

**\$1**  
JULY

**Whistler**

THE LAST RETORT

**Answer**

SAILING INTO SUMMER

Freedom:  
Para-gliding  
Mount Rainier

The Silly  
Question  
of the Future

Should  
Governments  
Fund the Arts?

Summer Love:  
It's Back, Bigger  
& Better

The Weed Report:  
LEGALIZE IT, NOW!

**JULY  
2 & 3**

# DISCOVER

**JULY  
2 & 3**

**FLEA  
MARKET**

**B.B.Q.**

**ARTS &  
CRAFTS**

**LOGGER  
SPORTS**

COURTESY MOUNTAIN  
BUILDING SUPPLIES &  
RADS MINI STORAGE

**LIVE  
MUSIC**

**BEER  
GARDEN**

**HELI  
RIDES**  
BLACKCOMB  
HELICOPTERS

**PROCEEDS**  
TO WHISTLER MUSEUM  
& ARCHIVES

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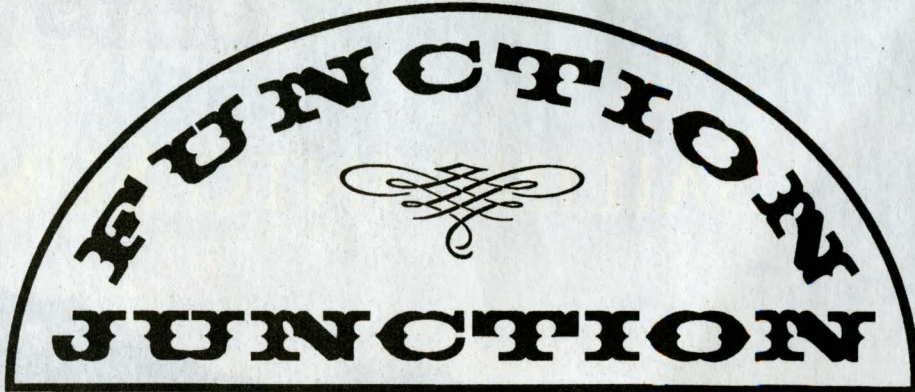
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# Answer

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# SONG Bird

Why is Whistler's  
ACE MACKAY-SMITH  
CAMERA SHY AT HER EXCLUSIVE  
Hollywood hotel pool?  
FOR ANSWER SEE PAGE 7.

GREG  
STUMP  
PHOTO



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Dementia from the other side, or more rantings about morality, the law and assorted other topics of no consequence.

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Two different perspectives on reefer, both from professionals who have academic interests in the subject.

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A big intellectual face-off over ponderous cultural matters in the money for nothing, chicks for free department.

tisement if it is deemed in bad taste or discriminatory, unlike the editorial.

Unsolicited manuscripts, artwork and photos will be considered for publication but will not be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. (Stuffed with money.) Queries are recommended. (Perhaps enquires would be a better word.)

All written submissions must be typewritten, double spaced, just like at the N.Y. Times (or, better yet, entered on a Macintosh formatted 3 1/2" floppy, ha, ha, ha.)

If you are reading this tiny box you: a.) need a complete neurological overhaul. b.) have nobody following you now that the KGB's gone. or, c.) are so vain that you probably think this paragraph is about you.

## FROM WINO TO RHINO

I got licked by Kim Campbell, and the wounds still haven't healed.

As a neophyte in the political arena I ran a good, clean campaign, addressing all the issues and a few post cards. What did it get me? Final tally, federal election 1988, Vancouver Centre: Kim Campbell, 23,620; Johanna den Hertog, New Democratic Party, 23,351; Tex Enemark, Liberal, 14,467; The Nightstalker, Rhinoceros Party, 262. Which, assuming I voted for myself, means there were 261 people crazier than myself in Vancouver Centre that day.

Anyway, as a former opponent of the Right Honourable Kim Campbell I must present the facade of graciousness and offer her my congratulations. Two thousand people voted for her at the Conservative convention. I hope she does just as well in the upcoming federal election.

It is at this time that I would like to announce my candidacy for Member of Parliament for Capilano-Howe Sound. Truth is, I just can't see myself running against Kim again in Vancouver Centre. First of all, now that she's Prime Minister there'll be all those RCMP officers guarding her. We'd have to keep it down at all-candidates meetings.

Anyway, now that the hat's in the ring, it's time to talk policy. There are some important issues out there. It gives me great pleasure to announce some solid Rhinoceros Party policy. Pass the tequila.

### NATIONAL DEFENCE

Since my opponent, the Tory Mary Collins, played around as the Minister, I'll start with the Tretiak Solution.

As soon as we can find someone who can shoot from the point like Al McInnes, lead a rush like Bobby Orr, and clear the front of the net like Larry Robinson, we'll make him/her Minister of Defense. Then we'll trade him/her to the Russians for Vladislav Tretiak, the greatest goalie of all time. (Sorry, Ken.) Tretiak will then be cloned and put in strategic locations around the country, because a strong defense isn't worth shit unless you've got great goaltending.

### THE ENVIRONMENT

The amount of controversy over the desecration and degradation of the environment is disgusting and deplorable. Across our once fair country neighbours are at each other's throats. We readily admit that we are better acquainted with the debate concerning lagers and ales than we are with this discussion of loggers and nails, but lack of information has never stopped Rhinos, (or, indeed, any politician) from making patently pathetic pronouncements on profound problems. Several things have become clear to us in our studies; first, the environment

## Uptight, Outta Sight & IN THE GROOVE

*A Column*

is too contentious, second, it's too hard to keep clean, and third, it takes up too much space.

### NATIONAL DEBT

Wasn't it Shakespeare who said something about killing all the lawyers? Not a bad idea but it needs to be updated. Who the hell is it that every country in the world is in debt to anyway? Banks, right? So, we kill all the bankers, right? Wrong. Too obvious. We kill all the accountants. We'll drag them through the streets behind chariots while our children stone them to death. Hell, who would miss them? K-Car salespeople? That's about it.

### NAFTA

Forget it, our option is to encourage those collecting U.I.C. to start their own small business. This is accomplished by calculating the total amount an individual would receive over the life of their claim, and giving it to them up front. This would fit in very well with the current NAFTA pact by allowing the average Canadian a chance to take an extensive fact-finding trip to Mexico to research the feasibility of importing huge quantities of tequila in

### COVER PHOTO & SUMMER LOVE PHOTO

Photography: Eric Berger. Models: Rob and Nadine. Sailboat: Chris Manuel. Harley Davidson: Chris Moore. Barge: Roger Moxley. Art direction: Bob Colebrook.

Join Us On  
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Patio!  
932-4177  
11:00 a.m. - 1:00 a.m.

exchange for hockey sticks.

### THE FLEA MARKET ECONOMY & FLEA TRADE

It's no secret that only the elite benefit from a free market economy. The common folk of Canada can more easily relate to the flea market economy. In order for Canadians to thrive in a flea market economy we must have flea trade. Like those other parties we cannot disclose our economic plan, but we have commissioned that distinguished professor of economics from the University of Chicago, Milton Fleadman, to write a policy paper.

### ACID RAIN

We guarantee that no other political party in Canada knows as much about acid as we do. We are, in fact, experts. Unfortunately, we don't know nearly as much about acid rain. Still, we're mental giants on the topic compared to Ronald Reagan, who once said acid rain was caused by trees (which is the kind of logic that is usually associated with people who know a thing or two about acid themselves.)

Lakes throughout eastern Canada that once teemed with life are now dead because of the sulphur spewing factories throughout North America's heartland (or is it wasteland?). But if we close the factories people will lose their jobs, and there will be a lot of sad little girls who might grow up and axe murder environmentalists because mommy and daddy had to bring them up on welfare, so they never got a new dress to go to the prom, and half of their graduating class killed themselves because there were no jobs because we closed all the factories that were spewing out the sulphur that turned into acid rain that killed the lakes...

When faced with such a problem, Rhinos drink... and think. So we did. And we came up with the solution. Problem is, we were so drunk we couldn't remember what it was the next morning. But, as we passed around the Roloids to relieve the heartburn it came back to us... acid indigestion... Roloids. So, a Rhino administration will dump giant Roloids into all those dead lakes to clear up that nasty little acid problem.

### NATIONAL DEFICIT

Our Prime Ministerial candidate, the outrageous and notorious Blondie Butler (appearing live on stage at the Squamish Hotel on July 1, 2 & 3) challenges Kim Campbell to a best of seven mud wrestling competition on the floor of the House of Commons. Pay for view revenue will be applied to the deficit.

### HELICOPTERS

O.K., Kim, we'll take the choppers, but only if we can use them for heli-skiing. Or instead, we'll replace the chlorine in drinking water with anabolic steroids, thus making Canada the strongest nation in the world.

For more info on the Rhinoceros Party, contact Brian "Godzilla" Salmi, 2241 East 5th Ave., Vancouver, B.C. V5N 1M7. All donations are tax deductible, yeah, like you pay tax.

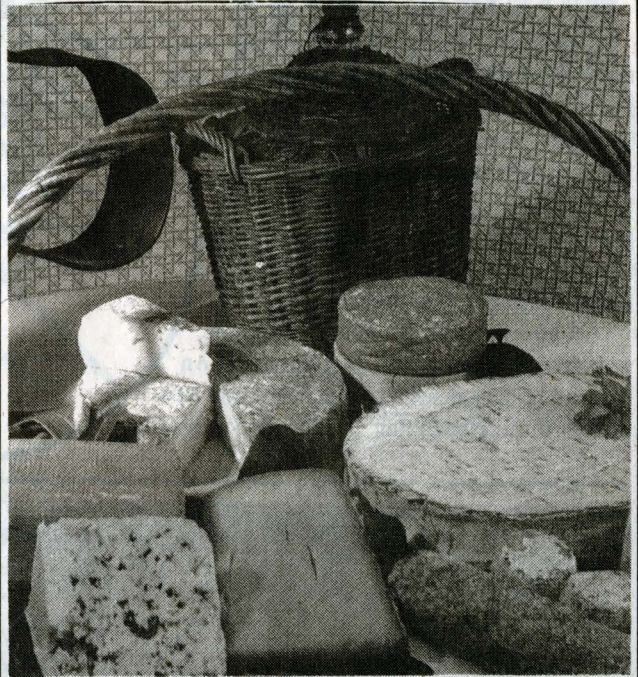
## ERRATUM

### RIGHT IDEA, WRONG ANIMAL!

The sentence on page 5 of last month's issue: "They'll call you homophobic quicker than you can say *hamster*," should've read "They'll call you homophobic quicker than you can say *gerbil*." The *Answer* apologizes for any inconvenience, unnecessary discomfort or pain and suffering this may have caused the hamster.



## the grocery store



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**NEW HOURS: 9 A.M. - 11 P.M. DAILY**



Last summer was the 25th anniversary of the Summer of Love, that counter-cultural event that effected changes and altered societal perspectives forever. To commemorate that anniversary some folks threw a party, Summer Love. And some party it was. So good that a sequel is scheduled for Sunday, August 1 at the Lilloet Lake Rodeo Grounds in Mt. Currie.

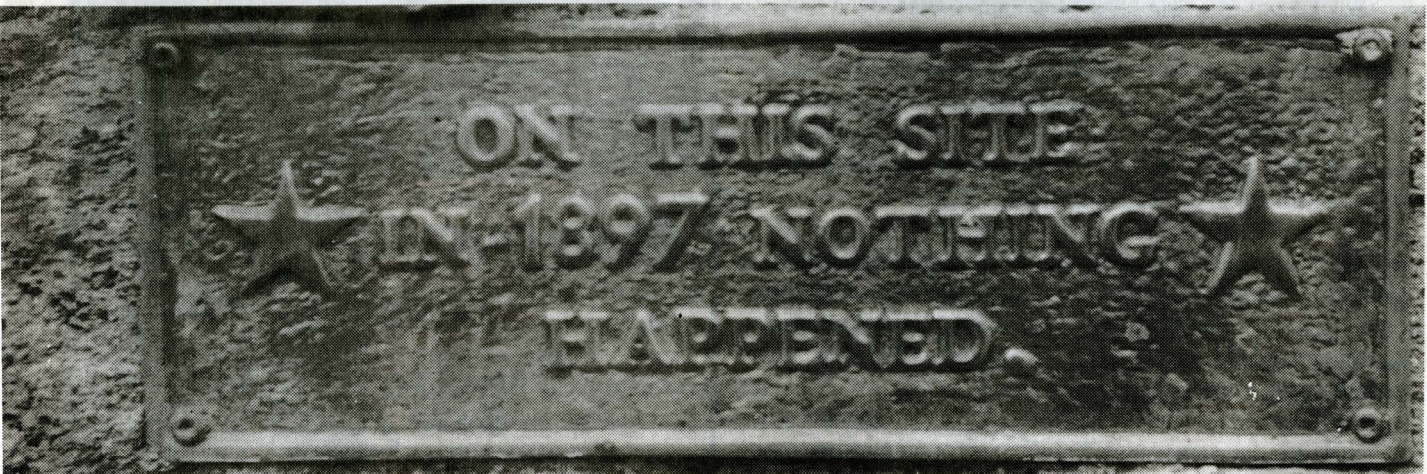
Gates open at 2 Sunday afternoon, with festivities going well past daybreak. An interesting combination of live bands and DJ's will perform. Headlining the live action will be



Toronto's One, who's blend of reggae, ska, lover's rock and funk is almost impossible not to dance to. Also performing are The Rinos, Pierce, Unorthodox Bohemians, Feed Your Babyhead, There's No Mona and, of course, guests.

