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Carnegie

NEWSLETTER



JULY 15, 1998.

401 Main Street, Vancouver V6A 2T7 (604) 665-2289



WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

Only last Sunday, behind the feeble greenery that sides a Mission church on Gore Avenue, an old man sips at a cup of coffee. He is half hidden by the shrubbery, his face shrouded in a mask of misery. As I pass by I thought he gives a wave for help, assistance, perhaps a favour...

But what can I do? ... Offer some magic potion? ..Put a looney in his hand? ..Bind up his wounds? ...Find a bed in some refuge? ... I thought of my options and hurried on...

But I could not shake this man's pain. I thought of my own riches and privilege .. his poverty .. my luck and good fortune .. his ill-fated despair .. my security .. the loves I have .. his abject loneliness..

All week I was haunted by the vision of this man. I felt like some Ancient Mariner fated to recompense and retribution. I had amends to make - confessions - atonement - guilt to assuage... and all this is why I took an easy way out for me... painted this picture ... typed these words.

Sam Roddan

September's Volunteer Committee meeting has been moved to Tuesday September 15th at 1:00pm, as many volunteers will be away on the trip to Camp Fircom on the date originally scheduled. See you there!



an addicts lament

wherever I walk
I keep my head down
hoping for treasures
dropped on the ground
and i'm always hungry
but I don't want food
and i'm always hungry

people shake their heads
it doesn't bother me
I haven't any dreams
i'm all i'll ever be
and i'm always hungry
but I don't want any food
and i'm always hungry

everybody loses
anything they've gained
I have known this truth
time and time again
and i'm always hungry
but I don't want food
and i'm always hungry

there's no cause to worry
i'll not break your heart
the rabid monkey on my back
keeps us far apart
and i'm always hungry
but I don't want food
and i'm always hungry...

jericho



Reading Room News

The Reading Room has a few new items behind the Circulation Desk that you may want to have a look at next time you are in. Please be aware that you must leave identification while you use these items.

BC Benefits Policy and Procedure manual

-A very detailed manual used by the Ministry of Human Resources to administer BC Benefits. The Ministry sends updates to the Reading Room periodically.

BC Benefits

-The Reading Room has put together a binder of brochures and pamphlets on BC Benefits

Carnegie Centre Information

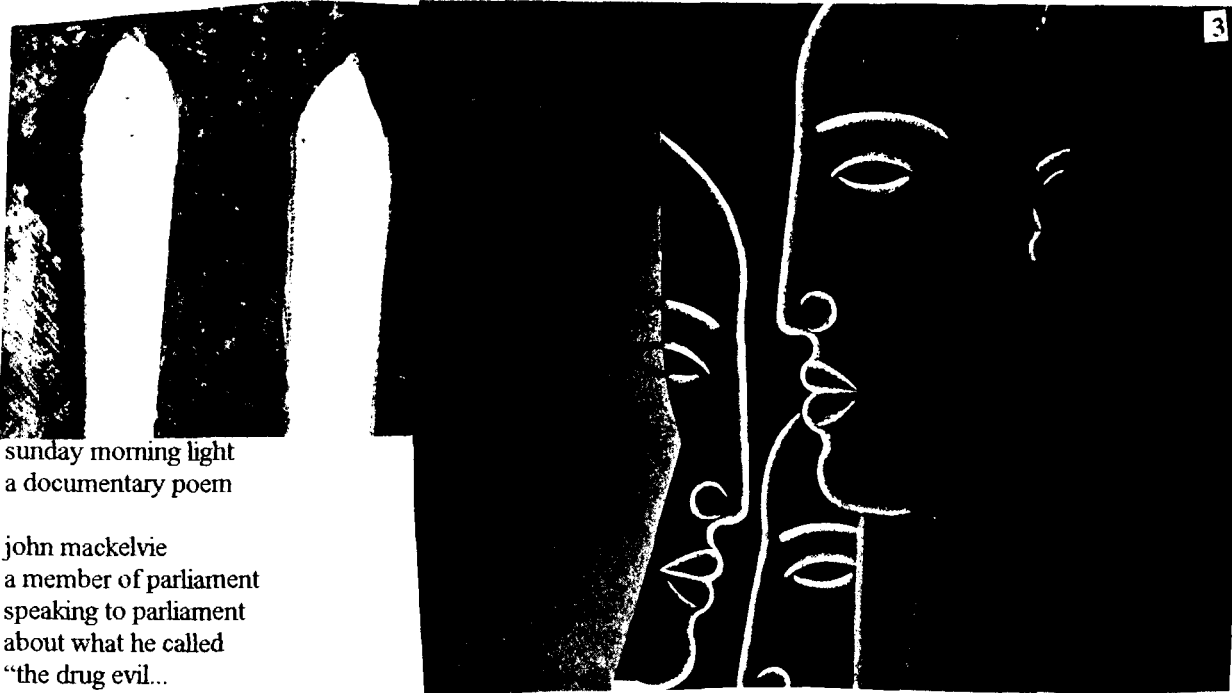
-The Reading Room has put together a binder of information on the Carnegie Centre. The binder includes:

- Histories of the Carnegie Centre and Carnegie Library
- Constitution and By-Laws of the Carnegie Community Centre Association
- Carnegie Community Centre Association Board Manual
- Carnegie Community Centre Association Annual General Meeting reports (last four years).
- Miscellaneous information on Andrew Carnegie
- List of some other sources of information kept in the Reading Room on the Carnegie Centre and Carnegie Library.

