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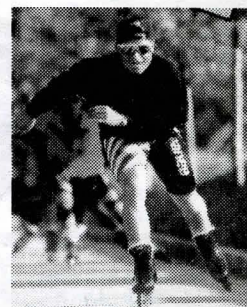
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**COVER PHOTO**  
ERIC BERGER CAPTURES DYLAN DOUBT AS HE GETS MAJOR AIR IN TOWN CENTRE. DYLAN IS NOW SERVING A SIX MONTHS TO LIFE SENTENCE IN THE WHISTLER REGIONAL CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTE FOR WAYWARD SKATEBOARDERS AND MOUNTAIN BIKERS.

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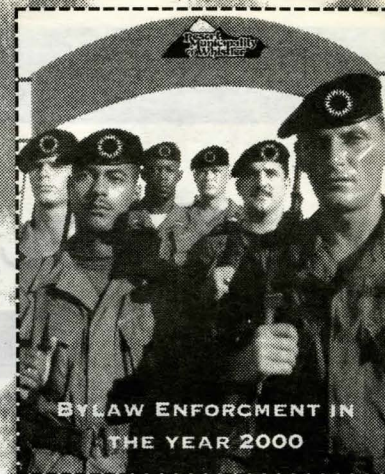
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Editorial

# Canada Cancelled Due To Lack Of Interest

?

!

By Bob Colebrook

Turn out the lights, the party's over.

As taxpayers, we just got stiffed bigtime for some Canada Day celebrations, fireworks and television advertisements, all in glorification of Canada's 125th birthday.

But the emperor has no clothes. Mr. Mulroney, the pencil necked geek, and Joe Clark, the pencil chinned freak, are constitutionally bankrupt. They couldn't negotiate their way out of a wet paper bag.

The constitutional quagmire we find ourselves in is ludicrous, but inevitable. Quebec's insistence on more powers than the other province's is hard to take. Sovereignty association boils down to Quebec having sovereignty over trade, immigration, language, international relations and any other bailiwick they think they deserve, but at the same time their association with the rest of Canada would be limited to receiving federal government largesse and transfer payments.

Twenty years ago the typical person on the street reaction to the notion of Quebec separation was "we'll send in the troops." Today, particularly in Western Canada, the street response to Quebec separation is "good-bye, and good riddance."

Throughout this laborious debate I've found it curious that if you live in Quebec and are a pequiste (fancy name for separatist), your position for the breakup of Canada is regarded as the free expression of your political will, and you get to vote in a referendum over the future of Canada. However, if

you live in English Canada and advocate Quebec sovereignty, *toute de suite*, you are painted by the politically correct media as some kind of redneck peckerwood with the IQ of a gnat. Nine provinces and two territories get to watch from the sidelines as Quebec has a referendum directly affecting the future of the country. All Canada should vote on this issue, or did I fall asleep and miss the suspension of democracy and majority rule in this country.

Recent polls and documentaries coming out of Quebec indicate that the majority of Quebecois think that they will be better off economically as an independent state. Perhaps they secretly have another patron lined up, but I doubt it. It is quite possible that Quebec's departure might improve B.C.'s economy. Maybe we could get some shipbuilding contracts and aerospace subsidies?

The current global political culture is in a state of flux. Radical changes have transpired in Europe and the former Soviet Union. Ethnic groups all over the world are demanding, and getting, sovereignty. Quebec is no different. Perhaps it is time for them to have their own nation. It may be the end of Canada as we know it but I doubt the consequences will be earth shattering.

Canada, as a nation, has been pretty damn good, particularly when compared to most other countries. There is no reason why it can't continue to be so even without the presence of Quebec.

We can call what's left Canada, Adanac or Paddy Whack Give the Dog a Bone, it matters not. The strength of this nation is its people, its landscape, its resources.

(I remember somewhat poignantly, the last Quebec referendum on separation, in 1981. My father, who was near death in the hospital, told me he couldn't figure out what was going on. He noted that Mr. Trudeau and Mr. Levesque were debating the future of the country, a county my father fought a war for. Mr. Trudeau was far too rich to fight in that war, and Mr. Levesque was, of course, a journalist.)