Spinning will be Dimitry from Deelite, Doc Martin from Los Angeles, and T-Bone, Czech, Spunk-K, Little T, Sultan and, once again, guests.

Tickets are \$19.25, available at the Snoboard Shop, Clayton John's Hair Salon and Ticketmaster. Free Camping. Infoline: 443-0697.



FOR AN INSIGHTFUL AND EXCITING HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE ON WHISTLER, SUBSCRIBE TO THE WHISTLER ANSWER.

**Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

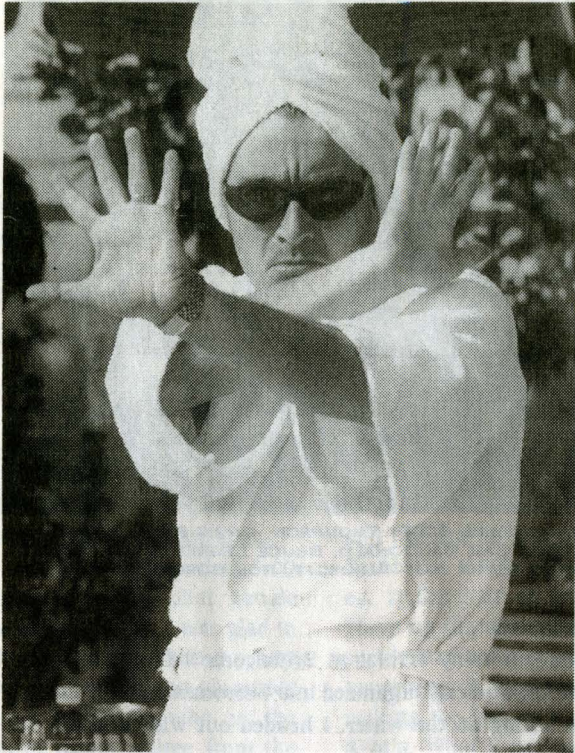
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**The Don't Quit  
Your Day Job  
DEPARTMENT**

GREG STUMP is Mr. Surprised about his and Ace's song, "NEUROMANCER," which will be featured on Billy Idol's new album, due for release on July 1.

Ace MacKay-Smith  
Photo

## LOCAL CINEMATOGRAPHERS WRITE SONG FOR Billy Idol

Their ski movies are damn near legendary, and now, by accident, Greg Stump and Ace Mackay-Smith find themselves

poised to climb up the pop charts as songwriters for Mr. Billy Idol, British rock star and wine connoisseur. It began in the spring of 1992, when Stumpy and Ace were hosting their old pal Robin "Bin" Hancock, their movie audio engineer who had

recently worked for Idol and Madonna, to name a couple. Bin was carrying a tape of the music for an Idol song, but the lyrics hadn't been written yet. Stumpy started it off, and Ace finished the job. The inspiration for the song was the IMAX film *Blue Planet*, which shows views of a polluted

earth from space. Hancock took the lyrics back to L.A., and lo and behold, the pair got a phone call a couple of days later,

and to their amazement they heard Billy Idol's voice singing their lyrics over the blower. The diminutive Stump and the stunning Ace recently had a chance to meet Mr. Idol at a party in Los Angeles. Stump was chatting with the rock idol while the

star was retrieving a bottle of wine from the refrigerator. The bottle slipped out of his hand and smashed onto the kitchen floor. Mr. Idol then proceeded to "lap it up off the floor like a cat." No report on what he did with the cheese. What's next? Billy Idol's new ski movie, *White Wedding?*

**EXCERPTS FROM "NEUROMANCER"**  
**DISCOVER LOVE IN THE RANCID DAYS OF RUIN**  
**My body's SWEATING TOXINS FROM ALL MAN'S DEMISE**  
**ONLY FROM SPACE CAN YOU SEE HOW MUCH THE EARTH IS BURNING**  
**SMOKING OUT THE INNOCENCE OF A CHILD...**  
**MAN WALLONS IN HIS INSATIABLE GREED**  
**GETTING SMOTHERED BY THE RED HOT CORE,**  
**"MORE" IS THE ANSWER THAT SWEATS FROM THEIR DESPERATE PALMS**  
**BUT DON'T THEY KNOW THAT ALL THE MONEY BURNS...**



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# Trading Ski Poles For Fishin' Poles

Henry and Italo, eat your hearts out. You guys think you're fishermen? The annual Canadian Ski Team alumni fishing trip will out hoser, out Labatt and out fish you.

On June 15 through 17 we went to Stuart Island for our traditional outing, hosted by our friend, ex-Canadian Ski Jumping Team member Tom Thompson. Our group consisted of the Banff

## By Chris Kent

brothers Rob and Peter Bosinger, Bruce "Footsy" Legree, Rod "Fat and Soft" Fedosoff, Felix Belczyk, Bob Styan, myself and our faithful pilot, Bill Clark.

As Bill flew the Whistler Air Beaver off Green Lake I realized it was a wise decision to fly out of Whistler as we headed to Vancouver Harbour to pickup the rest of the pack.

After a 3,000 metre sprint around the Bayshore and Robson Street I realized I should have bought my 8mm video tape at One Hour Photo in Whistler. I couldn't find one anywhere. Sweating from the sprint I eased my way into the co-pilot seat, much to the chagrin of a barking Bobby Styan, who was notorious for monopolizing the front seats of automobiles on our endless journeys through Europe. Bob finally succumbed to the backseat of



FROM LEFT, STANDING: GUIDE SCOTT THOMPSON, CHRIS KENT, BOB STYAN, PETE BOSINGER, GUIDE CAM MACDONALD, BRUCE LEGREE, FELIX BELCZYK. KNEELING: PILOT BILL CLARK, ROD FEDOSOFF, ROB BOSINGER, GUIDE TOM THOMPSON.

the "nice Beaver."

Upon our rainy arrival at Brimacome's Lodge on Stuart Island we were quickly organized into twosomes and had an early and late outing on the water. I headed out with Rod the God Fedosoff.

After a couple of hours he was Rod the Cod. Sitting in the rain, clad in survival suits, all we could do was pull in cods and dogs. Our guide Jon Servold encouraged us to press on, as there were a couple of Tyees pulled in that day.

**Every Sunday  
Local Jam  
Night**

**JULY 2 & 3  
FAT MAN WAVING**  
(OTTAWA'S HOTTEST BAND)

**JULY 5  
SPICE OF LIFE**  
(MONTEAL'S FINEST, NEXT TO THE HABS)

**JULY 8  
JUMBALASSY**  
(REGGAE/SKA)



**JULY 9 & 10  
SLOWBURN**  
(FORMERLY CATHERINE WHEEL)

**JULY 12  
NGOMA**  
(AFRICAN NEW BEAT)

**JULY 15, 16 & 17  
HARVESTERS**  
(UNREAL)

**Tuesday &  
Wednesday Boot  
Ballet**

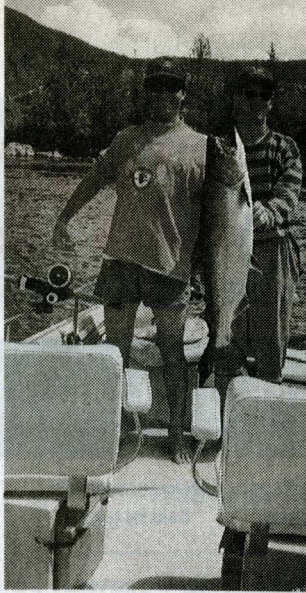
**JULY 19  
PIG FARM**  
(TORONTO BASED)

**JULY 22, 23 & 24  
RUSSELL JACKSON**  
(BLUESMAN EXTRAORDINAIRE)

**JULY 31  
MOTHER TONGUE**  
(COME GET LICKED)

**The Boot Cold Beer & Wine Store**  
Open 7 days a week 11 a.m. - 11 p.m. in the Shearwater Lodge, White Gold  
932-3338

OUR ACUTE ANGLER CHRIS KENT (LEFT), HOLDS HIS CATCH, TEQUILA THE 26ER, ALONG WITH GUIDE ADAM EARLE.



Rod finally did pull in a 15 pounder later in the evening. Our pilot, Bill, had started early by landing a 22 pounder on his first cast, and followed that up with a 17 pounder. Bruce Legree also scored with a 20 pounder, which was put immediately on the barbecue and ferociously gnawed down by a bunch of pool playing, Labatt guzzling, fish story-telling pseudo anglers. It was a good start.

I was awakened at 5:00 a.m., horrified that people were getting up. I was glad to be on the late shift. At 7:00 a.m. I was fishing alongside Rob Bosinger, who is the most recent retiree from the ski team in our group.

Our guide was Adam Earle, who has the enthusiasm to make you believe you'll catch large. The day shaped up well. By 8:30 our survival suits were off and by 9:00 our shirts were gone, exposing our pitifully white skin to the much needed sun.

After a series of dogs and cods, Bosinger had a salmon on. It was a healthy, fighting 16 pounder, and I was starting to long for one. Adam quickly baited my hook with another herring and within fifteen minutes I also had a salmon. The process had begun.

We were in a spot called "First Hole," which is an area of fast moving tidal rapids with a back eddy where we fish. As I was applying my sunscreen my rod was in the rod holder. I spotted a slight tug at the rod tip and craftily grabbed it and set the hook. Adam was amazed at my ability to accomplish all this and not spill a drop of Genuine Draft, which was in my left hand... not. Well, even if Adam had set the hook I was

still the one to reel it in. At first I was a little disappointed. It felt sort of lethargic. Then, as the slab neared the surface and realized what was happening, it ferociously ran, making the reel click at high RPM's. What a sweet sound. It was a hard twenty minute battle, which resulted in our biggest fish of the trip, a 26 pounder.

Later that afternoon we put four of us in Tom's boat and fished for fifteen minute shifts. Pulling in fish, ghetto-blasters blaring in the hot sunshine, you've gotta be happy with that.

Another 5:00 a.m. wake-up and this time I had to go out. Day three was not my day. It was our derby day for the biggest fish. I got skunked. Felix caught a 24 pounder and won the derby. Bill Clark didn't get out til 5:00 p.m. and on his first cast landed a 20 pounder.

Flying back home was delightful. Even though I got skunked that day I came back with the biggest fish of the trip. Everyone had caught fish and would be able to have some great barbecuing this summer. As Bill swooped up the side of Black Tusk, making us all weightless at the apex of the arc, I had to feel satisfied with this year's trip, and we're all looking forward to next year.