After you have finished looking at these you may also want to check on our new expanded collection of Westerns.

Happy reading!!!

Andrew Martin, Librarian
Carnegie Reading Room



sunday morning light
a documentary poem

john mackelvie
a member of parliament
speaking to parliament
about what he called
"the drug evil..."

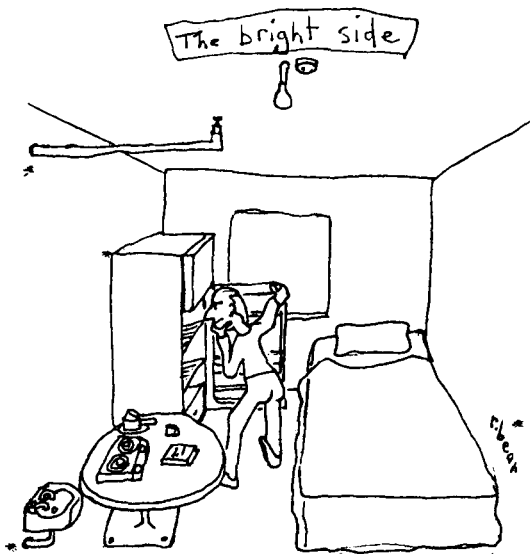
"if any member wishes to acquaint himself
with how degraded
human nature
may under certain circumstances become
all he has to do
is visit certain oriental quarters
in british columbia cities
where he will find
a condition of filth and vice
vice which must be unmentionable
before audiences such as this
which ought to convince him
that the fewer of this class of people
that any country has
within its bounds
the better it will be
for its people
and for its civilization
to progress upon really proper lines"

(quoted from vancouver's chinatown by kay j. anderson)

this speech
and many others like it
fueled anti-chinese hatred

I walk out of my building on union street
in chinatown
and enter the alley
it's a bright clear blue sunlit morning
2 older chinese women
laugh and chat and take their time
examining cast-off appliances
and not 10 feet from them
a man with long hair
holds his arms out
takes his time

and chinatown was called
"a plague"
because of opium dens
and "white women" made drug slaves
and led directly
in 1922
to amending the opium and narcotic drug act
to provide for the deportation
of "aliens" found guilty
of any
drug offense



"hmm, not a crumb of food... that might get me rid of Cockroaches!!"

THE REASON I HAVEN'T BEEN AROUND IS I CAUGHT PNEUMONIA IN THE LEARNING CENTRE. APPARENTLY SO DID SOMEONE ELSE. THE CONTROLS FOR THE AIR CONDITIONING ARE IN THE POLICE STATION AND ARE NOT AVAILABLE TO CARNEGIE STAFF. I CAN'T DO MY VOLUNTEER JOB NOW AND THIS REALLY UPSETS ME.

WELCOME TO "PRIME TIME CHICKEN" LOCATED AT CARROLL AND CORDOVA. THEY SERVE ITEMS FROM .85 AND UP FOR LEGS, BREASTS AND OTHER ITEMS.

CARL MACDONALD



and injects himself with drugs
a friend walking with me
calls the peaceful urban tableau
"sunday morning light"

the low income people of chinatown
and of the downtown eastside
are both oppressed
and rather than oppress each other
must join together
and work out a common plan
a place to stand
and say to the politicians
'this is what WE need
and what WE demand
because there is nowhere else
for us to go!'

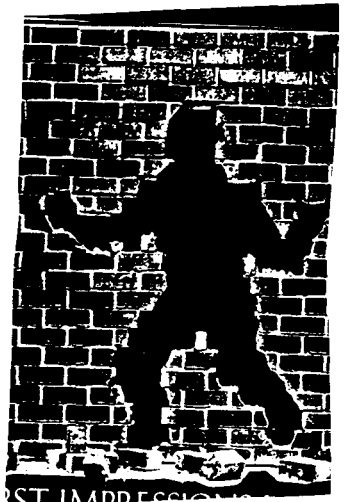
a prominent chinatown leader
said to me very recently
"the politicians don't give a shit
about the chinese
or the natives"

he's right

and unless we raise shit together
instead of clashing against each other
we will further weaken ourselves
and be easily run over
by political and economic decisions
not of our own making

so let's ignite
and let's fight
for Sunday morning light
we can all endure

Bud Osborn



ST. IMPRESSION

Why is it Hard to Talk About Class?

