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Whistler

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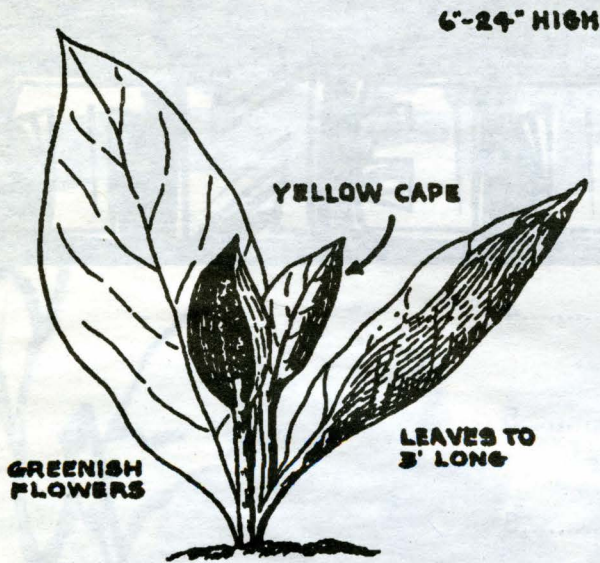


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Skunk Cabbage Has Friends in Low Places...

May 20, 1992

Dear Whistler Council:

We are writing to ask that council officially adopt the skunk cabbage as the municipality's official plant.

As you may already know, the skunk cabbage is a prolific plant here in Whistler, and is extremely hard, if not impossible, to ignore. At this time of the year it is difficult to travel one hundred yards on the Valley Trail without appreciating its many

splendors. One would have to be visually impaired or olfactory disadvantaged to ignore the magnificent skunk cabbage.

One may question whether Whistler is in need of an official plant. We believe that as a community we need symbols that represent who we are and where we live. The province of British Columbia has the dogwood as its official flower, and this has been a very successful choice. If the maple can stand as a sym-

bol for Canada and the dogwood for B.C., surely it follows that the noble skunk cabbage can carry the banner for Whistler.

One must keep it mind that a large rodent, a marmot more specifically, has been taken on as an animal symbol for Whistler. A skunk cabbage would be consistent with this lovable creature.

The skunk cabbage has already made an appearance this spring on the cover of a noted Whistler magazine, and I believe that there is a consider-

able ground swell of support for the S.C. as Whistler's official plant. It would be prudent for council to choose the S.C. now as Whistler's official plant, and save everyone the time and effort of starting petitions and packing council meetings. Remember, people who like the skunk cabbage are voters too.

Sincerely,

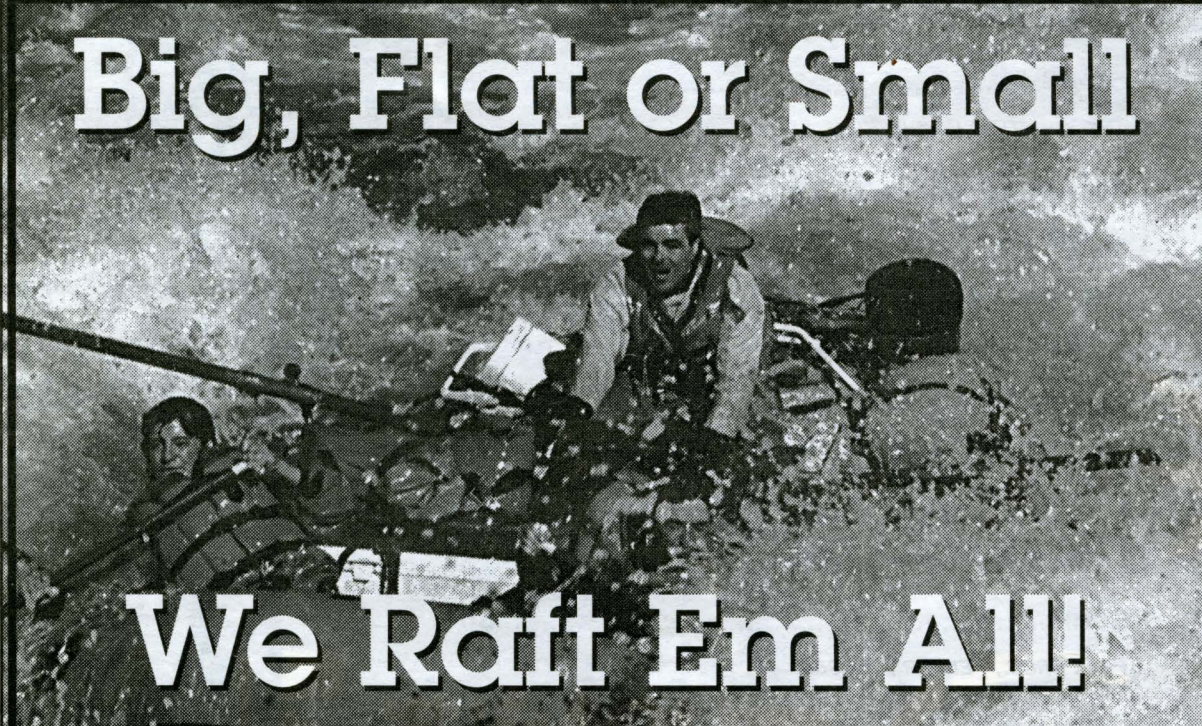
Bob Colebrook,
Nigel Protter,
Charlie Doyle,
Grant Lamont

The Whistler Answer has joined forces with the Alta Lake Botanical Society in an overdue attempt to have the Skunk Cabbage recognized as Whistler's official plant.


The matter has been presented to town council, and we will keep you posted to further developments and progress. We will push this to the max, and apart from recognizing Whistler's favourite plant, perhaps we'll get an insight into how council does or does not work.

Should council become intransigent and not proclaim the plant official, supporters will be called upon to help form and organize The Skunk Cabbage Party For Democratic Reform, and we'll toss the rascals out next election.

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STOP PRESS!

...and enemies on high

Two hours before we went to press we received this rather tragic correspondence from the Mayor of Whistler, Mr. Ted Nebbeling. Needless to say, we were stunned, shocked and dismayed. Our faith in the democratic process was shattered; our aspirations in ashes.

We tried to come to grips with the implications of this letter but were unable. Personally, I voted for Mr. Nebbeling in the last election, twice in fact. It was appalling to read of Mr. Nebbeling's callous disregard for his constituents and his total abdication of responsibility.

It is with a heavy heart and deep regret that we are forced to take the only logical and appropriate course of action and call for Mayor Nebbeling's immediate resignation.



May 26, 1992

Mr. Bob Colebrook,
Box 587,
Whistler, B.C.
V0N 1B0

FILE: 4092

Dear Mr. Colebrook:

On behalf of the Council of Whistler, I must thank you for once again being a person who is willing to dedicate his valuable time and effort to such a worthy cause as finding recognition for what I consider to be a jewel in disguise, to be specific, the skunk cabbage.

One may question Council's decision not to support your request to elevate the skunk cabbage to be Whistler's official plant, in spite as you believe, a strong voters' support for this to happen. The answer is simply a selfish attitude.

Mr. Colebrook, look what happened to the orchid, a beautiful Amazon plant. Today a town in California claims to be the place where orchids originated, and worse than that, the town also claims to be the orchid capital of the world.

Look at that magnificent flower the tulip. The Dutch claim it to be their national flower. Well Mr. Colebrook we know better, the tulip comes from China.

I would hate to see the same thing happen to your so beloved skunk cabbage, and believe me, if we were to make a public statement such as adoption of this jewel in disguise as our official Whistler plant, we run the risk of seeing other towns, or worse, other nations, laying claim to our skunk cabbage. This is, as you certainly will agree, unacceptable!

So as far as the skunk cabbage is concerned, Council takes the position of mum is the word, let's not rock the boat, let's be selfish and keep the skunk cabbage for ourselves, even if others who desire the recognition feel that Council's selfish decision stinks.

Yours sincerely,

Ted Nebbeling,
Mayor

pm

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Whistler ANSWER

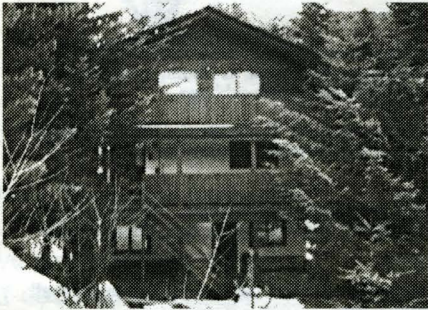
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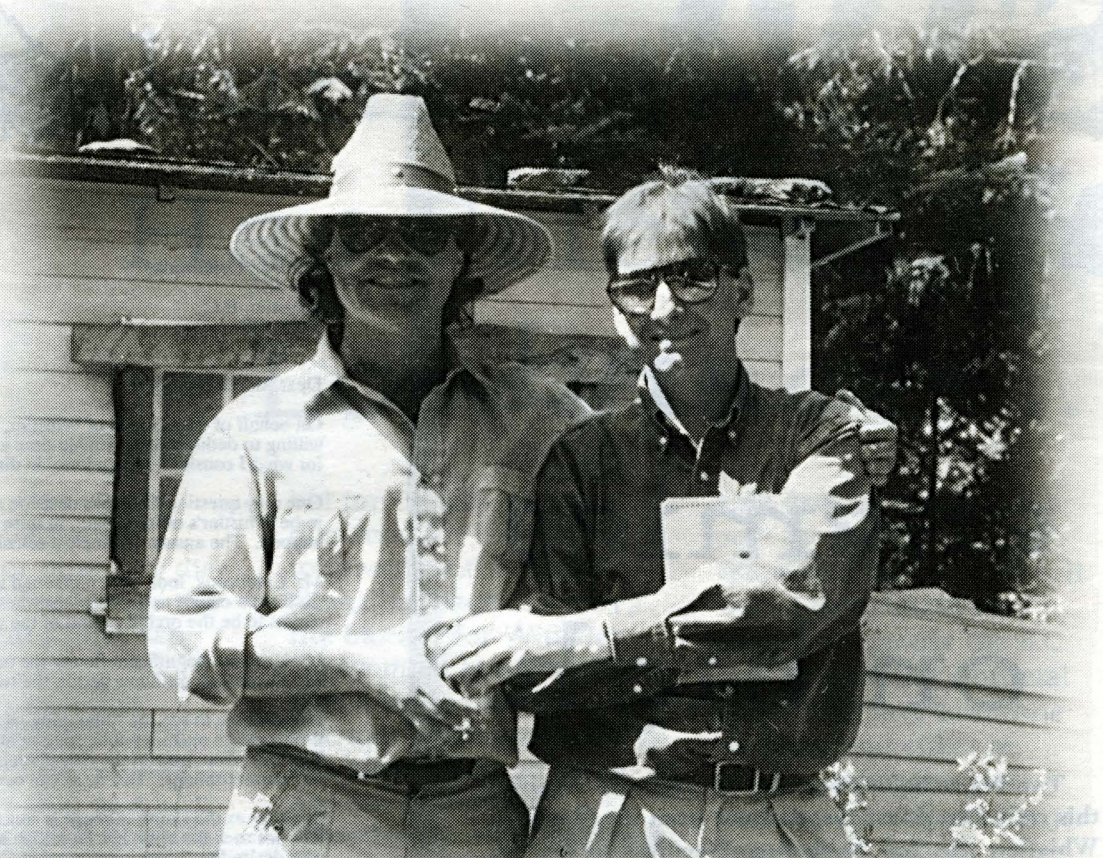
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SCUTTLEBUTT



MUSHROOM MARK & SUN REPORTER DOUG WARD BECOME FAST FRIENDS AT THE TURQUOISE TEMPLE. BOB COLEBROOK PHOTO

The Sun Comes Up On Whistler

The Vancouver *Sun* reporter called to say he was coming up to do not one, but two, stories on Whistler.

Not again, I thought, the circus is back in town.

"What's the story about this time?" my interest feigned.

"I thought we could do a story on the other side of Whistler," said Doug Ward, a graduate of the Carleton University School of Journalism.

"Hm. The other side of Whistler, you mean you want to go to Cheakamus Lake?"

"No, no. I mean the other side, the non-BMW, non-yuppie side."

"Ah. You'd be wantin' Pemberton."

The truth of the matter, as far as I'm concerned, is that Mr. Ward wanted a much needed holiday, and this journalism racket was just an excuse for a mini-vacation—I know, I've pulled this dodge myself.

First of all, Ward wanted to know where to stay, on the cheap, as Southam News seems to be on an austerity program, and has laid off more than a few employees.

"So you're on a shoestring?" I asked.
"Yeah, got any recommendations?"

"Maybe you should stay at the Fitzsimmons Creek Lodge," I replied, temporarily forgetting that establishment's new name.

Mr. Ward finally showed up, and he had lots of interesting questions. He wrote down many things that I said, only not the ones I wanted him to record.

Mr. Ward was a nice fellow, however, his photographer, Mark Van Manen, was a little overbearing. It seems the light up here in Whistler wasn't quite up to his usual standards. He tried to grab Rabbit out of the Bike Stop to take a photo of him in front of the Chateau while the sun was just right. Rabbit politely informed him that he was busy with a customer and that he could quite easily live without the aggravation. (In other words, fuck off.)

Van Manen is the type of photographer who wouldn't be happy with a shot of Niagara Falls until he had the river diverted through downtown Buffalo.

Ward had much better manners, and he interviewed everyone from Mushroom Mark to Drew Meredith. Ward said to me in passing that everyone he talked to seems to like Whistler.

"Maybe that's why they live here," I replied.

Ward then wrote that down in his little notebook and drove off down the highway to Big Time Media City, and we wait with indifferent anticipation for the two, count 'em, Whistler stories coming to a broadsheet near you.

-B.C.

SCUTTLEBUTT

Gatebashers Ski Camp

THRILLS WITHOUT FRILLS

(Warning: This is not a social club. No wimps allowed.)

It says so right on the brochure, so it's got to be true. Toulouse's No Frills Gate Basher Ski Camps, now in its third year on Blackcomb, are "high end Master's Camps for skiers who really want to get to the podium."

To those uninitiated in the jargon of international ski racing, "Toulouse" is Whistlerite Terry Spence, who has been a coach for fourteen years with the Canadian Men's National Ski Team.

Says the affable and diminutive coach: "We run our camps like the national teams run theirs. We train hard for a maximum of fifteen runs and then we go watch it on video. The video in my camps is key. We show video of almost every run the skier makes, and

then we review it over lunch and have comment from the coaches. We don't waste time on the hill watching video because we feel we should maximize our time on the hill with physical activity."

It seems to work. Two of the Canadian Master's Champions this year were graduates of Toulouse's camps, Richard Juryn and Don Barnes.

Summer conditions aren't a problem for the camps, and much attention is paid to making them better.

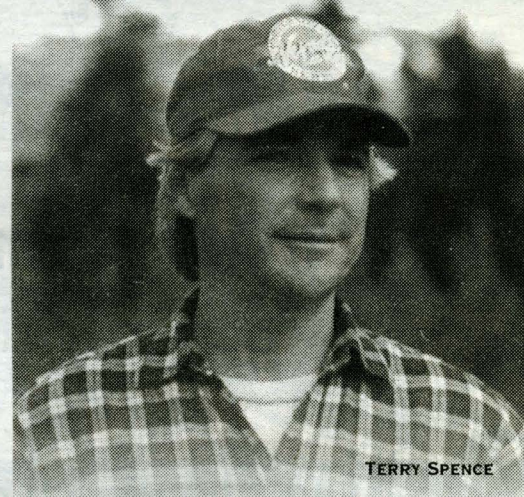
Says Spence: "Snow conditions are generally hard and smooth, and when it's warm we salt the courses to keep them race hard. And we reset the course every three runs so we never develop ruts, it makes it easier to learn the technique."

The camps are for advanced skiers. Having experience running gates is a definite prerequisite. How much can one expect to improve in a three day camp?

"It depends on the individual," says Toulouse, "some racers are already on a level where they're as good as they're going to get, but with three days of intensive gate running you develop better timing, and a better line."

"We set the courses for learning, then at the end of the day we'll set a World Cup course, which will really challenge you to unleash the warrior within," says Spence.

Some of the coaches for the camp are Germain Barrette, head coach of the Canadian Men's Ski Team;



TERRY SPENCE

Joze Sparovec, head coach of the Whistler Mountain Ski Club and former Head Coach of the Yugoslav National Team; and Dale Stephens, Current Coach of the men's downhill team. Guest coaches include Roman Torn, national team racer; Greg Lee, international *bon vivant* and fashion plate; Jordan Williams, Whistler Mountain Ski Club coach; and Dave Kerwyn, Canadian Men's Development Coach. (Cocktails at 8:00 p.m., sharp.)

There are three camps, with slalom camps on June 19-21 & June 26-28, and a Giant Slalom camp July 3-5. Cost is \$250 for the camps, \$175 is you have a summer pass. No word yet on whether the cost of the camps includes a thigh massage from Toulouse.

-B.C.