If Quebec's demands don't sink Canada as we know it, then the Senate debate will. This is wild. Alberta and Newfoundland demand a Senate that is Elected, Effective and Equal, the Triple E, which to my way of thinking has always been a dream bra size. They debate and argue over the Senate, and how it should be structured, while anyone who's given it one iota of thought knows that it should be abolished. (I personally favour a quadruple E Senate: Elected, Effective, Equal and Effeminate.)

Considering the fact that Mulroney's riding is in Quebec, perhaps the only way to get rid of him would be for Quebec to separate. Actually, Quebec's separation would be Mulroney's great hat trick. His first goal was a bogus free trade capitulation, his second the GST, and what a swan song, *vive le Quebec libre*.

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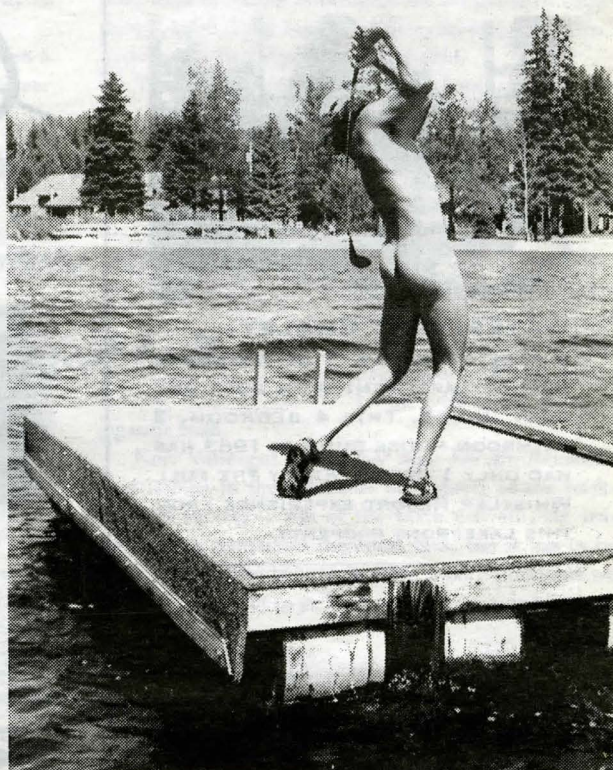
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# SCUTTLEBUTT

# Summertime

## AND THE LIVIN' IS SLEAZY

Aquatic golf seems to be the avant garde sport among the trendy set this summer. Pictured here is a local duffer playing on the new Davey Jones designed Alta Lake course. For those more casual types, there's nothing like laying around at the beach and soaking up some rays. However, too much alcohol consumption on a hot day may cause one to lose one's head.  
Gary McFarlane Photos



### Back Cover A Total Bust

Before all you moral vigilantes work yourself up into a frenzy about our back cover, please consider the following. It is an advertisement. It is not editorial copy in this magazine. It was paid for by someone wishing to get their message across. They probably did. Don't get upset. Mellow out. Lay back. Enjoy the summer. Live and let live. Turn the other cheek. Employ some of your much vaunted Christian values. The *Answer* reserves the right to refuse any advertising we deem in bad taste. We find this particular ad in very good taste.

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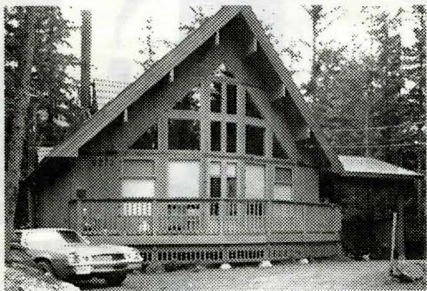
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# SCUTTLEBUTT

Last Lake is a gem! Every town needs a swimmin' hole and we are blessed with one of the best I've ever seen. Situated five minutes from the Village by bike, and twenty by foot, Last Lake is far enough away to give the illusion of remoteness but close enough to go for a dip during lunch hour.

The Lake has changed enormously since I first discovered that

who use it. The north end remains pretty much as it was twenty years ago, with discreet little paths leading down to log floats and it's population exhibiting the same healthy disregard for clothing. The new municipally constructed docks seem to occupy some sort of social middle ground; a new spin on see and be seen. Recently conducted *Answer* observations seem to indicate that these new, safer

## last lake

### P A R A D I S E F O U N D

*By Charlie Doyle*



an afternoon wasted on the docks was infinitely preferable to scurrying around dusty construction sites looking for a job. In those days the lawn and park area was a cedar swamp. The only way in was on a rough four wheel drive road that ended so abruptly that the first person parked usually had to wait until everyone behind him left to get his vehicle out. The docks were ramshackle affairs of castaway or pirated construction materials that would often sink under the weight of a new arrival, leaving the original denizens scrambling to preserve their dry towels.