Most Canadians don't have a strong sense of class consciousness. The exception is the business class with its finely tuned rationale for monetary advantage. Many Canadians will express greater ethnic, racial, gender, or nationalist consciousness than class consciousness, and that's not surprising in a multicultural society that



has a populist tradition rather than a class one, as in Europe. The main feature of a populist tradition is the line derawn between the organized few and the disorganized many - a dividing line not between employers and employuuees, but between represented and unrepresented. (Relations of Ruling - Class and Gender in Postindustrial Societies, by Wallace Clement and John Myles, p.98)

Populist movements in North America have called for the use of state power to resist the destructive power of capitalist market domination, but they have not been anti-capitalist. They have protested against both big business (especially the banks) and big government. (Relations, p.98) The



Reform Party has exploited populist discontent in Canada, but as the Reform Party represents, and is supported by, corporate power, it manifests a false populism, and it deceives thos ordinary citizens who have turned to it in desperate nostalgia.

Class relations are relations of power. They are about who gets what and how much. They are about who is in and who is excluded. They are about who gets to define what is happening and who is silenced. Class relations, however, are experienced differently by people according to racial background, ethnicity, gender, and age.

(Relations, p.4) Why? Because race, ethnic, gender and age relations are also relations of power, and this complex dynamic requires a lot of inclusive thought.

They myth that Canada is a classless society has made low and middle income citizens and their problems invisible, and has impaired the ability of ordinary Canadians to join together to act on their own behalf. People are frightened. The bills keep coming, and the jobs keep diminishing. Frightened people means angry people, and because Canadians have so little class analysis, their anger is directed at those with less power rather than those with more power. Instead of class anger, we see racial anger, and anger against unemployed people, people on welfare, immigrants and women. (Families on the Fault Line, by Lillian Rubin, p.140)

Class relations, however, have to be considered along with gender and racial relations because classism, sexism, and racism are all powerful forms of exclusion. It is no accident that in our exploitative society, the worst jobs at the lowest wages are held by women of colour. To build solidarity, we have a lot of listening to do.

Sandy Cameron

NOMADIC SANCTUARY



Grandma, I miss you...

Since I was young
You've taught me right from wrong,
Learning what life is about
taught me how to love
and be kind to every living kind...
Look at me now, with the loss of you.
I hurt everyone who reached out for me
The pain and fear I live with,
Losing everything I cherish...
How can I be so foolish?
Now I carry shame and want to end it all.
Please Grandma, bring me home once again

Marie Lands

After years of playing on the Carnegie Theatre stage and working on the labor of love CD project, Wayne and Alistair finally launched their "Luxuries of Youth" album. Their band is called "Nomadic Sanctuary."

First of all I would like to apologize for not having the time to invite everyone who would have like to come. We intend to have a huge party with plenty of food when the CD sales get off the ground.

The talking garage is at the back of the house where we had the launching. That is where Wayne did the drumming for the CD. The miserable neighbours left a nasty letter complaining about the noise even though the garage was well insulated. It had to be because previous tenants had a pot plantation in there.

I shall never forget the Christmas Party at that particular house. The neighbours called the police because of the noise from the music. The policeman said that could not see anything wrong and if he was off duty he would join us. If you want adventure just follow me around for a day. No grass grows under my feet.

The CD is done by two young men who have been close friends since they were seven. At that particular time Alistair was obtaining treatments because he had cancer and all of his hair fell out. The other children made fun of him, however, Wayne felt sorry for him and they spent a great deal of time together. Even at an early age Wayne had compassion for others. Wayne and Alistair are also known as Salt and Pepper.

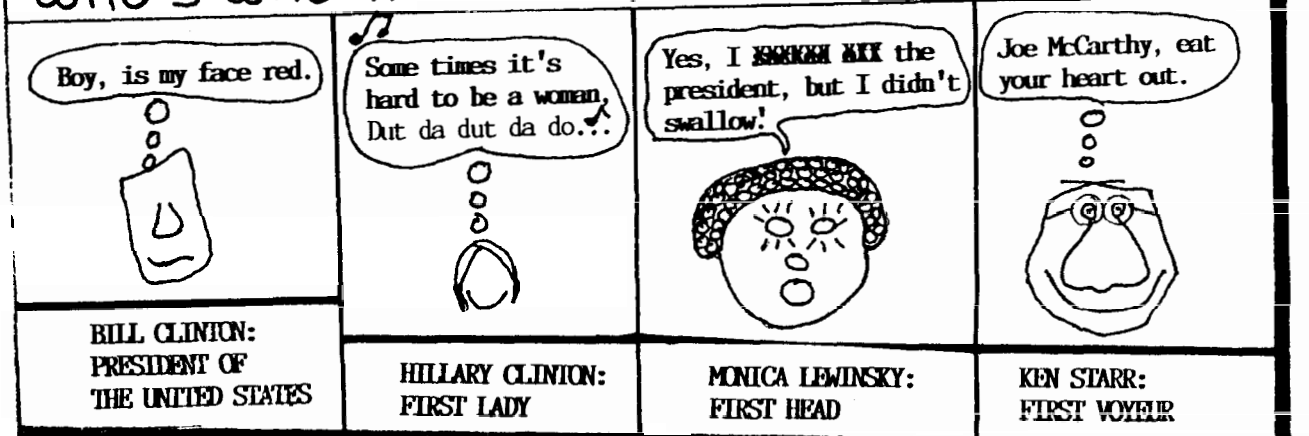
Alistair plays bass, Wayne lead guitar, rhythm guitar, drums and did the recording engineering. They both sing their original songs on the CD.