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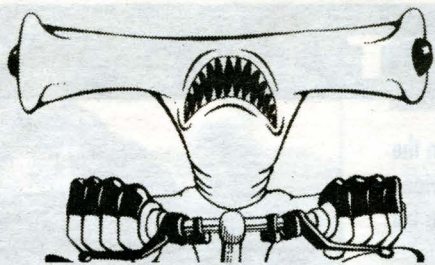
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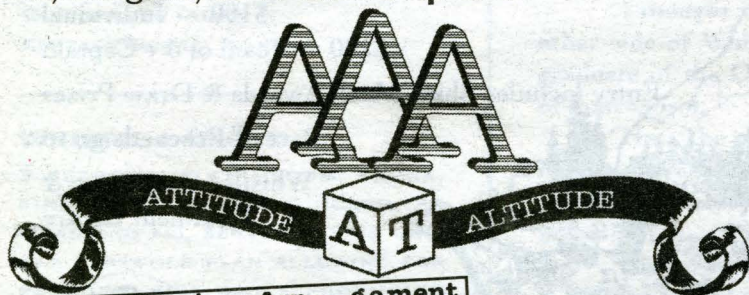
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SCUTTLEBUTT

BEASTS OF BURDEN

Owl Creek Llamas

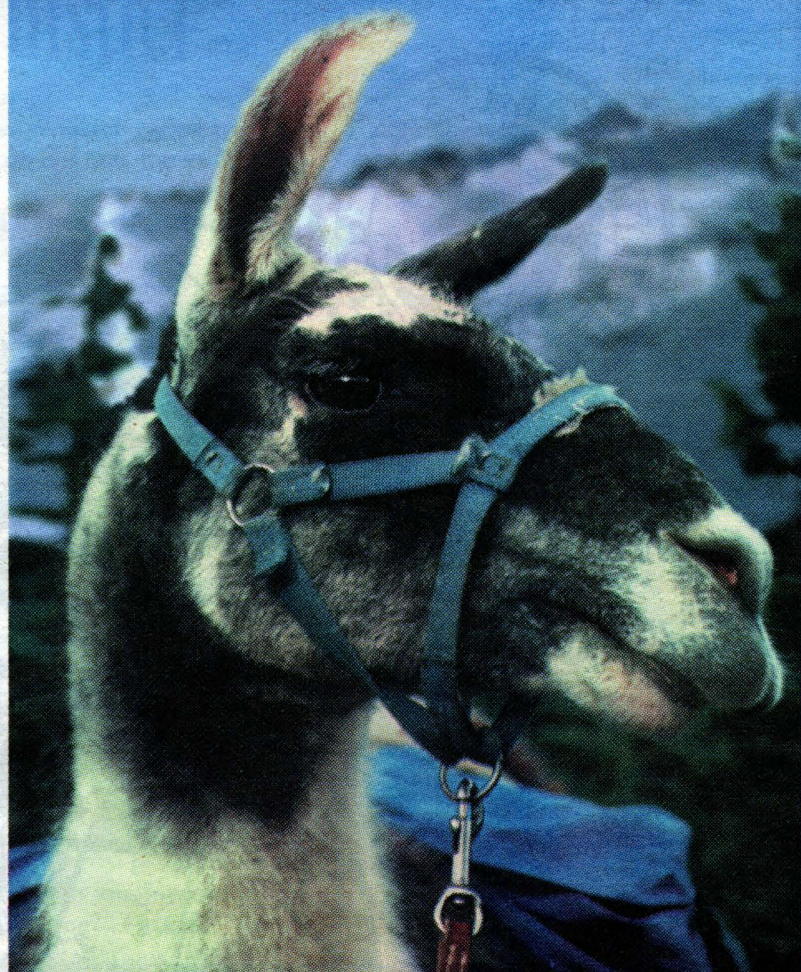
If a camel is a horse that was designed by a committee, that would make a llama a donkey designed by a committee of drunken psychotics.

Llamas are cute and cuddly to be sure, but try getting one mad at you. You'll be wearing llama saliva as hair gel.

The ancient Incas of Peru virtually built their civilization round them as they never did develop the wheel. (Yeah, but where are the Incas now?)

Up at Owl Creek, Mary and Dave O'Callaghan have four of these exotic creatures, and offer daily guided tours. You don't, however, ride the llamas, for they are pack animals, and they can carry from 60 to 90 pounds. (Take up a few bags of bricks and test them out.)

The tours include transportation, a hearty gourmet lunch, guides and the company of a friendly llama. Just don't wear your alpaca sweater.



NIGEL PROTTER PHOTO

SCUTTLEBUTT

OCCURANCE AT OWL CREEK BRIDGE

Partiers Give It Their Owl

The long weekend in May featured one of the best parties this area has seen in recent memory (memory, how could one possibly remember a good party.) Owl Creek was a mini-Woodstock, as bands played, campfires raged and everyone did the all nighter. Crowd estimates vary, but Answer photographer Elwyn Howlands says he counted 323 vehicles, and he says they averaged 3.7 occupants each. You figure out how many were there.

ELWYN ROWLANDS PHOTOS



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kid's Art fest

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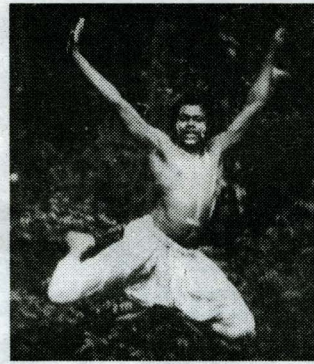
**Without
It!**

By Charlie Doyle

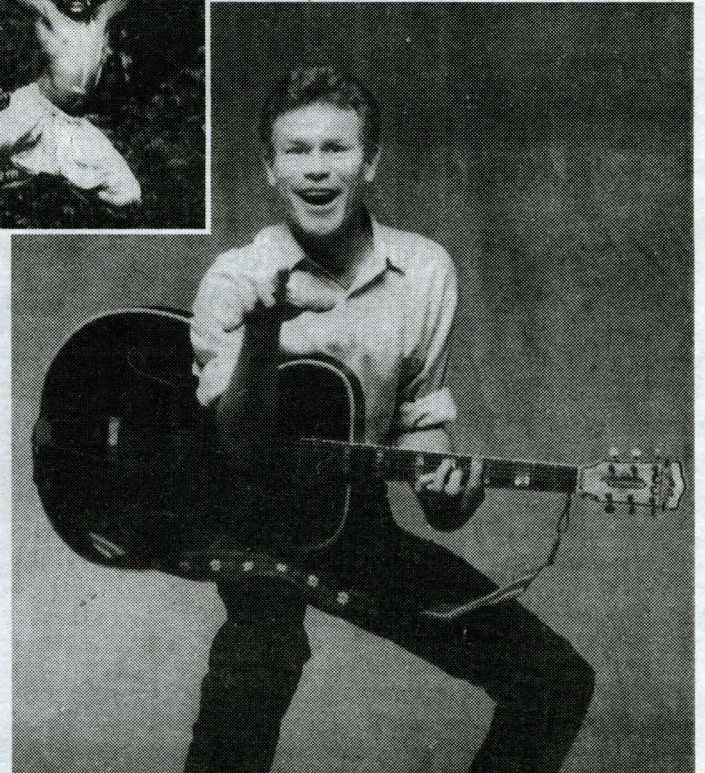
This year marks the 10th anniversary of the Whistler Children's Art Festival. This popular event, hosted by the Whistler Community Arts Council, was one of the first children's festivals held in B.C. and "if imitation be the sincerest form of flattery," the compliments are legion.

This year's event, to be held June 13 and 14, will consist of two mornings of hands-on art workshops in the visual, literary and performing arts. Soapstone carving, theatre sports, song writing, caricature, T-shirt stenciling, clay pot gardening, cowboy crafts, cartooning, story telling, hip hop 'til you drop (dance) and the always popular mask face painting are only some of the events to keep your pre-schoolers and school age kids hopping.

The afternoons are reserved for entertainment and this year's line-up promises a load of fun for both the kids and kid at hearts. "Tales of the Heart," original storytelling opens the show, followed by dancer Angela Brown. Saturday's finale is no stranger to Whistler. Bing Jensen is 1/4 of the *a cappella* group Party



TWO HIGHLIGHTS OF THE CHILDREN'S ART FESTIVAL: BING JENSEN, BELOW, AND MARANG, LEFT



Fever, one of the more noteworthy acts performing in the village street scene. A graduate of the street music scene, the folk clubs, the work world, and even music school, Bing has come full circle to being a kid again. His songs range from utter nonsense to deep emotional significance. He's not to be missed.

Sunday's show is kicked off by Marang, an African music and dance troupe that reveals the tireless rhythms of African music and dance. Audiences everywhere have been held captive by their hypnotic magic. Finishing off the festival is Gordon White, actor

and contemporary vaudevillian. His unique brand of physical comedy, utilizing mime, theatre, clowning, sound effects and stand-up has been featured across Canada and in Europe. His show comes with this warning from the Comedy General. "Laughter increases with amount watched—avoid missing."

The festival takes place at Myrtle Philip School. Registration for workshops is at 8:30 am (cost \$2.50 per) and the afternoon entertainment is \$1.00 for children and \$2.00 per adults. For further info call Joan Richoz at 932-5378 or Gail Ryhor at 932-6643.

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SCUTTLEBUTT

ELWYN ROWLANDS PHOTO



Hammerheads To Host Hammerfest Weekend

Road race fans will get a treat on June 13 & 14 when the Whistler Hammerheads host their first big event, with most of B.C.'s top riders in attendance.

Saturday will feature a criterium through White Gold, with the riders hitting speeds of 60 kilometers through the subdivision.

Sunday will feature a road race, with the top racers going to D'Arcy and back.

Says organizer Tom Anderson: "The headwind is really wicked coming back from Pemberton, along with the climb it makes it a pretty brutal 30 k's."

Spectators and drivers are warned to be cautious and be aware of the racers, but cheering is greatly appreciated.

Anderson, along with David Hiesler, spent "endless hours appealing the municipality and the highways department and getting volunteers. We've had lots of help from our sponsors, Nesters Shop Easy, KGB Drywall, Carney's Waste Systems, Corsa Cycles."

Volunteers are still needed, and should phone Tom at 932-1814.

bugaboos

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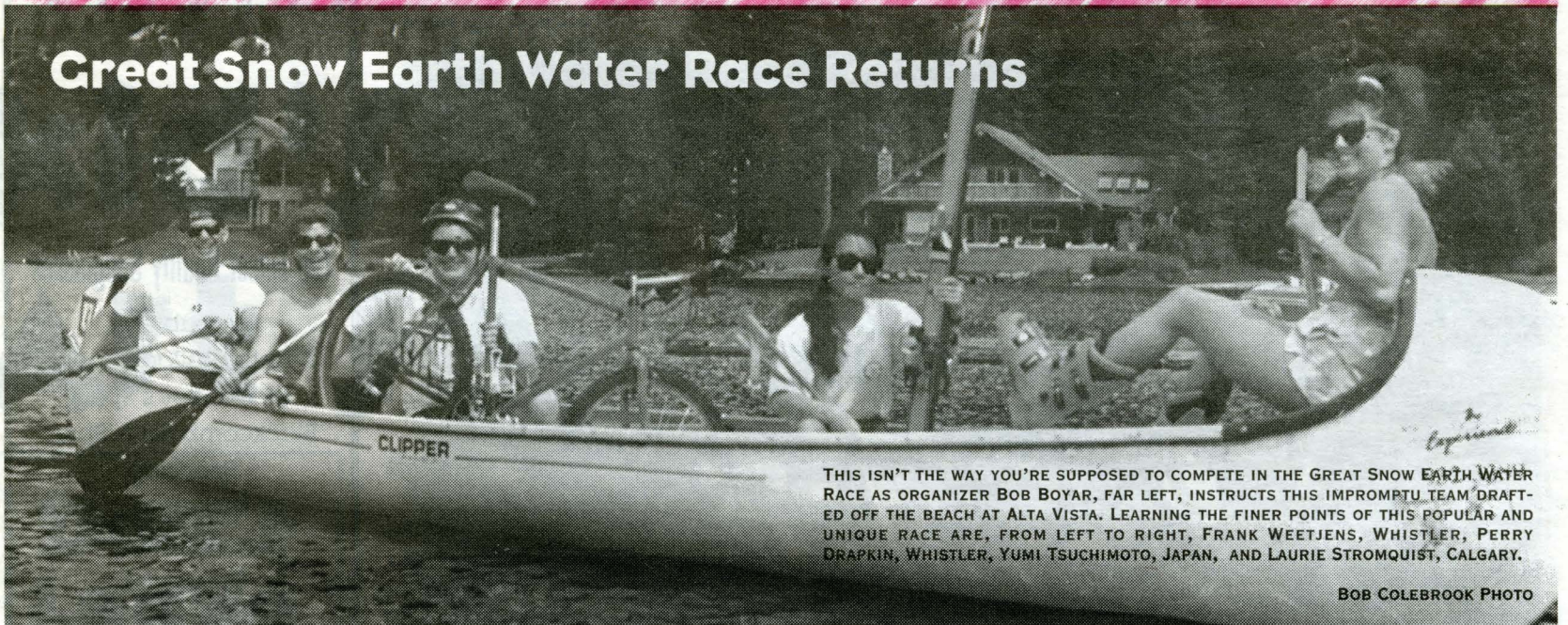


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Great Snow Earth Water Race Returns



THIS ISN'T THE WAY YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO COMPETE IN THE GREAT SNOW EARTH WATER RACE AS ORGANIZER BOB BOYAR, FAR LEFT, INSTRUCTS THIS IMPROMPTU TEAM DRAFTED OFF THE BEACH AT ALTA VISTA. LEARNING THE FINER POINTS OF THIS POPULAR AND UNIQUE RACE ARE, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, FRANK WEETJENS, WHISTLER, PERRY DRAPKIN, WHISTLER, YUMI TSUCHIMOTO, JAPAN, AND LAURIE STROMQUIST, CALGARY.

BOB COLEBROOK PHOTO

GREAT SNOW EARTH WATER RACE Returns With A Vengeance

After an absence of a couple of years, a Whistler institution is back on July 5 in the form of the 17th annual Great Snow Earth Water Race.

This event combines skiing, mountain biking, canoeing, and running in both individual and team relay categories. All this sweat will benefit a good cause, as organizers Grant Lamont, Bob Boyar, and Milo Rusimovich have earmarked some of the proceeds for the purchase of some medical equip-

ment for the Whistler Diagnostic and Treatment Centre.

The race starts near the bottom of the Showcase T-bar, the mountaineer must hike approximately 1 km up the Horstman Glacier, ski down a preset course, then hike up towards the Rendezvous Day Lodge where the baton is passed to the cyclist.

The cyclist drops 4,000 feet down Blackcomb to the base of the Wizard Chair, then goes along a course through Lost Lake Park, across the highway near the KOA, then along a trail past the new

Myrtle Philip School to Rainbow Beach, where the baton is passed to the canoeists.

The canoeists or kayakers then head down the World Famous River of Golden Dreams to the south shore of Green Lake, where the baton is passed to the runner.

The runner finishes the race by running a course through Lost Lake Park, along the Dave Murray Fitness Trail to the finish at the Blackcomb Day Lodge.

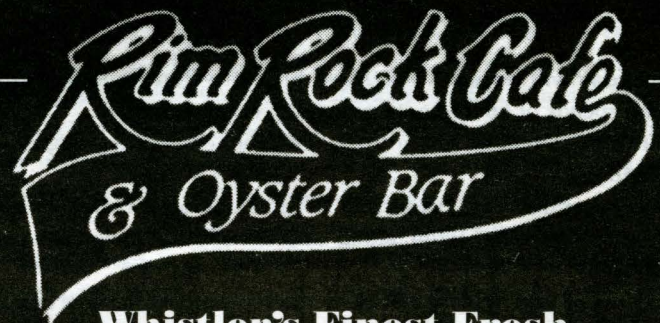


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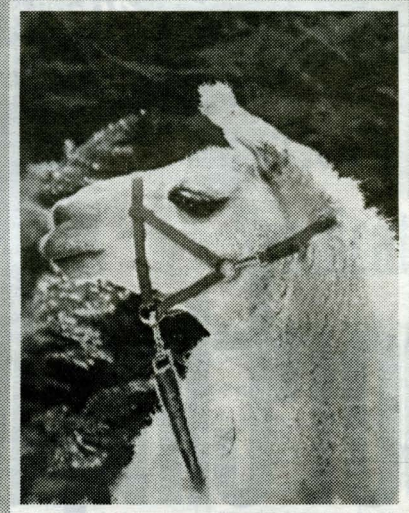
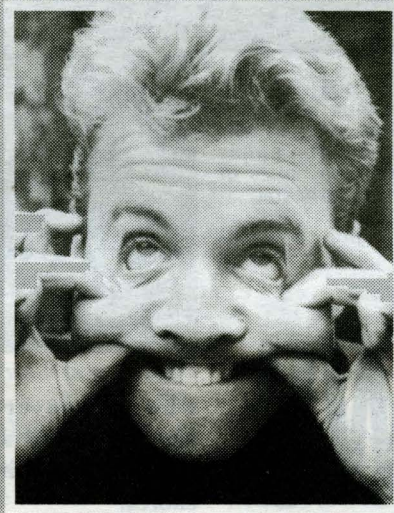
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WHAT WOULD BE THE FIRST THING YOU WOULD DO ON FANTASY ISLAND?

Karina Rose
Whistler

"I'd probably get a little
Tattoo."

Phil Bysher
Whistler

"I'd have these golf balls
removed from my cheeks."

Lloyd Llama
Owl Creek

"I'd spit on Rourke's rich
Corinthian leather."

JOHN DOUGALL & NIGEL PROTTER PHOTOS

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PHYSIOTHERAPIST ALLISON MCLEAN IS KEPT BUSY BY THE FREQUENT RUGBY INJURIES, SOME OF THEM ACCIDENTAL.

BOB COLEBROOK PHOTOS



Sporting News

by Jim Monahan

Jay Birds...

Say hey, the Blue Jays are once again contenders in the Howe Sound Men's Fastball League. With the demise of the Longhorn Rangers, Whistler now has two teams in one. Several

players from the Rangers have caught on with Tapley's, including Frank Papenberg, Mike Ridork and Neil Mawdsley.

"It's a good move. It'll give us a shot at winning the league title and taking a crack at the Provincial 'C' Championships," says Mawdsley. A utility player

who can cover all positions, Mawdsley will also help starter **Doug Allen** with the pitching chores.

One player the Jays will miss is talented outfielder **Bill Harvey**, who has jumped to the Squamish Legion... That bringing back a few memories of ex-Legion coach **Paul "Bear" Morris** kibitzing about putting a dome over the entire city of Squamish to avoid rain-outs... and ex-Jays manager **Scotty Hurren** scowling out from the dugout, his arms crossed over his chest, and a pretty good lump of Copenhagen under his lip.

'Learn to Golf' program commencing June 1st. It'll go Tuesdays to Sundays, from 3:30 to 4:30 p.m., and is sponsored by Coca Cola, so it will be available for a nominal fee.

One of the first to sign up could be Alliance taxi driver **John Porteous**, who is making some difficult adjustments. "My golf game is like the NHL playoffs. It's a joke," laments the swinging caddy. "I'm more likely to win the 649 lottery than shoot my handicap."... Hang in there, Johnny...