But I'm not here to wax nostalgic. Floating on your back, gazing up at the snow capped peaks is every bit as sweet now as it's ever been. In fact development has improved many aspects of Last Lake. Kids to-day seem to enjoy the man made beach a lot more than they did the cedar swamp and I find the whir of mountain bikes a lot more tolerable than moto-cross bikes. But that doesn't necessarily mean it's secure for the future. Last year an eleventh hour protest by some high profile public managed to stop paving of the trail around the lake but not before all the hills were removed. People who live and visit mountain resorts don't mind a few hills, in fact it's what they come here for!

I was miffed to find, while writing this article, that the Municipality had decided to eliminate public parking at the lake. You see, that was going to be one of my big demands. Jeez, if I'd have written the article a month earlier I could have claimed some credit.

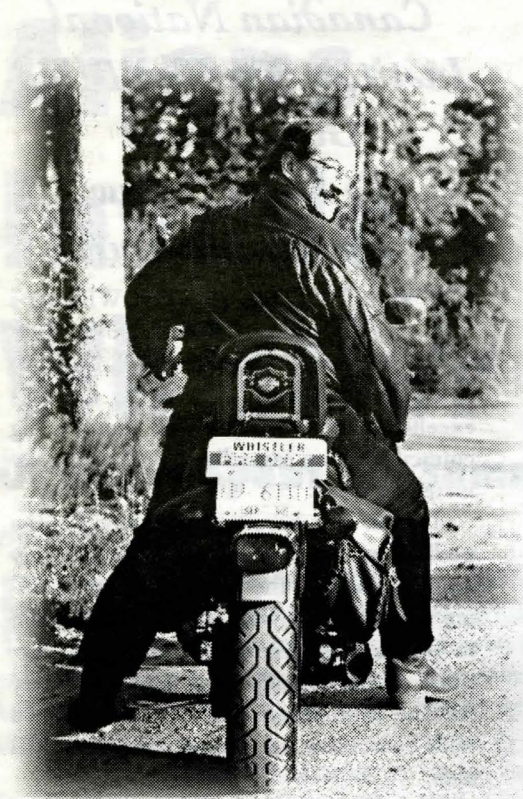
As it sits now, Last Lake is a neat juxtaposition of old and new. The new park area is as manicured and well dressed as the people

docks are the locale of choice. This is something for the park planners to consider when trying to decide how to jam more people into a small lake. Docks are cheaper, cause less environmental upset than man made beaches and you don't get sand up your bum.

The one variable not taken into account while urbanizing Last Lake is water quality. Last Lake is always the first to warm up in the spring and the reason is that the inflow and outflow streams are only metres apart. The lake doesn't drain very quickly. While we have the technology to build beaches and beat back the wetland portion of the lake the fact remains that the layer of sun tan oil and piss that builds up on a busy weekend isn't going anywhere fast. It isn't entirely my imagination that tells me the water is gradually getting more and more polluted. Water purity tests should be done immediately to establish a base level and subsequent testing would give us an indication of what population the lake can support.

The park planners employed by the Municipality favour a highly urban approach. Indeed, our municipal parklands have a more civilized feel than Stanley Park. All the paths in a mountain resort don't have to be paved (They'd be safer and cheaper if they weren't). All the hills don't have to be removed. Their doesn't have to be a car park within 10 metres of every body of water. It is remoteness (or at least the sense of remoteness) that makes a place special. In a world where wildness is on the wane and people actively search out the least traveled path Last Lake (circa 1992) is a far more valuable commodity than we realize. Lets not let it slip away!

# SCUTTLEBUTT



## Brian Brown Gets His Harley All Fired Up For The Whistler Volunteer Fire Department

**If** you see a giant hog barreling down the road with a total disregard for the posted speed limit, it just could be Brian Brown on his way to put out a fire.

Brown, a land surveyor by profession, has been a member of the forty-five member Whistler Volunteer Fire Department for eight years, and he does love his collector's edition Harley Davidson, a 1986 Low Rider, limited issue Liberty Edition, (#443 of 750 made. It boasts an 80 cubic inch Evolution engine pushing around 100 horsepower.)