In closing, I would like to thank everyone who came to the CD launching, also those who supported and encouraged Wayne and Alistair throughout the years. They received a great deal of practice time around the Camp Fircom campfires on the beach.

Irene Schmidt

★ WHO'S WHO IN AMERICAN POLITICS ★

G. GUST



The Ten Dollar Revolution

Don't get me wrong; I'm still committed to Libby Davies and the national NDP, but I've taken out a \$10-membership in the Progressive Conservative party because the membership will allow me to vote in the P.C. leadership election.

What prompted this unusual action was listening to one of the leadership candidates on a talk show several weeks ago.

David Orchard was his name, and he pushed all the right political buttons that perked up my ears to where they haven't been perked since Pierre Trudeau came upon the scene in the late sixties.

Orchard spoke out against M.A.I. and Free Trade, and showed himself to be a committed environmentalist.

If the P.C.s are bound and determined to resurrect themselves, then I want someone like David Orchard leading them.

If the NDP and the P.C.s have overlapping agendas, it will offer clear-cut choices to the Canadian electorate in the so-far elusive quest of obtaining sensible, sane government.

Orchard's campaign office is
in the Dominion building
#210-207 W. Hastings

Garry Gust



Criminal Compensation

Talking to persons has convinced me that very many in the Downtown Eastside have been missing chances to gain handsome sums of government money.

About 2 years ago, at the end of a night in the Regent, I set out to walk to my home on Prior St. (I'd missed the last bus.) On the way home, I stopped to rest on a low cement wall bordering a park. A young man approached me and asked for a cigarette. We smoked up the last of my cigarettes and when I got up and went for home, he mugged me. I had told him truthfully that I had no money because I had given the last of it to a girl at the Regent who was having a bad time. I resisted very little, knowing that I was not capable of looking after myself. When he found that I truly didn't

have any money, he seized my watch (which I had bought 4 days earlier at Zellers) and ripped it off my wrist. He ran off and I went home. It seemed to me that quick police action might get my new watch back. Ordinarily, I would have gone to bed and been thankful that it hadn't been worse but this time, for the sake of my news watch, I called 911.

A policeman came and in the course of me reporting this he pointed out that my left had was bloody. I realized that this was due to the thief ripping my watch off my left wrist. (Expansion bracelets are held together by metal hooks and those hooks had gouged me.) The policeman urged me to apply for Victims of Crime Compensation, which I did and six months later, I received a cheque for \$500.

Early last December, I drank until late at the Astoria and when I set out for home, I found that my legs would not work right. They were going paralyzed from a medical cause having very little to do with drinking that night. (When I finally got home, the paralysis had become extreme - I lay in the half-open door of my apartment for several hours, paralyzed from the neck down.)

On my way home, I was lying helpless on my face beside the sidewalk when I was approached by a young man and a young woman. I asked them to please call an ambulance. They did not. He kicked me a lot while she jumped on my back and

went through my pockets. I of course was helpless. Apparently to punish me for having only \$15, she said, "I'm going to give you something to remember me by." So saying, she brought out a knife and sliced, or hacked, about three quarters of the way through my left ear. In this assault, my back was injured by her plunking herself down on it. I was somewhat bruised from his kicks, and my ear was severely lacerated.

All of this healed and then, almost six months later, the Criminal Injury Section of the Workers' Compensation Board paid off. I got \$2,650, plus all my out-of-pocket medical expenses, already paid. In total, it amounted to about \$2,741, plus change.

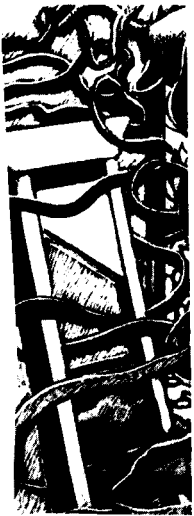
I will tell readers of this newsletter how to apply for Victims of Crime Compensation in the next issue, but for now I will just say that it doesn't matter when the incident happened. The act in question has been in force since 1972. I will also say that while they will not compensate you for money or goods stolen, they will compensate you for physical injuries and if you were not physically injured, they are likely to compensate you for psychological trauma.

There are 2 MUST Dos for what happens now or in the future. You must report it promptly to police. In the case of physical injury, you must go to a doctor or a clinic, as promptly as possible.

More in the next issue.

