

Revenge of the party snatchers

It was far too swift a holiday season. Happy New Year, by the way.

I spent most of the last two weeks entirely appalled at the media coverage of the Hamas/Israeli conflict in Gaza and Israel.

Let me see if I have this correctly: The gallant Jews should be condemned because they are courageously defending themselves against terrorist swine?

Incredible.

But nothing between Christmas and New Year's could have supplanted sanity with toxicity like the live spectacle watching the hijacking of the Non-Partisan Association's Board of Directors, at their most recent AGM, with the release of the destructive infection known as: Sycophantus Sullivanus.

For three years the same cadre of ultra-right-wing Conservative androids, with a smattering of malleable, token Liberals, held the soul of the party ransom, by injecting the kind of scorched-earth tactics that have the NPA inescapably hobbled.

All to honour a man who splendidly ignored opportunities and proffered plump policy piffle that made Sam Sullivan the most ineffective mayor in Vancouver's history.

For the AGM, a slate was organized and every candidate was a Sam supporter or a supporter of an immediate sycophant.

Direct supporters of both Kim Capri and Suzanne Anton (who along with Elizabeth Ball blindly buttressed Sullivan all last term) were included, along with a few token Liberals.

Apart from such obvious camouflage, the rest were all Sam diehards.

Though the real intention was more to exact revenge against the most qualified man running for a seat on the board, than to assist in the rebuilding of the party.

You will know Bob Ransford from his columns in *The Vancouver Sun* or his expert commentaries on real estate.

I met Ransford some twenty years ago when we were both advisors to then Premier Willy Wooden Shoes.

And while both of us have added to our girth over the years (I'm being equally charitable to both Bob and I by not



REBEL WITH A CLAUSE

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going further), the one thing that has never changed about Ransford is this: He is one of

the finest political minds in the province and knows how to organize a campaign like you know how to breathe.

He is also, like me, a lavishly Red Tory; a social liberal and a fiscal conservative.

But the inhabitant, hardcore Tory cabal wanted to exact a political revenge killing for Ransford having gone off and committed the principled, prudent act of running both the nomination and election campaign of brave Peter Ladner, a Liberal.

Marko Dekovic, a former NPA director, who is currently employed as an assistant to Tory Minister James Moore, primarily organized such mindless pettiness:

Dekovic, an operative with little tenure, who not long ago was an activist Liberal, was the key man in organizing the slate.

His political godfather, Colin Metcalfe, is Sam's former campaign manager (a job Ransford personally arranged for him) and is currently employed by the Tories at the Minister's Regional Office in Vancouver (his latest effort was to shamelessly try to get Sullivan a Senate seat).

Said one Tory henchman of the Ransford target. "You know how it is buddy, he didn't support Sam, buddy."

If anything, these kinds of despicable tactics are why Prime Minister Stephen Harper not only won't gain a majority with such vicious bobbleheads as organizers, but perhaps, shouldn't.

And although Ransford recommended most of them for their jobs, they knifed him, brazenly and without hesitation.

"Alex, I regret that I taught politics to half of the children behind this vindictive backstabbing. Obviously they didn't learn much.

The whole sad episode they engineered last Monday demonstrates that a few political skills and some crude tools of power in the hands of people without purpose, can be a real threat to a civil society," said Ransford.

Amen, brother. Amen ...

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