The Whistler fire department has eight paid firefighters, with two on duty at all times. This is augmented every night when one volunteer joins them. The other forty-odd volunteers are just a pager away should a cowering inferno break out.

To become a member one must undergo extensive training for three or four months, every Thursday night and all day Saturday.

Why does Brown do it, when he could be out spending his spare time remaking *Easy Rider*? "It's the same kind of feeling as being on the ski patrol or something, you're doing something that makes a difference," answers the Brobdingnagian firefighter.

The Whistler smoke eaters can boast the fact that they had the first full time female firefighter in the province, and there's a couple other women on the volunteer brigade.

But nonetheless, firefighters have the biggest balls, and this year's is already being planned for September 27th, when 1,000 will show for the

*All things considered, firefighters still have the biggest balls.*

gigantic bash.

Kurt Vonnegut Jr., in *God Bless You Mr. Rosewater*, paid tribute to the volunteer firefighters as the backbone of society— salt of the earth etc. etc. He was right, it's a sometimes thankless task, but it has to be done. And to pay tribute to these good Samaritans we urge everyone not to yell "movie" in a crowded firehall.

—B.C.

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## *Canadian National Institute For The Blind Gives Award To Local Bylaw Enforcement Guru*

The CNIB has awarded Whistler's very own Calvin Logue its "Visually Impaired Leading the Visually Impaired" award for Logue's excellent performance at last month's big council meeting regarding the Green Lake water ski issue.

Logue, seen here in action, stood at the podium and moved his pen over this tiny map to illustrate the line where water-skiing would be allowed. The closest person to Logue was twenty feet away, the furthest about seventy-five. Unfortunately for the audience, none came equipped with binoculars, telescopes or other visual aids.

Should council decide to have a line of demarcation on Green Lake for water-skiing, we hope that Mr. Logue isn't given the responsibility of painting the line across the lake. (He'd probably use water soluble paint.)

THE AUDIO-VISUAL WORLD WAS STUNNED LAST MONTH AFTER HEARING OF CALVIN LOGUE'S PRESENTATION AT COUNCIL. OVERHEAD PROJECTOR SALESMEN WENT INTO A FRENZY AND MAP MAKERS HAD FITS OF APOPLEXY WHEN THEY HEARD ABOUT THE BIZARRE INCIDENT.  
BOB COLEBROOK PHOTO

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# Aliens Invade Whistler

## Or How I Spent My Summer Vacation

By Larry Charron

Every now and then the powers that hold the keys to my admittedly gilded cage set me free, relieving the local citizenry of my incessant banter, thus imposing upon the rest of civilization the turbo charged info mongering I'm so often accused of pursuing.

This time my destinations would be San Francisco and New York, two very sweet sources of state of the art phenomena.

One can well imagine my surprise upon my arrival in America to find myself immersed in an urban civilization that has completely embraced the contemporary lifestyle we practice here in Whistler. Whether it's NYC or SF, the skateboard, snowboard hip-hop culture is the happening scene. And believe it or not, the word is out, that this is one of the places that it comes from... Whistler, B.C., Canada.

Meanwhile, I'm in Whistler enjoying my first breakfast back at home with my neighbourhood friends when, YIKES, the headline hits me, "Bikers, Boarders Warned To Behave In Town Centre..." (up to \$2,000 fine or even jail for offenders.) Now wait a minute here... I only went away two weeks ago... am I actually back in Whistler?? Nothing ever happens this fast in Whistler... did I somehow pass through a time warp or something? Somebody please tell me that this is not really happening... sorry Larry, it's true...

