

Sadly, the mistaken hope of Jefferson

Over a century-and-a-half ago, Thomas Jefferson paid homage to reason in leadership, perhaps unlike any public figure before, though better than any since.



REBEL WITH
A CLAUSE

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I've habitually thought of Jefferson's agony in explaining to a rather fatigued public of early Yankee settlers that they must hold public servants to the highest standard, otherwise, the reason behind a better society, one in lasting improvement, would be dependably lost with almost anything less.

In short order, he warned prophetically, the world could not otherwise return to an honest place.

Old Jefferson would win, I'm sure, several posthumous gold medals in gymnastics for turning over and over again in his blessed plot.

The day of the sincere public servant has long faded.

We vote for someone who stirs us, fills us with hope, perhaps even converts a dream or two, and then, as charming as the shifting seasons, the maudlin turns moronic.

If the only agenda, by logical extension of Jefferson's thesis on reason, is that we must be furnished with the truth by those we choose to do our bidding, then we fail ourselves, since our collective tolerance far exceeds, yes, reason.

I marvelled, earlier this week, at Grocer Robertson, our earnest, most worshipful civic farmer, who sat in a witness box in Her Majesty's court and offered not one spark of the fire and brimstone (as much as he is capable of doing without a script) that brought him to his vaunted pedestal.

He was called to answer questions regarding the obscene debacle that has become the Cambie merchants suffering as a result of the RAV line.

The same man who brilliantly championed this cause, that propelled him into a glorious, and evidently beneficial, limelight, sat reservedly with all the backbone of soaked cotton, and couldn't even bring himself to say, "Compensate the daring, courageous Susan Heyes and all the Cambie merchants, now, because that is what is just."

Instead, nothing even remotely close to words, which free-flowed from his mouth when MLA some months ago.

It was, shockingly, a performance worthy of Sam.

Although, the Happy Mayor is hardly alone as, growingly, disingenuous.

Coun. Suzanne

Anton must win this award in spades. The woman who continues to remain Sam Sullivan's chief cheerleader, was recently spewing venom at the Mayor and his Visions, about finance reform.

While Vancouver burned, she sat robotically by protecting the viral slothfulness of a cabal of apologists, who assisted Sam in shielding the public from knowing who was writing cheques, to some nefarious, unregulated fund.

Anton has no shame.

But perhaps the most noteworthy disregard for Jeffersonian reason must go to someone I quite like, personally: Carole James.

In a result as deeply troubling to me as anything I have seen in 25 years from the perch of my political observatory, the NDP in Vancouver Kensington has chosen a bizarre, sanctimonious drivelt-jockey as a candidate to run in the upcoming provincial election. Markedly for her atrocious anti-Israeli venom, Mable Elmore is unsuitable as a candidate for anyone.

As primary toady for the idiotic, local anti-war movement (read: hate America and Israel, the bastards) her malice is uncontainable and her comments extend far beyond the dumber-dome.

Dear, sweet Carole's response? "I'm troubled". Really?

You want to be Premier, replacing a man who has consistently failed us, and this is all you've to offer us, Ma'am?

You have no control of your party apparatus, and they clearly don't care what you think, and you want control of B.C.?

The only response should have been, "I have removed Ms. Elmore as candidate and I apologize to Jews throughout B.C."

Jefferson's back flips notwithstanding, I will, also, soon regale you with the sad, but expected, saga of one St. Barry of Obama, who has transformed his legend into the worst launch of any modern day President.

But for now, only the good news.

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