

Pity the shovellers

I must wonder, once again, why we put politicians on such vaunted pedestals.



**REBEL WITH
A CLAUSE**
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Originally, I had surmised it was to make our own selection of them seem more cere-

monious, if not visionary. But now I am of the belief that, in the main, we commit to such madness in the not-so-off chance that we may need to injudiciously relish in the pageantry of their fall ... or we think so

Case in point: Gregor Robertson must be to blame for not having provided personal snow-blowers to all the people of Vancouver. Not to mention mittens for your children, spiked hot chocolate for Granny, a fur coat for Uncle Jed and new tires for cousin Jethro.

It is extraordinary how many have tried to tack an entirely unpredictable, once-every-50-year snowfall to a man who has been mayor of our cosmopolitan hyper-village for barely a month.

I will not disagree that city workers were slow off the mark and city resources were obviously not in full effect.

In contrast with Surrey and Burnaby, where the streets were much better maintained, Vancouver, without question, was caught off-guard. Thus, Dianne Watts and Derek Corrigan were spared all ignominy.

But should the Mayor of Vancouver, or any mayor for that matter, be micro-managing at any level?

To consummate such idiocy, would be to belie the very notion of principled governance: As a leader you needn't interfere with the bureaucracy, but shape it for the greater good, only if you must.

From the terrace of his Mexican pied-à-terre, Robertson was in daily contact with City Hall, about a series of issues. Hence, he was, I would strongly argue, doing more than his job.

You can bet your derriere, too, that he was scarcely pleased to have to listen to the phone ring unendingly while on vacation with his wife and children. Would you?

But the endeavoured disparagement has been stunning. It's as if Robertson must have cancelled his well-earned leave and been out, day and night, unearthing forlorn storm drains and rescuing naughty cats from mighty trees.

While true that much criticism has

come primarily from partisan hacks, previously employed as NPA apologists by Sir Spamalot (his former Chief of Staff and web clerk are now principal master debaters, on their

own website no less), it does not make the narrative any more fluid, in fact, less so.

The pointlessness of such ineptly obscured hostility is hardly lost on me, although, I'd perhaps be more thankful if it were.

Robertson has done his level best to open up (temporary) shelters, in order to save lives (now!) and has had little time to play weather prognosticator or de facto city operations chief.

It has been an imperfect last month on many fronts, true ... but was there a scarcity of shortbread and Grand Marnier that the mayor's enemies could not have ravenously gobbled and zealously quaffed, to carry them past the salt and the sand? Are we not clear of such banal commentary?

Will it not be spring shortly?

Will the summer not follow?

The underwhelming feat of unconvincingly satirizing, and then vilifying, Mayor Smoothie for not being able to move mountains and alter entire weather patterns is moderately entertaining for about a millisecond. Beyond this, it becomes a fool's odyssey reserved only those who can endure the painful tedium of manufactured panic.

They cannot, frankly, help themselves. Think Bill Clinton at a bikini contest. Well, perhaps not, but my point is made here with appropriate emphasis, and you understand, of course.

Otherwise, Gregor, take heed my friend ... Get your damn shovel ready.

The floods, they cometh ... so leave your kilt at home. Whippings will be administered if your morale doesn't improve.

Family vacations? Forget them. There's work to do. Didn't you get the call?!

The sky is falling.

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Same Alex, different day: Alex Tsakumis will now make his regular appearance in 24 hours on Thursdays.