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In The Glacier Lodge

Golf Tips...

Ain't it great to be able to hit drivers at the practice fairway? Hitting only irons can lead to a lot of frustration. Explains assistant pro **Gerry Oliphant**: "If you have any bad swing fundamentals, they'll show up on the longer clubs. There's less loft on the longer club faces, so the side-spin on the ball is more exaggerated. That can get you into trouble on the course."

The range offers clinics and private lesson throughout the week... Oliphant has a dandy

Rugby Songs...

Roll you marmots, roll to victor-y... Those Whistler Hoary Marmots put on a fine exhibition of rugby in their home opener against the UBC Old Boys... The Marmots are fortunate to have **Allison McLean** back for her third season as trainer and physiotherapist. McLean works with **Susie Young** at Whistler Physio and has some excellent credentials, including a season with the CFL Hamilton Tiger Cats.

"Many of the injuries in rugby and football are similar. We have a lot of problems with knees

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DON PASHLEIGH OF THE WHISTLER HOARY MARMOTS IS DEFINITELY SCRUM OF THE EARTH.

and ankles from playing on uneven terrain," cautions McLean. "Every year this team changes, but there is a core of twelve or so players, hopefully we'll get more organized and into workouts and stretching from my point."

The Hoary Marmots have chosen green, white and blue as their colours. That on a theme of forest, snow and sky. McLean says thanks to the Aussies, who seem to have been playing 'footie' since they were born, there is a good crop of local talent... One scary fact, McLean notes that some of the guys tape their ears, so they won't get ripped in the scrum...

Triple X-rated Skateboards...

Attitude at Altitude's Larry Charron reports the biggest change in skateboards this summer is the size of the wheels. Some have shrunk in circumference from 53 mm right down to 38 mm. "You're lower to the ground,, a lower centre of mass, so everything is easier to balance. But they wear out quicker," says Charron... Yeah, and don't catch 'em on the cobblestones.

Just when the 34-year old skateboard impresario mastered the "ollie," a little jump or hop with the board, Dylan and the boys went on to pressure flips... the board hops, jumps, ollies, does a spin in the air and, well, Charron remains philosophical: "Just like everything else in life, that's progress!"

It's worth a stop at the skateboard shop just to dig the music... er, sort of... They have a stock of gear from San Diego Trucking & Supply caps, to Mad Dog Chili fixins' from Alaska... You'll also find some triple-X rated graphics extolling the virtues of Henery,



Jordan and Rudy... These images are tastefully papered over with messages from the management such as: "These graphics have been found to be rude and offensive. Please no peeking, minors"... or my favourite: "Look, your mom will make you take it back anyway, so *Don't Even Bother!*"

Courtside...

Gary Winter's Chateau Whistler Tennis programs are already in full swing... The Shadow offers several adult packages for locals and visitors alike. The kid's Tennis Tigers goes weekends until June 20th, when they'll begin daily operation. Please register at the Health Club.

And if you're into some California style volleyball, check out the Longhorn Pub... And Mike Cop from the Boot Pub tells us that Jonathan Maybe is building volleyball courts at the Shoestring... For some practice or a pick-up game don't forget the Muni court at Alpha Lake Park.

Stem Turns...

Yes! Skiing returns to Blackcomb Mountain on June 18th... "A warm invitation to all

and welcome back," from the ladies in ticket sales, who wish remain anonymous. It'll be all public skiing until July when the summer camps open... Also, Blackcomb will host the inaugural BRC mountain bike race on June 24th... The Great Snow, Earth and Water Race goes July 5th...

Meantime, Whistler Mountain fires up the Express on June 5, with variable hours through June, then from July 1st right through to October 11th they'll be open from ten to five... Both hills will let you take your mountain bike up the lift. At Whistler, you'll have to check in with McConkey's shop to get a guide.

Parting Shots...

Can't win at Sports Action?... Pick up a copy of *USA Today's Baseball Weekly* from the bookstore. Therein you'll find such statistical gems as the California Angels hitting a paltry .217 against left-handed pitching, while the Detroit Tigers have been mauling southpaws at a .290 clip. See how easy it is!... and here's to Whitey Fabian, wherever he might be...

Local Businessman Refuses To Sue America's Cup Syndicate

The recent winner of the America's Cup sailing classic has apparently stolen Attitude at Altitude's logo: A³. But proprietor Larry Charron remains stoic, almost philosophical.

"How can you lose, your logo gets out in the public milieu. No way I'm going to duke it out with them," said Charron on a recent late night visit to the *Answer* office.

Two years ago Charron attended a Sports Action Convention in San Diego, and he plastered stickers of his logo all around the San Diego Yacht club, home to this edition of the America's Cup. Was it just a fluke that the America 3 entry sported the same logo? Charron thinks it's more than coincidence.

"They must have studied the manifesto of Attitude at Altitude and understood it's all about focus, disposition and patience. We're just happy the program works as well for sailors as it does for snowboarders and skateboarders," said the Purple Haze to the Pink Cloud.

Before departing in his Audi, Charron pointed out that on occasion he is a "gushing inhabitant of nitwit world."

"I drive a German car so I can take it to a German mechanic."

-B.C.



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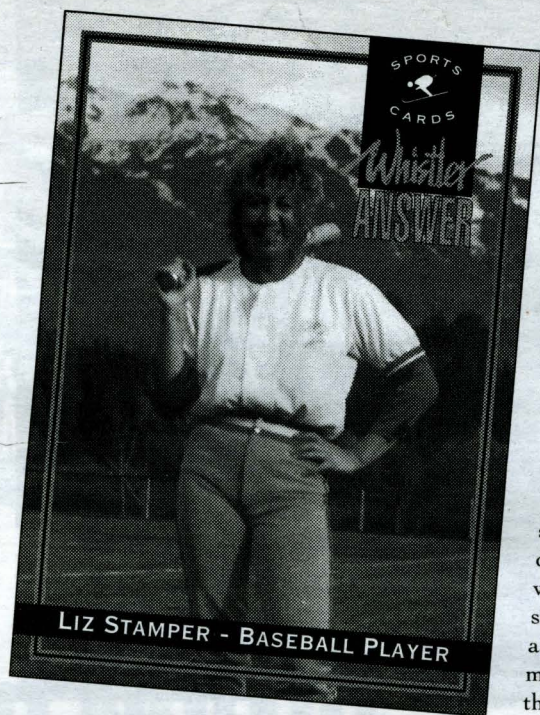



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Sports Profile:

LIZ

STAMPER

by Jim Monahan

It may not be too long before Tapley's Pub will have to find room in one of their trophy cases for a fastball uniform. After eight seasons of women's fastball in Whistler, Liz Stamper is thinking of retiring to the slo-pitch diamond.

The slick fielding first baser played high school fastball at University Hill Secondary in

Vancouver. Then she toiled a year for the Lone Star Pub in the Meraloma 'B' league before moving to Whistler.

"I was following in my brother Graham's footsteps," she says in a pre-game interview from Meadow Park. "We both worked for Whistler Mountain before I got a job with the Municipality. Of course, I got broke and couldn't afford to move, then fell

in love with the place."

This is the second year that the K's have played under the Tapley's banner. For the six previous seasons they were sponsored by the Ski Boot.

"I remember one season our team was so bad we didn't win a game until halfway through the season," she laughs. "It was a Sunday afternoon and Ski Boot manager Bob Brant opened the pub early for us, so we could celebrate into the wee hours."

The team has enjoyed considerable success since then. Although in Stamper's words, they got their butts kicked at the Provincial 'C' Championships in Courtenay four years ago.

Last year they lost only three games during the regular season, but then came up short in the league play-off tournament. Losing their opening game, they were unable to bounce back on a cold and rainy weekend in Squamish. This year could be a different story.

"We've added six new players, all young, energetic and athletic. Plus, we've got a great new coach in Brian Buchholz," she declares with a rookie's optimism. "Brian has been doing a super job. He has us back to the basics, doing some good drills. We've come a long way from losing 34-4, and now feel that we can win 34-4."

Buchholz has indeed got his team playing some excellent fastball. Their goal is to lift their game another 30% by paying attention to fundamentals: running the bases, fielding, hitting the cut-off person. He also has some high praise for his veteran player.

"Liz Stamper is everything you could ask for in a ballplayer. She's a good hitter, good fielder and a super competitor," says Buchholz, who doubles as a rugby referee. "We've lost a number of players this year, including Cheryl Williams and Heidi Kuran. Liz has always been a leader and this year we're counting on her more than ever, to help keep everyone focused. Relying on her really to lead by example and by words."

This coming at a time when Stamper is actually beginning to enjoy playing slo-pitch with the Boot Dregs.

"For so many years I couldn't determine why people wanted to play slo-pitch," she shrugs. "But, now it seems I warm up for twenty minutes, throw for twenty minutes, and

still go home with an injury. You can relax playing slo-pitch, you sure can't playing fastball."

Maybe not, though it's funny how a winning season can change an idea. Buchholz and his Tapley's Kokanees are hoping to put that together, and perhaps keep Stamper around for a few seasons yet.

◊**Best Games:** "I enjoy the fast played one-two-three games, but also like to kill 'em in five innings. If you lead by ten runs after five innings, the game is over. That's always good for the ego."

◊**Best Pitch To Hit:** "Low and outside, because I like to crowd the plate a little. I usually try to pull it between short and third and rarely hit to the opposite field. The inside pith always seems to rap off the skinny end of the bat. You know, slo-pitch is definitely messing me up. I'm losing patience and want to swing at the first pitch."

◊**Toughest Play At First Base:** "Probably when a runner moves off the base and our catcher throws to first, on a pick-off attempt. It's almost impossible to do. The bunt is routine, I'll charge in and the second baser will cover first. A hard hit ball down the line is also a tough play, as you're usually a couple steps off the bag."

◊**Future Goals:** "I think I've reached most of my goals, whatever they might have been. I don't think I've ever been the best player. I've hit a few home runs, and in my pitching days I struck out a few people. Maybe now, not having to go home and use an ice bag might be a goal. Aw, but then it sure would be fun to win this league one more time. Then think about hanging up that old number 12. It's the same number I've worn all along."



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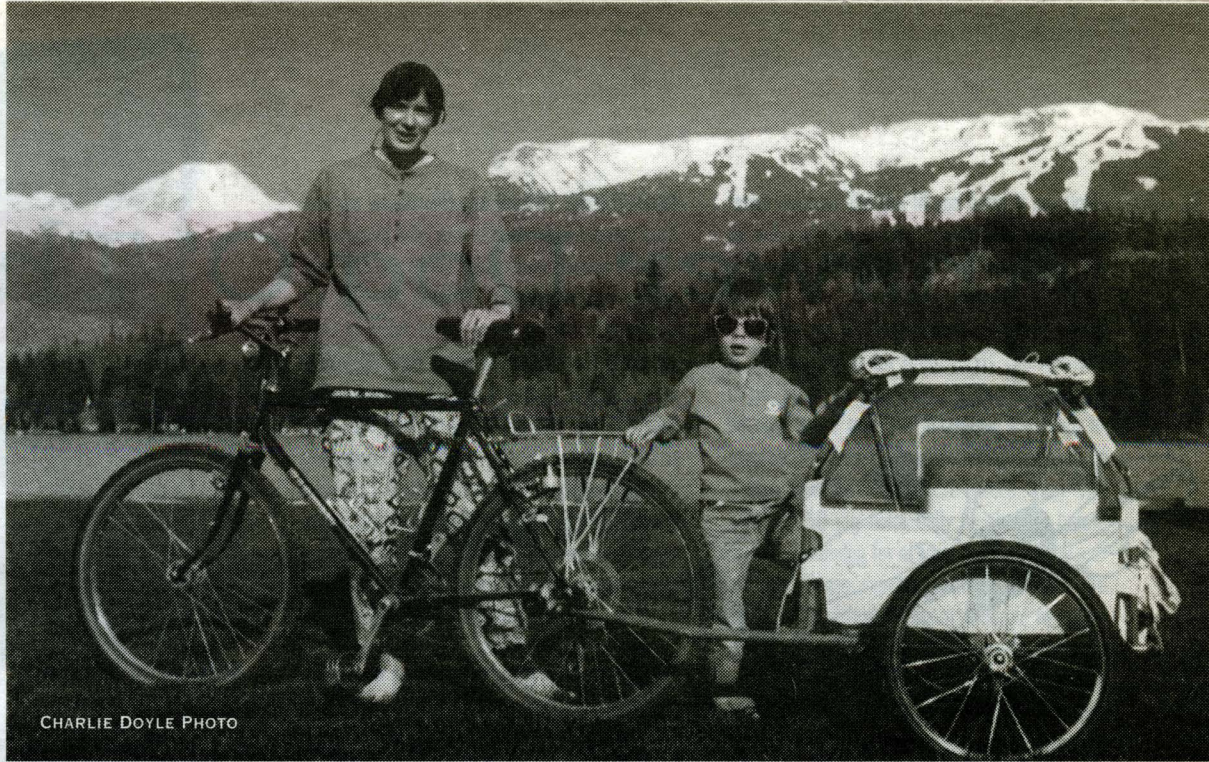
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Born: Vancouver 11/5/61
Height: 5' 7"
Weight: 135 lbs.
Throws: Right
Bats: Right
Position: First Base
Equipment: Easton glove/bat
Occupation: RMOW Horticulturist

Liz is a sure-handed fielder who can swing the bat with authority. She is in her eighth season with Tapley's K's.

The Family Wagon



CHARLIE DOYLE PHOTO

In Praise of the Bike Trailer

By Charlie Doyle

O.K. I have to confess. The first time I saw the damn thing I thought it was another yuppie accessory. I wasn't about to fall prey to the latest in a line of infant seating and transportation devices that have included the basic car seat, the snuggli, the bouncy seat, the jolly jumper, the backpack, the baby walker and the bike seat.

My resistance was directly related, of course, to the three hundred plus bucks it was going to set me back. This resistance held up through my first kid, who had to be content with the basic bike seat, but began to melt with the arrival of the second. Was I to be forced to join the hordes of cars fighting for a parking spot at Lost Lake? Not bloody likely!

My resistance disappeared completely when we arrived at the bike shop to check them out. I turned away from the sales person to find both kids comfortably ensconced in the lime yellow trailer, making kissy faces against the plastic windows. They had a home on wheels. I had no choice. Out came the credit card.

I've since discovered that these are nifty little units. They're well designed and rugged. The nylon seats are slung above the floor to smooth out the ride and the five point seat belt wouldn't look out of place in a Formula One racer. They hook up quickly and securely, leaving no damage to the bike frame. The point of attachment is near the rear axle and pivotal offering no negative handling characteristics. It is handy to remember, however, that you are a couple of feet wider than usual and playing slalom with those little orange posts in

the middle of the Valley Trail could have dire consequences.

I must confess to some initial embarrassment, as any stop in the Village would invariably involve people gathering around the trailer reminding me how cute the whole scene was. Being the "Super Host" that I sometimes can be, I'd patiently describe the technical merits of the device, direct them to the bike shops that could help them, and then bugger off.

The practical merits of the trailer cannot be denied. It makes grocery shopping or a picnic with

the kids not only possible but fun. I routinely double the manufacturer's weight recommendations with kids, cooler, beach clothes, six-packs, toys and towels. The trailer holds up well, the only complaint being from my thighs.

Which brings up another plus—the trailer as training device. As anyone who has a family and does any racing can attest, the "kid time vs. training time" is the fiercest competition. No more! Load the kids, some snacks, and their favorite games into the trailer, buckle them up and you're off. The extra weight requires smooth

shifting on the transitions—the load is a bit of a grunt but it's a great equalizer on those rides with your significant other.

Although we haven't committed to the hardship of full-on camping with the trailer we've enjoyed weekend "bed & breakfast" tours in the Gulf Islands, with sunburn being our biggest problem.

Before revealing that my spiritual recovery is due solely to this conveyance I will close. The offers from trailer manufacturers for ad copywriting would be too hard to pass up.



NIGEL PROTTER PHOTO

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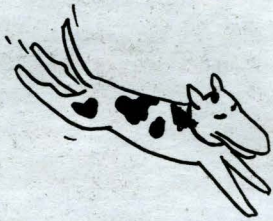
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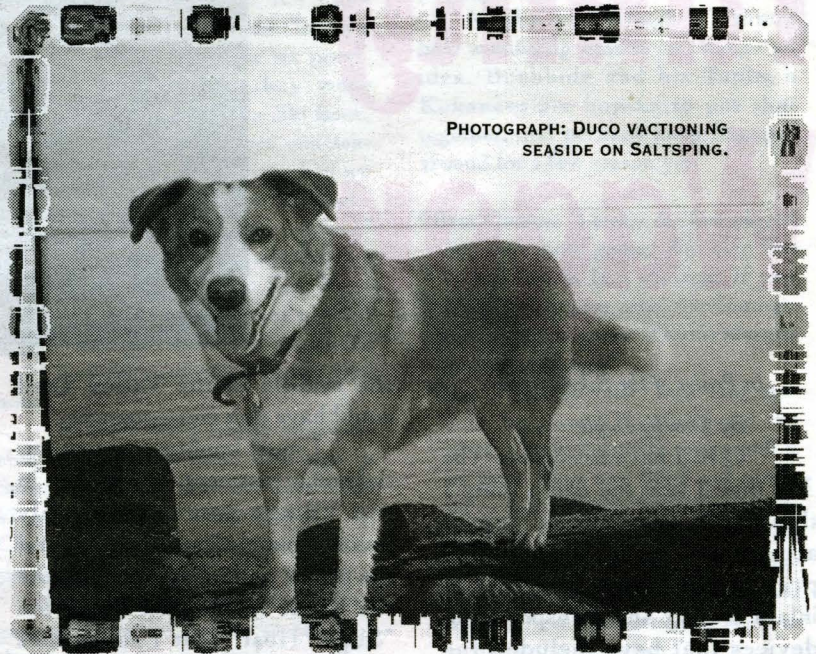


Duco rolled into town nearly 12 years ago with his mother, Yakko, and Tom M. He has seen many changes in that time. He has watched trees and bushes change to curbs and fire-hydrants. But the constant mountain fresh air and outdoor activity has kept him a young pup, full of spunk and energy.

