

# Paddling the Rubicon

In the time between now and mid-May, we will be force-fed by both the Liberals and NDP from an obese menu of mind-numbing pap as to how both of them may fall just short of ending Third World hunger, solving the Middle East tumult and curing your grandfather's gout.

Think Gordon Campbell as Superman, Carole James as Wonder Woman.

I know, the competing images are frightening: The Premier in blue tights, with cape and Carole in a red leather bustier...

Although a Lasso of Truth might be useful as the ceaseless piffle from either camp has made me think that perhaps the Premier should have once had his government move to ban all pre-election political advertising, and obligated the two, very distinguishable records, to stand alone for you and I to decide their individual worth.

But that would have been too much to ask. Instead of going into to detail of how one party platform might trump the other this early in the game, allow me to use two recent examples of how neither the Liberals, nor the NDP, have yet made a persuasive enough case to be our next government.

Of all the latest decisions the Campbell government has helmed, none can be a greater cause for concern than the defective silence over the allegations against Patrick Kinsella, the immediate past-campaign co-chair of the Liberals.

Kinsella's alleged intimate involvement in the ever-controversial sale of B.C. Rail, have sent the chattering classes into orbit. More significantly, it has painted a most unflattering picture of the Premier and reframed the charges of viral arrogance, exposed when he has been caught in prospective scandal.

The notion that the questions emanating from the allegations against Kinsella are unanswerable because they remain "sub-judice" (before the courts as part of the

Basi-Virk trial) is a hackneyed argument.

The Premier and two of his closest political advisors (one being a major donor) are alleged to have met to discuss the \$1 billion sale of a Crown asset as formal players.

And while this may not be illegal, the assumed ethical aerobics have set off a firestorm of questions. Ergo, if the Premier, personally, does

not get off his cashmere-covered roost and provide some answers, it will be left to the voter to decide whether the arrogance of believing that we are all fools and cannot decipher right

from wrong, may well land his government in the political sin-bin – permanently.

In the same way, Carole James has made me wonder what happened to the woman who unfalteringly located her political mojo some months ago, but since New Year's, has doggedly slipped into a funk, which appears unshakable.

James recent performance over the selection of anti-Zionist, Mable Elmore, as NDP candidate for Vancouver-Kensington, is a disturbing peek into her incompetence in controlling party apparatus or fittingly governing the people who run the NDP, evidently, quite independently of her.

In the face of repeatedly feeble attempts by some blindly compliant, far-left

media to somehow, as capricious surrogate, redeem Elmore's sickening and clearly anti-Israel rhetoric, James has been hopeless, other than agreeing to a strained, mechanical apology from Elmore.

James miserably failed to show that while it may be acceptable for Elmore to

make a bigoted remark as an anti-war vulgarista; as a possible MLA, Elmore could not walk away from such incendiary polemics and expect any (ill-gotten) grace — other than being duly replaced.

It will be interesting, then, in the next six weeks, to watch both James and the Premier, as they attempt to cross the Rubicon...



## REBEL WITH A CLAUSE

ALEX G. TSAKUMIS

**“James has made me wonder what happened to the woman who unfalteringly located her political mojo some months ago...”**

- Tsakumis