

## lazy days of summer

About Jack Layton, animal rights, cucumbers, world cup soccer, poverty pimps, Russian television, lady bullfighters, and flat tires.

## what's popping?

Here I am at the end of summer. I thought I had cleared the decks to focus on legal matters and still have some time to enjoy the summer. But I have had various things popping up.

Things are getting fairly intense with my fights with the poverty pimps network in the city. But I have more sources of relaxation and diversion these days, my financial situation and health is a lot better. I am losing weight. Living well is the best revenge.

Speaking of things popping, I wonder what it is with the Purple Peril, my old bike. I have had three flat tires this year, all in the back half of the month when I had no money to get it fixed. So I have not done as much pedaling this year. But I got out to the Leslie street light house a couple of times.

But this time was weird; it just blew while it was sitting in the closet. I wondered at first what the noise was. And it is the front tire, which I usually don't have trouble with.

## technology bites

I am changing my e-mail system because I have been having problems with the web hosting I have in Hong Kong. I suspect it is because ISPs like Bell do not want people using their own domain names for their e-mail addresses, apparently so they can control spam.

At any rate, my e-mailer has been becoming unstable. Sending mail was becoming especially difficult; it took messages a long time to connect and they often bounced, because the receiver thought they were of a humongous size, 1000 times as big as they actually were. When I switched my mailer to Bell, I stopped having problems, but I think something stinks.

## the tube, these days

I am getting used to having a tv again although I do not watch much of what most people watch. I am watching the network news less and less, except to find out exactly how they are covering a specific issue.

Now I can find many odd things on the tube to get interested in. Not just royal weddings; I got really into the women's world soccer championships. I became a big fan of the Japanese team as they fought their way up to the finals against all these Germans and Swedes who towered over them.

The final with the American team was one of the best things I have seen in awhile. "Go, Jappie girls,go! Yankees, go home." Every time the American girls scored, the Japanese came back with a goal, and it ended with a shootout. "You are now Solo between those goal posts and have no Hope against the Jappie ball kickers." She didn't. ( Hope Solo was the American goal keeper)

After a decade and a half of getting my news from the alternative news on the net, I just can't stomach the mass media. However, a few really good indymedia are functioning almost like TV news networks. The trouble is, there is not enough yet with a Canadian focus.

Yet RealNews is run by a Canadian, Paul Jay. Give it a gander at <http://therealnews.com/t2/> if you have the capacity to do videos. Many of my freinds still have really old computers.

But I like Alyona much more. She is on the Russian news channel on cable, and on the net. <http://rt.com/programs/alyona-show/> I sent her an e-mail asking her if she has a younger sister who can open an Ottawa branch of Russia today and do to Canadian politicians what she does to American politics at the Washington studio of RT.

Isn't it interesting that Russia was under a post Stalinist dictatorship twenty years ago, and now it has the best TV news in the world? The US is supposed to be the land of the free, and its TV news is cretinous propaganda that cooks up street demonstrations in a studio and with graphic effects. CBC is not that much better; maybe better at creating an illusion of "moderation."

A further advantage of cable is the music channels. Anybody want to buy a radio cheap? I do not listen to 70s stuff on youtube much anymore. I can listen to it on channel 910.

As I have oft opined, the period about 1965 to 1985 was the golden age of popular music. Even the twenty year olds today listen to it, and they say the crap coming out of the radio now is garbage. But then, everything has been turning progressively to crap since about 1980 and it is not hard to figure out why. It has a lot to do with some weird individuals called Thatcher, Reagan, and Mulroneu.

But I am interested in other forms of music, too. Often I listen to classical music. There are several different channels of that. But on channel 937, click, click, click, is the "celtic" channel. I have an Irish name, but I am not particularly Irish. But I have developed a thing for Irish and Scottish folk music and culture, and North American stuff influenced by it.

### bullfighting and animal rights

I have developed all sorts of weird interests.For example; I also have become an aficionado of tauromaquia. Yet I have never actually seen a bullfight and likely never will. How did this happen?

I think it started when I was doing some research to write an essay on animal rights for a philosophy class. I watched some bull fights on you-know-who-tube. I also found trailers for a documentary that had just come out about these women bullfighters and all the trouble they were having.