He knows more people around these parts than all the people who know him know. He has lived with scores of dif-

ferent room-mates; he has lived in every subdivision as well as historical locations such as The Hillside Lodge, Midnight Express and The Trap. He has been known to arrive home alone in a taxi after an afternoon of wandering, no charge of course, since the driver knows him.

His current servants are Anne W., Andy B., and Joanne T. and he resides in Pincrest, where it's as quiet as it was in Whistler 12 years ago when he first arrived.



PHOTOGRAPH: DUCO VACATIONING SEASIDE ON SALTSPING.

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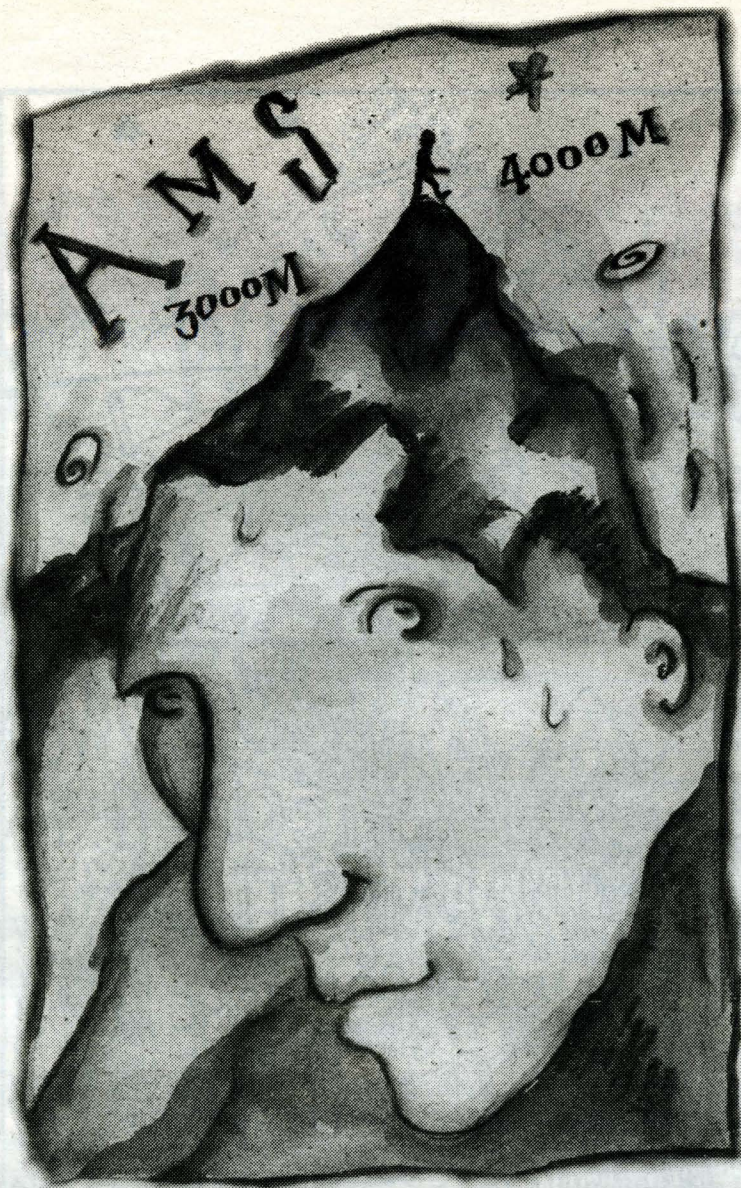


ILLUSTRATION BY KAREN PROTTER

Getting High

with Dr. Jake

THE MOUNTAIN QUIZ...

It feels like ten kilo weights on each ankle. Every twenty yards, you gasp for breath, stop and feel the burn slowly subside from your muscles. You wish you were somewhere else and whine to the fates, "How did I ever get talked into this?"

You are:

- A) Hiking at 3000 m.
- B) Riding up the microwave road in the Cheakamus Challenge
- C) A 250 lb. smoker walking to the corner store for a carton

It feels like a squash game in your skull. Your stomach pitches and rolls at the sight of food. Simple tasks take an hour. You can't fall asleep even though you're dead tired.

It's:

- A) A mild case of acute mountain sickness
- B) The morning after the Owl Creek party
- C) What happens after watching the Parliament Channel for too long.

A squash tournament is taking place in your head. You're heaving more than a bridge in an earthquake. You can't do even the most simple

tasks. Walking feels like log-rolling. You just can't seem to get warm. You're cranky and can't think straight.

It's:

- A) Big trouble with serious mountain sickness
- B) The morning after the Tokum party
- C) A day at the Detox centre

If you answered "A" to the above, then you have an awareness of Acute Mountain Sickness (AMS). If you answered "B", then you were at the parties too. If you answered "C", then you'd better move out of Vancouver. AMS is just one of the medical problems encountered by lowlanders on (usually rapid) ascent to high altitudes (above 2500 m.) For comparison, the Horstman Hut on Blackcomb at 2284 m or 7494 ft is just below the problem altitudes, but, as most of us can attest, is certainly high enough to cause shortness of breath with any exertion.

AMS is surprisingly common, especially with modern rapid transportation to altitude. If you fly into Everest, you stand a 50% chance of AMS, but hiking in reduces this to 23%. AMS affects 67% of Mt. Rainier climbers who sleep at 3000 m and reach 4392m. So, what causes AMS, and

how do we prevent and treat it? Since barometric pressure falls with altitude, the oxygen available also decreases. Involuntary reflexes increase the rate and depth of breathing (hyperventilation) in order to get more oxygen. The rate at which the body acclimatizes to the low oxygen will determine if AMS develops. Alcohol, sedatives, and poor sleep can interfere with this compensation. (This could put St. Bernard's out of business.) On the other hand, caffeine and coca leaves enhance ventilation (one of the above is probably illegal). For unknown reasons, some people do not adequately hyperventilate and, as a result, get AMS. Body fluid shifts can also occur in more severe cases contributing to swelling of the brain or "high altitude cerebral edema (HACE)" and water on the lungs... high altitude pulmonary edema (HAPE). HACE and HAPE are the dreaded potentially fatal consequences of too rapid ascent to altitude. Most AMS is self-limited and resolves slowly over 1-3 days with acclimatization, but will worsen with further ascent.

As can be gleaned from the "mountain quiz", the symptoms of acute mountain sickness begin with headache, loss of appetite, and weakness. More advanced cases are characterized by severe headache, irritability and vomiting. Severe AMS presents in addition with altered consciousness, and an inability to catch your breath even at rest. Trouble sleeping is common at altitude and not specific for AMS. Loss of balance with staggering however is very specific and worrisome. Dehydration can worsen AMS, but can also be confused with it. Of course dehydration gets better with fluids, but AMS will not. Similarly, cooking in a closed tent can lead to carbon monoxide poisoning which in itself can be fatal or can worsen AMS by depriving your body of vital oxygen. Be aware of this and watch for headache which is the earliest sign. If carbon monoxide is suspected, get out of the tent!

Prevention of acute mountain sickness consists of slow judicious ascent. Be sure to spend at least one and preferably more nights at sleeping altitudes of 3000 m before ascent. A brisk car ride to 3000 m, followed by hoisting your pack and hiking up further invites trouble. Slow down and smell the coca. If possible, spend an extra night for every 800 m ascent. Daytrips to higher altitude with a return to sleep lower down are helpful. Lay off the booze, don't overexert, and carbo load to reduce symptoms. Being in shape doesn't seem to prevent AMS, and in fact, hiking


faster because you are fit can bring it on. Don't be a hero! These recommendations should be adhered to especially if you have had AMS in the past.

I recommend acetazolamide (Diamox) which is 70% effective for prophylaxis (prevention) above 3000 m. This drug causes your blood to become more acid and increases the drive to breathe. It is especially useful when sleeping, at a time when other drives are reduced. Start with 125 to 250 mg twice daily on the day before ascent, continuing for at least the first 2 days at altitude. Some experts recommend it for the duration at altitude. Persons allergic to sulfas should avoid this agent. Acetazolamide can cause tingling of the extremities and, since it is a diuretic, excess urination. I take my PM dose in mid-afternoon, preferring not to leave the tent at night. Of course, you could always diaper or freeze your noggles.. Dexamethasone, a potent "steroid" drug has been used, but I believe it should be reserved for treatment of established AMS.

The keys to treatment are early recognition and descent. Do not ascend with symptoms already established. If the early symptoms worsen or don't improve by halting ascent, get down. Loss of balance, changes in consciousness, or marked shortness of breath mean HACE or HAPE and necessitate immediate descent. Usually 500 m is enough. If oxygen is available, it should be used. Acetazolamide (and dexamethasone in more severe cases) can be used. Analgesics such as aspirin or acetaminophen are OK for headache, but avoid narcotics such as codeine which will depress breathing. Most anti-nausea drugs will also depress breathing.

Mountain trekking is an effort, but the rewards are well worth it. Acute mountain sickness is an avoidable hazard, so minimize your risk. Be cool, get high, but do it slowly. Happy trails and invite me to the slide show.

Dr. Jake Onrot is a practicing physician and clinical pharmacologist with expertise in drug use and abuse, and has a commitment to educate the lay public. He is also a pretty nifty dancer.



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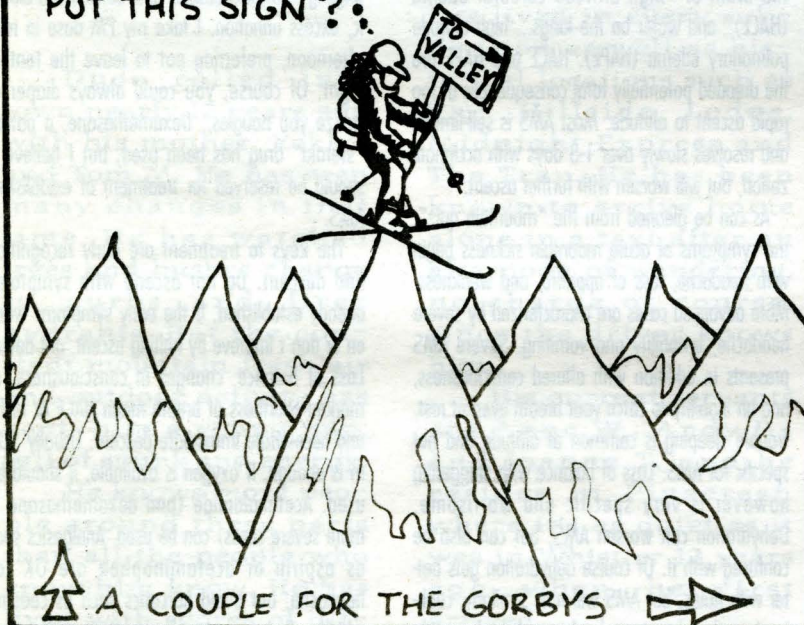
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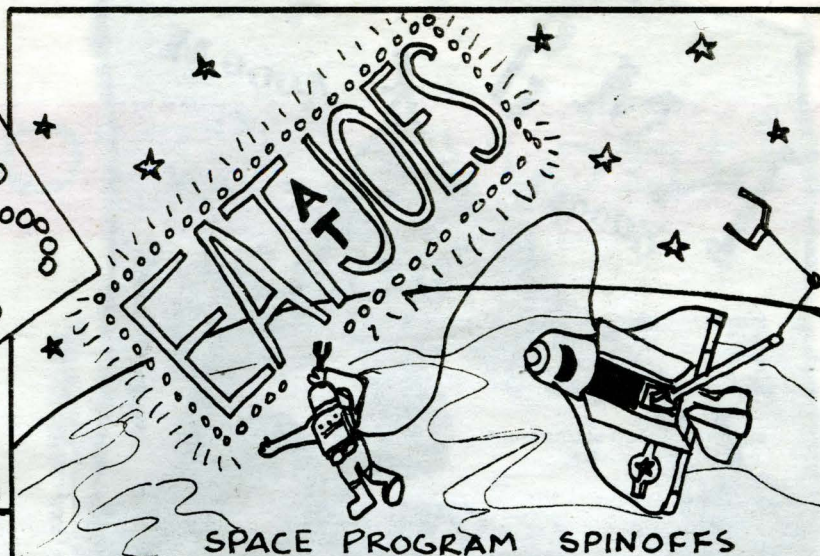


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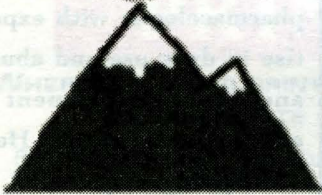


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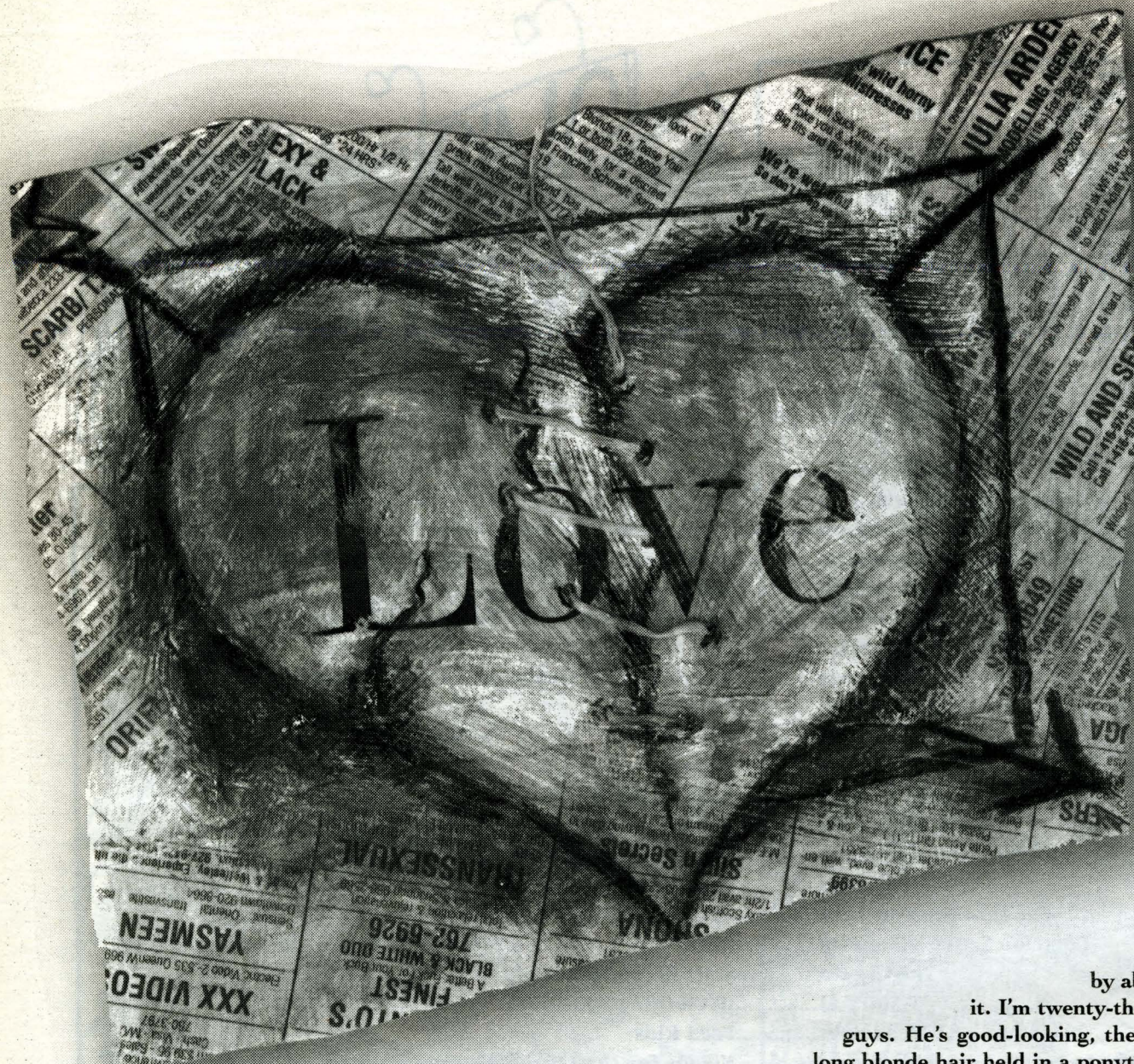
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COLLAGE BY KAREN PROTTER

FICTION By Peter Vogler

When he walked into the bar that evening he didn't look like the same old Will. He looked tired, Samsonite bags under his eyes from traveling to who knows what distant and exotic land the night before. Knowing Will, that meant he was with a woman the night before. But there was something else about him, something that I couldn't put my finger on.

"Can I get you a drink, man?" I ask him. "Forget that—can I buy you a drink, it looks like you need one."

"Ya, thanks."

I pour him a draught and then pour him a Scotch too. The Scotch is a bit extravagant, it's true, but you have to understand, Will never looks like this. He's a ski instructor and works in the same bar I do. He's a helluva skier, a great guy and the women hang all over him. "What's going on?" I ask him.

"Nothing" he says, and I know it isn't true. I've known Will for

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about five years, and while I don't know him well, I know him well enough. He's older than me by about ten years, but you'd never know it. I'm twenty-three and he out skis all of us younger guys. He's good-looking, the women hang all over him. He has long blonde hair held in a ponytail that a lot of the guys try to copy, and he's got dark quick eyes. When he smiles, man, watch out because it's like he's putting a searchlight on you. It works killer with the chicks.

Now I don't want you to think that I'm glorifying the guy. I like him, but he can be pompous and shallow and just an all round dickhead as well. Sometimes you'll see him and start to say hi and realize that he isn't going to respond. It's like he's looking at something else that isn't really there. He doesn't notice you at all. And then the next time he'll go out of his way to be friendly with you. It's kind of eerie. As you get to know him better you begin to recognize the days that he is not going to be saying hi. Those are the days he's got a look in his eyes as if he could burn up whatever he sets his sights on.

