

Comment Page

Feds should look inward

Markham-Whitchurch-Stouffville MP Bill Attewell was in town last week to sell residents on the new goods and services tax (GST) which will be implemented before we know it.

He and his Conservative colleagues have been travelling across the country trying to promote a tax that comes as another burden upon the consumer.

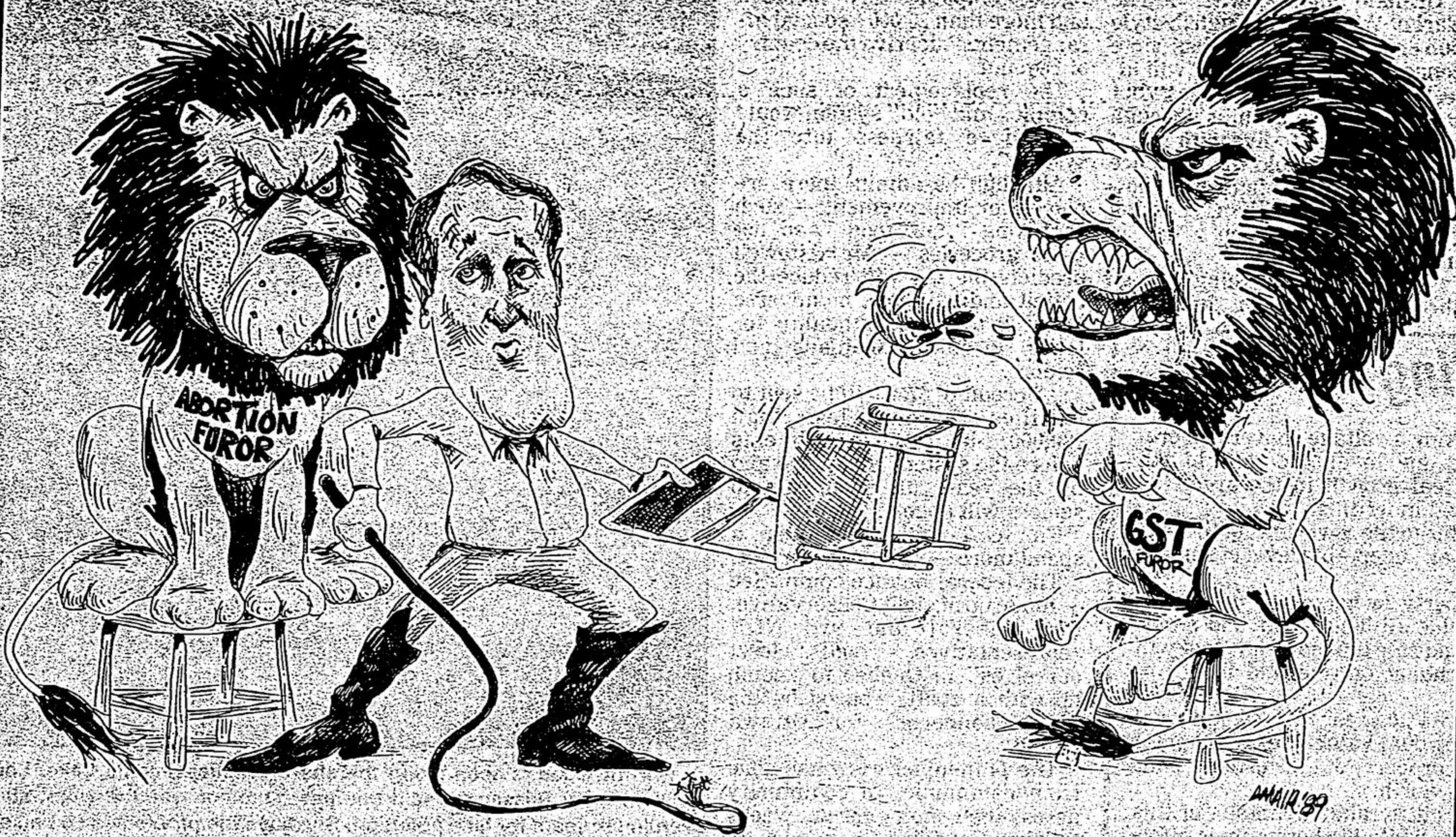
Mr. Attewell and the rest of the government members have a tough task ahead of them. Promoting a tax is like trying to sell ice to the Inuit.