I ended up ordering the video and I was fascinated. I started following the whole topic of women bullfighters very closely and I started appreciating the art of bull fighting. I do not appreciate the bullshit that goes on in the business side of bullfights. But this seems to be starting to subside as the bullfighting public becomes more aware and demanding; in Europe, anyway.

The Spanish are getting fed up with the monopolization of La Corrida by a handful of businessmen. It is something like popular music today; the business wants to create a handful of superstars they can control and keep everyone else out; a "gate keeper" syndrome. But the bullfight-going public is not liking what they are seeing, and tickets cost too much. "Where Jose Tomas fights bulls, bullfighting is expensive".

So, piss off, Jose Tomas, and El Juli and El Fandi too. I wish Daniel Luque would get horned right in the nuts. I want to see MariPaz Vega fight, and Sandra Moscoso, and especially Conchi Rios.

As an example of the bull shit in bull fighting; the Malaga fair just wound up. Mari Paz Vega was born in Malaga and lives there. She has to do most of her bullfighting in Mexico because she has a hard time getting fights in Spain. She has been at it for almost twenty years and is one of the best bull fighters in the world.

It took an order from the governor of Andalusia to get her a spot in the corrida in her home town. They put her on the last day, after the big names had all fought, and fought lousy. There is debate about why they had such bad bulls this year.

But while all these prima donnas were whining in Malaga, MariPaz does a perfect fight in some small town near Malaga. Each matador fights two bulls and a perfect fight earns him or her the bull's ears and tail. It is rare for a matador to get the tail. But MariPaz; tail and tail. This very rarely happens.

The big bull fight journals barely covered it and there is no video of it. But we have lots of ink and video of all these bozos doing a mediocre job in Malaga. The saddest thing is that when she gets to Malaga, she fights with two relative unknowns, and they get the rottenest bulls.

By rotten I do not mean some "Ferdinands" who would rather give the matador a kiss. I mean strange ones who have eye problems or are nervous and unfocused. These bulls are basically unfightable; too dangerous to put on a show with. All the bullfighter can do is put them down quickly. Somebody got a cheap deal from the bull ranch.

MariPaz's two male friends all tried fighting these bulls and both ended up injured. MPV was able to kill her two bulls and leave the ring unhurt, but got no ears for her troubles. So we get lots of video of these guys getting carried out, and in the back ground we get glimpses of MPV holding off the bull after saving their asses. Pft!

So, I wish all these idiots protesting bullfighting would do something useful and go annoy the bullfight big shots. As for my essay on the rights of animals, I did not get a great mark for it, although I thought it was pretty good. I got snarky comments in the margins about how it was about anthropology, not philosophy. The T.A. must have been an animal rights type. Pft!

I would go further about criticizing the idea of animal rights than I did in that essay. I think most animal rights fanatics are not motivated by a fondness for animals, but a hatred of humans. How are animals worse off, over all, by our exploitation of them that they would be if they had been left in nature?

The human species and human civilization could not have arisen without the exploitation of animals. To say we should not do this is to say we are a bad species that should go away. I do not think too many people will agree to go jump in the ocean saying, "sorry critters, we were a mistake of evolution".

So, we should not kill animals just for entertainment? Why? Somebody might enjoy it too much? The bull is supposed to live forever? He is going to die, what difference does it make if he dies in a ring or in a slaughter house? Or gets torn apart alive by lions in the wild? What living thing gets to live a perfect, tranquil, pain free existence, human or animal? And if we did, what a boring life it would be!

If animal rights people want to do something for animals and humans too, they should do something about these factory slaughterhouses. One of the reasons I do not eat much meat anymore is a documentary about slaughterhouses. Blech! It makes you realize that real animal cruelty, not just something that upsets people who cannot accept their own mortality, is that which ultimately harms humans.

## politics

So, what else do I do besides write about bullfighting and the ethics of animal treatment? The other day I was at the Toronto Center constituency annual picnic. My federal and provincial representatives attempted to bribe me with my own tax money, in the form of hot dogs and watermelons.

I got to shake hands with the interim liberal leader. I never got around to the provincial minister of "research and innovation", but relations with him might be a little testy. I am not happy with his inability to get answers out of the bureaucracy as to why the drug Lyrica is not covered in the provincial health plan for my favorite disease, fibromyalgia.

