

# OPINION

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## Garbage is in crisis so let's bash Bob

No one can be expected to welcome a mega dump to their community, but it was disappointing to see the political grandstanding that went on when the IWA announced the three preferred sites in Vaughan yesterday. The collective pouts were profuse.

It was a Bash Bob event from the start. York Region politicians formed a united front against the York Region site in Vaughan.

MPP Don Cousens said he's disgusted with the selection of sites announced. He and Markham Mayor Frank Scarpitti said they'll fight with Lorna Jackson against dumps in York Region and



### Viewpoint

Jo Ann Stevenson

will reverse the million dollar IWA process given a Tory/Liberal win at the province.

"The war has just begun," was their battle cry.

Pickering Mayor Wayne Arthurs had a prepared press release with him saying "We have a government in Queen's Park we can't even trust to take out the garbage." The EE11 site announced in

his jurisdiction sits where East and West Duffin's Creeks join. It is just out of range enough to scatter opposition. He must have envied that ferocious flank of solidarity.

The stage seems set for the exit of the Bob Rae government, the defeat of Bill 143 and for the selection process to begin anew - millions of taxpayers' dollars later.

We should all be angry about landfill sites threatening the communities and environs we love and depend on - but direct that anger to the real problem which is not the IWA or the Bob Rae government.

In the absence of leadership on the persistent problem of garbage, the public must pay for its chosen throw-away lifestyle.

The solution has to deal with political and economic realities. Politicians should rise above this hypocritical hysteria not pander to it.

Long term solutions will take leadership and vision. Sorry - bashing Bob doesn't cut it.

## Natural Law party good comic relief

The 1993 Canadian Federal Election results are already growing mould on the sanitary landfill site called History... and already I'm filled with regret.

Not because the new gang of SOB's are turning out to be no better than the old gang of SOB's. I wasn't expecting miracles.

What's made me sad is the realization that I will probably never again hear from the Natural Law Party. They were big in the past federal election. They fielded some 230 candidates from Bella Coola to Bonavista. The Party spent untold hundreds of thousands of dollars on newspaper, magazine, radio and television ads. They vowed that, once elected, they would end war, pestilence, disease, poverty, crime, the deficit and waxy yellow build-up overnight.

They didn't, alas, elect a single candidate.

Canadian voters detected something a little fuzzy in the Natural Law Party Election Platform. Perhaps it was the utter lack of detail from the Natural Law candidates, who dismissed all skepticism with the explanation that Natural Law had been "scientifically proven." Maybe it was the stated plan to replace our Armed Forces aircraft with 7,000 meditating disciples levitating cross-legged in harmonious formation.

Canadian voters may be naive. (We did hoist Mulroney into the saddle two terms in a row) - but we're not bone stupid. The Natural Law Party never (ahem) got off the ground.

And that's a pity. We need all the comic relief we can get. We always have. Each decade has given humankind at least one predominating fad or folly to take our minds off our troubles. Back in the Roaring Twenties we had dance marathons and flagpole sitting. In the Dirty Thirties somebody invented miniature golf and bathtub gin to help us forget that the country was broke and so were we. In the 1940's the Cult of the Lawn was born and North American weekends were ruined forever more.

What did the 50's bring us by way of diversion? In the immortal word of the businessman to Dustin Hoffman in The Graduate... plastic.

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**Basic Black**  
  
 Arthur Black

Specifically, the credit card. For the first time in history you didn't have to have wampum, beaver pelts, gold dust or cash on the barrel. All you had to have was a wafer of plastic and sufficient linguistic dexterity to pronounce the words "Charge it." The rest was magic.

At least until the end of the month.

In the 70's, it was horoscopes. It became difficult to meet someone and not be greeted with "Hi, what's your sign?"

It was annoying, but it propelled us to the 80's. Which were really a pain in the astrology department - or rather it's related offshoots of crystal therapy, harmonic convergence and the chance to be "channelled" by the ghost of some 8,000-year-old Mayan priest who knew no better way to spend eternity than to help you and Shirley MacLaine get to know your "real" selves.

Which got us to the 90's, a decade which showed real promise, what with the Natural Law Party looking to take over 24 Sussex.

Alas, no such luck. The Party appears to have vanished more thoroughly than one of magician Doug Henning's stage elephants.

So what now? Well, I hate to raise false hopes, but there's a rising young religion in Japan right now called Taisokyo. It only has one tenet. Its disciples must laugh. At everything.

House burn down? Snort. Your loved one kick the bucket? Chorle. Famine? Flood? Nuclear War? Stop it, you're killing me.

"Laughter is the way to God" says a Taisokyan spokesman. "There is no reason for sorrow. Only selfish people think about their own loss."

Do I see a place for Taisokyo in the Canadian Parliament? Don't see why not. It's got all the attractiveness of the Natural Law Party - plus a sense of humour.

It'll be good for a laugh.

### Adam

YOU'VE BEEN GONE BEFORE AND NEVER HAVE I HAD A MORE GRUELING TIME SINCE I BEGAN WATCHING KIDS THAN THIS TIME.

BUT UNTIL YOUR TRIP THIS PAST WEEK, I GUESS I DIDN'T REALIZE JUST HOW MUCH I COUNT ON YOU. IT'S GOOD TO HAVE YOU HOME.

THAT'S NICE TO HEAR.

I LEFT ALL THE LAUNDRY FOR YOU.

by Brian Basset