No one denies that this country needs some sort of tax change to lower the deficit, let alone the debt, which is an astounding \$321 billion.

But for a government which thinks nothing of allowing cabinet ministers to use its private jet, of flying two jets to a single location for the convenience of the Prime Minister and his wife, or of spending millions on an overcrowded bureaucracy, this smooth talk is out of line.

Perhaps the federal Conservatives should take a closer look at Auditor General Kenneth Dye's report and look for ways to trim their own fat.

Then Mr. Attewell and company can return to the public and look for co-operation with their heads held high.



Count me out of the opera-loving crowd

It may sound like sour grapes, but I'm delighted not to have seen Aida at the SkyDome, because on reflection I can't think of many things I'd rather not do than sit in a cavernous stadium and watch an opera on a giant television screen, when I'd paid enormous sums of money to see it live.

If you were willing to shell out something in excess of \$100 a seat, you could actually see the stage itself and the people and elephants on it clearly. The trouble was, according to some people I know who went, the vast, state-of-the-art, Jumbotron tended to distract one's gaze away from what was actually happening onstage.



kate's corner

kate gilderdale

Anyway, if you happened to be in the seats reserved for the masses, which cost a measly \$80 or so, and had to watch it on the tube, the least they could have done was to issue remotes with volume controls for those alarming but perfectly executed high 'Cs', whose shattering effect on the eardrums is not dissimilar to that of the fire alarm from the vantage point of the IGA parking lot.

The fact is, I don't like opera. What's more, I suspect I'm not alone. It's what's known as an acquired taste, like root beer or a dip in the lake on Jan. 1, and if I have to work that hard to enjoy a relaxing evening's entertainment, I think I'll stick to the movies.

It's not that the music isn't wonderful; the famous march is one of my favorite pieces. The trouble with opera is the solos; more specifically those sung by women. The better the singer, the more likely her vocal pyrotechnics will cause

you to have a major heart attack. I hate to admit it, but my musical taste can only be described as deplorably low-brow.

So The Phantom of the Opera and Les Miserables ("a soap opera set to music" according to my husband) can hardly be accused of being high art. For one thing, the music is instantly memorable and requires no effort to ingest; they're also highly entertaining.

The same could be said of Gilbert and Sullivan or Offenbach, whose operettas are frowned upon by purists as mere musicals.

The lesson to be learned from all this is that if you understand it, it isn't art. If you enjoy it right away, without suffering

first, it has no redeeming social value. And if everyone else has been to see it and enjoyed it as well, where does that leave your exclusivity?

As with most extravaganzas of this kind, Aida was first and foremost a media event, the success of which is likely to be measured by an entry in the Guinness Book of Records for the biggest replica of a sphinx, or the world's largest mound of elephant droppings. Artistic merit, after all, must come a poor second to such world-class considerations.

Still, it was nice of all those sports fans to let the culture buffs use their newest toy, particularly since I think it'll be a long time before we see the Blue Jays hitting home runs at the O'Keefe Centre.

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Thanks to all the bridal party sponsors

Dear Editor,

On behalf of the more than 98 brides-to-be in 1990 who attended the Welcome Wagon Bridal Party at Maples of Ballantrae on Monday, Oct. 16, we would like to express our thanks to the sponsors.

Many favorable comments were heard that evening about the beautiful displays and fashion show.

Seniors grateful for outing

Dear Editor,

Our third outing for this year, a bus trip to Devin's Orchards, is greatly appreciated by Stouffville area seniors.

Ron Good, manager, and staff

We are proud to thank the following businesses, all of whom participated in the bridal party:

Ann's Fabrics; Apples Hair Salon; Barthau Jewellers; Artistic Invitations and Bridal Accessories; Cross Winds Gift Shop; George Ross Photography; Jennie's World of Cakes; Leslie Edmonds Communications; Tuxedo Royale;

Star Performances — Steve Parker; Main St. Printing; Mary Kay Cosmetics — Marthe Kowalyk; London Life — Tim Rochacewicz; Maples of Ballantrae; Stouffville Florist Inc.; Stouffville Travel Centre; The Wedding and Lingerie Room; Tupperware — Sandy Dike; While-Away — Ruth Kaspick; Victoriana's Added Touch — Ed Piche.

Your paper helped us to promote the bridal party so prospective brides for 1990 could be invited. It was a fun evening.

Dianne Darling
Nancy Davidson

Welcome Wagon Hostesses

Elva Boyd