Eric Erickson





drunken monks

poverty
 enforces austerity
 leaves big empty spaces
 for nothing but breath
 being human being being
 nailed to a gospel that even
 the most pious priests avoid
 "where are your shoes?
 your feet are bleeding..."
 and beggars selling redemption
 find very few takers
 infuriating those whose
 many many things
 supposedly bought grace already

playlist

shrinks
 can do nothing for me
 mine being a malady of heart
 and not of the head

similarly there is nothing
 can be scaped off
 or stitched on so
 surgeons serve me not

obviously I invite
 a good preaching to
 but I already have convictions
 hey, mutual respect, right?

people speak of love
 and I don't get it
 given all the casual horror ...
 I think that the world's greatest
 fountains of love were one of those
 undiscovered species
 wiped out in the rainforest

with all the wattage at his fingertips
 I pray the balmoral d.j.
 refines his musical taste and
 playlist I mean

the crowds whistle and cheer
 for anything
 anyways
 r. bear



(these days you must pay large
 to have your soul removed)

angels falling
 land with a horrid thud
 and filthy naked
 end up in s.r.o.'s
 doing dope with holy sisters
 who distribute love to all who want
 booze and drugs aren't the answer
 but're truer than
 car or job or property
 or art for sale
 money in the bank
 responsible respectable acceptable
 work is only a virtue when
 you volunteer
 guru zappa said, "in the war
 between you and the rest of the world,
 back the world."
 and indeed brothers and sisters for whom
 every day is 'buy nothing day'
 the world does not need
 more shoppers

colonies of consumers chewing
 up the fabric of existence
 the web of life
 societies of insanity
 where wholism means you are well
 well with the is and the way
 complacent, prosperous,
 like a termite queen
 getting fat on noah's ark

poor people get shit upon
 and shit makes the richest soil for
 growing wild spirit
 let me bottom low
 let the worm on my belly
 like a raving zen lunatic
 let me frighten the good townsfolk

rupert b.



Is Philip Owen a fraud or a hypocrite... you decide.

As head of the police commission what has good old Philip done to help with the so called War on Drugs. Well let's stop for a second and look at his actual broken records.

First he gets elected with the lowest margin in Vancouver municipal politics (a real man of the people). Then he claims he will save the Downtown Eastside housing problem by creating this mess called Victory Square smooching plan. Then he slowly helps dismantle the existing social housing by not allowing any of the taxpayers money to be spent on decent new projects. "Misery loves company," he yells, "we won't have any of that on my side of the city."

Did I mention the fact that he was the head of the police commission back then? Well then he cries foul and claims to have created housing by the way of a couple of real moral projects. Projects that had to fight hard to find funding from places other than the city. Not the projects people were asking for but another hose job by good old Phil. Did I mention anything about him being the head of the police commission?

All of a sudden lo and behold time flies and it's time for another election. Dear old Philip sends new police constables to fight the so called War on Crime again. He and the new police chief swear up and down that the new street constables are not here to help dear old hypocrite Philip get re-elected.

"These men and women are really going to clean up the downtown area and kick some ass," said so many.

Remember that dear old Philip the police commissioner promoted the idea that the so called War on Drugs could be controlled by pushing dealers away from his neighbourhoods and into ours.

Can it be true that Philip believes that our neighbourhood is just a useless garbage dump and that those of us who live here deserve to suffer? Not dear old morality Phil!

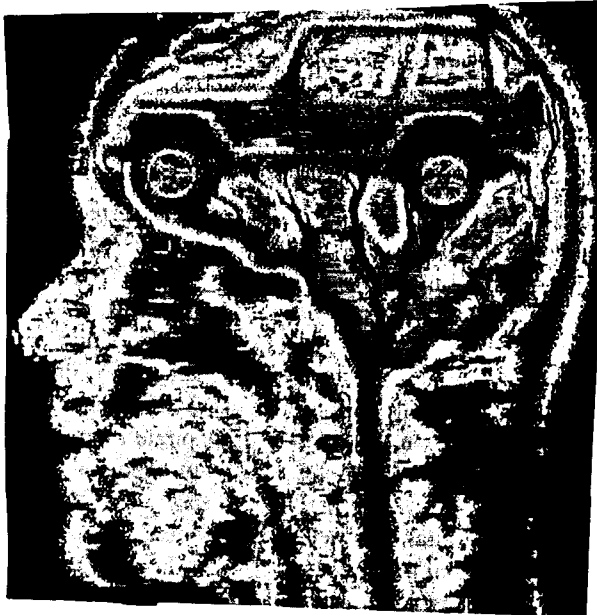
How can anyone say he enjoys watching people suffer? Is that what the chief of the police commission does? Is it part of his job description? You decide.

The second election comes and Philip the drug crusader who wishes he could come up with a catchy sound bite is re-elected for a second term. This time by

the second lowest turnout in Vancouver history. Once again Philip is proclaimed a man of the people... which people we're not quite sure of.

Soon after the election the new constables disappear to a Starbucks on 16th and Main. Philip is still the police commissioner and the so called War on Drugs is exposed as nothing more than a poor bashing exercise that rewards the already rich by leaving them to do as much cake as they can afford, only the best of course.

Phil helps punish the poor by closing their detoxes, and watching them die. Meanwhile, sleazy developers



celebrate the fact that they can purchase new, inexpensive residential and industrial land. Ah yes we mustn't forget that Philip is the head of the police commission and the mayor of a city that he thinks wants to destroy all semblance of the working class in the downtown eastside. By the way, for you idiots who say there are no longer any loggers or fishermen left in the downtown eastside where do you think their kids went? Was it heaven or the local Dairy Queen in trendy Point Grey? Who do you think made this province the wealth it has? Do you think it was the non-drinkers non-drug users association of BC? As yourself what the salt of the earth means! War on Drugs... Bullshit... it's a war on the poor and it always has been!!!!

