

Opinion

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Voice concerns about Bernardo coverage

The Bernardo case is a textbook case of abuse by the media.

The exploitation of this case by the major networks and newspapers is deplorable on a number of fronts, not the least of which is concern for the victims' families.

While there is always a morbid fascination in cases such as this for many people, the public's right to know has been used as a smoke-screen for pure sensationalism.

What makes this case any different from the dozens of murder cases that occur each year is that it is tailor-made for media exploitation.

Paul Bernardo is the Boy Next Door. Kristen French and Leslie Mahaffy are Your Daughters. Would there be multi-page pull-out sections in the papers, panel discussions



Viewpoint

Andrew Mair

on radio and 10-minute news segments on television if Bernardo was a vagrant or if the victims were runaways?

The horrific nature of these crimes is not to be minimized, but what makes them different from other equally heinous acts is that they happened in a white, middle class community.

The media has worked this for all it's worth. It could happen here, is the message. It could happen to you, your neighbors and your friends,

are the fears the media is using to sell papers and airtime.

The incident that sparked the media rush in this case occurred when the French family appeared on television pleading for the safe return of their daughter. This was what the media refers to as 'good copy'.

The image of Kristen, a beautiful, popular, charismatic girl from a good family added a further ingredient to the media stew. And from that point, once the urge to sensationalize the events of the case became too powerful, all the media outlets began to play the game of trying to catch up with the competition, searching for new angles to the story and gathering any and all information to make-up a headline or a

sound bite.

The melee that resulted from the publication ban on evidence only added fuel to fire. The media then took the case to another level by labeling it a freedom of the press issue.

And now that the details of the case are coming out, the media circus that has resulted fall on the facts like car-rion.

This case is setting a dangerous precedent. The best thing we can do is to not feed the media frenzy by voicing our disapproval at the way such incidents are covered.

The Tribune

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Need a music identikit?

When you're 35, something always happens to the music.

A Canadian musician, lyricist and composer by the name of Gene Lees wrote those words - and if, like this scribbler, you are over the age of 35 then you know only too well whereof Mister Lees speaks.

When my father was 35, a hill-billy truck driver from Tennessee was zooming up the music charts. I loved Elvis. My father feared I'd lost my mind.

But then when his dad was middle-aged, weird aberrations with names like Rudy Vallee and Ethel Merman were turning teenage heads with their songs.

'Twas ever thus. No doubt when Romeo was serenading Juliet, some Venetian on a nearby balcony was yelling "Wilya cut out the %##@* & racket!"

Take my son. Please. He is 20 and he listens to...I don't know what he listens to. The sounds that rattle our fine china and shiver the timbers of our house are like nothing I have heard on this earth. And I've attended a bagpipe recital.

If I had to categorize his music, I'd call it two-fifths heavy machinery, one-fifth fingernails on a blackboard and two-fifths tomcat in heat.

I know, I know...I sound just like my father, my grandfather and Juliet's next door neighbor.

How about you? Are you bewildered by the musical sounds you hear these days? Panic not. I've been doing some research into the whole subject of modern pop music. Just let me slip out of these industrial-strength earmuffs and I'll tell you all about it.

First off, I'll assume that, like me, you have no trouble differentiating among country, and western, rock and roll and easy listening music. Such rudimentary knowledge was good enough to carry you through the '50s, '60s, '70s and '80s, but it won't help you



Basic Black

Arthur Black

nowadays. Nope, to navigate the pop world of the '90s, you need the Basic Black Musical Identikit.

Does the noise you hear seem to involve a lot of accordions plus a washboard or two? Then chances are you're hearing Zydeco - a form of music spawned in Cajun country.

Or perhaps you're listening to what seems to be a polka with rabies? That's what they call Banda - kind of sounds like Canadian Brass meets Lawrence Welk and everybody gets drunk on cheap red wine.

So what is that earsplitting jabberwocky oozing out from under my son's bedroom door? None of the above. As near as I can decipher, the stuff he listens to is called Club Music. That's the umbrella name. Club subdivides into various schools known as Techno, Jungle, Rave, Dub, Tribal and Ambient.