Tonight that look was turned inward. I've seen him tired and blank after a long shift behind the bar, following a long night out drinking after a long day of ski instructing. But tonight—no, tonight it was a different look. A lonely look, which is the last thing you expect to see on Will's face. Like I said earlier, he's got babes coming out of his ears. He's got a reputation for having more than one on the line at a time, and the rest of us can't figure out where they come from. Sure Whistler has some nice ladies, but it's a small town in most ways, everybody knows everybody else and things can get a little complicated socially. Yet you'll see Will at the bar in the early evening with one chick and then just before closing time he'll head in for a last drink with another. Now some guys do this and you know that they've been dumped and have just found another girl to replace the first chick. But with Will, the way they hang over him, you know it's not the girls that are trying to lose him. And somehow he always come out of it unscathed, nobody thinks badly of him. I wonder what his secret is, if there is one.

So, at any rate, with this in mind, it's kind of good to know Will, or to have him sit at your bar. Usually, like I said, there's a girl with him and that can be good. He's a man about town, and we hope that maybe just a little of it rubs off on the rest of us. And you know it actually does seem to work that way. For awhile when you're with

him you feel like you're more in control than you are most times. You see that people are watching you, kind of envious that you're the centre of activity and everybody else is out there on the periphery wishing that they were in your shoes, the centre of attention for awhile.

"What do you think of women, Jeff?" Will says to me out of the blue.

What do I think of women? That's a question I'd prefer to ask him, because you can't help but wonder what goes on in his mind. Anyway, I doubt that I can add anything to Will's knowledge, considering the experience gap. Anything I say is probably gonna sound quite dumb, but then at the same time I *am* the bartender, and as Will has told me before, bartenders are captain of the ship, even if they don't really know something, you never let on, you're always in control.

"I like them," I say, referring to women. He sort of laughs, "Ya, me too," he says, and I leave him for a while because I have to attend to my duties at the bar. I would like to chat with him more, but in this business there's never quite enough time. There's always a waitress bitching at you, a manager breathing down your collar, or something to clean up in the draught lines. The job you think you have, the sociable duties of the bartender that everybody sees you performing, very quickly become something else. The social part becomes a sideline while the routine of cleaning glasses, filling orders and stocking up becomes the substance of the job.

Still, I like bartending. I like the shine of the bottles against the mirrors, the sound of glass tinkling and the *glug* of a good pour. I like the precision, the way after a while you can eyeball a shot within a molecule's accuracy and I like the company, the sociability of it all. On the boring shifts you have to keep each other amused, while on the busy days when you're in the shit, you rely on the others. It brings you pretty close. A good bartender wraps himself up in the night, as captain of the ship he remains at the helm orchestrating the evening. There's power in it, some good money, and you get to meet some good-looking girls. And at the end of a shift, you're pumped for a while. You got cash, are out with a couple of waitresses... It's good even though I usually end up heading home alone, when I'm so bushed I feel like just curling up, sucking my thumb, and going to sleep.

A couple of girls walk in and they settle down over in the corner, and so over I go doing my bartending thing. When you're up for it there's magic in it. The patron sits down and neither of you has any idea about who the other is. You know nothing about each other and so you can be whoever in the world you want to be. You can play whatever role you feel like, you can rise above the kind of guy your friends and colleagues think you are.

The girls who have sat down are gorgeous. I go over and play it up for them, bow gracefully and offer my services in mock Italian. They seem to like it and they flirt back. They must be tourists and they're here for a good time because a local girl would probably ignore me. I bring back their drinks—two ciders—and chat them up a bit more. They're from Seattle, and the brunette is being a bit more coy than the blonde, though they both seem to be enjoying the attention in their own way.

I get back behind the bar. I stock up and top off a few bottles because it's Friday night and I'm expecting a rush later on. I pour some extra Clamato for the inevitable Caesars that are going to get ordered by middle-aged couples—he'll be a business man and she'll be dressed in heels and leather pants. Then there's an extra bottle of Glenfiddich for the connoisseurs of fine Scotch, and I have to make sure of course that the cooler is filled with enough ciders and berry coolers to keep all the girls happy.

Speaking of which, the two girls behind Will appear to be quite happy sipping on their ciders, and they're definitely beautiful, and Will has not made any kind of move. I caught him once looking back at them, but then he just turned around again, "Another Scotch and another beer there Jeff, if you don't mind..."

I pour him the beer and we're quiet.

Will is thoughtful and I'm wondering why he's so oblivious to the action around him, especially the two beauties sitting and drinking their ciders. "Nice looking girls eh, Will, sitting behind you," I say, "They're from Seattle..."

"Who cares," he says, and with that simple comment the whole universe stops for a moment and reverses its spin as it drains down the toilet of life. Who cares? The man who lives for women, who women live for, the man who is passion incarnate is not interested!?

"Are you feeling okay?" I ask—and I'm asking half seriously, this is so weird.

"Not really," he says "Marie won't see me anymore." I'm wondering, who the hell is Marie? And why should he care? So I ask him who Marie is.

"You know her, she used to work here..." he replies.

"No way!" comes out of my mouth before I can hold my tongue. I know Marie all right, Christ, I went out with her for a while. That didn't last long though, Whistler is just such a party town we eventually just drifted apart. The thing that was so weird hearing this now from Will is that Marie really was not up to speed with Whistler, she was like an alien here among all the healthy, fit, fun-loving people. She is definitely not up to the quality Will usually gets. It's probably all for the best that she refuses to see him, which brings the next question to mind. "Why won't she see you, Will?"

"I don't know, she won't say really, just that we're too different." Well I have to agree with her on that point.

"So, what's the problem?"

"Like I said, she doesn't want to see me."

"No, I mean why do you care?"

"I don't know. I know she's not the kind of girl I'm usually with... She's no model, and her nose is sort of flat and wide, but I like that nose more than any perfect nose I've ever seen. The same holds true for the rest of her, all of her, it ain't perfect, and strange as it is to say I like it that way..."

"Don't look that way," he adds, "perfect is just perfect, end of story. But it's the weird little things about them that leave the door open, make you want to get to know them, figure them out. I haven't been able to figure out Marie yet."

Me, I was trying to figure out Will when Marie walked in. Will was right, her nose was kind of wide. Not only that—her smile was kind of crooked, not ugly or anything, just not beautiful, she was totally different than the other girls I'd seen him with. Something didn't compute, and I looked at her but couldn't come up with what it was. She stood there awkwardly beside Will for a minute and I went on with my duties, cleaning some of the bottles, shining them up, giving them the festive glint for the evening ahead. I kept my eye out for customers and waitresses and any cute girls that might wander in.

I looked over at them again. I couldn't get over the fact that Will was with Marie. I tried not to stare, but it was difficult. He was touching her ear and tracing it with his finger, and there was something about it that I couldn't place. It was gentler than anything I'd seen in a long time, and Will was almost tentative. I felt a bit embarrassed for him. It made me feel awkward, like I was invading their privacy, even though we were in the middle of a public place. It was such an intimate touch and erotic, but it was something else too, something beyond me, something that... but I'm just not sure what to call it, what it was that I saw between them that evening in the bar.

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Fashion

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ABOVE: SUE ROSS IS WEARING A BLACK OILED OUTBACK COAT OVER A BLACK WESTERN SHIRT WITH WHITE REMOVABLE FRINGES. HER JEANS HAVE A BLACK AND WHITE COW PRINT PATCH ON BOTH THIGHS AND SILVER COWBOY BOOT EARRINGS, ALL AVAILABLE AT DURANGO BOUTIQUE.



LEFT: ERIN EARLY IS WEARING A BLACK, WHITE AND CINNAMON PANEL JACKET WITH MATCHING CINNAMON PANTS BY MR. JAX AVAILABLE AT THE HORSTMAN TRADING COMPANY.

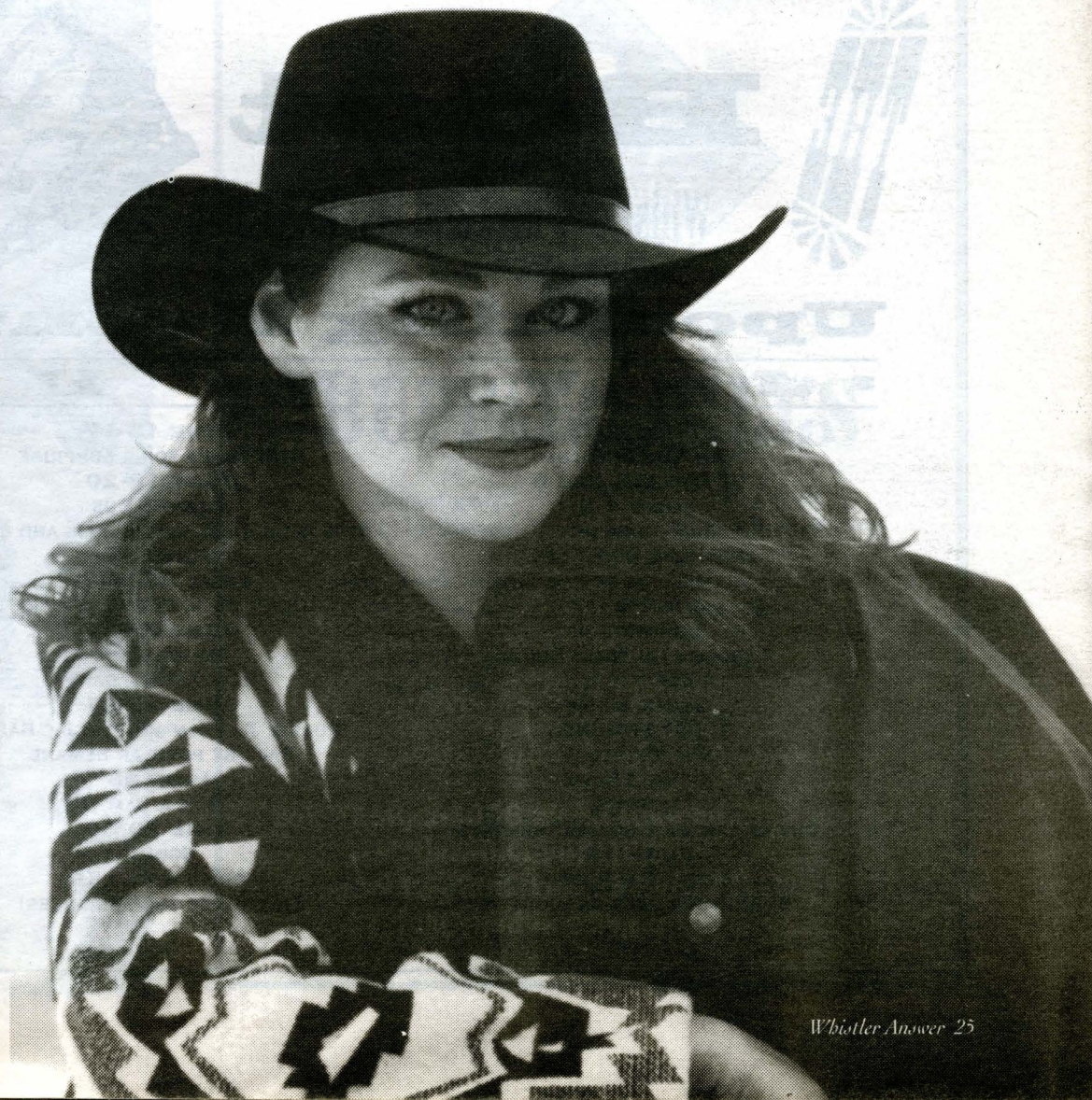
RIGHT: CAROL FOSTER IS WEARING A BLACK COWBOY HAT WITH BLACK AND WHITE INDIAN BLANKET COAT ALSO AVAILABLE AT DURANGO BOUTIQUE.

ABOVE RIGHT: CHERYL MASSEY IS WEARING A BLACK BARISHNIKOV BLAZER OVER A BLACK AND WHITE 2 PIECE ACTIVE WEAR SUIT ALSO BY BARISHNIKOV AVAILABLE AT HOME ON DERANGED.

BELOW: LESLIE PATTERSON, OF GALA AFFAIRS, BRINGS HER MODELING BACKGROUND AND FASHION SHOW PRODUCTION EXPERTISE TO THE



FASHION PAGES OF THE WHISTLER ANSWER. THESE PHOTOS WERE TAKEN BY LOCAL PHOTOGRAPHER PAUL MORRISON DURING A RECENT SHOW LESLIE PRODUCED ON TOP OF BLACKCOMB MOUNTAIN.



MUSIC

The Big Rock Show

Blue Rodeo turns the Conference Centre into giant bar

May 16, 1992

By Bob Colebrook

The brigade of security guards greeted you at the door, and just before frisking you, asked, "Do you have any alcohol, drugs or weapons on you?"

"Is this multiple choice? Actually, I have a Swiss Army knife, a set of brass knuckles, two AK-47's and a Sidewinder missile, but that's only on account of the fact that I'm muling a couple kilos of horse. Sorry, I don't have any alcohol, but didn't Meatloaf say two out of three ain't bad?"

The closest thing to a weapon discovered were the ornamental bullets on photographer Rick Flebbe's belt.

The WRA out-did itself on the security angle. There were so many people running around with walkie-talkies and those little earplugs that I thought George Bush was going to show up and give a State of the Union Address to Abu Nidal and his band of merry pranksters.

The tight security blanket, however, turned out to be useful later in the evening when anarchy broke out. In a scene reminiscent of the recent Los Angeles riots, one demented and psychotic music fan lit a sparkler. It was a good thing that security was there to rip it out of his hands. Security was also necessary to put down a major insurrection as two short girls stood on chairs in order to see the band. It was a tough night for security, and they had hardly any time for freebasin steroids in the basement.

I wonder why security guards are such boneheads? Is it because their employers seek out morons, or is it the fact that no one

with an IQ above 65 would ever consider wearing one of those uniforms?

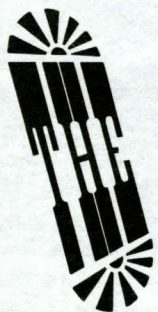
Local cartoonist Karen Griffin and I shared a couch for a time in the foyer. We passed the early part of the evening playing Blackwell as the 1600 fashion plates passed by. For the most part, I admired the women and she the men. Griffin was particularly opposed to mustard that night, and would continually bleat out "fashion faux pas," while I was concentrating on fit, the tighter the better.

It was a decidedly Vancouver crowd, although a few locals showed up later in the proceedings.

She Stole My Beer opened the show musically, although there were also a couple of comedians on stage that *entertained* the people in the first three rows. She Stole My Beer fared well on the big stage with the big lights and the big sound for the big crowd. With a debut CD soon to be release, SSMB show much promise, and they certainly won over a few fans that evening.

Blue Rodeo. I've had an unexplainable resistance to this Toronto band ever since the Toronto Music Mafia tried to PR the group down the media's collective throat. There was even a time when the music 15%'ers tried to get Blue Rodeo passed off as *country* music!

The usual acoustic problems in the



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MUSIC

Conference Centre was solved by a very clever sound man. The solution, of course, is simple: let a monkey operate the reverb knob and then crank the system so loud that it's deafening. I must apologize to the poor girl down front whose jacket I stained with the blood gushing from my ears.

It wasn't totally loud, however. Blue Rodeo is a four piece band with a payroll of five. Nestled over in the corner of the stage, unobtrusively, was a fellow sitting down at a pedal steel, who I can only assume was in the band.

The pedal steel is one fine instrument when played and produced properly. What it is doing in Blue Rodeo I'll go to my grave trying to figure. The simple fact is that the steel wasn't in the mix. The guitars, bass and drums were mixed at ten, the steel at two, which is just as well, for Blue Rodeo are a guitar band. When you *could* hear the steel it was as a rhythm instrument, bizarre but true, and there were no leads. The

steel player was having a good time nonetheless, and I can only assume that was because he had a tape of Fats Kaplan from the Tom Russell Band playing on his monitor.

A pedal steel is a terrible thing to waste. I'd like to send Stan Stewart from Ian Tyson's Chinook Arch Riders over to kick Blue Rodeo's goddamn ass.

Another factor working in Blue Rodeo's disfavour was the lack of a keyboard player. Why they ditched their keyboard player Bob Wiseman has me flummoxed, for the consequences are that the band sounds like a junior Georgia Satellites, only without testicles. (Who knows why, maybe he got tossed out because he had all the best groupies, if indeed this band has any. The official word is that he went solo, which is a music industry code word for teaching piano to grade schoolers during the day and playing "Piano Man" at night in Bennie's Bar. And the original drummer quit because he didn't

MONDAY NOVEMBER 9

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↓

KAREN GRIFFIN'S BIRTHDAY

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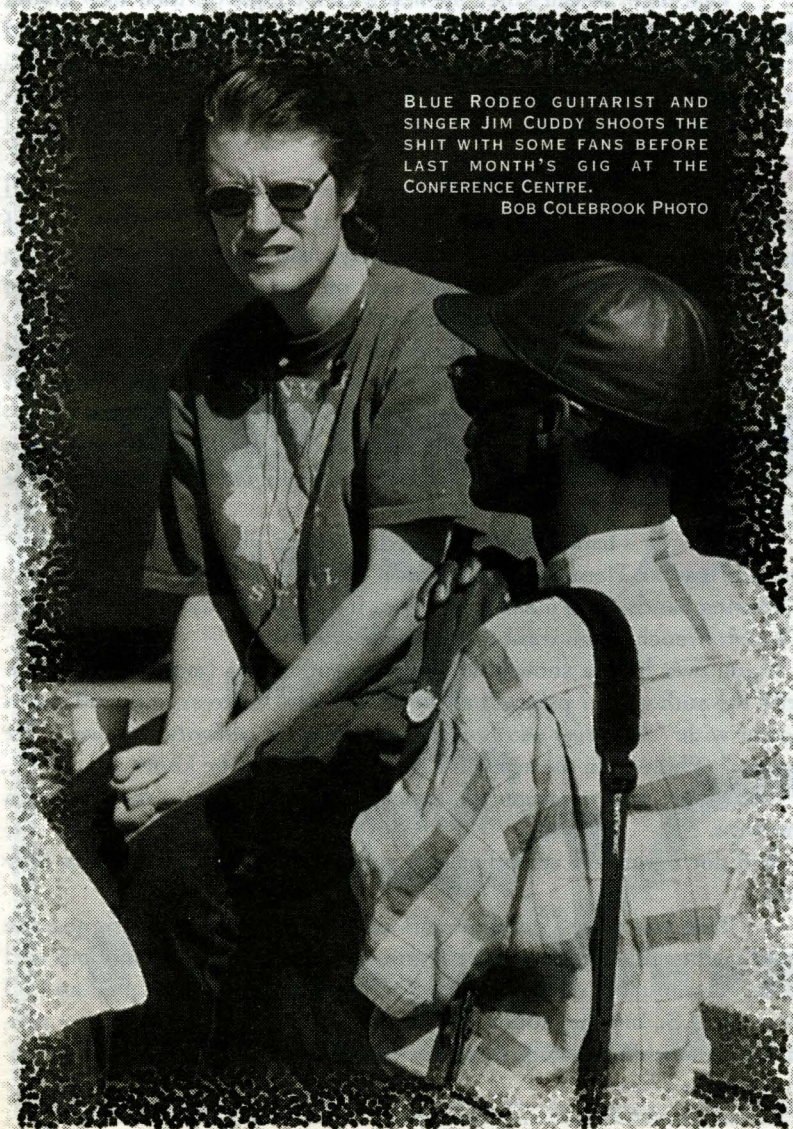
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OR YOU COULD ALWAYS FAX ONE.

want to leave his job as a letter carrier to go on tour—it seems he had a lot of seniority.)