Is Philip Owen a hypocrite or a fraud?.. you decide.

Leigh Donohue

It was months ago since I started spotting the advertisements for it in the Carnegie and D.E.R.A. newsletters. It was supposed to be a celebration to honor D.E.R.A.'s 25-year survival.

Survival! God, how can I survive another rally with the same old tired faces giving rejuvenated speeches to the same old tired activist/soldiers of the Downtown Eastside?

.....

Today I came home and saw a five-foot banner strung above the elevator doors.

D.E.R.A. STREET FAIR

Saturday, August 29th, 1998- Noon to 7:00 p.m.

There was another tenant looking at the banner while waiting for the elevator, to whom I muttered: "Twenty-five years is a long time for an organization to last."

The other tenant agreed.

Going up in the elevator my head became full of life as I visioned in on how hard it must have been 25 years ago for a small group of people to take on the challenge of bringing into being, and sustaining an official community league to protect and improve what would become the Downtown Eastside.

Did they think they could really succeed or were they pessimistic about the task at hand? Could they imagine themselves doing the same job at the same time next year, or would they even dare to think about getting past next week?

I bet they didn't know a lot of things. I bet they didn't know that one, Garry Gust, would years later be riding up in an elevator that functioned in one of several apartment buildings created by D.E.R.A.

Between then-and-now became a story of a quarter-century's worth of struggle, political leadership, and a slow passing on of the torch to chosen new administrations.

(the story, hopefully, will be preserved when all the surviving D.E.R.A. alumni retire from their activist ways and write their chapters of the

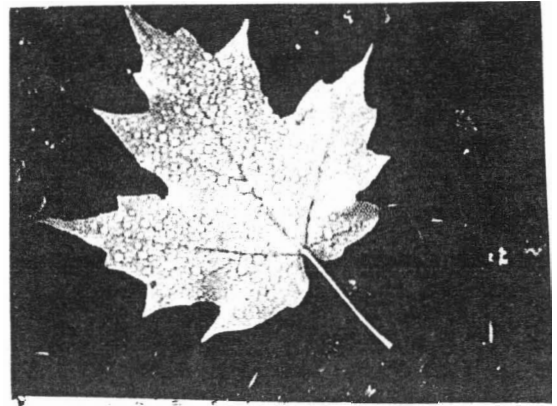
story for all to share,
for ever. (hint, hint.)

"Okay," I said to myself. This isn't going to be just another rally. It was a gathering to honor the organizational efforts of my community for the passed quarter-century.

Yep, I'd be there. Because showing up would mean being counted in on a vote of confidence for the Downtown Eastside Resident's Association. Simple as that!

.....

I got off the elevator and mused: "All that advertising's finally sunk in."



BRENDA; Ever Green G. Gust

When spirits whisper
They talk about the Green house
Where a symphony of life was nearly perfected.

And there to gather
The children of the wounded Earth
Lived Brenda of the misty city forest.

An empty room offer.
Some music in search of words.
Her give-and-take seemed like the heartbeat
of Nature.

A beautiful rain
Will water her evergreen path
From the Clayoquot to Pigeon park to the
starways.

DOWNTOWN
EASTSIDE
YOUTH
ACTIVITIES
SOCIETY

STD CLINIC - 219 Main; Monday - Friday, 10 a.m. - 6 p.m.
NEEDLE EXCHANGE - 221 Main; 8:30 a.m. - 8 p.m. every day
NEEDLE EXCHANGE VAN - 3 Routes

City - 5:45 p.m. - 11:45 p.m.
Overnight - 12:30 a.m. - 8:30 a.m.
Downtown Eastside - 5:30 p.m. 1:30 a.m.

Wisconsin Historical Society - \$30

1998 DONATIONS

Kettle - \$18
Paula R. - \$10
Wm. B. - \$12
Joy T. - \$18
Charley B. - \$15
Libby D. - \$50
Sam R. - \$40
Rick Y. - \$45
Sharon J. - \$30
BCCW - \$25
Ray-Cam - \$10
Harold D. - \$20
Sonya S. - \$80
Nancy H. - \$35
Jennifer M. - \$15
Brenda P. \$10

Val A - \$50
Neil N. - \$20
Helene S. - \$18
Jenny K. - \$18
Tim S. - \$18
Thomas B. - \$14
Beth L. - \$18
Bill G. - \$100
Rolf A. - \$25
Bruce J. - \$14
BCTF - \$12
Sabitra - \$15
Susan S. - \$7
Margaret D. - \$20
DEYAS - \$150
PRIDE - \$50
Pam B. - \$20
CEEDS - \$50

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THE NEWSLETTER IS A PUBLICATION OF THE
CARNEGIE COMMUNITY CENTRE ASSOCIATION

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

Submission Deadline
for next issue
Tuesday, July 28.

