

Save us, the weak

I cannot help but think we are well inside an era of profound fear and infinite loathing, where nothing good will come of it. It is an exercise in great futility to feign disbelief that there are a growing number of us that will not think thrice, before venturing outside the front door without a Kevlar vest.

In the last several weeks, momentarily setting aside the endless shootings, I am awestruck by the level of violence, against innocents, across all strata: Social and economic and our seeming inability to do something – anything – about it.

A man pummeled because he's "a fag". A baby in a bag. An extraordinary member of one of Vancouver's most prominent families murdered, I suspect, strongly, in cold blood.

What have we become?

While we desperately, perhaps even hopelessly, try to cradle our collective sanity, the police, apparently, have lost theirs.

In the middle of the shootings, beatings and killings, it is a priority to confiscate a photographer's camera, for no reason, other than to extend the thuggery.

Rather than lead by example, the police, who in the course of "serving" and "protecting", are only becoming, in very short order, their own worst enemy: The Robert Dziekanski Inquiry; the Frank Paul Inquiry; over-aggressive cowboy-think; drinking and driving and, too, crashing cars; a silo mentality and terminal brain-farts while on the stand in court.

It's utterly appalling.

And I'm not entirely sure where this leaves us. Other than the federal government's efforts to increase sentences and a few appropriately hopeful words from our Happy Mayor of Vancouver, the province certainly won't ever be accused of breaking a sweat on making us safer.

They're far too busy assailing, with some precision indeed, Carole James', thus far, meagre campaigning. No, it's going to be left to you and I to sort this out.

But what do we do? There is a significant enough swath of the public who has delud-

ed themselves into holding that legalizing drugs would be optimal.

There are even those stuck in their ivory towers (insert name of university here) that tell us that our "wars" on crime or drugs have been unsuccessful.

What war? On drugs? On crime?

Since that infernal Trudeau, senior, infested parliament, we're the soft-core sentencing heaven. I've often reflected that there are a number of professors who push for legalization, only so they can spark a joint with impunity. And, their arguments for "rehabilitating" the maggots that

copiously fiddle children or rape women, are incessant nonsense.

At \$150,000 per year to keep the most monstrous cell-waste in jail-house rock and fluorescent jumpsuits, you'd think a quiet needle to

an eternal slumber would be more efficient. But we don't do that in this country, thank you, after that now distant, but mindless, stroke of bloody Trudeau's fountain pen.

Instead, in Canada, there are about three dozen offences in the Criminal Code that carry mandatory minimum prison sentences, 20 of which are for crimes involving firearms, with minimum sentences ranging between, brace yourselves, one and four years.

Only 10 of the offences carry a four-year minimum, with other deficient mandatory minimums covering such trivial offences as, ah, murder.

But activist judges (if there's one, that's one too many) demand the flexibility of providing lubricant to the hinges of the revolving door that is our prisons.

What have we become?

I'll tell you: A country of mostly decent, God-fearing people, who have been dumbed-down by the pabulum of an ever-liberal, frequently militant media, meandering judiciary and spineless government – which panders to every living, breathing protester or lobby group, and, primarily, for nothing less shameless than the prostituting of votes. Of course, all to the detriment of our safety, security and sanity.

agtsakumis@gmail.com



REBEL WITH
A CLAUSE
ALEX G. TSAKUMIS