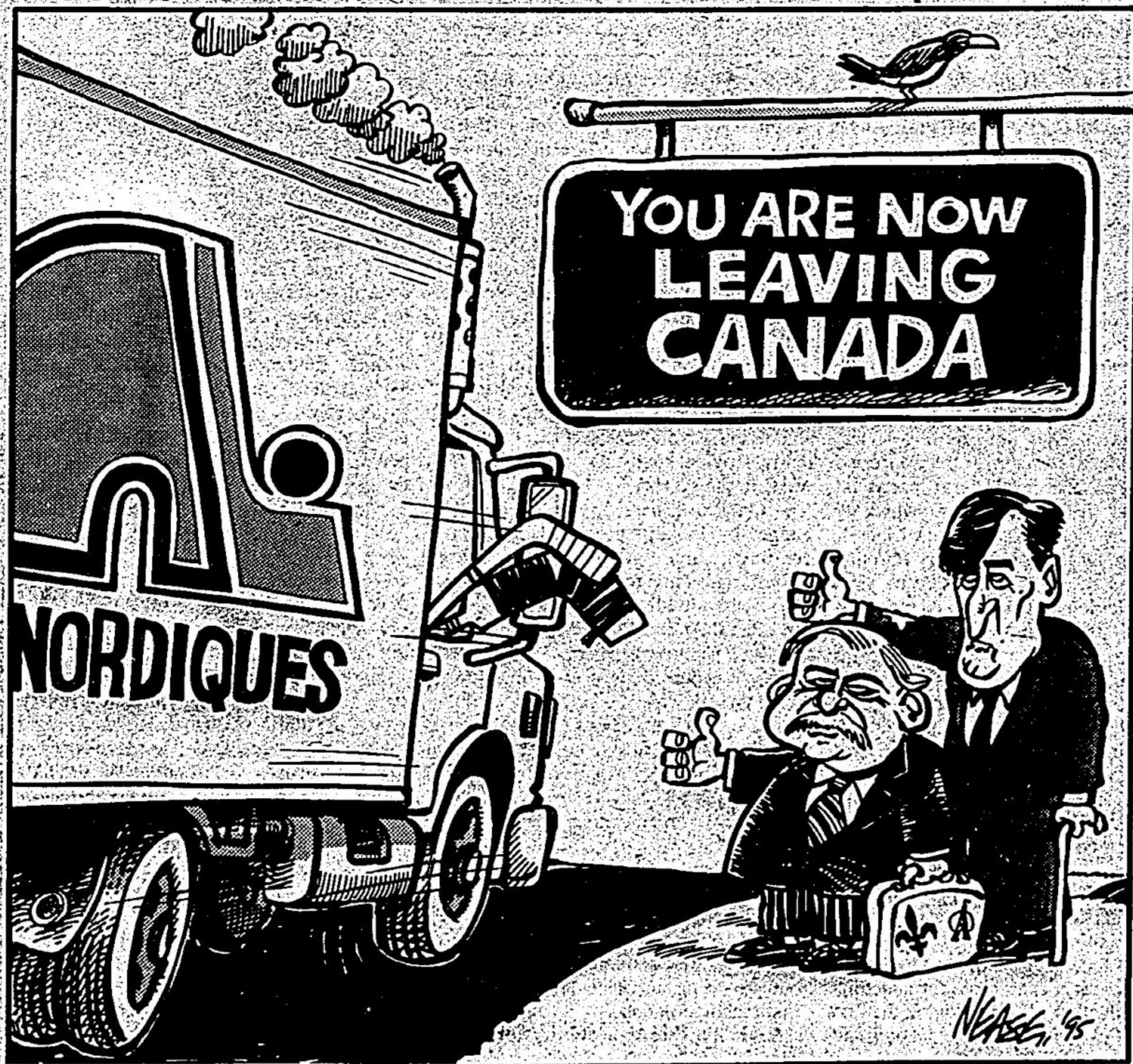
How do you tell if what you hear is Club Music? Well, it's easy if you happen to have access to a passkey to the National Research Council Instrumentation Laboratory. Club Music is identifiable by the hundreds of beats per minute it fills.

That's how you can tell Club Music if you lay your hands on an oscilloscope, but I have a simpler rule of thumb for the instrumentally challenged.

If the music sounds like a migraine feels, it's Club.

You have any thoughts on modern music? Drop me a line. Please don't try to call.

I can't hear the telephone.



Adam

by Brian Basset

