

Let's shame Toronto's garbage knuckleheads

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Last Updated: 29th June 2009, 7:07am

Raise your hand if the civic workers' strike isn't really affecting your daily life all that much.

While many Torontonians scramble to find alternate childcare arrangements, or boat rides to Toronto Island, for most people in the city, it's the lack of garbage pick-up that's being felt -- and reported on -- most acutely.

That is, except for us high-rise dwellers. Those of us lucky enough to occupy boxes in the sky have our garbage services contracted out. We still drop our bagged trash down the chute and watch it magically disappear. What a novel idea!

Alas, the fact that my building's garbage service is contracted out doesn't change the fact that the lazy and stupid people in this city are making my skin crawl. My life may not be adversely affected -- yet -- but my outrage is certainly being stoked.

Seems nothing brings out idiots on all sides like a civic workers' strike.

I mean, really, who starts illegally dumping on Day One? Who?

Many of you, apparently.

It was one day, people! Less than 24 hours!

What? Did you panic or something? Did ya spring from bed in a frenzy at the news of the stoppage and freak about the future of your half-bag of kitchen scraps? Or did you have a basement full of garbage that you were storing up just for a strike?

Perhaps you're just a paragon of cleanliness who can't bear to have a double-layered Glad bag of egg shells and cold pasta sitting in your home for more than 24 hours?

No, most likely you're just a dink.

But the idiocy isn't limited to the litter bugs. How about the city workers taking all that time (and probably getting paid very well for it) to go around the city wrapping plastic around the openings to garbage and recycling bins?

Really, guys? Really? So, to stop people from tossing their trash in the waste bin, you're going to reinforce it with ... cellophane? You mean the stuff I can just rip through? Smart move. Heck, why didn't you just cover them over with parchment paper? Nothing's getting through parchment paper. Except, oh, maybe a butterfly that's flapping really hard.

And yet, knowing you have a city populated with the type of people who will toss their trash in a park on Day One of a strike (jerks), you think cellophane is the way to go?

Right.

Still, just because the barrier to the garbage bins is easy to get around, that's not an open invitation to the idiots. You don't have cart blanche to cram your empty coffee cups and sandwich wrappers into the cellophane. But, of course, that's what folks are doing.

Nothing screams "our city is full of nimrods," like clear evidence we apparently don't have the opposable digits to hang on to our trash until we get somewhere with a working garbage can.

PUBLIC SHAMING

It's at times like this that it becomes so clear: We need to bring back public shaming. Shame, and the ability to inflict it on the deserving, is notably absent in this strike.

If you're a child of the '80s, you'll remember being taught it wasn't cool to be a litterbug. You didn't want your classmates catching you tossing a wrapper in the playground, lest you be caught and name-called. So you didn't do it.

We need to do the same thing to the fools who are taking a bad situation and making it worse with their idiocy.

We're too meek and mild, we well-behaved Torontonians. It's time we let our anger out at those who deserve it.

See someone cramming their garbage into a closed bin? Call them on it.

Catch an illegal dumper tossing a bag of trash? Report them.

It's bad enough the city has to swelter amongst mounds of fetid garbage -- we don't need yokels who think it's OK to add to the pile.

This isn't just about garbage removal; it's about the integrity and the cleanliness of our city. Even if your life hasn't changed all that much since the pickets went up, you should still be outraged.

Take care of the garbage -- don't be the garbage.

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