Anyway, there actually was some music played that evening, and it wasn't totally intolerable. One new tune, "Last To Know,"

was a particularly inspired power ballad that will be featured on Blue Rodeo's forthcoming album, their fourth. Another cut of that album was "Western Sky," which singer/guitarist Greg



BLUE RODEO GUITARIST AND SINGER JIM CUDDY SHOOTS THE SHIT WITH SOME FANS BEFORE LAST MONTH'S GIG AT THE CONFERENCE CENTRE.
BOB COLEBROOK PHOTO

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MUSIC

Keelor introduced as being "about the first time I did acid in the Rocky Mountains—I have a good relationship with mountains." (Platonic, I hope.)

The crowd, of course, was bouncing off the walls. People were dancing all over the place, at tables, in the aisles and in the foyer. Perhaps if I would've invested twenty-five bucks to see the show I would've been a little more determined to enjoy it, but I doubt it. To steal a phrase, Blue Rodeo are a lot better than they sound. (They'd pretty well have to be.)

By the way, an interview with Blue Rodeo wasn't in the cards. Their Underassistant West Coast Promo Man at WEA Music in Vancouver informed me politely that they are saving all interviews for the release of the new album, sometime in the next month or two. Their career is certainly being directed, if not manipulated, by the suits who make today's rock so boring.

As well as personnel and

instrumentation changes, Blue Rodeo also now seems much more lively on stage than previously. They bob, weave, genuflect, toss their hair back and generally gyrate with the best of them. Methinks they've been to night school and taken a refresher course in Rock Star Department.

The big rock show was a success. Sixteen hundred people paid twenty-five dollars each to enter the Conference Centre and pay four bucks for every beer. The WRA must've made a tidy profit, even after they paid off the security staff. As for the fans, well they sure seemed to enjoy it, but judging from their altered state of consciousness they probably would've enjoyed MC Hammer.

It was a financial success and the crowd loved it. Critically it stank, but then Mr. Loaf did say that two out of three ain't bad.

In years gone by the May long weekend was reserved for the Mount Currie Rodeo, but that's progress for you, we now end up with Blue Rodeo.

54•40 Has Whistler Connection: Requests Interview

By Peter Vogler

First things first—I had no intention of interviewing Phil Comparelli from 54•40 that Thursday night last month. I like the band and, as it turns out, I like Phil too, but by the end of a long evening at Bill's all I really wanted to do was go home and sleep off a Cuervo and beer wave that I had been riding for the previous four hours.

Still, and surprisingly enough at two a.m., I was the only *Answer* connection with a pen within spitting distance, when the discovery went public that Phil loved the Whistler *Answer* and wouldn't turn down an interview. To turn this offer down on my part would have been kicking fate in the balls and telling it never to come back. And so we sat down over a couple or ten Heinekens at a back table and traded stories.

If you listen to rock and roll you've heard of the band 54•40. If you're an historian you've also heard of 54°40', the rallying cry of American expansionists in the 1830's and 40's. (They thought the Oregon Territory should encompass most of B.C.)

That night at Bill's they opened with a couple off their new album *Dear Dear* and moved into more familiar terrain. The band has a hard guitar edge and politically charged lyrics, but these are tempered by surprisingly accessible melodies. No thrash band this, they've got everything it takes to make the airwaves: integrity, intelligence, élan and good luck.

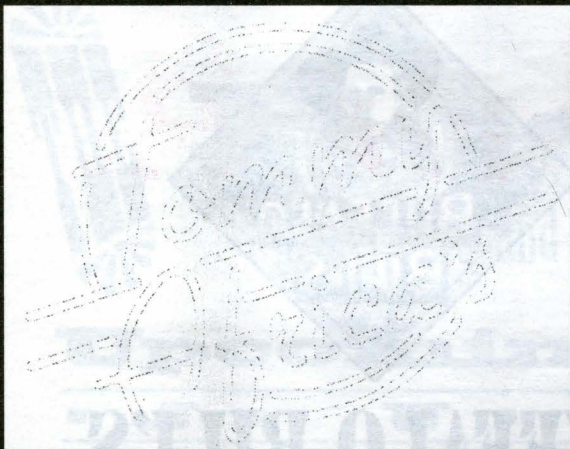
A Vancouver band, 54•40 was formed twelve years ago by Neal Osborne, lead singer and lyricist, and Brad Merritt, who plays bass. I spoke to Phil, who joined in 1982 and plays lead guitar and sings backup vocals. Matt Johnson is on drums, and on that particular night David Osborne, (Neal's brother) sat in on keyboards.

After twelve years the band not only has a tight handle on the music but on band politics as well. For sanity's sake they don't hang out together, and if a problem arises they resort to parliamentary procedures: "*Mr. Speaker, I would like to bring to the attention of the honourable bass player that anchovies on the pizza do not agree with the intestinal processes of the lead guitarist...*"

Being in a band myself I wanted to scrape Phil's brain for any useful information. Here's what I learned:

- Touring bands don't make money, but it's the best way to get known.
- Learn French if you want to play Quebec.
- If you ever have a showdown with the authorities (moi? a showdown with the authorities? pshaw!) always begin your address to the officer in power with: "*Respecting your rank and position of the authority, sir, I would like to say...*" (Phil was in the army in a previous lifetime, he knows.)
- Don't leave your manager in a truck stop somewhere in the American midwest.
- And don't trust the recording company to do what they promise they will.

This last comes compliments of Warner Bros., who signed the band in the mid-Eighties with promises of international promotions and tours. The touring was there, they've been to Moscow to play and all over the U.S., but they found out the hard way that unless there is a promotional machine sowing fame and fortune in advance you ain't goin' nowhere as a band.



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SONY MUSIC RECORDING ARTISTS 54*40 ARE, FROM LEFT, PHIL COMPARELLI, MATT JOHNSON, BRAD MERRIT AND NEIL OSBORNE.



That deal ended and after a couple years absence from the scene they have now signed with Sony Canada (formerly CBS), who they love and adore, especially their new producer, Don Smith, who I promised Phil I would call the greatest. He's produced the Tragically Hip and Keith Richard, and there's a rawness and cleanness to his sound that you'll recognize in a second. No over-production here, he just gives the band some instruments, no pedals or fireworks, tells them to go have a beer then come back and play, *play, play*. It's a refreshing change and it seems to work.

The hour turns to four a.m. back at Bill's. Larry is talking a tidal wave of stories, so is Phil, and I'm listening to them in stereo. Every five minutes or so we change the dynamic and someone else gets to listen to two stories simultaneously. It's about then that I realize Phil is really a

Whistler lad from way back. He knows a load of people from Whistler, including Stephanie Sloan and Greg Athans from the old days.

Phil's brother was a ski racer and bum who will forever be remembered for his production *Skiing In The Mind's Eye*, filmed at Whistler and one of the great ski movies ever made. I remember it fondly and am still amazed that it featured a quadruple backflip, and we're not talking namby-pamby Olympic style aerals. We're talking 205 cm skis, hitting a twenty foot kicker at about fifty-five miles an hour, and soaring one hundred and seventy feet.

By now it's five in the morning, the sun is coming up, and we're marveling at how the entire universe seems to revolve around Whistler. Everybody has some connection to the place, including 54*40, a great band with a local connection.

Loose Appaloosa '92

The **Only** Alternative Every Monday • Tuesday • Wednesday



Hard Rock Miners

June 1-2

Rheo Statics

June 8-9-10

Sweaty Nipples

June 15, 16-17

Jack Feels Fine

Mystery Machine

June 22, 23, 24

Coast 1040 Launch Party

June 30

Longhorn Saloon

4280 Mountain Square, Whistler Village

ROAD TRIP

and the drier interior.

The natives from Mount Currie and D'Arcy used to travel through here regularly to trade with their neighbours on the coast. Their foot paths ran through this valley and came out at the ocean in Squamish, Britannia and Indian Arm. In the summer, Indians from Mount Currie set up temporary teepees near Green Lade to harvest berries, and then returned to their villages when the season was over.

The more recent history of the early white settlers in the valley is also full of tales of travel. Some of those early pioneers carried supplies up on their

backs, including building supplies for their cabins, all the way from Squamish. There's the tale of John Miller, who built the old Jordan's Lodge, trekking down to Vancouver and spinning his yarns in the pub about the great fishing up at Alta Lake. In this way he talked Alex and Myrtle Philip into building their fishing lodge at Rainbow.

The small community that sprung up around Alta Lake called this valley their home, but still they made frequent trips away from it. They traveled by foot or by horse, and later on by train and steamer. Sometimes they just went to Vancouver for supplies and a change of pace, and sometimes farther south for a taste of the warmer climate.

The Pemberton Valley has quite a different history. It was first settled during the Cariboo gold rush of the 1850s and 60s when people traveled up Harrison and Lillooet Lakes and then across to Lillooet. Pemberton was the last stop over before the final mountain pass to the interior. Some people found the fertile farm

land to offer more promise than the search for gold, and simply stayed.

The Pemberton Valley juts out to the northwest. It's flat-bottomed and wide and much lower in elevation than the Whistler Valley. It's the kind of place where you dig your heels in, set up the farm or homestead and stay for life. Sure, the people of Pemberton have been known to travel, but not by the same magnitude as those from Whistler.

The activity of travelling runs through this valley as surely as the rain storms that blow in from the South and the cold Arctic fronts that winter brings in from the North. I'm sure that if I went down to the Husky Station right now I'd see a few vehicles loaded up with all their goodies and heading out on the road. Half of the community seems to be leaving town for points unknown. The other half just might be planning a trip next fall before the winter sets in. And those of us who are still around are

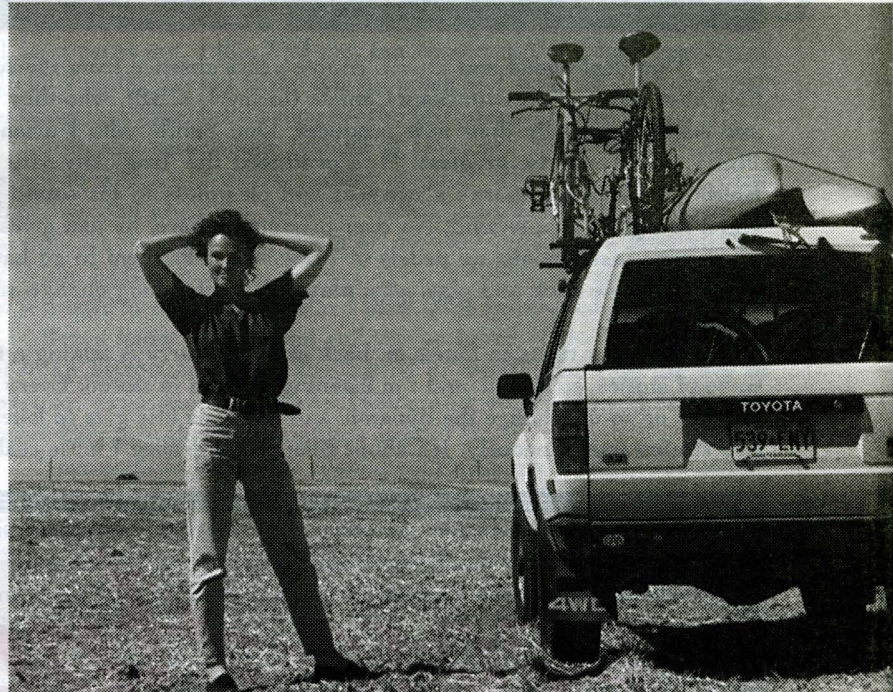
You Can Go Home Again

By Stephen Vogler

You may have noticed over the past month that half of the people you got to know during the winter have suddenly left the valley. Some of them may have left for good, but a good many have simply struck out on a trail of adventure. They'll drift back into town later in the summer or in the Fall with stories to tell and friendships to renew. It's uncanny how many people leave town at this time of year, and there's no denying it: Whistlerites like to travel.

It gets you to thinking about the place. What is it that accounts for all those itchy feet? Sure, you can chalk it up to the seasonal nature of the economy: when the ski season ends, people pack up and go elsewhere. But these habits have been around in this valley long before skiing found its way up here. And this brings me around to a deeply held belief of mine: that the character of a place is influenced very strongly by the shape and character of the land itself.

This valley, for example, is at the top of a pass. The water drains south from Alta Lake towards Squamish, and north towards Pemberton and Lillooet Lake. It's a narrow valley and a kind of gateway between the coast



sure to sneak in a few road trips down to Vancouver or to the Island.

Does all this transience mean that Whistler is not a place to really call home? I don't think so. I think it means that traveling is simply an inherent part of living in Whistler. And whether you leave for a couple of days, a week or even a few years, when you get back you know why you call the place home.

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FOOD



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CITIA CHALLENGE

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 For Registration Info Call Dave at 932-4177

XENOPHILE

Special Events

June 5, 6 & 7

Whistler Valley Tennis Club Mixed Doubles Tournament. Annual members dance June 6.

June 7

Second Annual Mountain Bike Poker Derby

Sponsored by Tapley's, this is not a race, but Don says it's a cross between a car rally on a mountain bike and a poker game. Register at Tapley's. \$10 includes a T-shirt and a beverage

June 13 & 14

Children's Art Festival

A plethora of events for the little ones. More details are to be found elsewhere in the publication. Anyone wishing to volunteer please contact Gail Rybar at 932-6643.

July 13 & 14

Whistler Hammerhead Hammerfest Weekend

Road Bike Racing with B.C.'s top racers. Saturday features a criterium through the streets of White Gold. Citizens Race at 9:00 a.m.; Juniors at 9:35; Category 5, 10:45; Category 4 and vets, 11:30; Women, 12:30; Category 1, 2 & 3, 1:30. Sunday is a road race from Whistler to D'Arcy and back. Category 1, 2 & 3 start at 9:00 a.m. with the finish at Nesters around 1:00. Category 4 and vets leave at 9:30, Women at 9:40 and Juniors at 9:50. These last categories race to Mount Currie and back

Toulouse's Gatebashers Camp

No frills serious camp on Blackcomb, no wimps allowed, although have you ever heard anyone admit they were a wimp?

Camp 1 - Slalom, June 19-21

Camp 2 - Slalom, June 26-28

Camp 3 - GS, July 3-5

More information at 932-2667

July 5

Great Snow Earth Water Race

Starting on Blackcomb. Skiing, mountainbiking, paddling & running, team and individual categories. Prizes totaling \$20,000. Call 932-4554 for more information

September 14 - 20

Mountain Bike World Championships

In Bromont, Quebec. For more information write Championnat du Monde de Velo de Montagne Bromont '92, 2182, de la Province #206, Longueuil, Quebec J4G 1R7

September 26

Cheakamus Challenge Fall Mountain Bike Race

The local mountain bike race and a true test of many and machine. This year's model promises to be the best yet. For more info and entry details contact Grant Lamont at 932-4554.

Community Groups

Whistler Public Library

Literature for the literate is available at our favourite hangout. Hours are Monday to Wednesday 2:30 - 8 p.m., Thursday 2:30 - 6 p.m., Friday 10 a.m. - 2 p.m.; Saturday 12 - 4 p.m. The library now has videos. The library is situated behind the firehall, 4375 Blackcomb Way. For more information call 932-5564.

AWARE

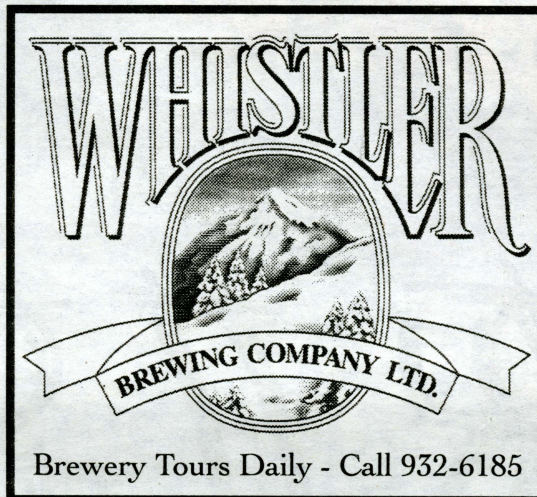
The Association of Whistler Area Residents for the Environment. Call 932-4457 for more info about wildlife habitat, information/education and recycling committees.

Women of Whistler

A weekly support group to promote communication, friendship and community spirit for women in Whistler. Thursdays at 7:30 p.m. in the Lake Placid Lodge.

Jazz Dance

New students welcome. \$25 a month, classes through May. For more information call Karen at 938-1288.



Rotary Club

The Delta Mountain Inn hosts meetings every Friday at noon.