DERA's 25th Anniversary

The weather was hot and sunny for the huge celebration on Aug. 29. I remember some celebrations where it rained continuously.

Ian MacRae, president of DERA, opened by welcoming everyone. Tom Oleman gave an opening and blessing ceremony. A group of Carnegie musicians were the first act.

Joy MacPhail and Margaret Mitchell made speeches at 2 p.m. I really miss Margaret as our MP, as she was always there for us and really understood what people in poverty were going through.

The Reggae Band was on after the speeches and people were up dancing. There were so many

events taking place, it was difficult to choose which one to go to.

About 5 o'clock guest speakers Jean Swanson, Nancy Chivario, and Val Anderson spoke and cut the huge anniversary cakes. Two more bands played after the speeches.

I would like to see this celebration become an annual event, because we are losing so many of the original members each year. I remember how grassroots DERA was in the the beginning with Libby Davies, Bruce Eriksen and Jean Swanson. Going on job searches with Bruce was a real adventure, as he had a great sense of humor. These three, among others, organized protests to the Victoria Legislature over conditions of those living in poverty. I watched Lief grow up from the time he was a newborn until the present day.

Literacy and Carnegie



If we believe that openness and honesty are key to progress, are necessary if we are to move forward in an inclusive, significant way, than the opposite, that is, closedness and dishonesty, are major obstructions. But, in fact, few people seem to believe in the efficacy of openness and honesty. Secretiveness of intentions, actions and desires is a trait of the ruling class, designed to protect their interests, and is inimical to the interests of the lower classes, for whom honesty and openness are protective things, not dangerous at all. But too often, the "complexities" and "subtleties" of working with the ruling class create conditions for secret and subtle compromises which "others" might have something nasty to say about.

The gastown homeowners want "closed door" meetings with the city regarding their plans for the area, and Duncan Strong, at the public Gastown meeting, justified this request by saying, "because we know that the city has private meetings with other groups in the area." If the information coming from these "private" meetings is openly and honestly conveyed, if people know they are happening and who is involved, they become a little less dangerous, and their convenience lies more in the intensity of communication that can be achieved, that is, previously, openly and honestly defined issues or points can be talked about at greater length, than in the convenience of silencing those who are not there. There is, however, little openness coming from or perhaps going to many "private" meetings, and one must distrust them automatically, and make exceptions only on the basis of proof of intentions and honesty.

Openness and honesty at Carnegie, in city policy, in committee and board meetings, are necessary. When we voted to stop reading the minutes verbatim at board meetings and open up the monthly board meeting to allow more discussion of issues that arose out of committee meetings, it was an attempt to facilitate openness and honesty, to encourage involvement not just at committee meetings, which aren't inclusive, for reasons I have been writing about for years, since, for example, participating in committees involves a kind of literacy, a kind of learning and experience as much as reading and writing, an experience and a literacy we admit not many people who live in the downtown eastside have, but which experience and literacy we spend to little time helping those without it obtain, except theoretically, but also at the monthly board meeting. If we are to address the present situation in the downtown eastside competently, inclusively, than all meetings must be held in the same spirit.

We have all been wrong about many things, and no doubt we are wrong now. Our ideas will be dated and laughed at before ten years are out. The point is not to worry about being "right" or "wrong", which is really just arrogance, but to ensure that our actions and decisions are based on honestly, openness and on a process that reflects, rather than pays distant and hypocritical, theoretical homage to, community. My vision of a talking circle at Carnegie, as an alternative way of involving people at Carnegie in the association and in the political process here, would be one step toward a process more reflective of community, and I encourage anyone with ideas about a talking circle here, and anyone who wants to see this kind of process at Carnegie, to be involved in it, to let me know.

Dan Feeney

Here's Why BC Needs a Security Deposit Trust Fund:

If you rent then you've paid a Security Deposit – money held to cover damage or unpaid rent.

But security deposits aren't like boomerangs.

All too often, they don't come back. Many tenants walk away from their deposit refund rather than go through the legal hassles of fighting their landlord.

B.C. Landlords are holding \$170 million worth of security deposits- money that belongs to tenants.

The *Residential Tenancy Act* was changed to make it easier for tenants to have their deposits returned. But it's not working because landlords still hold the deposit.

It doesn't have to be that way.

Security deposits can be held in trust by a third party, which makes it much easier for tenants to get them back.

Other places, like New Brunswick and all the Australian states, use this system and it has proven to work.



BC Needs a Security Deposit Trust Fund

It's Fair!

A Security Deposit Trust Fund allows tenants to have deposits returned quickly and efficiently. At the same time, landlords with legitimate claims for damages or unpaid rent can still make a claim against the deposit.

It's Simple!

Tenants would have their deposit returned automatically unless the landlord files a claim against it. Now, tenants must wait 15 days, file at the Tenancy Office, serve papers on the landlord, and hope the landlord gives the deposit back. If not, the tenant must take the landlord to Provincial Court, which can take a minimum of 6 weeks.

It's Cost-Effective!

