time that it was race day. She could identify race day as easily as she could feeding time. It was just a different set of signals. In response, she foamed at the mouth and pranced in nervous excitement and fear.

The crowd that day was typical: large, noisy and excited. Some racing enthusiast watched our progress toward the paddock. He grinned and tried to pet Twyla, but quickly withdrew when she jumped from his touch. Twyla was not a stupid horse. She did not trust people.

Once in the paddock, Twyla broke out in a nervous sweat. She kicked the walls of the saddling stall, and it was

necessary for the trainer to hurt her in an inconspicuous manner so the crowd of spectators would not notice. Once she was subdued, Twyla's tongue was quickly tied down so she would not swallow it during the race. Then she was saddled and mounted, and I led her toward the track.

The race began typically enough. Twyla ran in the middle of the pack. She was not a good racehorse, and she usually finished around the middle of the pack. The trainer said that her attitude held her back. Twyla had a bad attitude.

Now the pack was running hard. The horses were making their way down the backstretch just before the final turn. The track was heavy and it made running difficult. The pack headed into the final curve with Twyla running an honest third. She was noticeably flagging, however, and the pace was beginning to pick up. Twyla's jockey was starting to crack the whip, coming down the home stretch.

Then suddenly the crowd roared. Twyla had gone down. Her jockey was pitched off, but rolled to his feet almost immediately. Twyla staggered to her feet as the remaining horses crossed the finish line. I ran down the track to grab onto her. As I neared, I could that the lower

half of her left leg was shattered. She repeatedly tried to plant her foot, but it no longer had any support. As I came within a few feet of her, I could hear the scraping of broken bone as the shattered leg flopped against the ground. A crew of men trained for this kind of emergency soon arrived on the scene with a cart to haul Twyla away from the view of the spectators.

Twyla's eyes were lunatic. Her nostrils flared and her breath was ragged and desperate. Her leg had begun to balloon. It was twice the size of her right one. and swelling fast. It was decided she had to die. I was told to stand aside as Twyla was injected with nicotine.

Twyla shuddered for one or two seconds and collapsed with a resounding thud. She didn't even twitch. Her eyes were still open and Twyla was dead. After a time, one of the trained men informed me that I could strip her of her bridle and socks and such, and I proceeded to do just that. I took the bridle off Twyla while she was dead with her eyes open.

As I carried the tack back to the barn, it occurred to me that I was developing an allergy. My throat was burning and my eyes were watering. But I would worry about that later. Right now I had stalls to clean.

Recently I've discovered a sign in the building. In its own right, this sign is totally against the Constitution of Canada. It is posted in the Seniors' Lounge and it states: "SENIORS LOUNGE, 40 yr. and over, Carnegie membership req."

The statement "40 years & over etc." is my point. The Constitution of Canada says, "It is unlawful to discriminate on the basis of age, creed, colour and political affiliation." By placing '40 yrs. and over' on this sign, the Seniors have breached the discrimination laws of this country.

I decided to get a membership to the seniors but was denied! It seems I was not old enough. And here's an interesting point- If I and a friend wanted to watch TV - he being 40 and I being 39, I would be denied.

The TV in the Seniors Lounge is the only TV in the Centre which is operational and set up for public viewing...

.....

Hey! I never blow up balloons, It's the kind of thing I never do. But I would've blown up every goddamned balloon in sight So I ask you, What do you think it is? It's not fair - unrequited love is a pain in the ass. So don't ask.... I never blow up balloons.

Tom Lewis

AN INTIMATE ON STAGE VISION

Imagine...a women's jail & gym so small that you have to go outside to change your mind! Imagine Jonny on a stool playing guitar & singing..Earl on base,,Don on guitar(Mandolin?) and Bhab strutting around. singin' "You better be good to me". On Jan.31/'87, the Elizabeth Fry bought the pop,Gerry from Canteen donated \$20.00 to cover gas and Carnegie Music Guild invaded Lakeside Jail for a concert! (First decent gig we've had).

In my opinion, having been here seven months previous to my sentencing (Dec.16/86) with the exception of Harry & The Hack Jobs - the bands have been scrap roast and/or sexist.

We even had some goofs(men) who had the audacity to wear all white jumpsuits last Hall-owe'en and call themselves the "Sperms": enough said.

Elizabeth Fry found these goofs part of their biggest objection about bands; they're too loud. The gym's acoustics are very poor since it's a box of cement with a high ceiling.

In the past there has been too much volume on the electric guitars & drummers who figure they're at the Commodor (except that former bands were so bad, they couldn't get gigs at the Balmoral).

A lot of women come to Lake-

side dances and leave because it's too loud or are insulted by the remarks of the band.

Like I said before, the only good band we'd had before the 31st was arranged by Miriam & Ivy of B.C.F.W. - Harry & The Hack Jobs - a well known women's band who's sole purpose was benefits, although they played Nelson Women's Music Festival and some gigs on the Island at the Venice. Recently they've broken up, but I trust that Isis, M., Grace & Leanne will put something new together as they will be missed by the Van. Women's Community.

