

stouffville comment

Anger must be vented on ballot

Vote for whom you might, but vote.

The exercising of your right to vote is one of the most important rights we have as citizens.

By lodging a personal protest by not voting, as many indicated to The Tribune in our phone poll, you only hurt the process. Spoil a ballot if you must, but register your complaints on the ballot not by your absence.

There are plenty of candidates to select from this time out, and voter turn-out is alternately pegged as being very high and very low, depending on the source. Dissatisfaction will surely keep some away, but we cannot let apathy, nor indifference to enter into the picture. The choice we make on Monday may be the most important in years.



Show Boat was something to sing about

Yippee ... ladies' day out. Through teeming rain and congested traffic the Kibble women rolled enthusiastically into the newly-built and dazzlingly-impressive North York Performing Arts Centre last weekend for a taste of what has to be one of the most spectacular musical productions ever made.

I know this because my cultured, well-read and much-travelled grandmother informed me so. I, myself have only seen less than a handful of live musical productions, but if Show Boat is an example of what the stage has to offer, sign me up.

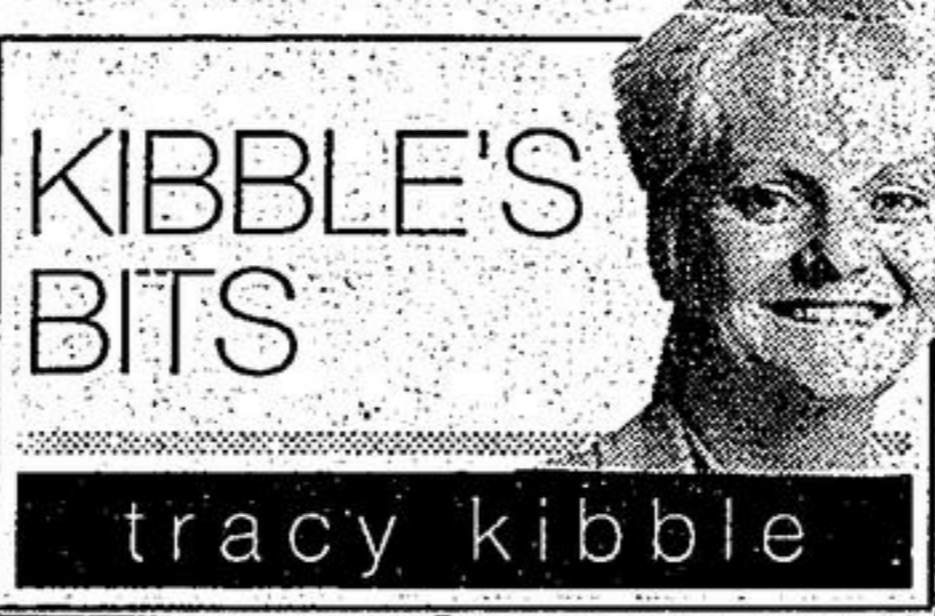
"There were times I liked it so much, I just couldn't stand it," my grandma informed us all after the show as we edged out of the centre along with about

1,800 other Show Boat viewers. The Arts Centre itself is downright glossy, and I silently cursed myself for leaving my mink stole and silken white elbow gloves at home.

Rattled by the mounting excitement of it all, and revelling in the brass, chandeliers, marble decor, we Kibble women decided it would be a smashing performance to sip a glass of wine before taking our seats.

This turned out to be an idea which soured our grapes, however, after doling out \$5 a glass for the run-of-the-mill vino. You're in the city, I told them. It's to be expected, I explained.

My mother informed me after, however, that she would rather be parched to near death before indulging in such an elaborate



pre-performance ritual ever again.

When we arrived at our plush, refined, and padded red seats, which incidentally turned out to be in the very last row of the theatre, my mother made another observation which I shall pass onto the architects of this \$45-million structure.

There are no middle aisles. So, if you must excuse yourself

before intermission to powder your nose, you have to repeat at least 45 'excuse me's' as you edge your way along the semicircle row.

We had expected to see Show Boat precisely at 2 p.m. The excitement was nearly too much to bear when the orchestra completed its peppy opening number. The lights grew dim and the curtain opened. Then suddenly... BANG! BANG? The lights went back on.

People scrambled on stage. Then a voice announced the show was delayed a half hour.

It seems a prop fell on top of one of the musicians' heads. Well, my grandmother didn't care about that. She came to see

a show, after all. "I hope it wasn't someone important," she huffed.

When Show Boat finally got underway I couldn't believe it. The music, costumes, lighting, props, set-up, collection of antiques and superb talent was a production to be proud of.

I won't share with you the story, except to say that it is a romantic tale of two people's lives during a 40-year span which began in the 1880s on the Mississippi River.

As to the current controversy, it is very difficult to see what the fuss is about. The treatment of the black characters was in line with history, but could hardly be deemed racist.

God made the fly, but why?

One of life's little irritations, as the days grow cooler and winter approaches, is the Designated Fly.

Somewhere it is written that during periods of inclement weather - every educational establishment, every restaurant, concert hall, library and arena; shall be assigned at least one live domestic fly, programmed to hone in on you the minute you sit down and relax.

This sub-species of winged insect is even less sensitive to efforts at retaliation than its fair-weather cousin and, like a homing pigeon, can be relied upon to alight repeatedly on one's person, blithely ignoring the most strident attempts to repel it.

Even though this phenomenon occurs with boring-regularity every fall and winter, it always takes me unawares. My fly, swat-



ter has been put away for the season, and brandishing a can of insecticide is liable to result in mass asphyxiation at a time of year when windows are firmly shut against the cold.

Although flies who like to winter over in public buildings tend to be even less intellectually gifted than the sort who dive-bomb the cheesecake at your garden party, they are generally swifter at reacting than their human adversaries.

Thus I still manage to be just half a beat behind them whenever they alight on me. There I am, sitting spellbound at the school

concert, intent upon an innovative interpretation of Beethoven's Ninth, when the DF lands on my hand.

At first I retain an air of calm, batting at it quietly but ineffectually with my program. More persistent than a telemarketer with a 'survey,' it stubbornly fails to get the message.

By the time the Ode to Joy is reaching its zenith, I have become the unwitting focus of everyone's attention as I jump around frantically in my seat, warding off yet another aerial attack unleashed by my mindless tormentor. Flies, like politicians before an election, are omnipresent, unavoidable and completely impervious to the hostile atmosphere generated by their presence. In the immortal words of Ogden Nash: "God in his wisdom made the fly, and then forgot to tell us why."

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