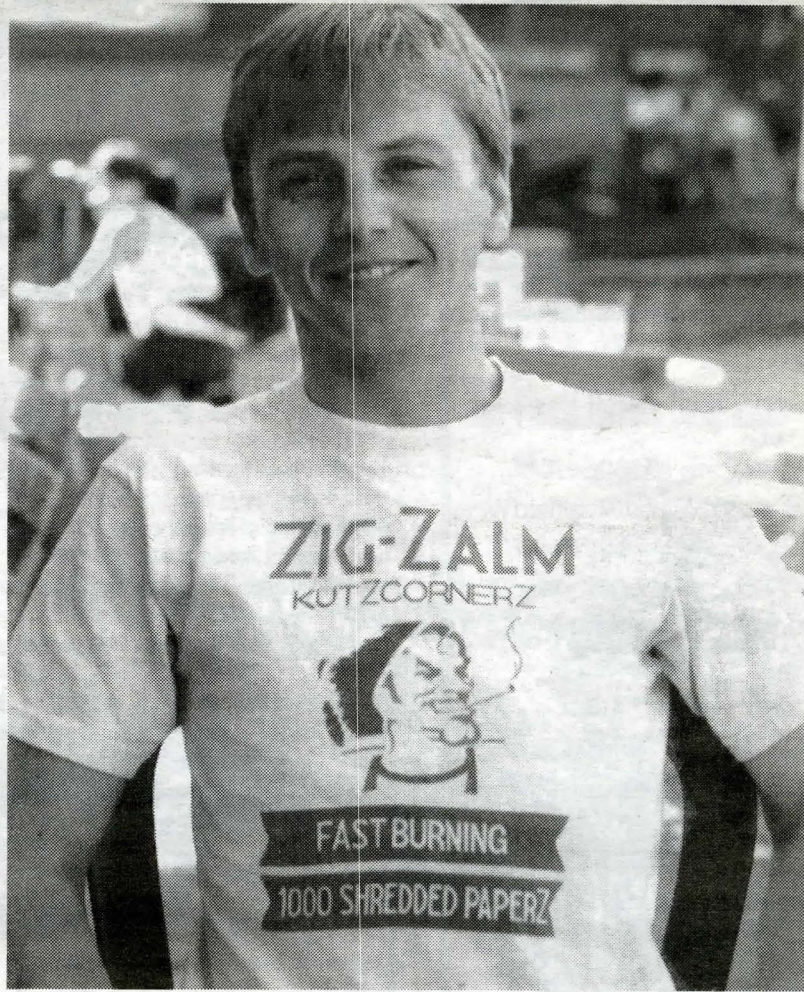
Now I've witnessed some pretty ridiculous and high handed crusades before in our fair berg but this one has got to take the cake. This to me is the ultimate personification of my most feared Whistler nightmare: Whistler Eats Its Children, whereby the dying old order of this valley makes one final desperate stab a squashing the only breath of fresh air to blow into this valley in the last fifteen years; and I'm serious folks!

Puhlease People... Wake Up... this is you and me they're talking about... yeah us. What's the problem here anyway, are we getting in the way of the roller bladers, are the alcohol fueled ball chasers having problems negotiating the throng of humanity in front on the liquor store? Someone please just give me a good slap so I can finally wake up from this nightmare...

I moved here to live my dreams, dreams which were only realizable because of a spirit of reasonable tolerance which has historically prevailed here. I am sincerely aghast at what I see going on about me today...

Whistler is a place I love very dearly, for its nurturing and tolerant disposition towards new ideas and their expression. I can not express strongly enough how wrong I feel this disposition is... let's face it folks... we have seen the enemy and he is us...

Or aliens have invaded us and caused all this to happen... right?



BILL VANDER ZALM MAY HAVE GOTTEN ACQUITTED ON HIS BREACH OF TRUST BEEF, BUT THAT DIDN'T STOP NEIL WILLS FROM PAYING TRIBUTE TO THE FORMER PREMIER LAST MONTH ON CITTA'S PATIO. THE BANQUET CAPTAIN AT THE CHATEAU SAYS HE "DISLIKES ANY POLITICIAN THAT IS CROOKED...I GUESS I HATE THEM ALL." BOB COLEBROOK PHOTO

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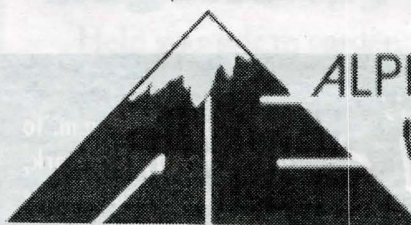
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# SOMETIMES COOL ISN'T COOL

AWESOME SHOT BY JIM ORAVA

By Doc Jake, M.D.

"Fifty degrees below zero meant eighty-odd degrees of frost. Such fact impressed him as being cold and uncomfortable, and that was all. It did not lead him to meditate upon his frailty as a creature of temperature, and upon man's frailty in general, able to live within certain narrow limits of heat and cold; and from there on it did not lead him to the conjectural field of immortality and man's place in the universe. Fifty degrees below zero stood for a bite of frost that hurt and that must be guarded against by the use of mittens, ear flaps, warm moccasins, and thick socks. Fifty degrees below zero was to him just precisely fifty degrees below zero. That there should be anything more to it than that was a thought that never entered his head."