# JUMP INTO SUMMER



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WHISTLER

# SUMMER SPORTS & RECREATION

	COST	THRILLS	DANGER	SOCIAL	COMMENTS
Golf	If you shoot par, about \$1 a stroke	Doing wheelies in golf cart	Could possibly get hit by lightning	Get to network with bald fat guys	Lawn curling
Mountain Biking	For titanium mine owners only	Performing first aid on yourself	Might run out of sports sticks	Meeting nurses in emergency	Mosquito safaris
Tennis	Cost of bleach can get rather high	Stealing balls from Chateau Whistler	Balls lose their fuzz after prolonged use	Mixed doubles: on court, in bar & sack	Ile Nastase and John McEnroe good role models for the psychotic
Windsurfing	Need expensive van for underneath	Forward flips, Sue Cameron	Submarine conning towers	Chris Kent in a Speed-O	Gorging standard procedure
Rock Climbing	Depends if you opt for cremation	Taking leak off the Chief	Breaking the law of gravity	Hey babe, you want a peek at El Capitan	Plays havoc with your new manicure
Roller Blading	Three layers of skin	Scaring Bylaw enforcement stiffs	Pedestrian you knock over has a gun	Lots of teenage girls	For some bizarre reason, this is allowed in town centre
Swimming	Free if you forget the suit	Bumping into Nadine	Lost Lake great whites	Mouth to mouth resuscitation	You might get a crush on those two bikers from the Sprite commercial
Sailing	Hole in water you pour money into	Wearing blue blazers, the head	Icebergs, Moxley's barge, pirates	Midnight Davidson tours	Your father was a chief who wanted to have a red son in the sailset
Slow Pitch	\$1 for game, \$100 for beer	Driving to the game sans seatbelt	Losing your glove in the bar	Get to have a ball with an old bat	Not really an athletic undertaking, more like a hobby. Is wheelchair accessible
River Rafting	You pay to paddle guide around	White water, red wine	12 foot sinkhole, 10 foot raft	Four couples on a waterbed	An upside down raft works as good as a rightside up raft.
Paragliding	Your Sanity	10,000 foot thermal lift	Peter Chrzanowski	Nude tandem flights	Works better than Ex-Lax
Skateboarding	Self-esteem	Loitering in front of the liquor store	Clothes may shrink in the dryer	28 chromosomes not required	Listen honey, it's just a phase he's going through
Suntanning	Career Opportunities	Legal method of flashing	Melanoma, Being cut off UIC	This is illegal in public	Extricating sand, grass, and insects from hidden locations is a pain in the ass

# GUIDE



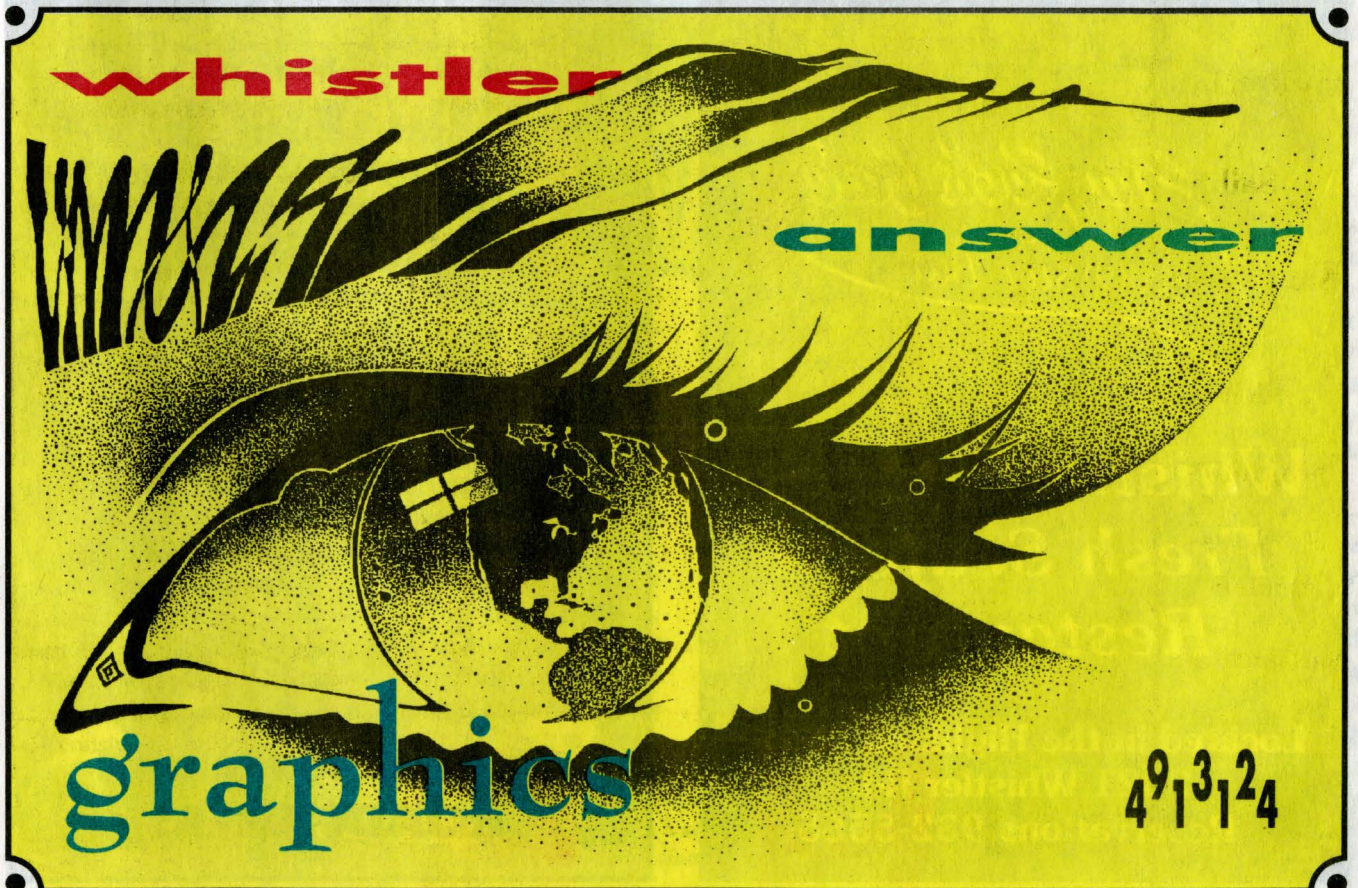
OVERALL WINNER MICK PEATFIELD  
BEAT ALL TEAMS AND DESERVES TO  
HOLD HIS HEAD HIGH!  
TIME: 1:59:04

# THANK YOU



Grant Lamont would like to thank all the people and businesses who helped out and gave prizes to this year's event.

- |                             |                              |
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| Blackcomb Mtn.              | Glacier Deli                 |
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| Whistler River Adventures   | Whistler Sailing             |
| CFMI FM                     | Superstar                    |
| Mountain Optical            | Adventures On Horseback      |
| Zeuski's                    | Mark Armour                  |
| Citta's                     | Caroline Hicks               |
| Border Cantina              | Jim Williams                 |
| Umberto's                   | Bob Colebrook                |
| LA Rua                      | Keith Bennett                |
| Rim Rock Cafe               | All the volunteers           |



# DOGS OF THE MONTH



Daina and Daisy Dane can be found at the end of Blueberry Trail greeting mountain bikers as they finish their descent. Recently the pair were drafted by Hoz's Helfers to play first and second base respectively. It's a dog eat dog world.

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*Punishment should be limited to deviant conduct which harms the rest of us. An enforcement law corrupts more than it corrects. — Judge John M. Murtagh (NYC).*

*And there'll be no more need, to smoke and hide/When you're taking a legal ride/So legalize marijuana — Peter Tosh: "Bush Doctor."*



It's two a.m. after Welfare Wednesday and I'm working with three nurses and two security guards to restrain this madman stoned out of his mind on some local weed. I get him under control and switch to the next bed where some poor comatose unfortunate has smoked a joint of 100% pure homegrown bud. Across the room is a staggering pothead, he's swearing blue and turning red as he threatens my jewels with a well-aimed Doc Martens. It cools down enough so I can tend to the marijuana addict who has fried his liver and pickled his brain with a few reeferers too many. Next, I see two teenagers in the trauma room who jumped the median after an evening at a toking party. And then, as my shift comes to an end, I pass the emphysematous heavy toker wheezing away on the oxygen mask and stop to advise the hash freak with newly-diagnosed lung cancer. What's wrong with this picture?

Substitute cocaine or PCP for patient 1, heroin for 2, alcohol for 3, 4, and 5 and tobacco for 6 and 7 and the picture comes into focus. In my entire career as a doctor, both in the emergency and as a consultant internist, I have never had a patient referred with a soley marijuana-related complaint. So, what's all the fuss?

First, this is a drug. It has its sometimes unpredictable mind-altering effects. It can make you hyper or kick you back, make you cocky or paranoid, make you gregarious or bring out the hermit, keep you up or help you sleep, make concepts clear or totally incomprehensible, put your pedal to the metal or have you cruising in the slow lane, make time fly or slow it to a walk, make your sentences drag on.... whatever, I forgot what I was saying.

Pot-smoking has a long

# Legalize It, Mon!

**By Jake Onrot M.D.**

Doc Jake practices internal medicine and clinical pharmacology at St. Paul's Hospital in Vancouver. He has devoted years of study to drugs and their effects.

history and was only deemed illegal in the 1930's. Marijuana has been used in religious rituals, as inspiration by healers, artists and writers, or simply recreationally for centuries. The plant has many non-medicinal and medicinal uses. It has never been proven to be addictive,

cause tolerance, lead to harder drugs, or predispose an individual to anti-social or violent behavior. In fact, the analogy to the use of alcohol is appropriate. Here is a drug that people take for the same social reasons that they drink, yet this drug is apparently more innocuous than alcohol (which of course isn't saying very much). Alcohol is the legal yardstick by which marijuana must be measured and "Prohibition" the valuable lesson that has yet to be applied.

Hell yes, I've had a toke or two. But, unlike Bill Clinton and Kim Campbell, who never really inhaled, I never really exhaled. Who's kidding who? Here's a drug that has been so all-pervasive in society for the last 30 years that just about everybody has either tried it or been around it. Having it illegal just defines a large proportion of our society as criminals. Even cops and politicians! You can't throw us all in jail. Some of the best and brightest have done time for possession. The weekly RCMP report in the *Question* still has mention of some poor sap busted for a joint in town centre. I know it's not the cops' fault, they enforce the laws. But the laws are silly, so let's change them. The cops already have more important fish to fry.

Partly because of the crusading efforts of the Hearst newspapers and scaremongering tactics of Harry Anslinger and the FBI, marijuana was made illegal in the 1930's in the US. The law is still on the books in the "narcotics" section. The drug came to the US in the 1920's with Mexican immigrant farm workers and soon became popular amongst musicians. During the Great Depression, these migrant workers became scapegoats and marijuana-smoking was linked to violent behavior (sic). Thus, the prohibition of marijuana

actually owes much of its origin to racism. But also, maybe grass just doesn't fit

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well into our great (North) American ethos of competition, consumerism, acquisition and getting ahead. Who ever heard of a 2 joint lunch on Wall Street? Inject a few tokes into that moral fibre and "maybe things are OK, or let's wait 'til tomorrow, or wow, get a load of that sunset, or ever notice how those assembly line widgets look like Barney Rubble?" Is that why it's illegal? Am I getting paranoid?

Grass didn't become popular til the '60's and in 1972 a US presidential commission recommended decriminalization (making it legal to possess small amounts for personal use). It was decriminalized in a few states in the liberal '70's, but by the "straightie eighties" enforcement became more stringent and some states recriminalized it.

Well, decriminalization would be nice, but let's just legalize it.

Why? It would eliminate the smuggling of the drug into our country. Farmers and other entrepreneurs could grow it legally under government license. The government could take over marketing, so marijuana would be available only in the government-controlled "liquor" stores. The price would come down and it wouldn't really be worthwhile to grow and market it outside of the system. So much for organized crime. In 1993, marijuana was decriminalized in Italy. Who was upset? The courts? The cops? The pope? NO...the Mafia.

Like homebrew beer and wine, personal cultivation for consumption would be legal.

Cafes and bars could be licensed for selling marijuana for in-house consumption. And, dear legislators, the government gets a piece of all the action. Budgets for police and the courts could be diverted to more useful pursuits or even slashed.

The hydro companies wouldn't lose money to cheaters who tap their grow lights and hydroponic gardens illegally into the system. Farmers could have a fall-back crop. Maybe more jobs would be created. Cannabis would be available in plentiful quantities for it's medicinal uses. The hemp plant could resume it's useful place in other non-medicinal indications. We could even save a few trees. Politicians could freely admit having used it. I could come out of the closet (no, not wearing my girlfriend's lovely pumps and camisole {although I do look fetching in them}).

Let's be clear. I'm not advocating legalization on *medical grounds*. And, there's a downside. It'll be more easily available to underage kids. The stuff they're growing now is many times more powerful than the stuff in the '70's. We don't know the long-term effects. But, pot's no worse, and probably a whole lot better than drugs (read: alcohol) which are already legal and have historically been proven very difficult to prohibit. At this stage, the downside of legalization is far outweighed by the positive aspects.

Most important of all, Daniel Possee would still be alive.

*Thank God We Live In A  
Recreational Area*

## Marijuana Not A Medical Panacea

Recently, in his *Village Voice*, our friend and colleague Peter Vogler extolled the medicinal virtues of *Cannabis sativa* (marijuana) as part of his argument for the decriminalization of marijuana. There is no question, cannabis is a fascinating plant with potential medicinal uses, but it is far from the perfect medicine.

**By Claudia Weber**

**B.Sc (Parm)**

Most medicines can trace their ancestry to a plant or animal substance. Interestingly, poisons play particularly important roles. Paralyzing agents used in anesthesia are derived from Amazonian curare-containing plants used as arrow poison by natives. Digoxin, a heart medication, comes from the foxglove plant, currently gracing the valley with its tall plumes of pink bells.