Lions Club

The Whistler Lions Club meets every 1st and 3rd Tuesday at 7:30 p.m. at the Whistler Mtn. Ski Club Cabin.

Employment Centre

Current job offerings listed, with free service to employers to have openings posted. Located behind Whistler Chamber of Commerce. Call 932-6251. Open Monday to Friday 9-5 p.m.

Whistler Windbreakers Running Club

Please call Larin at 938-3350 for further information.

Scuba Divers!

We are forming a Whistler Dive Club, call Doug at 932-2573 if you are interested

Public Speaking!

Do these two words make you Scared and Uneasy?

Would you rather ski the peak on a toboggan?

Toastmaster's in Whistler will assist you in becoming an effective public speaker to large and small groups. Meetings are held every other Wednesday at the Delta Mountain Inn, 7-9 pm sharp! Contact Cole Shuker at 932-5145 for further details.

Adult Indoor Soccer

Organized by the Whistler Soccer Society. Members meet every Wednesday at 8:30 p.m. in Myrtle Philip School. \$3 drop-in fee. Proper attire and gym shoes required. For further information call 932-3753.

Alcoholics Anonymous

Meetings every Saturday and Monday at 8:00 at the Whistler Skiers Chapel. Everyone welcome. "One Day At A Time." Call 938-3260.

Red Cross Swimming Lessons

For school age children, starting May 11. For info call Sharon Daly at 932-5834

Whistler Museum & Archives

Hours: Saturday, 10 - 3. Sunday, 10 - 3. Free admission. For more information call 932-2019 or 932-5047.

B.C. Museum of Mining

Open to the public on weekends and holidays, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Large groups may pre-book tours at any time. Contact the museum office for more information. Vancouver 688-8055. Britannia Beach 896-2233.

Live Music

Buffalo Bills Proudly Presents

June 12 & 13, Skaboom; June 19 & 20, Particle Zoo; June 26 & 27, R&B Allstars; July 3, 4 & 5, Dave GoGo; July 9, 10 & 11, One; July 16, 17 & 18, Spirit of the West

Ski Boot Pub

June 1 - 3: The Life of Riley, U2 fans will love it; June 4-5: Recording Act Nowhere Blossoms, melodic rock; June 6 - 7: John Watkins, 7 years with Willy Dixon A

don't miss!! June 8 - 9: Terry Edmunds, Rockin' blues; June 10-13: Activate, One of Canada's hottest reggaes; June 14: Local Jam Night, Bring your gear and join in; June 15-17: Stay tuned for a surprise; June 18-20: Atlantis Bus, Best is original Celtic rock and blues; June 21: Local Jam Night, Don't be shy - give it a try; June 22-24: Particle Zoo, Hot eastern band; June 25-27: Russell Jackson and the Jac Band, Back by popular demand; June 28: Local Jam; June 29-30: Ngoma, African World Beat.

Stay tuned for surprises!

Commodore Ballroom

June 6: Jungle - a 12 band Vancouver Independent CD release danced party. Catherine Wheel, Grames Brothers, Tankhog, Memory Day, Happy Man, Juice Moneys, Shine, Atlantis Bus, Stigmata, Face Puller.

June 7: The 10th annual Jessie Awards. The Vancouver Professional Theatre Alliance. With Dal Richards and his Orchestra.

June 8: Donovan, with special guest Tom Northcott

June 9: Beastie Boys with special guests Big Chief and Fu-Schnickens

June 12: Oyster Band with special guests the Stoters

June 14: The British Columbia Country Music Association Awards

June 15: Beautiful South, with special guests

Mountain Events

Whistler Mountain
What skiing ought to be.

June 20 & 21 - Family Days, face painting, kite-making, snowball contest, pancake breakfast

July 18 & 19 - Swiss Alpine Festival, alpine horn demos, Swiss theme foods and decorations, Swiss accordion player, Swiss craft display

August 1 & 2 - Kite Festival, kite making, family Kite challenge, barbecue/lift package

August 8 - Vancouver Symphony Orchestra, third annual mountain top concert

August 22 & 23 - Alpine Festival, artists from local sketch clubs to sketch on site, children's art workshops, environment/ecology talks and hikes, interpretive displays

September 12 & 13 - Alpine Wine Festival, consumer tasting of B.C. Estate and farmgate wines, wine/jazz Sunday Brunch

BLACKCOMB
AT WHISTLER

June 27 - BRC Mountain Bike Series #1

July 4 - BRC Mountain Bike Series #2

July 5 - Great Snow Earth Water Race

July 11 - BRC Mountain Bike Series #3

July 18 - BRC Mountain Bike Series #4

July 25 & 26 - Burnaby Coquitlam Motorsport Car Rally


August 1 & 2 - Canada Cup National Mountain Bike Race

August 16 - Porche Club Car Rally

August 23 - Corvette Club Car Rally

September 5 & 6 - Westwood Carting Association Car Rally

For a listing on this page
please send information to
**Whistler Answer, Box 587,
Whistler, B.C. V0N 1B0 or
FAX 932-1176.**



RISK

Is it extreme? Is it Rational?

By Peter Chrzanowski

**SO MANY
SPORTS,
SO LITTLE
TIME.**



The Air Cross Trainer™ Low.

WHISTLER VILLAGE SPORTS
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Being frequently accused (and sometimes justly so) of taking a few "rolls of the dice" myself, I thought it would be appropriate to research the topic further and perhaps eventually document it in living 16mm color for the enjoyment of other couch lizards. The topic is *risk* and it's about time I delved into the conscious and subconscious twists of the mind and began dissecting those that take chances, and what makes them tick.

The chore began when a frightfully sane associate, Harvey Zlatarits, and myself roadbagged it to the Banff TV festival last June with the idea for raising cash for a film on the topic.

Shortly before, I found Frank Farley, Ph.D. in psychology, with a mile of other academic credits including the head of the American Psychological Association. Yes, Ladies

and Gents, this was Dr. Risk, and what made him even more unique was that he was a born in Edmonton. A Canadian as well as a living relative of the infamous Farley Mowat himself. Dr. Farley has conducted endless research on the topic of risk spanning 20 years of his life. As my plot thickened I spoke to Farley who is located at an undisclosed university in the middle of the bible belt of the midwest.

(Undisclosed because I really do not want this idea stolen like a few others that have gone astray).

Babble, anyhow, this guru of taking chances wrote an interesting thesis which was picked up by most psychological journals in the USA, which was followed by interviews ranging from Johnny Carson to *USA Today*. Dr. Farley wants to encourage human beings to take more risks. As Canadians (and the

Charlie Doyle
SIGN & DESIGN

not systematic (meaning usually an F in Engineering) in their learning habits and, oh yes, drive their vehicles erratically and fast. Not your common model for an accomplished security guard.

By now, I was *Really Stoked* by Farley's theories. The next step was to scour my world of contacts and find appropriate case studies to represent risk takers in sport, family, business, social change (as in environment, medicine and politics).

On a dirtbag road trip while filming *Northern Rage*, the snowboard epic, with Curates Petersen and the PPI crew, I met Dick Bass, owner of Snowbird. Why Dick, you may ask? Of all the risk takers out there, from the likes of Sylvain Saudan to Whistler's own Elwyn Rowlands, I choose a businessman for my first case study.

"To participate is to live,

spectators only exit," is Mr. Bass's theory in life. Although a true suit by nature, Mr. Bass has taken monetary and physical risks to an unprecedented level. For example in, 1972 he invested 150 million dollars in Snowbird. He built an aerial tram, major condo action, conference centres galore and, of course, went through major financial nightmares. Instead of worrying when on the verge of financial bankruptcy and with the media hounding him, Bass smilingly responded: "I own the best powder skiing in North America." To add fuel to the financial inferno Bass then went on to leave Snowbird during this crucial time. While the bankers were tearing their hair out, Bass decided true success depended on a new outlook on life.

To achieve this he took a sabbatical from his business with coconspirator Frank Wells, then president of Warner Bros. and now new COO of Disney. The two went on to climb the Seven Summits, or the highest peaks on the seven continents. Bass did Everest at the age of 55. And sure enough, after the completion of his climbs he returned to a stabilized Snowbird, which somehow wriggled itself free of receivership. This was 1986.

Leaving the world of *Risk and Business* I decided to look into the world of *Risk and Family*. Working together with Jacek Strek I realized the extent of a man's dream being burdened by him putting his entire family into a rather risky situation. Jacek wanted to make a film on the Queen Charlottes. He had no financial backing but an incredible talent as producer, director and cameraman. Armed with this, fishing gear and little more than a big bag of rice, he and his family spent a grueling two years filming a natural history of the Islands. In mid crisis, when his funds were exhausted, the homestead re-mortgaged etc. etc., a distributor at a film festival recognized true talent from a six minute 16mm teaser—he had made. Suddenly *National Geographic* came on board with full funding, as well as leaving all creative control to the Polish film maker, who's English was still

marginal. Besides putting his family at financial risk, Jacek also braved storms, bears and survived a winter capsizing with another Whistler cameraman extraordinaire, David Frazee, on the west coast of the Charlottes.

Then, there are the people who risk things to change the world. I call this *Risk And Social Change*. Although these include the likes of evangelists, politicians and other fanatics, I chose to examine Paul Watson, the head of the Sea Shepherd Society, and a co-founder of Greenpeace. As you may remember, drift net fishing was not really being taken too seriously until Paul turned his Sea Shepherd into an environmental warship. While Greenpeace cried "foul" and wrote letters, Paul acted by ramming Japanese, Taiwanese and Russian drift net vessels with his pirate vessel, actually destroying equipment and giving the footage away for television to devour and exploit with a frenzy. Paul's goal was to impact society and that he did with a vengeance.

While seeking out risk takers within the woman's world, Frank Farley (remember the risk guru?) suggested I track down Jan Reynolds. Jan, at the age of 35, has hot air ballooned over the Himalayas, crossed the Sahara on a camel and is now periodically sneaking across borders into Tibet to write books for children on vanishing indigenous cultures. Her research has also taken her to Mongolia, Baffin Island and numerous other "out of the way places".

To round off my personalities with sport, I also wish to shed insight into *Risk And Sport* or the pleasure of taking risks for no apparent reason except the love of adrenaline. Here, Whistler's Eric Pebota again comes to a forefront, sharing my own obsession with extreme sports, from already accumulated footage of first ski descents such as Mt. Waddington as well as hairball mountain bike descents and white water kayaking.

That's it, sort of in a nutshell, for a one hour special. Then we could continue with a series of eternal interest to viewers worldwide. Would all potential investors come forth please? The price tag for the hour began with a cool half million but now the availability of footage from various sources has made that considerably less, so that's something to begin with for now so I can get back to Doctor Risk and start the cameras rolling.....



By Cameron Laba

Who is it that can so often be found gazing in awe at the rise of the high mountains? What drives so many to ascend to the top and view the world from above?

Being out there climbing to the roof of the world where things happen...where it seems you can stretch your mind's eye and envision the entire world at your feet...to touch the edge of the sky. It's an historical phenomenon; an ageless instinct...a need to reach new heights and share the heavens with the eagles and the Gods, where it seems all places are in your grasp, both outside and within. But who today fits that description? There's a breed known as The Ski Bum that certainly does.

The Ski Bum

Def: Ski: (v) to strap a pair of boards onto one's feet and go like hell (down a snow covered slope).

Bum: (n) the rear end; the behind; also that derelict portion of society that gets dumped on and kicked by the rest.

The Ski Bum. Some may see a multitude of things wrong with anyone who fits that tag. But from where I stand observing mankind in general, the ski bum seems to be one of the ultimate achievers: closing in on the highest evolution of man.

It's the "nothing could be better, nothing can stop us, hell, nothing can touch us, fuck 'em, we're masters of our own fate" kind of attitude that sets the stage for a lifestyle that strikes a chord deep into the "why are we here" and "what are we supposed to be doing question." Does the Ski Bum come closer to answering the meaning of life than most?

The Evolution of Man? An Ode To The Ski Bum

Could it be do they hold a secret key to personal fulfillment and universal happiness?

How many eons has it been since this big ugly rock formed in the expanse of space? How many centuries has life existed including our own bi-pedal mammal forms stomping around defecating all over its surface and trashing all of its neat stuff? The answers are there but so are many more questions. To buy a Beemer or a Mercedes? Pink paint or purple pastel wallpaper? Fur lined beaver pelts or exotic ivory statues? Decisions, decisions.

The struggle continues. Flips of a coin. Shit happens. The machine grinds on. It's a dog eat dog world out there son, but somebody's gotta do it.

Our world, the great big egg, is cracking. So, what to do? We all ask. Are we running out of time? How does one get the establishment to "wake up and smell the coffee?" To use another cliché, how does one stay sane in an insane world. It seems a few know the answer. Fuck it. Go skiing. Thrash off the peak. Carve it up. Giv'er. Dial a thrill. Ride the wave. Pump it. *Be Free.*

There are no locked doors, man made barriers or asinine bureaucracy up in the mountains. Just you and the big blue, the never ending challenge of finding a new line, launching into alpine bowls of bottomless powder. Freedom of expression. Endless possibilities. A dream of finding the supreme slope and laying the perfect tracks. Our kind of 'Slash and Burn' does squat-all damage except to the un-harnessed egos of the urban dregs.

So, here's to the Ski Bum. Without whom the life and industry of these mountain fantasy towns would crumble. To those who keep the lifts turning, the burgers flipping, the beers pouring, the sidewalks clean and the construction sites buzzing. To

everyone who puts up with crusty attitudes and downlooking sneers for one reason and one reason only: to go skiing, to be unleashed in the land of snow.

Cheers! Let your hair grow as long as you want, duct tape your clothes to high heaven and walk tall with pride. You are a ski bum. The dream is alive. The evolution of man. Push it as far as you can. Maybe you will find the answer....



Black's Pub

featuring
TYPICAL ENGLISH FARE
Opening July 1, 92
above the Original Ristorante
in Whistler Village

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& SOLICITORS

Established 1975

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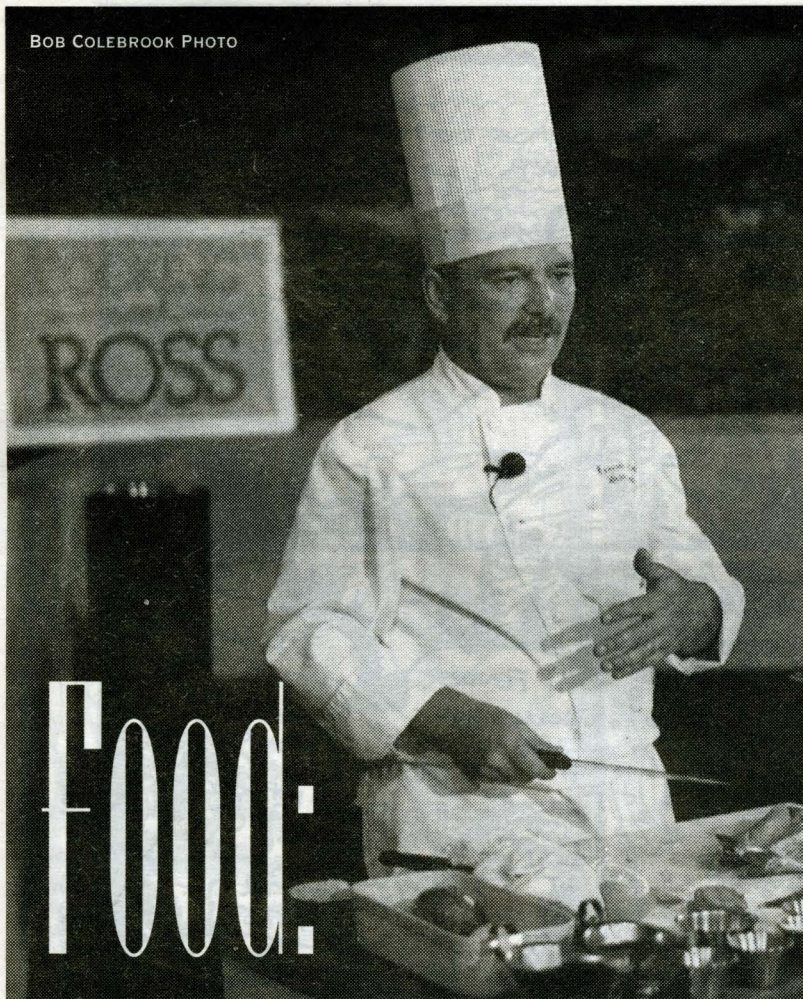
Whistler
932-3211

Pemberton
894-5133

Douglas Race
Nancy Wilhelm-Morden

Ian Davis
Robert McIntosh
Douglas Chiasson
Nicholas Davies
Brian N. Hughes

BOB COLEBROOK PHOTO



Designer Kraft Dinner

By Ross Smith
Executive Chef & TV Host

It's two days before payday and you've just spent your last sawbuck on a cold six pack. When you arrive home, it's dinner time. A search of the pantry reveals that famous staple of the poor persons diet: Kraft Dinner. That familiar blue box that contains macaroni and an edible non-dairy cheese product that resembles sawdust. A quick search of the refrigerator deter-

mines the alterations necessary to turn this product into a gourmet feast. If nothing is found, dinner will have to be served *au natural*. But don't despair, you can still wash it down with that cold six pack.

In a fast paced society like Whistler, our priorities will sometimes differ from those of a "normal" person. Our diet becomes secondary to a fun afternoon at Tapley's, or a Friday evening at Buffalo Bill's. Far be it from me to change the *status quo*. However, I think with a little imagination, we

**BOXLESS (U-MAKE IT)
MACARONI AND CHEESE
WITH FRESH TOMATO
(SERVES 2-3)**

1 TBSP. BUTTER
1 TBSP. FLOUR
3/4 CUP OF CREAM
SALT & PEPPER TO TASTE
DASH OF CAYENNE
1 CUP OF CHEDDAR (GRATED)
1/2 POUND OF MACARONI - COOKED VERY AL DENTE
1 LARGE TOMATO
BUTTERED BREAD CRUMBS

IN A SAUCE PAN, MELT THE BUTTER AND WHISK IN THE FLOUR, CONTINUE STIR-

RING OVER LOW HEAT UNTIL BUTTER AND FLOUR ARE A SMOOTH PASTE. GRADUALLY ADD THE CREAM, STIRRING UNTIL THE SAUCE IS SMOOTH AND THICKENED.