Jack London: *To Build A Fire*

We were getting the standard safety lecture from Mike Leierer, former *Answer* staffer, river guide extraordinaire, and soon-to-be-father (baby boy two days later, congrats to Carol). Along with the usual "how to paddle, what to do if you go "swimming" and never forget who's boss on the river," Michael slipped in a comment about the "hypo" bag.

I was a little disjointed by this because I thought hypos were my department. Did he mean adrenaline, morphine, and furosemide, the standards for any doctor's traveling kit? Hey, I don't tell him how to negotiate Class 5 rapids, so what's he doing in my bailiwick?

The weather was doing the Pacific Coast deluge at the time and I was just happy to have a boat to escape in. I couldn't see how we could get two of every animal, but at least *my ass* was covered. The skies were opened up wider than a Whistler councillor's arms to a

developer. It was raining so hard the river was rising faster than a Ben Johnson start (on steroids of course). So, I was loathe to ask any questions of Mike that might delay getting into my wet suit and on to the river, where I would be safer and drier.

And that's why I didn't find out 'til later that a hypo bag is used in case of hypothermia. It contains a full set of warm dry clothing and a blanket for persons unlucky enough to take an involuntary swim in those glacial spring waters. As the rain continued and the breeze picked up, I began to think longingly on the hypo bag's contents. In my fantasies, I was dressing myself instead of undressing someone else. Clearly I was losing it and the only recourse was to think of writing an article for the *Answer*, preferably while sitting on a tropical beach, preferably on my lavish *Answer* expense account, preferably with a Polynesian woman tending to any remote possibility of

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hypothermia. Well, we all have our own way of dealing with adversity!

It may sound strange to be talking about hypothermia in the middle of the summer, but body temperature can be lost 32 times faster to cold water than to air. The incidence of hypothermia deaths is increasing as more and more people explore their limits in the wilderness. Hypothermia is defined as a rapid fall in core body temperature usually below 35°C (95°). Since Homo Sapiens likely evolved from a homeland in tropical climes (with apologies to my creationist readers), we are engineered better for losing heat than conserving it. Luckily, muscle activity and shivering can create heat and constriction of blood vessels to our extremities and reduce heat lost through skin. However, it is our conscious responses to seek shelter, increase physical activity, and put on warm dry clothing which are most important. Like anything requiring intelligent thought, this is where our defenses most commonly break down.

With mild hypothermia (>32°C), subjects complain of cold, are shivering and usually conscious, but maybe confused. At this stage, it is imperative to recognize and treat hypothermia immediately to prevent progression. Below this temperature, subjects become confused and combative, stop shivering, slow breathing and heart rate, and are in danger of lapsing into coma or suffering fatal heartbeat irregularities (usually ventricular fibrillation). With severe hypothermia, people may appear dead, but metabolism is so slowed that rewarming may "bring them back to life" (sort of like the Answer). Medical personnel are trained not to give up on a hypothermic patient at

the scene of an accident.

Trauma to the head and/or spinal cord can affect temperature regulation. Alcohol and sedatives can worsen hypothermia. (Do drunk people do silly things?) Infants and the elderly are especially susceptible. A multitude of other medical illnesses will also increase susceptibility. At St. Paul's Hospital in Vancouver, we see severe hypothermia, most commonly in alcoholics, the homeless, elderly people living alone and accident victims. A prior state of good health and good nutrition can minimize hypothermia. Often, physical activity is the only factor warding off hypothermia and stopping to rest can bring it on. Skiers, hikers and cyclists should be aware of this and pack extra clothes to don during breaks.

Prevention should focus on avoiding the risk factors, especially alcohol intoxication. High caloric intake is important. Be ready for any fall in temperature or wet weather. Never underestimate the potential for hypothermia and make sure you always have warm, dry clothes to change into, sort of your own personal hypo bag. Cotton is useless as an insulator when wet, and wool and polypropylene are preferred. The hands and head are overlooked sites for heat loss, so carry gloves and a hat.