Another newer heart and blood pressure medicine, captopril, is the designer drug product developed from study of pit viper venoms. Tetrodotoxin (puffer fish and cane toad poison) though not used for treatment, has been useful in the study of various drugs and diseases. For safety, we've had to develop products more refined and consistent than ground-up toads and snakes or foxglove tea. Marijuana is generally not perceived as a poison, certainly not in Whistler!

Most drugs, however, can be poisons if given in high enough dosages. If you were to smoke marijuana to treat glaucoma, you would also take in 400 naturally occurring chemicals among them 61 "cannabinoids" (chemicals related to delta-9-tetrahydrocannabinol [THC]). We have a poor understanding of their short and long term effects. Do you really want them? In this day and age, we like to get exactly what we want. (Double-tall Kona latté

Claudia Weber is a pharmacist at Richmond Hospital with a special interest in medical uses of plants. Claudia is currently planning joint research with Doc Jake in Indonesia.

**DARING DRUG EXPOSE**      **SHAME HORROR DESPAIR**

# MARIHUANA

**WEED with ROOTS In HELL**  
NOT RECOMMENDED FOR CHILDREN

**MISERY**

Smoke That Gets In Youth's Eyes

LUST  
CRIME  
SORROW

HATE  
SHAME  
DESPAIR

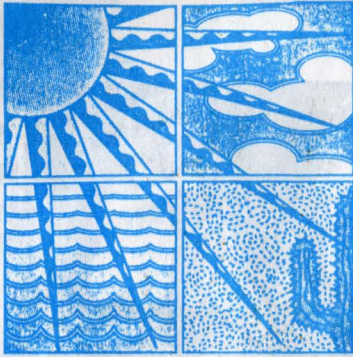
What Happens At Marijuana Parties

**WEIRD ORGIES  
WILD PARTIES  
UNLEASHED  
PASSIONS**

1% milk no foam paper cup not styro.) So if we have to take a drug for hay fever, we don't want to get dopey. When we want to get dopey, we don't take our hay fever drug!

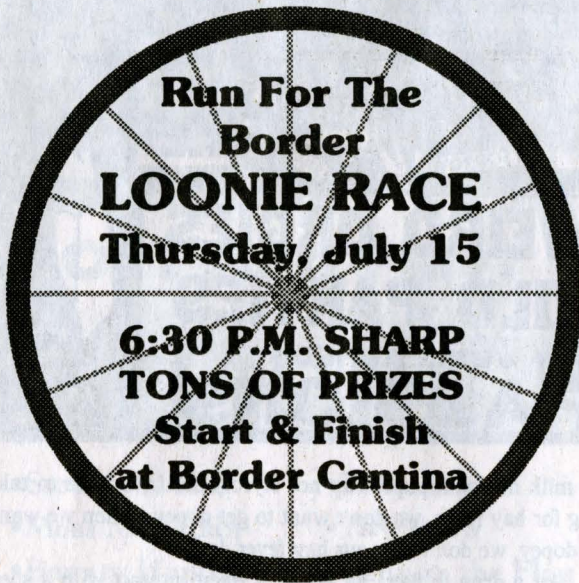
For a drug to have an effect, it must interact with a special "receptor" site in the body. This receptor is like a keyhole. When the drug, the "key", fits into the keyhole, it unlocks certain biochemical processes. So why on earth would we have such a receptor? Our body likely also produces some similar chemical. Our own opium-like compounds, called endorphins, are an excellent example. Most of us have learned to tap into that internal source by some means... running, orgasm, CHOCOLATE!!! So surprise surprise a THC receptor was discovered this spring and the scientists will be off to the races. Maybe if Doc Jake didn't spend so much time on his bike, he could get a grant for cannabis research. Actually he is secretly studying the long term effects of smoking cannabis on a select mountain village population.

Nabilone is a derivative of THC and a treatment for prevention of the nausea and vomiting induced by cancer chemotherapy.



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*It is a pain  
in the butt for  
scientists who  
have to jump  
through a few  
extra paper  
hoops to  
obtain  
cannabis for  
research.*

It was developed to minimize mood altering properties unacceptable to a significant number of patients (believe-it-or-not-Peter). It's still not perfect and a new non-cannabinoid drug is more effective with less side effects. Before nabilone, some cancer patients smoked marijuana under MD supervision. This was occasionally complicated by pneumonia caused by a fungal contaminant (*Aspergillus*). When chemotherapy knocks out the immune system, this fungus, usually not a problem, suddenly takes over. Any future drug treatment that is derived from marijuana will not likely be taken in smoked form, for as most of us know, smoke, regardless of source, damages lungs.

"Marijuana zaps glaucoma!" "Epilepsy no more, thanks to wonder weed!" "Cannabis cures cancer!" Case reports like this have trumpeted marijuana as treatment for pain, migraine, tumours, glaucoma, depression, epilepsy, inflammatory bowel disease, even asthma and emphysema. Very few scientifically sound reproducible studies have been able to support these contentions and scientists still disagree.

The legality or illegality of marijuana will ultimately have little impact on whether it will be approved for specific medical use on the prescription of a doctor. Even if it were legal and effective for epilepsy it would still be a prescription drug. Cocaine is "illegal" but it is used in medical practice. It is a pain in the butt for scientists who have to jump through a few extra paper hoops to obtain cannabis for research. Like any drug that could help your child, or your mother...or your dog, it should be subject to the same rigorous testing required by our federal drug regulatory and approval agency. The scientific research that has been published to date does not stand up to that scrutiny. There remain too many uncertainties and unanswered questions. *Cannabis sativa* contains real drug with real side effects.



# Whistler Answer Gossip Column

Rumour has it that Herb and Cheryl are getting married.

Congrats! See you next month. Bye-bye.

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## Schedule of Events

### Thursday July 1st.

Canada Day Parade.  
Participate on Whistler Sailing's' Float.  
Sailpast at WAYSIDE PARK.

### Friday July 2nd.

OLSON MINI-12 (12 METER Design in 14')  
As raced by Americas Cup Skippers in Paris.  
FREE Demos all weekend.  
Practice Laser races.  
Regatta participant check-in.  
Evening social.

### Saturday July 3rd.

Pancake breakfast at Wayside Park.  
Mountain Bike treasure hunt.  
Laser Racing \* begins, four or five races.  
Evening BBQ, and beach-party Social.  
CANADA Day. US July 4th. celebrations.

### Sunday July 4th.

Pancake Breakfast at Wayside Park  
Laser Racing continues, three or four races.  
Trophy presentation ceremony

Our regular Sunday evening races,  
open to all classes, start at 5:00 PM.  
Everyone welcome.

*JULY 1st. TO 4th, 1993*

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*ALTA LAKE*

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NOTE: The Sailboat Racing in Whistler has always been a fun friendly competition. There are no monetary prizes for winning. The emphasis is on fun, fun, and learning.

Therefore please leave your protest flags at home and come to ALTA LAKE for a LONG WEEKEND PARTY. Or consider the BC Open, Laser & Laser2 Championships at West Van YC this weekend.

# Tenquille Lake



## DAY TRIPPING MOUNTAIN BIKE STYLE

By Buck Piranha

**I** was looking forward to an early start so we could get the climb over with before it got too hot. Sitting on a bike seat for five hours, with the first three being uphill is one of the sweetest things to do. The other being the one and a half hour single track descent that awaits you at the top, which can only be described as "Unbelievable." Tenquille Lake Trail was our target for the day as the motley crew finally got its act together and rolled out of Whistler at noon for the Hurley River forestry bridge at the end of Pemberton Meadows. Along for the ride were a mixed batch of riders of various fitness/hallucinogen levels who were all willing to spend the day dancing with the devil along this 1382 metre vertical and technical goat trail. We all picked our own pace, with a few demonstrating jackrabbit skills that could not be matched by mere humans. So while three of us waited at the top for the

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© C. HART

FOR SOME, THE CLIMB WAS BONKERS, ALTHOUGH THE REWARD OF MOJOS AT THE PEMBERTON PETROCAN SHOULD'VE BEEN MOTIVATION ENOUGH.

BUCK PIRANHA PHOTOS

rest we were jabbering about how much fun the climb had just been, and that we wished there were more. Over thirty minutes later the last guy finally reached the top, lamenting about menstrual cramps and his shitty chain.

We all quickly set off at a pace that would leave blood, skin and shreds of clothing all along the trail, as the band of flying squirrels swooped down towards the valley below. There were airborne Laviocs and Altitudes everywhere, with a sprinkling of stunt Ritcheys and Konas defying gravity for brief moments before meeting mortality.

Crunch! "Ahh Fuck, thank God I grabbed that branch or I would have landed on those cows 1000 metres down in the valley," said the King of Leisure as he scrambled back up to the trail, seemingly intact. The sounds of happy idiots echoed to the Pemberton Petrocan, where they were hopefully getting all the MOJOS ready for the hungry pack. The trail kept twisting and dropping, with eye-popping views of the Pemberton Valley to Mount Currie.

You cross avalanche chutes and rushing streams that make for great spots to kick back for a while, waiting for the Magnet to catch-up. When we finally reached the bottom, with little or no brakes left, we were all trying to get our hands to stop cramping and contorting from the long and intense descent. While we were packing up the bikes, the boys began howling for the Legend to make good on his promise to ride it home from here again. Sadly, I must report that he was the first one in the car and on MOJO auto pilot, with no intentions of riding the two hours home into the headwind. Crowman would have done it, though.

Anyone interested in riding this trail should be long of lung and heart, with enough tools and clothing for fast changing weather. The climb is a long one, so you should bring some food, although water is in abundance along the trail. The good folks in Pemberton do the trail maintenance, so show some respect to hikers, and no riding like assholes! You should be prepared to encounter bears and there is often a strong scent of Wolverine urine, I guess that's why you go by a creek of the same name and vicious disposition. Keep your eyes peeled!

Well kiddies, it's ta ta for now. Hope to see you out on the trails loving life. You don't get a second chance at life and reincarnation is BULLSHIT.



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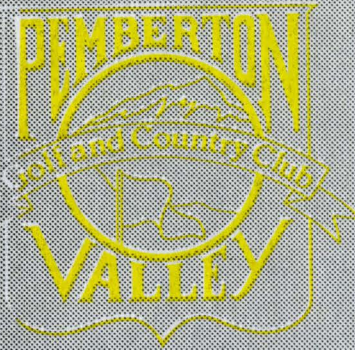


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# What Should be done to SKI & BIKE Thieves?



**"Hang 'em. They should set up a sting, catch some and make an example of them."  
—John "Rabbit" Hare**

**"Armed vigilantism. People are very pissed off. These are our prized possessions."**

**—Aaron Lovely**

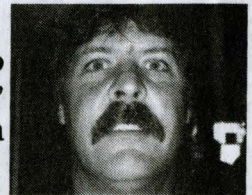


**"There's an old instrument called the garotte, or put them on an island with Kim Campbell."**

**—Kelly Culbertson**

**"Start giving them time. They're getting too many slaps on the wrist."**

**—Tony Haigh**



**"When they get caught they should be brought into a small room with the victims, then the police should go for coffee."**

**—Robbie Boyd**

**If you witness something you believe to be a bike theft in progress, or any other theft, take these people's advice or call**

**CRIME STOPPERS  
932-TIPS**

# Whistler Question?

Vol. 298, Number 666 • \$5.95 plus GST and Muni media tax

Thursday, July 15, 2001

## Village South By Southwest Gets Council Approval

By Andy Donderson

Council rubber stamped plans for the new Village South By Southwest project last night in a record 1.45 seconds.

Construction began ten minutes later, with the council-mandated green concrete being poured.

"It is imperative that we try to preserve the natural beauty of Whistler as we enter the 21st century," said Whistler Mayor Grant Lamont. "This green concrete stuff is environmentally and esthetically pleasing, and should bring tears of nostalgia to long time residents who may recall when green was a colour that appeared naturally in the valley."

The new extension of the village, which will extend from Alpha Lake Park to Function Junction, will feature a wide range of retail services, including donut shops, muffler shops, drive through fast foot outlets, video stores and arcades. The main traffic route through Village South By Southwest will be a eight lane arterial connector to be called King George Highway North.

Mayor Lamont is now considering retirement.

"Once I pave over those damn golf courses, my work here will be done," said the mayor.

Councilor Jim Monahan, on hearing of Lamont's impending resignation, stated: "Well, now that's too bad. He's about the best mayor money can buy."



*SEAL OF APPROVAL: Appearing at Nancy's Piano Bar this past week was the popular folk duo Seals & Crofts. Bonny Makarewicz-Damaskie photo.*

## Whistler Mountain Gets "New" Lift

Next winter Whistler Mountain will have a new ski lift, named the Mauve Chair, although perceptive skiers will notice that it's actually just the Blue Chair with a paint job.

"It's just part of our continuing policy of upgrading the facilities to provide the ultimate ski experience," said Whistler Mountain Director of Operations, Donald Duck.