SEASON WITH SALT, PEPPER AND CAYENNE. SLOWLY ADD THE CHEESE AND STIR UNTIL MELTED. MIX THE COOKED DRAINED PASTA AND SAUCE TOGETHER.

TOP WITH TOMATO SLICES—AND IF YOU WISH—PUT IN A CASSEROLE DISH. TOP WITH MORE CHEESE AND BREAD CRUMBS AND BAKE UNCOVERED AT 375° FOR APPROX. 10-15 MINUTES.

ACCOMPANY WITH STEAMED FRESH BROCCOLI OR ASPARAGUS.

can make our meals more exciting without sacrificing the previously mentioned priorities.

Just what is this "K. D." phenomenon and why does it have so many facings at the grocery store? It's pasta, it's cheap, it's easy and it fills the stomach. Notice, I did not mention "Culinary Delights."

So all you K. D. Junkies out there, lets kick the habit, lets get that edible non-dairy cheese product monkey off our backs.

Can this legend be replaced? I think so. There are many varieties of pasta and noodles on the grocery store shelves. They are more reasonably priced and just as easy to prepare. Whole wheat, rice pastas and a variety of noodles are all readily available. All these products are a good source of protein and can be made very interesting by the addition of various ingredients. Try adding some fresh vegetables, onions, carrots, celery, tomatoes. Use a variety of fresh herbs and seasonings. Purchase some real cheese to replace that strangely colored protectively packaged powder. Four ounces of fresh baby shrimp can turn a pasta into a wonderful dish without hurting your budget. Fresh chicken or turkey breast can enhance a normally boring noodle dish. Don't stick with the same pasta. Try different varieties. Use up all those "bits and pieces" ingredients you find in the fridge. Use leftover meats and seafood. But most of all, use some imagination. Even the "K.D." Junkie can do that.

In these times of rising prices, it certainly is difficult to stay within our food budget. The use of pastas and noodles can help us reach this goal. Use some creativity and you will be surprised with the results.

On a recent cooking show, my good friend Peter Dutton and I prepared a boxless, homemade (K. D. Style) macaroni. No packaged chemicals here, this is reality.

If I have upset the serious K. D. addicts by trashing this sacred product, I apologize. If that's not good enough, then write a letter to the *Province*. I could use the press and I'm a little upset that I wasn't mentioned in a previous controversy. I've made forty television shows and I still haven't had my picture in *MacLeans*. Maybe I'll write the *Province* myself.



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PEAK Bros.



STAN I WAS BORN ON THE PLANET VUARNET AS LONG AS I WORE THE SUNGLASSES MY FATHER SENT TO EARTH WITH ME! I HAD SUPER-POWERS! I'VE FORSAKEN THESE POWERS TO LEAD A NORMAL HUMAN LIFE. SEE, EVERYBODY SOON HAD A PAIR OF EARTH-MADE VUARNETS OR WORSE PHONETS... EVERYTHING WAS BECOMING SO COMMERCIAL, SO TRENDY, SO... I BAGGED THE WORKS AND MOVED TO THE BIG SMOKE AFTER BOB MARLEY DIED. HEADS UP, STAN-OR AS LT. WOLF WOULD SAY, LESS TALK - MORE RIDING...

WOCALMATA

BY Ian Verchère ©92



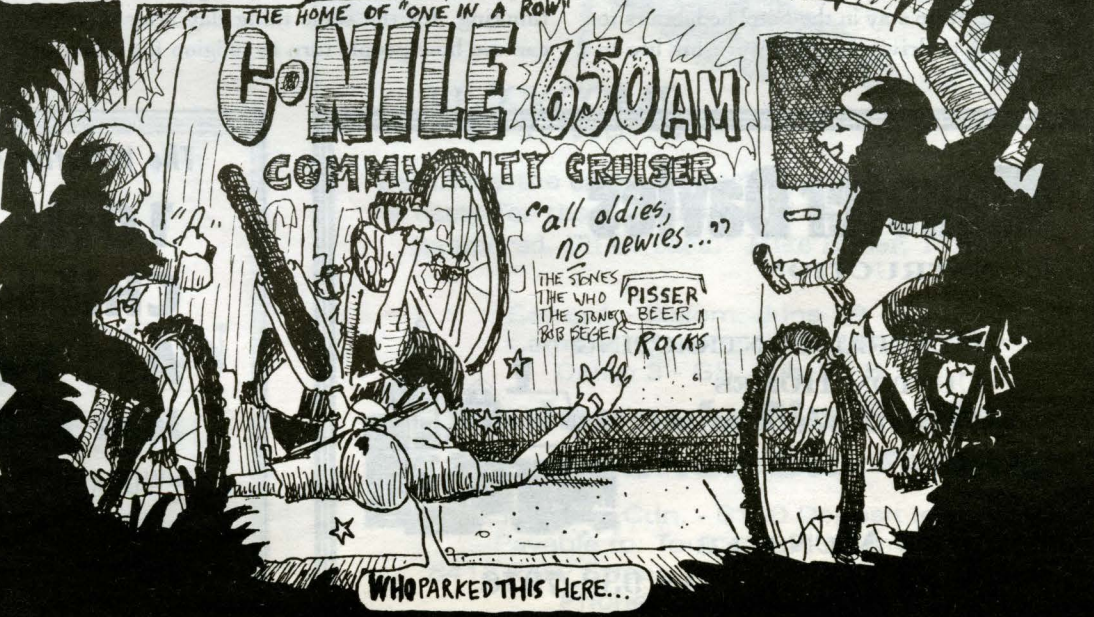
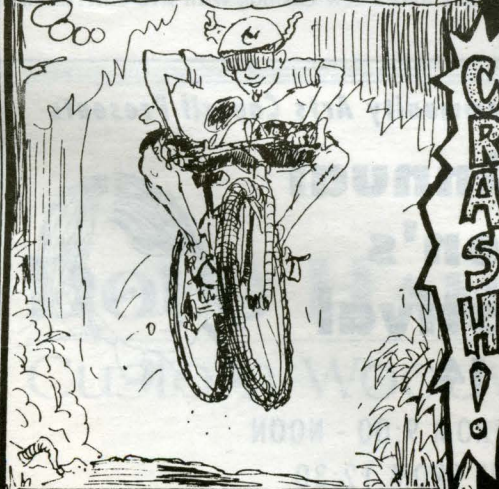
OBVIOUSLY YOU HAVEN'T MASTERED GRAVITY ON THIS OTHER PLANET OF YOURS...
HEY - I HAVEN'T PUT MY FEET DOWN YET...

SO WHERE AM I REALLY FROM? WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE, REALLY? I'M A LOCAL WHEREVER I GO, WHETHER A STRANGE SKATE-PARK OR A STRANGE SET OF WAVES. "LOCALS" KNOW THE SCORE: THEY KNOW IF YOU'RE EXPLOITATIVE, A BULLSHITTER, WHATEVER. IF YOU'RE INTO IT HARDCORE, THE HARDCORES AT THE SCENE KNOW IT. WE KNOW IT WHEN WE SKI... WHILE I'M DOWN HERE, THIS REMINDS ME OF A GUY I SAW PARKED IN A '72 FORE-RUNNER IN THE 7-11 PARKING LOT IN SQUAMISH. THE GUY HAD A PAIR OF SPOTLESS VISA MTN. BIKES, ON A HOLE ROOF RACK WITH A WINDSURFER, KAYAK, SKIS, SNOWBOARD, AND A HANG-GLIDER. HE SPENT THE ENTIRE WEEKEND JUST SITTING IN A CONFUSED AND ANXIOUS STATE AS TO WHAT TOY TO USE AND WHERE AND WHEN IN HIS 48 HOUR WEEKEND ESCAPE... KIND OF A "RECREATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES DYSLEXIA", I GUESS... "R.O.D." - MAYBE THE REAL YUPPIE FLU, EH?

* STYLE #4002H (GROUND WITH SOVERYHARD SAND!)

MAN THE LAST BIT OF THIS TRAIL IS A REAL SCREAMER. DON'T EVEN NEED TO TOUCH THE BRAKES... GOOD THING CONSIDERING HOW WORN OUT MY PADS ARE AFTER THAT DESCENT!

NOW THAT WOULD HURT...



PERHAPS A BIT TOO WORN OUT, AS THE TRAIL HEAD EMPTIES INTO A POPULAR NORTH VANCOUVER PARK...

WHO PARKED THIS HERE...



COMMON SENSE: The Voice of the Workin' Class

The voice of the working class labourer is a little gravelly and his eyes are lined from the brightness of the sun. He appears to be rough and ignorant of social custom. Decorum is what those designer girls do on TV. He just builds the things, not pick out curtains and sheets.

His attempt to articulate this opinion of society from his perspective is done on a holiday Monday so he is actually working on a stat holiday while the rest of the world eats and visits their leisure lives. Now that figures for about par so far.

Experiencing life as an ant on anthill which sits on a mountain, he feels very small and he is very aware of his mortality. He wishes he had evolved with stronger hands and tougher palm skin. He sometimes wishes he had three hands for the extra demands and commands that are sent down from the Natty Brass Dudes, who are usually very clean looking. Why does that bug him? When working man thinks of the old men he knows who are seized up and bent—they laboured for The Man all their lives—they were, in effect, trapped by their need to survive on little or no skill—he resolves to escape one day and he dreams of it while he shovels. Only a few doubts materialize and intrude on his thoughts. What if he can't handle school or what if he trains and can't find a job to suit his chosen skills. Working man knows he will likely never be able to afford to stay in the hotel he labours to build. Yet he is driven to indenture his life to

afford a new truck and then there are those weekends and Christmas and these days just trying to eat a variety of healthy foods "not cheap."

And then there are those kids—where they came from we all know about that—but they eat like little horses and they demand time, money and pets who eat more than they do. Who is going to pay for all this and then if she works too and the kids who you love might grow up to be a delinquent like you were. You will get by to next pay day. Just.

To paraphrase a very insightful man "the kids these days at sixteen, they think they know everything and you know not where it's at, but by the time they turn twenty-five they come back to see you and they are surprised at what you have learned." Then their own kids arrive. Now they are sorry for all the rotten stuff they did to you when they were growing up.

Today's working man sees the rich get richer and the poor get poorer and if today's working man is single and he travels, then he has a good picture of the world's problems and humanity's cruelty to its own. He sees the graphic reality of how helpless he is in an ocean of humanity stuck on a planet ruled by a few select. He will never be a player in the major games the Big Guys get to play, like high finance and corporate negotiation. He'll never be able to empower his fellows to change their way of thinking. It's the same thing day after day. He can see how people turn to religion for solace or

go into therapy after realizing how life really is. He doesn't begrudge a man a few belts or beers after his long day. He sees beer as Orwell's *Soma* and he wonders over what A. Einstein could mean when he said, again I paraphrase: "Man will require a substantial new way of thinking if he is to survive." Man is still fighting his brother over lines—colours on a map. His fight for freedom adds to the anarchy and chaos.

Working man goes to the Whistler land fill to scavenge a few 2x4's or some rich guy's old sofa and he sees a sign "No Scavenging and No Bear Watching." Now we have even more solid waste in the land fill, more aluminum cans and bottles, more instead of less. Now what about the poor can picker. He only wants a few bucks or his GST or even he might get a few loaves and fishes on the table tonight. But *no*, the powers that be are not alert to the needs and thoughts of working man. The Big Guys never even felt it when they removed the livelihood of the working men. Seems trivial but the big environmental picture is directly affected by a few working men. Have them sign waivers so they don't sue the Big Guys over a nail through the boot. Now Big Guys make money and the environment is helped and last but not least the working men survive another day.

Now working man thinks also that legalized cannabis and a good strong prostitute's union might solve B.C. financial deficit very quick and a few casinos with live entertainment

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WORK MAYBE A BITCH, BUT HAPPINESS IS A COUPLE OF PUPPIES, AS OUR NAMELESS AUTHOR ATTESTS. BOB COLEBROOK PHOTO

and liquor licenses might really improve our working man's chances for survival or even improving his prospects where his kids can evolve so the editor man says to me "Be the voice of the Working Man." I say "Hey, I hate working but...I'll try. How much? @*#!*!\$"

But I wonder what the other men and working people say. I think about my puppies and I truly believe that the best things in life are a puppy and a cold beer on a hot summer night with a little Ram Jam band playing in the background. Not forgetting the fairer

sex, of course. I know something you don't know and it's too late for you to agree with me, I've already changed my mind.

The quote of the week is: "If there's a lot to take, we'll take a lot. Then if there is a little to take, we'll take it all. And don't put the empty milk jug back in the fridge. Anything less than a dribble is empty."

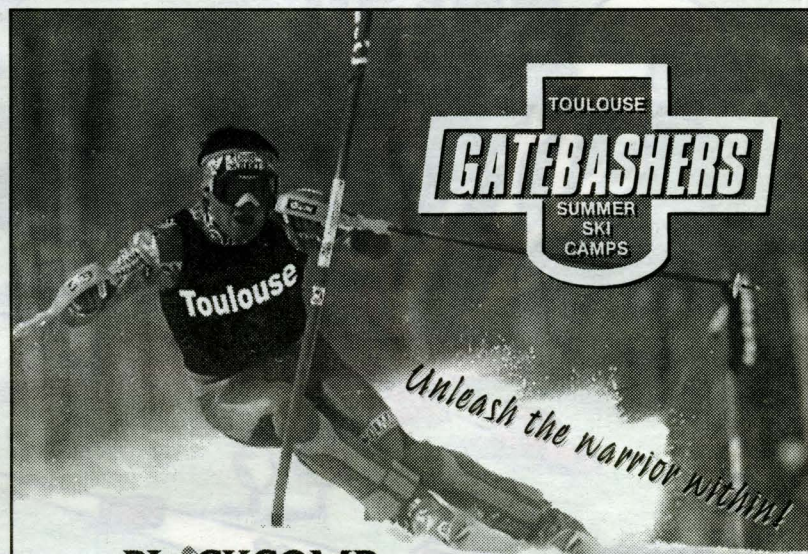
Working man seeks working woperson to banter creatively and think new thoughts. Long haired freaky wopeople need apply. No fakes or wierdos.

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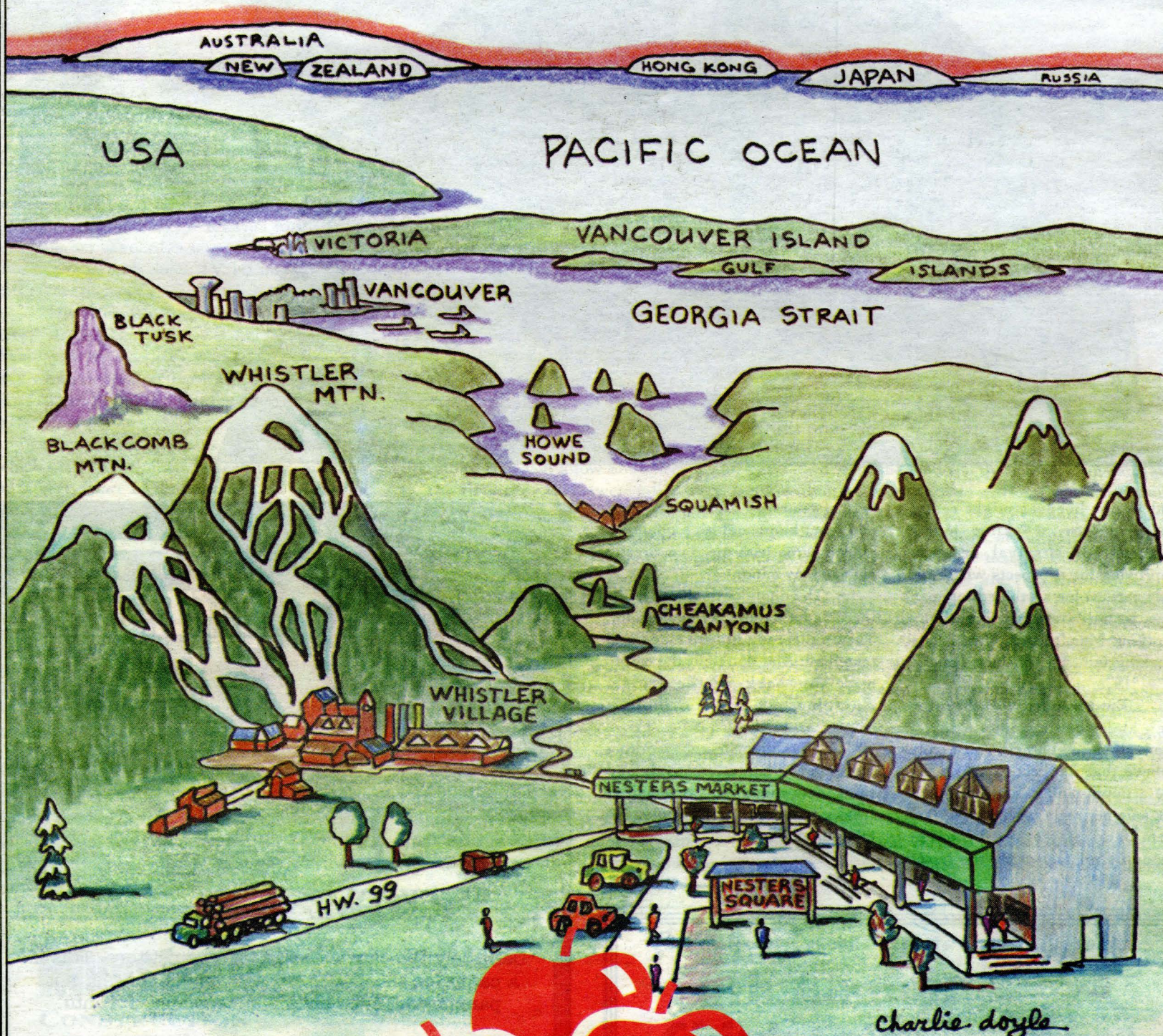
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