

Mayor's vision muddied

The unfathomable dismissiveness exhibited by Mayor Gregor Robertson with respect to his failed shelters and the ignorance of the anarchists and grief pimps in support, were all, thankfully, vaporized this week.

Housing Minister Rich Coleman stepped in and shut down one of the problem shelters, while giving the second one a 30-day "reprieve".

Translation: Since Mayor Robertson and his Vision Vancouver council counterparts are not prepared to protect innocent citizens from dime-bag hookers,

low-life smash-and-grab artists and other associated scumbags, the minister will ... and how!

"I was concerned about the safety of citizens," Coleman said. "In addressing this kind of problem, you can't make it unsafe for any neighbourhood," he told *The Bill Good Show*.

Think about this: From his Victoria perch, the minister of housing understands, but the mayor, living not twenty minutes from the problem (by bike, of course), who is as stubborn as a rusted nail, doesn't—or won't.

Apart from Coleman's courage and conviction in setting at least part of this matter straight, you must wonder what is going on not only in the Mayor's Office, but with his council caucus too.

When these characters were campaigning for the seats they now hold, they promised to clean up the "mess" made by the Sam Sullivan-led (read: de-

stroyed) NPA. The problem with this is that Vision, in one short seven-month stint, has made as big a mess as the NPA did in almost its entire first year.

With a profound disregard for any policy that makes sense, they have spent their tenure so far pandering to the far-left wing of their party, with such fervour that they have actually become the bloody



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embodiment of folkloric idealism, painful sanctimony and viral navel-gazing.

Simply put, Vision Vancouver has proven itself to be COPE on a full dose of bad street Valium. There is no other explanation.

Particularly if you consider the nightmare within which they are currently enslaved, the self-imprisonment couldn't be more conspicuous.

Instead of imploring the provincial government to re-open Riverview, or at least offer greater mental-health services, for example, to assist many of the downtrodden using shelters, Robertson and crew decided to simply kick up the problem to Victoria and just whine about \$26 million to keep the shelters open, regardless of the crimes committed – of which they were made well aware by brave, long-suffering residents of the area.

Rather than to demand drug treatment (a major promise by the mayor dur-

ing the election campaign) for the many medicated shelter dwellers, not a word from the mayor. Perhaps the absence of this last initiative from Robertson's clipboard can be explained by the fact that some of the biggest proponents of the shelters are those like perennial povertarian and Vision supporter David Eby, and his sidekicks at Pivot Legal Society, who advocate (read their website) for such incredible insanity as changing the Drug Enforcement Act to allow for "personal use" heroin. Every time the police step in to help clean up the Downtown

Eastside, the dimwit brigade is there, video-cam in hand, droning on about human rights and the like.

Tell me, is it a human right to fill your veins full of the hell that is killing you?

And lest we forget Mark Townsend, who runs the Portland Hotel Society. This chap has been telling me for over a year that as he props up rhetoric to keep his beloved Insite open, he is advocating for treatment (which, as I have repeated ad nauseum, is the only one of the four pillars that can deliver a majority of addicts to a normal life). I'm still waiting. Meanwhile, Townsend and the rest of his ilk, through their doctrinaire fantasies, support the shelters under the specious banner of "real compassion".

These are the people surrounding your mayor while he destroys neighbourhoods.

I'll bet you feel safer already.

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