Plans were underway to sell the thirty-six year old Blue Chair to the Smithsonian Institute when the financing unexpectedly became available to purchase fifty gallons of mauve paint.

"Our marketing department is going full tilt on this," says Duck. "We're promoting the Mauve Chair as the latest in scenic, leisurely and intimate ski experiences."

Whistler Mountain is taking advantage of a special section in the North American Free Trade Agreement which allows for the importation of foreign workers. Recruitment is already underway in Tijuana, Juarez and Mexicali.

"Hell, who knows?" says Duck, "Maybe in the summer we can get some crops growing."

Plans are still in the works to develop the South Side.

### QUOTE OF THE WEEK

*"It looks like the Whistler Winterhawks are going to be awarded an NHL franchise. It's either us or Flagstaff, Arizona."*

—Richard "Shrunken" Strautman



This week's WRA Japanese Yen exchange rate.

## —EDITORIAL—

**Council Goes Beserk**

In an unbelievable move last week, Whistler council decided unanimously to withdraw all its future advertising from this august journal.

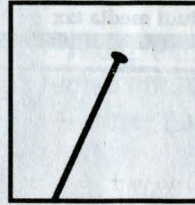
Council has apparently decided to spend all its advertising revenue with the Whistler *Answer*, a publication successive councils have traditionally regarded with scorn and outright derision.

Why the change now, after twenty-six years of solid support for this award winning publication?

Rumour has it that the *Answer* has certain unflattering photos of council members in compromising, if not illegal, situations.

One *Answer* staffer was overheard in Tapley's 3, saying that the "photos made Mapplethorpe look like a medical textbook."

Anyway, we're pissed, and are going to start some serious council reporting now that we're unburdened by such copious remuneration.

**Off the Wall**  
**Dandy Donderoo**

Somewhere in Whistler yesterday a worm was assaulted. Perhaps mutilated. Maybe even killed.

It is hard to believe that in the year 2001 society still permits these barbaric acts, done in the name of sport for the questionable pursuit of fish.

Worms are people too, and there is no known humane way to kill them. When these barbaric fishermen (and 99% of them are men!) plunge that hook into that poor defenseless worm they could be striking any number of vital organs, not killing the worm outright but forcing a long and painful death.

Even if you tried to kill the worm in a so-called humane manner, say by whacking it over the head with a match, how would you know which end to hit?

It is clearly time for the new Reform Party government to enact strict legislation against this cruelty, and to ban the use of all forms of invertebrates and insects for the purpose of fishing.

Oh yeah, while we're at it, what about fishing? I mean how would you like a hook in the mouth, followed by the indignity of being reeled in on the end of a fishing line? You'd be like a fish out of water!

Yes, there is a virtual festival of cruelty transpiring out there. Do you really think about what you're doing when you callously swat a fly or mosquito? You are tampering with the natural order of the universe, and are insulting and disobeying both God and Mother Nature, who I understand are lesbia lovers who dwell in the seventh dimension.

Let this be a warning to leave our underground friends alone. Just remember that what comes around goes around. An instructor of mine in "J" school once said: "In the end, we're all going the end up as worm food."

**WHISTLER QUESTION?**

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Don "S.N.A.G." Anderson  
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PRODUCTION CO-ORDINATOR

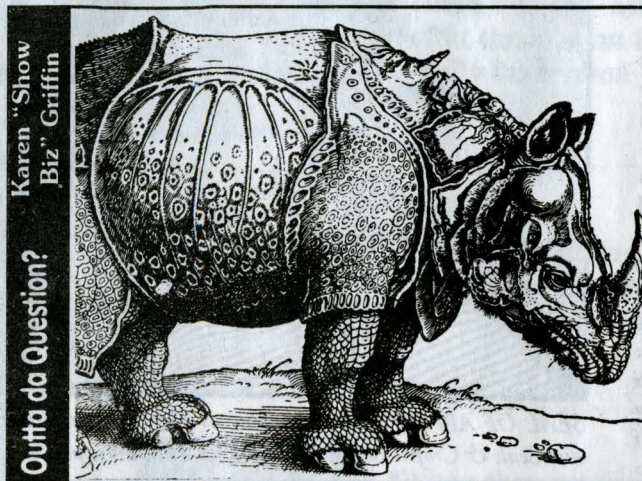
Julie "Menace" Dennis

GRAPHIC ARTIST/CARTOONIST

Karen Griffin-Colebourn

CIRCULATION

Henry "Leadfoot" Lacroix

**QUESTIONNAIRE?**

The Whistler Question? welcomes letters for publication on all topics except animal husbandry. The Question? reserves the right to edit, chop, mangle, change, alter and otherwise have a good laugh with your letter.

**Stranger in a strange land**

Editor:

I wish to thank-you for the nice article last week on the occasion of my receiving the Citizen of the Year Award.

However, I wish to correct one or two discombobulations of fact in the article. First of all, she was *eighteen*.

Secondly, the allegations that I bribed all the selection committee members is outrageous.

I only bribed two of them, the

others I won over with intimidation.

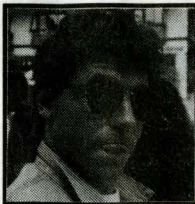
Now that the record is straight, let me congratulate the Question? on doing a first rate job under adverse circumstances.

However, I'm getting a little tired of seeing page after page of the typeface Garamond. May I suggest Reverse Brush Script Bold Italic Condensed.

BOB COLEBROOK  
Alta Lake, B.C.



WINNER OF 45 BOWLING  
TROPHIES SINCE 1976



**Swillage Voice**

**Peter Vogue-ler**

I was sitting on the patio at Citta's (Whistler's best patio) waiting for my film to develop (at Whistler's finest lab, Whistler One Hour Photo) when I starting contemplating a pizza (at Misty Mountain Pizza, the undisputed leader in the pizza department.)

Now that the product placement is out of the way, it's time to talk about Nicholas, my son. I haven't written about him in two or tree weeks, so I guess you are all dying to hear of his latest hi-jinks.

As a normal twelve year old, he's prone to doing some fairly interesting stuff. Besides teaching me some new guitar riffs last week, he caused a bit of a stir when I found out that he

had put a potato in the exhaust pipe of a car parked in town centre. I was a little disturbed at this until I found out it was Cal Logue's car. So I bought Nicholas a pizza (at Misty Mountain Pizza, Whistler's best pizzeria) and gave him a long lecture on the perils of being caught.

Nicholas in just entering puberty, and boy, can we all remember how difficult a time that was?

After beating me at a game of speed chess on Citta's patio (Whistler's finest patio, bar none) Nicholas suggested that he didn't want to be called Nicholas anymore. It seems he feels "Nick" sounds more melodious to the potential ears of

pre-teenage girls. I agree, so now "Nick" it is.

I celebrated this gaining of a "new" son by taking a photo of him, which I got back in no more than sixty minutes from Whistler One Hour Photo (did I tell you how good they are yet? In my humble opinion they are Whistler's number one photofinishing shop.)

(Thank God this column isn't sponsored by To Sir With Love!)

Nick, as he now likes to be known, is entering that difficult crossroads in a person's life where they either choose to be a fine, upstanding citizen, or they turn out like their father.

Luckily, now that Nick has joined Route 99 as our lead guitarist, we get to spend some quality time together. Problem is, of course, that he's got more groupies than I do. Yes, he's gone from wah-wah to wah-wah pedals....

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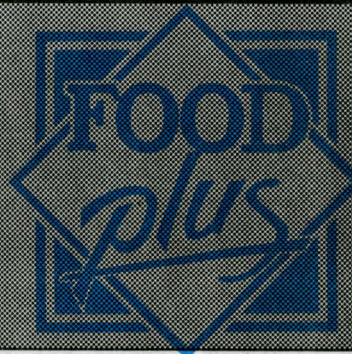
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## POLICE REPORT

### Police nab drug crazed bag lady with delusions of grandeur

Due to the enormous amount of drunks rounded up in town centre every night, and the small size of the local lockup, RCMP have had to lodge their clients in the Chateau Whistler. A spokesperson for the Chateau noted that "room service requests have increased dramatically."

The amount of mountain bikes stolen this week set a new record, surpassing the one million dollar mark in value. The RCMP remind residents that just to be on the safe side, you should have your valuables surgically attached.

An elderly woman from Ottawa was discovered with some mari-

juana in one of the underground parkades. But when she told police that it wasn't against the law and that she used to be prime minister for four months back in 1993, they sent her for psychiatric examination.

A man was taken into custody after police discovered him masturbating *on* his car. The police had the Niva impounded.

The mountain bike patrol issued fifty-four tickets for speeding on the new upgraded eight lane Valley Trail.

No impaired charges were laid this week. Police say their P.R. campaign is finally paying off. The beer strike continues.

## COUNCIL UNDIES

### Council in a combative mood

Council voted by a margin of 235-25 to outlaw all forms of free fun in the valley. They set a minimum daily cost of \$200 per day to be spent on legitimate fun, thus ensuring that at least the tourists have a good time. An amendment passed unanimously stipulating that the \$200 has to be spent at the businesses owned by the valley establishment and other campaign donors.

A new bylaw was passed to deal with the horrendous parking problems in Whistler. All vehicles parked illegally or found at delinquent meters will be towed directly to Scott Road in Surrey and sold for scrap metal. Exempt from this bylaw will be the fleet of muni limos.

The municipality declared war

on Italy. No reason was given, it seems they just wanted to demonstrate their power. Cal Logue was promoted to five star general, and got some really neat little tassels for his uniform.

Council announced the appointment of Neil Collins as fire chief. The job of town fool remains vacant as staff are still sifting through the over 11,000 applications.

Council received a fax from the prime minister of Italy. They unconditionally surrendered.

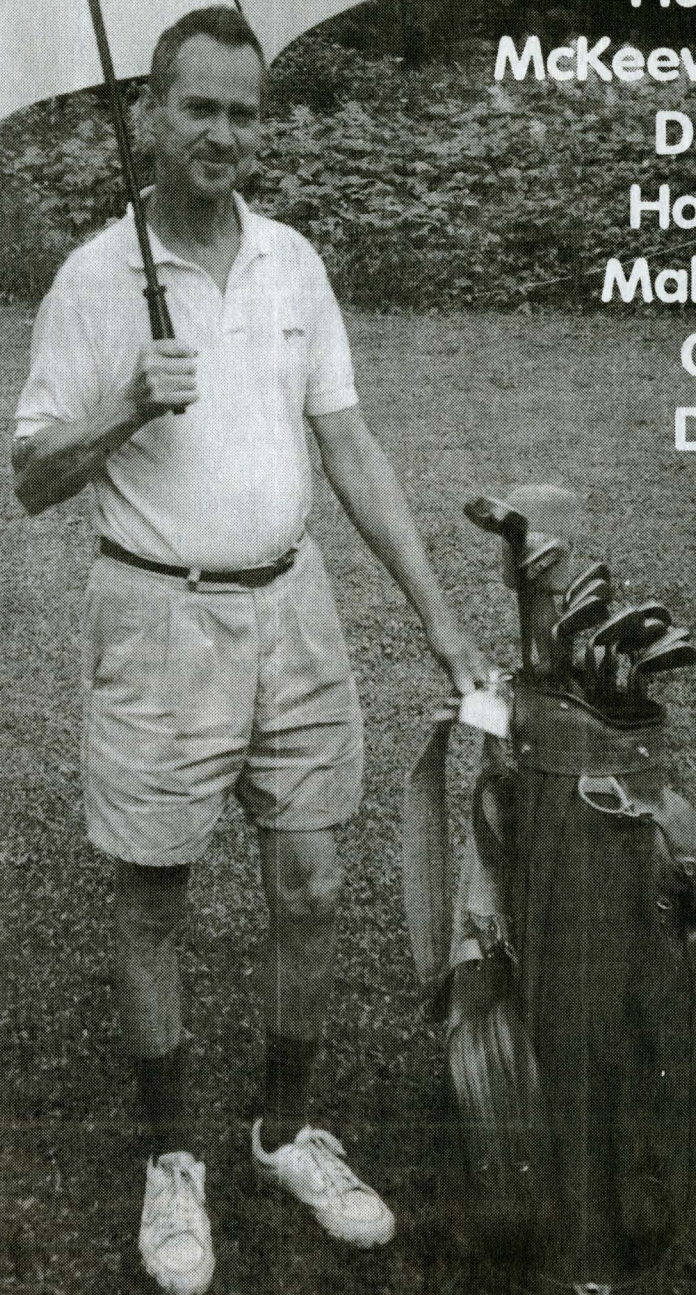
Council petitioned the provincial government asking for them to grant non-resident land owners one vote for every square foot of property they own. Locals would not get a vote.