Treatment at the site of exposure is pretty much common sense. As body temperature falls, judgment is impaired and realization of the severity of hypothermia may be lost. Never take the cold-exposed patient's word for anything, even if they promise you money or sexual favours. Assume and treat for hypothermia. Often the cold person will pass things of in an attempt to be

macho or "not want to put anyone out." Reassurance is key so he or she won't be embarrassed to accept help. The river guides are aware of this and invariably go to the hypo bag for "swimmers" in glacial waters.

Remember, shivering is an unreliable sign. Remove the victim from the cold environment, take off all wet clothes and replace with warm dry clothing and a blanket if possible. Some other tips include sharing a sleeping bag and/or a gentle massage. The victim's hands or feet can be placed under your clothing warm spots such as armpits, inner thighs, and stomach. Get a fire going if possible. Avoid moving the victim unnecessarily since this can trigger heartbeat irregularities. CPR by trained personnel can be done if indicated. Hypothermia of slow onset is best reversed slowly, but rapid reversal is indicated in situations such as short-term cold water immersion. Hot fluids are OK and nutritional support will enhance the heat generated as a result of shivering. In severe cases, transport ASAP and let the experts deal with the situation.

It's a cold, cruel world out there, so use your head, anticipate, and take nothing for granted, unlike our Jack London "hero."

**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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## High Altitude Flatus Expulsion

In last month's article on mountain sickness, I neglected to include a brief dissertation on high altitude flatus expulsion (HAFE). This is "the unwelcome, spontaneous passage of colonic gases at altitudes above 11,000 feet." Apparently, the decrease in atmospheric pressure allows expansion of bowel gas with only one place to go. Some speculate that high altitude itself is odor-enhancing and HAFE us just an exaggeration of normal sea-level colonic behavior.

Although there are no serious sequelae, it is best to avoid sharing a tent with an afflicted subject. Further, the typical flatogenic backpacker's diet may contribute. Hence, restriction of bean intake is a cornerstone of preventive therapy. Research is in progress to elucidate possible gender-specific aspects of the disorder. For instance, some males exhibit "flatus hubris" (excessive pride in one's farts), whereas females may be more prone to "flatus occultus" (blatant denial, or in extreme cases, even blaming it on someone else). "Flatus interruptus" or suppression of farts is felt to be unhealthy even at altitude. Finally, some authors argue that the humour generated by this syndrome has benefits on expedition morale which far outweigh the unsavory olfactory experience.

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# Adventure Film - Making Follies

By Peter Chrzanowski

FRITZ HARTMANN PHOTO

My cousin, the professional engineer, MBA and now happily ever after family man, is very intrigued and drawn by the magnetism generated by the delightful aura surrounding the film industry.

"I...I...I... just don't understand. There's no logic to it, no meaningful way to put \$\$\$ on paper," he blurts out. (I will leave his name out in order not to cause him grief by association. And so \_\_\_\_\_ is struggling with the whole notion of independent film making.

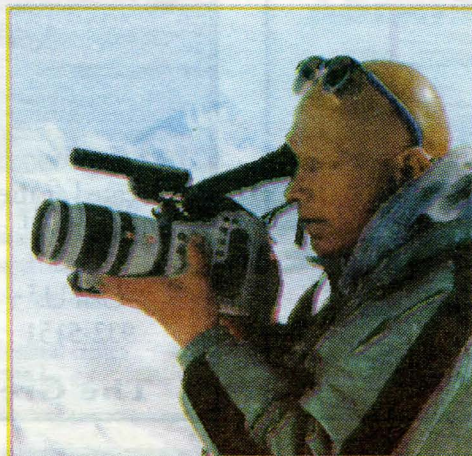
He continues to shake his head and more words come out: "Bbbbut, there's all that money in production, equipment... who pays for it... and why?!?!?" Hey, and that's right, there *can* be a lot of money to be made in the movies.

The feature film industry is a very structured organism, a machine running on very disciplined schedules and budgets and... and more. An

average commercial costs \$30,000 a pop and those are the lousy ones like Dave Buck Ford. So, why is it that a few of us have continued to toil, mesmerized by our own action film genre, refusing to enter the sane world of regular feature and commercial production!!??

The truth is, some of us have chosen the path, the other path that certain black sheep are destined to follow. Welcome to adventure documentaries. Welcome to the world of filmic uncertainty. What lies beyond, around the corner of that mountain?