Cont. pg. 22



Present time: 31st

Present time: 31st/6:10pm

I brought up a jug of coffee for Bharb and left to help Ingrid, our Rec. Officer get the pop and glasses. (Before, we had a 'joke' that started at 8:10 instead of 7:00 - bands must be out by 9.

At 6:15 the sound check was done and at 6:30 Bharb started with Tina Turner's tune, "You better be good to me"... and "Bobby McGee" by Joplin. Some women were a bit disappointed that Bharb couldn't do her other Joplin tunes, but you can only do so much with two acoustic guitars and a base and drums.

Everyone loved Stormy Monday and the old rocks - I even got Ingrid to dance!

I sang back-up for Kansas City, House of the Rising Sun and Stand By Me. I was also asked by Terry to do my Carl Chessman song and my Spectrum Films P4W song. Lester sang two country tunes and was excellent as always. Leslie felt she needed drums to get the beat, but her natural downhome Country style came through and the Band was great in backing her up.

Johnny was superb and everyone loved his original tunes. Earl played really good base. Don was new to me but somehow managed to fix up and tune our

old guitar and play back up for Johnny. Bharb...what can you say about a women who is so multi-talented that there isn't anything this lady can't sing. Of all the women that I talked to, not one negative thing was said. We listened, danced and enjoyed the pop and the music...it's the simple things you miss and take for granted...

Like Carnegie - where you perform for the greatest audience in the world. The other night I closed my eyes as Bharb, Johnny and me sang House of the Rising Sun: I was transformed from a cement farm to the marble and stained glass of the Centre that I know and love. and miss... Cowboy Ellis, Bharb, Claude, Linda, Jeff, Dennis, Ron, Norm, Frank Parker...Frank Parker I miss more than words, Paul, Al, Tora and the newsletter...

Know in your hearts,

Johnny, Don, Earl

& Bharb

Not just for me

you gave
sad days
a touch of
joy.

By Beverly-Jeanne Whitney



- Does the board have the power to change the Constitution at will without the consent of the members?

-Do you find it strange that everything of importance is missing..minutes, ledgers?

-Why are records in disarray?

-How do you run an organization that is allegedly 'broke'?

-How about Seavers slur?

--Five board members purchase cards less than sixty days before becoming B.Ms. yet only one is attacked for it

-Mr. MacLeod got his the same day of his appointment

-Mr. Bardysh, is your correct address now on file?

-Mr. Bardysh, were you aware that Mr. Seavers and Mr. Olldym were technically in the same position as Ms. Schnidt

-Dennis McCowan, who asked you to check on members cards, how did you fail to see Tony's name on the same page, how has the board "tied your hands"?

-Mr. McCowan, you assisted in selecting the hiring committee then applied for a tutor(paid) position, and haven't resigned before either action. Why not?

Muggs resigned at the advice of her attorney to make her status on the Board legal. She was attacked verbally and slandered. The ones refusing to attend until she did this had in their number people just as in violation as her.

Muggs fell for the harmonious ruse of it being just a technicality, and Mr. Bardysh got his long-awaited shot at the Presidency.

The pretense of being clear of any Constitutional violation seemed to allow others to insultingly demand her resignation. To keep the heat off their own asses, the crowd was kept in an uproar during this secular quest for power. I've never run across a more glamourized trio of insatiable, gregarious hounds of perdition within the realms of propinquity in all my years.

I'm really glad to report that I'm not in any position to say who is right or wrong. My report is based on facts that I've aquired in the course of this investigation. I have a right to protect my sources. The law can be a blessing when used properly to serve and protect; those who feel that they are above it sooner or later trip themselves up and will have to face it.

Big brother is watching!

By FRANK H. PARKER

Feb.27/87 - Frank has permission to verify all membership dates on these:
(Linda Kenney) -

- Wally Bardysh - May 2, #209
- Richard Pooley - April
- Peter Imm - April
- G. MacLeod - Jan.8/87
- Tony Seavers - May 18, #454
- Robert Allen - April
- Pat Kendall - April
- Harvey Bowers - April
- Irene Schmidt - May 18 #458
- Sheila Baxter - April
- Jon Olldym - May 29 #516
- Dennis McCowan - April
- Katherine Galan - April
- Danny Korica - April

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.

.....

THANKS TO ALL THE MEMBERS
OF CARNEGIE FOR PARTICIPATING
IN THE 'VVI' COMPUTER LEARN-
ING SURVEY FROM FEB.19 -
FEB.23. WE APPRECIATE ALL
THE ENTHUSIASTIC SUPPORT.

Heather Morin,
Jackie LeFoley

.....

Friends of the '44'



Admission: \$1
Regular cards: 50¢

Throwaways! Bonanza!
Pick-er-Own!

May the N_UMbeRs
be WITH You! -

7:00pm every Monday

320 Alexander St. 681-9019

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