# Local Hero

## Harry McKeever: Dirty Harry Makes Our Day

*A look at one of Whistler's more colourful characters.*

*By Bob Colebrook*



Chevrolet was making classy cars when Harry McKeever first visited Whistler. The year was 1957, and Harry was working in Vancouver at a shingle mill.

McKeever came up to the then tiny hamlet of Alta Lake for a holiday with a large group of people, seven who are still permanent residents, including Florence Petersen, Jackie Pope and Denis Beauregard.

In 1960, five years before a ski lift was built, McKeever's family came up to Whistler for a visit. They were sufficiently impressed with the tranquility and beauty of Alta Lake that they asked Harry what he thought about the

**Harry's been an integral part of Whistler for so long it's hard to imagine the valley without him. Indeed, his friendliness and sense of service harkens back, sadly, to a bygone era.**

family buying property. "I said "buy", and we were the first to build in Alta Vista," says the ever affable and soft spoken McKeever. We are sitting around his comfortable kitchen, watching a squadron of hummingbirds attack the feeder mounted just outside the window.

McKeever explains the reason he moved here: "It was the attraction of Alta Lake, basically, and the outdoors and the fact that we had a cabin already. It was a pretty easy decision."

Back then, Harry was a bit of a pool shark. He was the assistant manager of Park Lanes Bowling in West Vancouver, and was considering a career as a professional

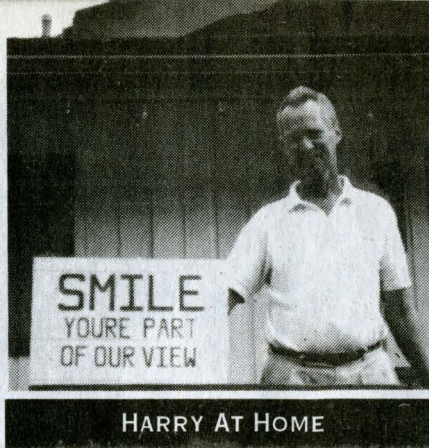
bowler. To make money to pay for bowling he often ended up in the pool hall. Although he no longer has a full size slate table in his house, many can remember when he did, however, if someone claims to have beaten McKeever you can pretty well discount it as bullshit.

When Garibaldi Lifts first began operation in 1965 Harry went to work for them as a lift operator, mainly in the valley gondola barn, ultimately becoming the valley supervisor. McKeever could give seminars to today's lifties on courtesy and friendliness, although he might have a hard time imparting his sincerity. McKeever stayed at Garibaldi Lifts until 1975, when he went on the pursue other business interests.

From 1970 to 1990 McKeever ran a busy and successful vending machine business in Whistler. With a large stack of coins always on hand, McKeever also acted as an *ad hoc* bank for his trusted acquaintances and friends.

Since 1986 Harry has operated McKeever's General Store and Dirty Harry's Laundromat at the entrance to Alpine Meadows.

About the store, McKeever says: "It's excellent, it's the first easy job I've had. As the staff learns more and more my work gets less and less. It is a great way to keep in touch with the people. Also, by having my name on the store I get a lot of people from twenty-five or thirty years ago coming in because they saw



my name."

Recently turned sixty-three, McKeever main passion in life is golfing, which he's done for fifty years. He tries to get in four rounds a week, mainly at the Whistler and Pemberton courses.

"It's the hardest game in the world to be good at," says the 15 handicapper. "I'm not interested in beating people, but in doing the best I can do."

While McKeever skied a lot in the early days, he's hung up the boards in favour of golf because he reckons doing both would be financially imprudent. His love for golf is reflected in the fact that he plans to build a small pitch and putt in his Alpine Meadows backyard, and his giant satellite dish will no doubt act as an excellent hazard.

McKeever built his house in 1972, and many will remember wondering when he would put in the front stairs. For years and years the front door stood there, forlorn and unused, eight feet above the ground.

"There's still stuff to do on it," says McKeever about his house, demonstrating the true Whistler spirit. His large patio in the back is the current project.

McKeever has a long history of community involvement. He was a member of the Chamber of Commerce in its initial years, and is currently a member of Rotary and on the Board of Directors of the T.V. Society. He also sponsors Dirty Harry's hockey team. He enjoyed that experience so much that he's planning to take up hockey, having never played the game before.

**"NO OTHER PLACE INTERESTS ME AS MUCH AS WHISTLER, ALTHOUGH I'D LIKE TO SEE MORE SUNSHINE."**

"I think it's going to be fun," says Harry. You can't help but admire his spirit. Recently McKeever recovered from successful cancer surgery.

Having experience both the pre- and post-ski eras, McKeever has seen it all.

"The thing you notice most is that the people who were pioneers were interested in developing things. The people today are just interested in making money."

What does McKeever see for Whistler in the year 2000?

"It's just going to be more of the same, only bigger. I can see condos all around the golf course at the Chateau. I think they'll also be a lot of condos around Green Lake, particularly the south end."

Would he ever consider leaving Whistler?

"No other place interests me as much as Whistler, although I'd like to see more sunshine."

So would we, Harry, and at the risk of sounding totally corny, you bring your own special brand of sunshine to this valley. This community's character owes almost everything to the people who live here. There's no shortage of characters and people who have made major contributions to this valley, but when it comes to being a truly nice fellow, Harry McKeever is a hole in one. And like a '57 Chevy, a bit of classic in his own right.

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RETO MARTI PHOTO

PARAGLIDING  
**FREEDOM**  
MOUNT RAINIER

*By Peter Chrzanowski*

**T**HE ELEVATION was definitely over 12,000 feet. The sun slowly made its way up over the horizon. As it did, the remnants of clouds began to glow in a kaleidoscope of colours. This was Mount Rainier, and we had toiled all night by the light of our head lamps to make the summit before the hordes of other climbers.



**M**ark, my climbing partner in the crime we were about to commit, was as exhausted as I was. It was 4:00 a.m., and he looked at me and said, "I really do not have any intention of climbing to the top of a f\*cking volcano just to have to climb down again." I nodded in agreement. Slogs up volcanoes might be great for the torrents of the moral majority, such as the strings of Boeing factory workers tied together whom we had passed on our way up. Volcanoes were great for skiing, but Rainier was just another slog, and a long one at that.

Instead, we came from Vancouver, Canada to para-glide off the state of Washington's sacred landmark. Unfortunately, the wind gods had something else in mind. What made things worse was that all that week we had religiously phoned the aviation report and received word that the conditions were perfect, with 8 mph winds off the summit. The day before the gods teased us with slightly higher speeds of 10 to 15 mph.

Now it was definitely different. The serenity of the surreal view around us was broken by 40 mph gusts. Flying was out of the question. (The one rule in paragliding is that no matter what, do not fly in over 29 kph or 20 mph winds.) We were exhausted from our long climb and decided, rather than continue to the summit, to stop here, napping and hoping the winds would die down by 11:00 a.m.

I lay down to rest, oblivious to the howling winds and began to spiral into dreamland. I was angry. Not angry so much at the wind but at the circumstances facing us should we decide to fly in this National Park. This was America, the land of democracy, liberty and all that bullshit so often crammed down our throats by

our fat neighbours south of the border. The fact remained that in this "land of the free," paragliding was very illegal in National Parks. The book, or the park bible that was written by someone of General Schwarzkopf's stature, prohibited *any* aircraft flying in a national park. To all the Rambo wannabe wardens, a paraglider is an aircraft.

I had heard nothing but horror stories from friends climbing in Yosemite about how the Park Gestapo had set up whole system of war games in order to catch paragliders, and the even more wicked base jumpers on El Capitan. (Base jumpers hurl themselves off fixed objects, such as cliffs, fjords and buildings, then open their chutes in midair.) I was told how these warden/vigilantes were equipped with all of Rambo's toys, including infrared night vision binoculars so they could spot the jumpers who climbed by the tranquillity of the night in order to leap off at first light.

But that's only part of the story. If caught, these Icaruses-to-be would be handcuffed, most probably kicked around and bullied by the park Gestapo. If that did not suffice, then comes a highly embarrassing strip search followed by several days in jail. This would culminate in a \$3,000 fine (payable in green money of course). If they came in a car it, along with their gliders, would most probably be confiscated by the uniformed thugs.

Nevertheless, we were determined to fly, and really felt proud of having planned our highly illegal activity rather well. Hey, after all, this was another Extreme Explorations adventure and we must live up to our reputation, must we not? We had our landing zone scouted rather well. Underneath our Gore-tex climbing suits we both wore shorts and tacky T-shirts. The plan was to land, quickly run into the woods, stuff the paragliders into the packs, ditch the packs in some bushes, then waddle out looking dazed, stupid and confused, merging with the thousand overweight campers on the pedestrian paths around the base of Rainier. We even had our Winnebago terminology down pat. "Pardon me, sir, do they sell pop and chips at Camp Muir?"

Yep, it was a long trek up that damn mountain. We even passed our initial interrogation at the park cabin at the bottom. From the start, the warden looked at us suspiciously. We looked different from the masses loitering around the parking lot. We had a tan; we're not overweight. We did not arrive in a motor home, and last but not least, we seemed to know what we were talking about as far as climbing equipment goes. The Warden sensed trouble right away. "OK," he said. "Where is your gear? Have you got flashlights, adequate clothing, food, water..." The interrogation continued. Then he asked if we had a rope. "Yes we do," I replied. (It was not a blatant lie, the rope was in the car but we had no intention of carrying it up.) From this moment he must have sensed our hesitation as he continued grilling us. We spat and stuttered a few more things when he got to the details of prussek knots and slings.

The truth was we had no intention of carrying any of that shit up Rainier since our paragliders, harnesses, clothing, bivi gear, food and water, already weighed our packs to about 60 lbs. apiece.

I felt like saying, "Look, you moron, I don't intend to hike down your f\*cking mountain. Instead I'm gonna do something much better... fly down." Luckily, I held my composure through

the or-deal and survived the SS routine. Reluctantly, the warden let us go on our merry way as he got busy with another fat family asking some regularly stupid question.

Gasp, we were doing the ultimate no-no—free climbing Rainier. We planned to travel at night, and personally I have much more experience climbing solo than being hampered by a rope. My partner Mark felt the same way. Ropes often cause accidents rather than prevent them, and there are countless stories of climbers yo-yoing down cliffs tied together. It was our choice, and we both felt that we had made the right decision. The route up from Camp Muir was virtually a cow path, well broken-in by hundreds of climbers. The few crevasses along the way were well marked, and a blind person would have had trouble falling into them. Anyway, I admit crevasses can be deadly. That was not the issue here. *Freedom* was the topic on my mind. I have had my heartthrobs before on solo trips, falling in on rotten bridges up to my armpits, with my feet dangling into the scary oblivion below. Scary stuff. (But that was *my choice*, just another point I hope to make.)

The Land of Milk and Honey is getting so paranoid about liability that institutions like National Parks are doing everything in their power to discourage lawsuits. The irony is that the more

rules they make, the more business goes to the lawyers, who are becoming more and more innovative in finding ways and causes by which one can sue. The truth of the matter is that if I had a good, hot-shot lawyer from L.A., no matter what I fucked up on as far as my equipment list, I could still sue on some absurd technicality, simply because that's how things work in the U.S. of A.

*The plan was to land, quickly run into the woods, stuff the paragliders into the packs, ditch the packs in some bushes, then waddle out looking dazed, stupid and confused, merging with the thousand overweight campers on the pedestrian paths around the base of Rainier.*

Anyhow, as we lay dozing at 12,000 ft., the winds did not die down. Despite the high torrents, we even talked about flying from this point. Luckily, beneath our bravado, I think we both knew there was no way we would have survived the ordeal, so we just talked about it for a while, then packed up our bivi sacks and reluctantly started to climb back down. We had hiked a

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steady 14,000 vertical up and down Rainier in twenty-four hours. As much as we wanted to defy the stupid law and fly, we were relieved to make the right decision. (To some of us, that comes with great difficulty.) Neither of us really wanted to be splattered against some rock outcrop on the mountain by the wicked winds and the rotors they were causing. (A rotor forms when high winds go over a ridge or rock outcrop, causing a spiraling effect which often collapses paragliders, hurtling them and the attached person to earth.)

It ended up to be a beautiful trip nevertheless. Luckily, as we staggered into the parking lot, no one asked me what my ski poles were for, because I might have acted harshly, spearing some poor unsuspecting camper for the audacity of posing such a stupid question. On our way up at least a dozen people had asked what the ski poles were for, since we had no skis, and it did not occur to anyone how much easier it is to walk with a pair of them, especially in snow.