A Security Deposit Trust Fund would pay for itself. In every jurisdiction with such a model, the administrative costs are recovered through interest on the fund. A BC fund would have earned \$8 million dollars in interest in 1996. It would also save the government money by reducing the number of arbitration hearings and ensure the return of deposits paid by the Ministry of Human Resources.

It Works!

All Australian states and the province of New Brunswick currently have a security deposit trust fund. In some of these places, it has worked for over 20 years. In fact, even landlords say they don't want to go back to a system where individual landlords hold the tenants' deposit.

**For more information, contact the Tenants Rights Action Coalition (TRAC)
Phone 604 255-3099 or fax us at 604 255-0772**



DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE WOMEN Break the Silence Against Violence!!

Join us in a campaign to fight violence against women in the Downtown Eastside!!

- * Workshops, Speak-outs, Events
- * A three-day Women's Retreat

Do you want to be involved?
Call 682-3269 Mailbox #8319



not forgotten

the pain the misery
the shroud of hunger
of wasting of want of need
the shroud of dilapidated buildings
of rooms and rooms
the anger, frustration encapsulated
engraved in the wrinkles of my skin
in the thickness of my sprinkled hair
in my pierced heart

Palette Carver

bud

fuzzy curly dishevelled
all strung out looking
dry washed in the sun
strolling down hastings
pain on the corner, main,
upon the cobble
tattered, wrinkled book in hand
just came from first united

Palette Carver



Editor,

In your editorial Drugs, Health and Carnegie (Carnegie Newsletter, Aug. 15) you wrote about our organization - VANDU - and the proposed resource centre for drug users as if it would be a "safe fixing site" with showers, laundry, health services, counselling, etc.

The resource centre will not be any kind of "fixing site" but it will be a safe haven for drug users who need a place to go for help, for advice, to clean up, and get health service or directions in the Downtown Eastside.

Abuse of drugs, alcohol, dealing or fixing will not be tolerated! An issue like having a "safe fixing site" in the D.E. has to be addressed soon. Too many deaths happen just because people have to hide; they are alone when they do their last fix.

Kirk Hosie

The Vancouver Area Network of Drug Users is a group of users and former users working to improve the lives of people who use illicit drugs through user-based peer support and education.

Downtown Eastside User Discussion Group
meets Saturdays at 2pm at the VANDU office

Politicians' Dilemma

Headline: Panhandling Illegal

The politicians feel the pressure
devoid of an answer to reconcile
spending money on the poor,
which will not win an election
because of course we all know,
that the poor won't vote
on the next election day in this city.

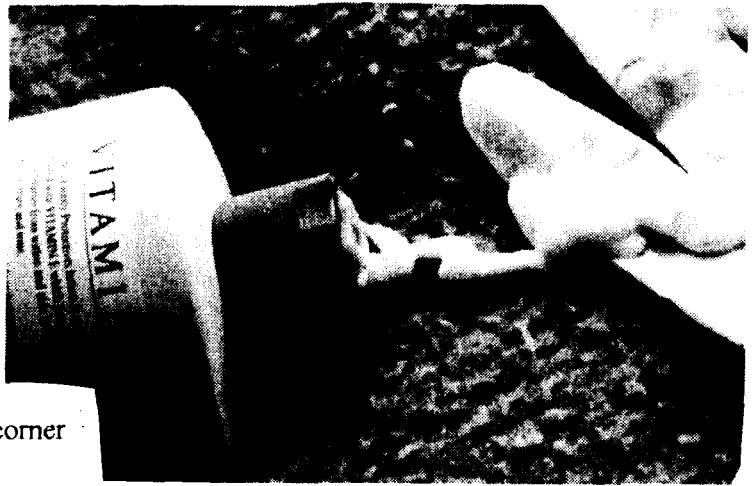
And so we piss away our time and effort
to remove the panhandler from the street corner
and all manner of affluent places
banks and liquor stores of course.

It's embarrassing to spend \$100 to be socially
drunk this very night
and not have a looney for a poor soul in distress
who's enterprising enough to sit on the street
and beg for his livelihood.
Thankful for the kind who so generously give
and the guilty
who give out of fear for their soul

Panhandlers are an eye sore
they chase away the business
so everyone says,
but the truth may be
we are ashamed to show the travellers of the world
we do not care for our poor.

We have reasons galore about disease and drugs
and it puts customers ill at ease;
After all it's for their own good.
...and we won't have to see
how hard-hearted we have become.

The squeegee kids on the corner of the street
have got your attention too -
They will clean the windows
of your expensive pollution machine
while you wait for the light to turn green
for just a looney
or whatever you will give
if anything at all...



Politicians of course, and bureaucrats too,
cannot tolerate such enterprise
no taxes,
not even an address
to license...

And of course ~~they~~ are poor
so we won't support them for sure
because we know
they won't be there to support us
at the next election call.

In the name of restraint
We took away \$50 from their welfare pay
and everybody said at last
now they will have to work.
So with hats and handles
they took to the streets
to work and live
embarrassing the powers that be.

But restraint be damned
We have millions for the northern corporation
and supportive union members...
and votes...
for the next election.

Lawrence Jacques