My former member of provincial parliament was there too, old furious George. He quit to run for mayor of Toronto, and then for some reason turned into a pussy cat, which is why Ford won.

Jack Layton died lately. When I first moved to Toronto I was in his Metro constituency and he helped me to get into the old Metro Housing. Alas, they sent me to the wrong building. Actually, it is the wrong building for anyone.

But when I tried to do something about the crap at 291 George street, I got some help from Layton's wife, Olivia Chow. I might have got somewhere but a ward redistribution and then an election happened and she was no longer the councilor for that building. It was after that things started getting difficult for me.

I ran into jumping Jack a couple of times after my troubles with FMTA and sounded off about it. He had been a supporter of FMTA, if a lukewarm one, but promised to look into it. The harassment stopped for awhile but returned after Layton went to Ottawa and Miller became Mayor.

One thing I have learned about politics is that, however disgusting it is, there is no choice but to engage in it; if not to get what you want, at least to stave off what is disastrous to you. That is why me and my friends are so busy trying to get the ear of Mister Mayor. The people around him are not brilliant strategizers. He should have listened to us in the first place, because we are so brilliant.

It seems the NDP affiliated members of council, including my mighty voice at city hall, Miss Pammy, see FMTA as the line in the sand. I and many other people see it as the attack dog force for the local dipsters. Ford is now running into trouble as many of his supporters are feeling intimidated.

What I could tell him is that if he had taken out Federation of Metro Tenants Associations as soon as he came into office, he would be a lot further ahead now. People who hate all the dipster crap and especially what went on when Miller was Mayor, would be more willing to cooperate and come forward with information about misuse of funds if there was not still the threat from the attack dogs.

If there is one thing I have learned since coming to Toronto from Alberta it is that the left wing can be just as corrupt and authoritarian as the right wing. The shit has really hit the fan since Ford. The dipster fanatics have been going after their enemies, including me, more intensely.

I do not know why it is left to me and my friends to carry the fight for, basically, the whole of society. I am an old burned out survivor of child abuse and medical malpractice, living on a disability pension. So are others. One is in his 70s. One is so poor she would starve if her friend who works in a restaurant did not bring scraps home for her.

Lately one of us has had this woman following him around on a bicycle shouting that he is a rapist. The police do not want to get involved. They seem to be more interested in getting involved when someone is complaining about us.

I am more protected from this crap down here in St. Lawrence. This is a very Liberal part of town. I mean large L liberal, Trudeau type Liberal, not conservatives run out of the conservative party by the Straussians and Libertarians.

There are people here who don't go for this leg breaking politics and make sure the local dipsters and comrades know it. I am likely to get some support if somebody starts harassing me.

We had some joker in this building body trying to start an ACORN chapter here. She and her cronies were hanging around the front entrance like they were trying to show they were the bosses around here. A few people told them they did not like them blowing their cigarette smoke at us and trying to "organize" us whether we asked them to or not.

Especially, we did not want them trying to collect membership dues to pay Judy Duncan's handsome salary. They got belligerent about it and we got the security guards to talk to them. They have been keeping a much lower profile.

### growing my garden

So you see why I am in such a morose mood these days. I will be much happier when my legal case with the city is done. They are just about out of room to wriggle. I have had to do it all by myself, there is no way in the world I would trust any lawyer in Toronto. But I have refused to let them get away with procedural nonsense and insisted that the case be decided on the facts of the matter in dispute. I think it will be done by Christmas.

What else can I tell you? How does my garden grow? With the cucumber plant from hell spreading vines all over the place and overrunning the other plants. I have run out of stakes to keep all these vines up. I have one six foot stake, and the cuke has scaled that and is hanging its head down at me like a python.

I had trouble for some reason getting things to grow last year. This year everything is growing like crazy. I have no room on my sun deck; the mini jungle has taken over. I have to stand on the worm bin to water it.

At least it looks, as far as I can see, like I will get lots of cukes and tomatoes this year. It is hard to see the carrots and I worry they have not done as well, they were crowded out. Next year; plant earlier, but plant further apart.

There you go. That is my life at the tail end of summer, 2011. Now, back to working on my web sites and my legal cases.

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