Increasingly, the law and certain hierarchies are making the sport of paragliding difficult. Monopolies are springing up, putting restrictions on flying areas at ski resorts (I will not go into detail here) and ludicrous laws are springing up out of envy, stu-

*...I might have acted harshly,  
spearing some poor  
unsuspecting camper for the  
audacity of asking such a  
stupid question.*

pidity and other reasons which make human nature the way it is. (For example, the hangliding association wishes to impose a rule where all paragliders using their launch sites must carry a reserve parachute?!)

Sure it's true, paragliding can be a dangerous sport, or "dangerously easy." I admit having made several bad flying decisions. Luckily I sur-

vived and can only hope I will not make these blunders again. However, since my introduction to flying six years ago, I noticed that the sport has not picked up *en masse* in this country. The lack of small training hills without big trees is scarce, and the few ski resorts allowing the sport got locked into totalitarian monopolies due to insurance reasons. (I will give the operators the benefit of the doubt and not call "foul play" or "greed" right away. Although I was not impressed by having my pack inspected at one very local resort last winter, thinking I had stuffed a paraglider inside it.)

Five years ago there were about thirty paragliders in the Lower Mainland. Today the number has barely doubled. Because of this, I hope there is insufficient cause for anyone to run to the Department of Transport asking for legislation of a truly free sport.

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The Nightstalker

# STRAWBERRY FIELDS FOREVER

I went picking the other day with my good friend Jose Cuervo—he has the Golden Touch when it comes to strawberries.

These sweet little darlings belong to the genus *Fragaria* in the rose family, and come in a variety of species. Wild strawberries were first discovered and enjoyed by the ancient Romans, and soon spread their spell across the empire. During the 1700's a hybrid variety was developed in France by mating wild strawberries brought from North America with others from Chile. Botanists do not classify the strawberry as a true berry because its seeds are on the outside, unlike true berries such as the blueberry and cranberry that have their seeds within a fleshy tissue.

Rich in Vitamin C, the strawberry also contains iron and many other valuable minerals. One cup of strawberries contains only 60 calories and is an excellent source of food energy. Now is the time to get picking, as the berry season in Pemberton runs from mid-June to the second week of July. I went up to the Pemberton Valley and visited the Naylor's Berry farm which have been growing strawberries since 1968.

Hundreds of varieties have been developed by botanists the world over for growing in a variety of climates. At Naylor's they have had their best results from the Sumas and Rainier strains, which are known for their purplish reddish colour.

The Sumas is a much smaller variety than the Rainier and takes longer to pick. If you happen to have a spare acre or two the harvest of each acre yields over 3 tons in one growing season. If this were the case Senor Cuervo would become a close and personal friend, along with the salesman in the appliance store who you would keep buying larger freezers from.

Strawberry plants have short roots and long slender stems called runners that grow along the surface of the soil. The leaves grow from the stem and contain three section leaflets. The fruit seems to be scattered or strewn among the leaves and this is what probably gave them their name Strewberry, which was later changed to Strawberry. There is nothing like the taste of fresh vine ripened strawberries for flavor. The Californian variety that we get are tasteless from being ripened in the box. In the Fraser Valley and Southern Ontario the growers place straw in between the rows to keep the

## THE EXISTENTIAL EPICURE

By Dave Wright



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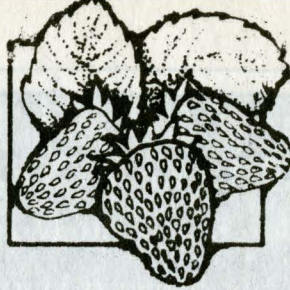
fruit out of the dirt and mud, where in the cooler months it is utilized for insulation against the frost.

Strawberry plants yield harvests from 1 to 4 years depending on the climate and strain. I remember coming home from berry picking as a boy, covered in berry shrapnel from berry wars with my siblings and a terribly swollen gut from eating more than our body weight in of those delicious red morsels. Then the jam production began as everyone pitched in and jammed so we could have a huge supply for those long Ontario winters which we crammed into our root cellar/bomb shelters, along with all the other preserves needed to live through a nuclear holocaust. I still receive wonderful Care Packages from my mother back in the homeland, and cherish the strawberry jam she sends. By the way mom, my supply is running low, so you better get down in the root cellar and rustle up another keg of the 1963 Private Preserve.

The strawberry is a very succulent ingredient to many varied foods, from desserts and drinks to cereal, pancakes, salads, jams and jellies. As mentioned before, my friend Jose Cuervo likes to mix it up with the berry boys and has become quite a popular fixture over the years in this quiet little mountain town. How many of you have enjoyed the flavour of pancakes covered in strawberries and maple syrup in the morning before a day of deep powdies on the mountain? What would Wimbledon be like without the traditional strawberries and cream at centre court. The list just goes on with the delicious possibilities available with these sweet red beauties. As soon as you read this paper the season will be half over. So get out there and get picking or get down to your local market and get your root cellars filled with all types of goodies for the long cold Whistler winters.

Here are a couple of my favourite ways to enjoy fresh strawberries. I am sure you will find them as delicious as they are easy to prepare.

**Mom's Strawberry Jam**  
3 1/2 lb. Fresh hauled



Strawberries / 3 lb. Sugar / Juice of 1 large lemon  
Heat the strawberries and lemon juice gently in the pan, stirring constantly to reduce the volume. Add the sugar, stir till dissolved and boil until setting point is reached. Remove the scum. Leave the jam undisturbed until a skin forms on the surface and the fruit sinks, (about 20 minutes). Stir gently to distribute the strawberries. Pour into warm sterilized jars and cover with paraffin wax. Put lids on when cool.

**Strawberry Margaritas**

6 oz. Jose Cuervo Gold Tequila (No substitutes will do) / 1 1/2 cups fresh strawberries / 2 oz. Triple Sec / 3 oz. Lime juice / 3 cups of ice  
Put all ingredients into a blender and mix till desired texture.

**Strawberry/Rhubarb Pie**

Pastry

2 cups all purpose flour / 1/2 tsp. salt / 2/3 cup shortening / 5-6 tblsp cold water

Mix flour and salt in bowl add shortening and work it into the flour with your fingertips until mixture resembles fine bread crumbs. Sprinkle on the water 1 tblsp at a time stirring lightly with a fork after each addition. Roll out dough on floured surface 1/8 in. thick and 2 inches wider than your 8 in. pie pan.

Filling

2 cups of fresh strawberries / 3 cups rhubarb / 1 1/2 cups sugar / 1/2 tsp. salt / 1/3 cup flour / 1/2 tsp. vanilla / 2 tblsp butter. Combine the flour, sugar, salt and vanilla in a bowl and mix well. Add the strawberries and rhubarb and toss well. Pile the filling into the pastry lined pie pan and dot with butter. Cover with a top crust. Trim and crimp the edges. Cut vents for steam to escape. Brush with milk and lightly sugar. Bake in oven at 450 F for 15 minutes, lower oven to 350 and continue baking for 30-40 minutes.

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## Wake Up Call / John Mayall / Silvertone Records

Clearly, age is no detriment to playing the blues. And Mayall has been playing them for over thirty years. The undisputed founder of the British Blues Movement in the Sixties, Mayall's Blues Breakers Band was the launching pad for some of rock's most acclaimed guitarists, including Mick Taylor, Peter Green and Eric Clapton.

Mayall's got a good cast on this outing; there's not a slouch to be found. The guitar attack is launched and maintained by Coco Montoya and John Mellencamp guitarist David Grissom. From subtle to searing, these guys know the landscape. Making cameos are the incomparable Buddy Guy and Albert Collins, while Blues Breaker alumnus Mick Taylor drops in for a reunion.

Mayall's harmonica is not as intrusive as it has been on previous efforts, and he's got a great handle on the blues, even for a white guy from England.

Vocally, Mayall puts in a strong performance—when he sings "Baby, I could die," you just gotta believe there's something seriously wrong.

*Wake Up Call* is John Mayall's best work since 1970's *Turning Point* album. Now, if we can only get Mayall hooked up with Colin James for a few sessions.

## Land Of The Midnight Sun / Tad Campbell & Idle Eyes / Black Rose Records

Having thought Idle Eyes was a dead issue, pleasant surprise was the emotion when this new CD crossed my desk. It is an interesting concept, to be sure. It's a combination greatest hits album, along with some very respectable new offerings. With a total song count of fifteen, quantity is not the issue.

Idle Eyes burst on to the Canadian rock scene in 1984 with their hit "Tokyo Rose." While they had the odd flash in the interceding years they never really followed through on their first chart success. Abysmal management (Cliff Jones) and an ever-changing line-up could be fingered for the lack of momentum. With this album the name changes, and now Rossland's Tad Campbell gets major billing. As the singer and songwriter, Idle Eyes has really always been Tad Campbell and whatever studio musicians or guys between bands that he could round up.

The Idle Eyes' chestnuts are all present, although there has been some re-mixing. Scotty Hall's crispy crunch guitar is absent from "Chains Have Fallen," and the intro and extro to "Blue Train" have been embellished. "Sandra Doesn't Live Here," "Standing at the Edge," and "Two Rivers" are also worthy of preservation on CD.

The new tunes are catchy, and should to be radio friendly. The first single, "Land of the Midnight Sun," has an infectious beat, and is a tale of northern life obviously influenced by

# Compact REVIEWS

Robert W. Service. "Tikal" is a Caribbean hoot, an excellent pop song that *should* be the second single. Was that Jimmy Buffett who just sailed by?

*Land of the Midnight Sun* is a good career move for Tad Campbell and his cohorts. It appears that they have found good management that believes in them and will do some work promoting. Whether they return to their previous glory days remains to be seen, but this album could go a long way in that direction.

And watch for their videos, they're always excellent. Previous videos have featured the Royal Hudson and some very extreme skiing.

## Black Tie White Noise / David Bowie / BMG

Twenty-three years of recording and Bowie just keeps going. Always innovative, never boring.



*Black Tie White Noise* is as packed with invention, delights and surprises as its creator's life has been. There's "The Wedding," an instrumental (with carillon) Bowie composed for his own nuptials; the title track's duet with Al B. Sure!; the cover of Morrissey's Bowie-inflected "I Know It's Gonna Happen Someday," (with full choral regalia); the Mick Ronson-ized version of Cream's "I Feel Free"; and "Don't Let Me Down & Down," an intimate soul ballad as moving as anything else in his oeuvre. Throughout, Lester Bowie's (no relation) horn work flavours the music, adding a jazz element rarely introduced to dance or rocks sounds.

At a career stage when most rock icons play it safe, protecting their flank from the threat of changing fashion, Bowie still sets his sights on the fringe and the future, envisioning worlds not yet discovered.

In its subject matter as well as process, *Black Tie White Noise* reflects Bowie's sense of the divisions between—and his loyalties to—black and white society. Says Bowie: "A lot of it refers to racial boundaries. It also has to do with the black and white sides of one's thinking. The coming together of the disparate elements in any nation is no easy thing. There's no revolution without violence. There is a positive outcome, but it won't be gained by singing 'We Are The World.' "

## Story Of My Life / Pere Ubu / Imago

Always a favourite of music critics, the quirky Pere Ubu are not very well known considering they have nine albums to their credit.

Dubbed an "avantgarage" band, Pere Ubu's *Story Of My*

Life is like hall of mirrors, with all the weird faces and images coming into focus simultaneously. From the woozy sea chantey "Wasted" to the modern dust bowl tragedy "Heartbreak Garage" to the stately power of "Last Will and Testament," the sonic vistas are as limitless as they are beautiful. Weird moments abound.

Always a favourite on campus and alternative radio, Pere Ubu has come up with an album that could possibly serve as the soundtrack to the parts of life that are impossible to understand. If you ever need to plead guilty by reason of insanity, play this CD really loud for the court-appointed psychiatrist. You'll be hiking up to Cheakamus Lake by noon.

**Cages / Bob's Your Uncle / Zulu**

Bob's Your Uncle are no strangers to Whistler, having played at Bill's last month and the Boot last year. Their live shows are innovative, energetic and challenging. They bring those admirable traits to *Cages*, their fifth offering for home consumption. Always a favourite on alternative and campus radio, they have remained in relative obscurity.

They have gone, however, from total indie releases to Vancouver's Zulu Records, a fine outfit to be sure, but that

major label still eludes them. What's the matter with record execs these days? Are they deaf? Are they blind? (We already know they're dumb.)

The production quality of *Cages* is superb. Bob Your Uncle enlisted the help of Darryl Neudorf and John Switzer, experienced producers who have worked with the likes of Jane Siberry, Sarah McLachlan and 54\*40. Needless to say, you're going to find some unusual sounds on a Bob's album, and we get them here. However, Sook-Yin Lee's voice is always the center piece, and it has never been better.



*Sook-Yin Lee of Bob's Your Uncle*

Labels are silly in music, and Bob's picked up one of the goofiest: "art rock." Frankly, I think it has harmed their career. Who the hell's going to go see an art band, undergraduates excluded.

Plain and simple, Bob's Your Uncle is a good solid rock band with an eclectic (I use that word advisedly) repertoire. They stretch the boundaries most definitely, but isn't that what rock is supposed to do? Oh, did I forget to mention, they are also comedic, brooding, sexy, cryptic, spacy, lilting, tranquil, piercing, ethereal, hypnotic, vivid, mad, tragic, blunt, natural, naive, melodic and just plain good. However, it's quite possible that you're not hip enough for this band.

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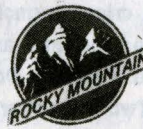
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# MOTHER'S VIDEO PICK



Clint Eastwood, the only modern movie star whose name is profitably attached to what is considered a dead genre, the Western, is back in the saddle in *Unforgiven*.

Directing, producing, and starring in this bleakly beautiful look at an obsolete way of life, Eastwood has not only created a substantial hit (grossing more than \$80 million), he is also riding high on four Academy Awards (Best Picture, Best Direction, Best Editing and a Best Supporting Actor award for co-star Gene Hackman.) Eastwood has also received the most glowing reviews of his career, with many critics who thought of him only as a maestro of mindless action pictures tipping their hats to his thoughtful and gripping presentation of a wild west revisited and revised—not the land of gunplay and glory, but a cold violent terrain where justice seldom has anything to do with law enforcement.

Eastwood plays William Munny, a former outlaw who has hung up his gun and for ten years has lived quietly as a family man running a hog farm in a remote region of the Kansas prairies. Munny is reluctant to go back to his old

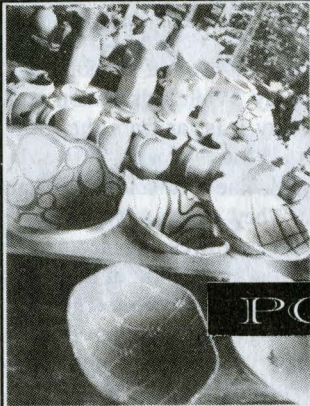
ways—his gun slinging period is a painful memory for him. But his farm is failing and he is at a financial low point when he receives an offer to track down two outlaws who have bounties on their heads for the mutilation of a harmless small town prostitute (Anna Thompson). Joining a youthful bounty hunter known as the Schofield Kid (Canada's James Woolvett) and his old partner in crime Ned Logan (Morgan Freeman), Munny sets out on his final call to action in the town of Big Whiskey. There he encounters competition in the form of a British killer-for-hire named English Bob (Richard Harris); scrutiny from a dime store novelist (Saul Rubinek) who is gathering data for his next Wild West book; and a deadly opposition from the local sheriff, a pragmatic psychopath called Little Bill Daggett (Gene Hackman). By the time the conflict has reached fever pitch, events reveal the transformation of Munny back into the killer he once was.

Produced with meticulous attention to detail, *Unforgiven* was shot primarily in rural Alberta, with additional shooting place in Sonora, California. Eastwood's commitment to authenticity was so thor-

ough that he had a tiny prairie town constructed to accurately replicate life in the 1880's. He even made it a site law that no modern vehicles were allowed to come within a certain range of the set to prevent cameras from accidentally picking up tire tracks. *Unforgiven* is Clint Eastwood's 36th feature film in a starring role. It's also his tenth Western, a genre that has come to reflect both his history and his charismatic screen presence. Throughout his career, he has taken on a variety of roles, including city cops, bare-knuckle brawlers, soldiers, a jet pilot, a country musician, a Wild West show entrepreneur, and even an egocentric film director. But the origins of his appeal lie in the Western—in fact, Eastwood has created his own genre within the genre, that of the loner who sees too much and is driven by a hard-edged knowledge of himself.

—Compiled by Warren Cline

*...Eastwood has created his own genre within the genre, that of the loner who sees too much...*



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# SHOULD GOVERNMENTS FUND THE ARTS?

## *Arts a crucial national resource*

By Stephen Vogler

In a colonial society the artist is considered unnecessary. In the modern day they rank just behind the gas jockey or dishwasher in terms of importance. What matters in a colony is extracting the natural resources, settling the land and keeping the natives from rebelling. Artists simply don't pull their weight in these areas, so there's really no need for them. But in moving beyond this initial stage of settlement, the artist becomes very important to society. Canada has recently liberated itself from the

### PRO

designation of colony, but it proves much more difficult for the public to shake off their colonial thinking.

People tend to think of artists as lazy souls in berets who sit around smoking and drinking and talking nonsense all day. While this notion may appear valid on the surface, in reality it is far from the truth. Artists are builders, like carpenters. Writers work with words, musicians with sound, painters with line and colour, and all artists work with the imagination. They create a world which pulls together the disparate elements in our lives and pieces them together into a whole. A work of art is a reflection of ourselves and our society, and it draws the connections between each of us and the place which we inhabit. Having this connection is not a mere luxury; it is necessary for the survival of any healthy society.

Before Europeans colonized North America, the natives of the Pacific northwest harboured one of the most advanced and artistically rich cultures on the planet. Art was integrated into the everyday workings of life and it expressed the intricate connections between individuals, families and tribes, and between the people and their environment. Their civilization survived for probably ten thousand years.

The question of government funding has always been a contentious issue. Nobody wants to see their hard earned dollars doled out to a small group of people who should be making their living within the economy like everybody else. While this argument certainly holds water, it must be remembered that many other segments of society besides artists receive government funding. Corporations are given tax breaks as incentives for investing within our borders; small businesses receive grants to get them started; logging is subsidized through low stumpage fees; farming, mining and land development have all been indirectly subsidized—the land which was taken illegally from native Canadians was sold at ridiculously low prices in order to speed up the process of settlement—now that the government is dealing with this injustice, it is paying out large sums of money and/or returning large tracts of land to the natives. The list of government subsidies goes on and on.

Having pointed out that many Canadians other than artists

## *Arts sinkhole produces few works of value*

By Bob Colebrook

There are many areas of life in Canada that governments should stay out of. I can immediately think of three: 1.) the bedroom 2.) the washroom 3.) the arts.

While having nothing against the arts *per se*, it has always amazed me how anti-democratic it is for governments to dole out money to artists, starving or otherwise. (The operative word being dole.)

Perhaps it would make sense if we were to close our eyes, click our heels three times and say "there is no deficit." The limited resources the government has is needed in many areas: day care, health, education, social security and hell, even roads, bridges and the military. What justification can we have as a society to spend money we don't have on some Raskalnikov in a garret in Kitsilano who fancies himself a poet.

It is my contention that artists, writers and musicians should paint, sculpt, compose and write for the sheer joy of creation. Or else because they have such an overwhelming need to express themselves they can't stop themselves. If the free marketplace then decides that these works are of monetary value, then, I say, good for them. As Bill Henderson says, "If there's no audience there just ain't no show."

The argument for government funding for the arts is typically Canadian. We feel ourselves to be somewhat inferior, so we need government help. This has produced government airlines, television and radio networks, as well as railroads and all sorts of unnecessary intrusions into the economy. We feel we can't compete against the predominant culture to the south, so the Canadian cultural elite and their wastrel friends in Ottawa decided that poor starving artists should, in essence, work for the State.

What has this produced? Please, show me one masterpiece created by government funding.

Canada has produced some fine cultural icons. Some who come to mind are Margaret Atwood, Margaret Lawrence, Leonard Cohen, Northrop Frye, Glenn Gould, Stephen Leacock, The Group of Seven and Marshal McLuhan. These figures would rise to the top in any county, with or without government funding. Sadly, the people who benefit from government largesse are the hack poets and experimental artists whose work is pre-kindergarten in sophistication.

How can the government justify spending your tax dollars to pay some poet to write a book of poetry when 400 copies of a poetry book is considered a best seller in Canada. The only people reading poetry are other poets. It is a moribund art form. If people want to continue pursuing it fine, but not at the taxpayers expense.

Of course, we run into big problems with the selection pro-

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receive government funding, I still maintain that artists should try to make their living within the general economy. If our society realized the value of art, this situation would come about naturally. But in a society where the bottom line holds sway and art is considered a frill, most art is destined to become commercial. In order to make a living, painters must produce commercial illustrations, composers write T.V. jingles, and writers pen sitcoms and Hollywood scripts. In this type of climate, artists are not able to produce art of any quality and merely become servants of the commercial market.

An excellent example of what commercialism brings to the cultural realm can be seen in the difference between C.B.C. Television and C.B.C. Radio. While the radio is entirely government funded, it provides excellent programming and probably does more to promote culture and draw Canadians together than any other Canadian enterprise. C.B.C. Television, on the other hand, is partially funded through commercial advertising, and so a few good programs are mixed in with a host of poor but commercially viable schlock.

The Canada Council is another organization which helps to promote the arts in Canada. Arts Council grants provide artists with some breathing space to follow their artistic vision and veer away from the commercial trap. These grants are not meant to be ongoing sources of income for artists. They are provided for particular projects and act as a shot in the arm to help the artist along their way.

As we move from a young colonial society towards a more established one, the arts will undoubtedly gain a more respected position. Artists will be able to survive on their own terms without government funding. It is likely that the new culture which is forming here will draw from both native traditions as well as those of the various settlers. Perhaps this combination will once again produce a strong culture and a healthy society in which all members can support themselves in their chosen field of work.

## CON

cess as well. Not everyone can get a grant. So we have to have someone to decide who does. The committee that decides has great power. How do they choose? Do they know what's good and bad art? How could politics not be involved?

Recently we were informed by Canadian Press that "Three established magazines have been told by the Canada Council to do more stories on the arts or risk losing their grants." The concept of freedom of the press has obviously disappeared in Canada.

I remember back in the late Sixties, which was the heyday of government funding for the arts. The Canada Council paid a fellow \$45,000 (which would be a lot more in today's dollars) to be the Town Fool of Vancouver. His only responsibilities were to walk around town dressed up funny, leading two donkeys. This was no doubt a profound artistic statement, but the only asses involved were the Canada Council and the Canadian public for letting this happen. Artists should be encouraged to create, but can't they work at the post office and do it in their spare time until somebody wants to buy their creations?

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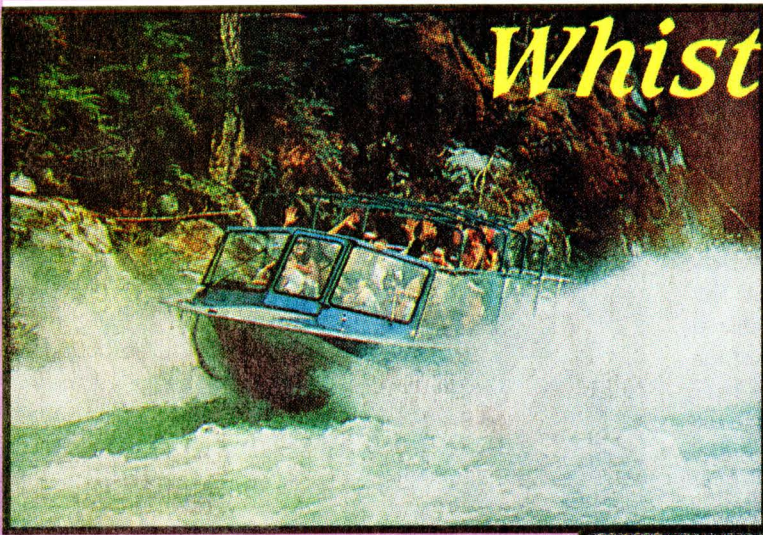
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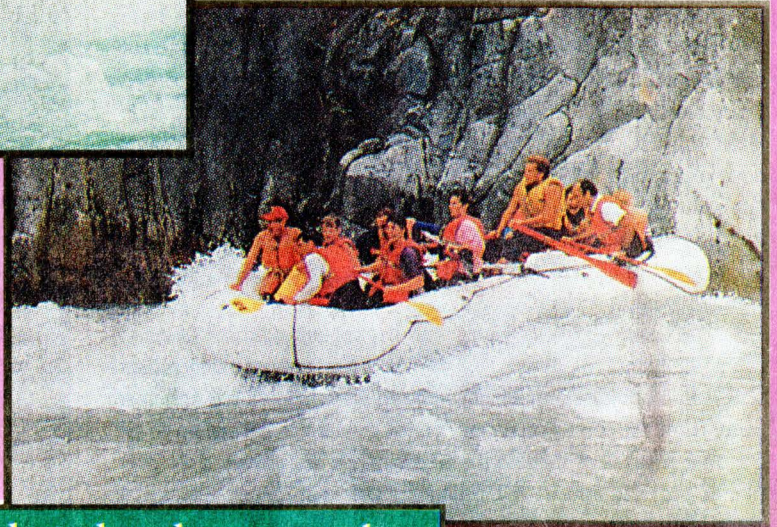
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