But even more, what do we pay for lunch with after we pay the lab bill which has so rudely descended upon us? Yes, that is the call of true adventure. Did you know that a second of 16mm flashing on your TV screen means a buck, a buck a second after all the vultures and bill collectors get through with the celluloid.



THREE LOCAL CINEMATOGRAPHERS, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: DAVE "FUZZY" FRAZEE, SCOTT FULLMER AND "ACE" MCKAY SMITH.

There certainly is some kind of demonic possession that makes people stick it out in this industry. I guess the joy of creating makes us tick in an obscene way, combined with the lure of a good sized carrot is the product is snapped up by some subculture. It's sort of like music. Well, maybe not, the odds are better, or so I keep telling myself.

A familiar face around Whistler, Curt Petersen, sports a devilish grin when asked about his latest captive audience. He's producing *Snowmotion 2*, the sledhead sequel to, you guessed it, *Noise and more country music 1*, and every type of snowmobiling event on the planet. We worked on *Snowmotion* with Curt, traveling around epitomes of hicksvilles with the PPI crew in the Spring of '91. As a result, we co-produced *Northern Rage* together for the boardheads, you know, those snowboarder characters and the true genetic opposites of the sledheads. I found out the hard way that the two don't mix in an epic bar brawl somewhere near McCall, Idaho. Yep, sir, Country + Punk = Disaster.

Yes, unfortunately, *Rage's* timing was off and it was not released till after Christmas. Did you know that 80% of ski and snowboard videos get sold between now and Christmas? We didn't. Anyway, Curt still hates us for that one. Furthermore, the music was so appalling that it seems only kids that stole videos raged about it. (Since videos are usually placed behind counters, they are difficult to steal, making distribution even more of a challenge.) Yeah, yeah, but PPI will write that one off and *Snowmotion 2*, new, improved, louder and better will pull in the ginky instead. Listen you boardheads, buy it this fall and we'll include earplugs for mom.

Hmmmm, now I realize why Warren Miller slept in the back of his station wagon at the Vegas ski shows until not so long ago. Until Warren baby got hooked up with a large music promotion firm out of Berkeley, he too, was a dirtbag. Perhaps that's why makes his company so paranoid about working with other producers to this day.

Now who else can I pick on? Oh yeah, there's the guys from RAP (Real Action Pictures). These guys are smooth, they have the CP Hotel chain behind their movies: Jingle, jingle (sexy female voice begins) "All Real Action crews stay at Canadian Pacific Hotels, jingle, jingle." The guys from RAP have certainly made Warren

Miller nervous. Their films are quality conscious, shot well in 16mm and as an added bonus they have helped propel Whistler locals such as Trevor and Eric into skiing stardom.

But where is the real payoff, I keep asking myself. Yeah, that's it, I got it: A social documentary, no, no, a rockumentary, with action and, and... skiing. Also, throw in other egotistic sports, yeah, windsurfing, mountain biking and smoke a big joint and add social comment on, yeah, I got it, the Gulf War. Aaw, shucks, beat again. Stumpy's already come out with the *Groove*. Here's the guy that played it smart and left ski movie stardom for regular ginky from an MTV gig. Mass television: Can't beat it, might as well join it, grins Greg as he churns out more stuff to be devoured by M on a regular basis.

Luckily, virtually all films are copied from something done before. Of course every producer will deny that. "Uh no, really, you saw that somewhere else? Must have been in your dreams, baby! But yes, reality persists so why knock it when you can (subtly) copy it. So, I'll just wait for another war and make my next ski movie around it. Anything, I'll do anything to not make "moving wallpaper," as one British distributor dubbed snowboard films he had seen.

Ridiculous, there were six film crews in tiny Valdez, Alaska during the World Extreme Skiing Championships. Luckily, we were there long enough to come back with two great stories for two TV programs. Story telling is really what it's about in decent documentary attempts.

The cult ski and snowboard audience still thrive on what I would term moving wallpaper. Warren Miller, Falline Films, Eric Perlman, RAP and my old partners from *Adverturescope* are all raking in the dough from moving wallpaper sales. Their production quality is high, the skiing/snowboarding talent is great, but they do not bother to put much emphasis on story. And that's fine too, because the cult audiences are completely satisfied with seeing just that: good skiers/riders strutting their stuff on wild terrain. The younger snowboarding subculture, on the other hand, wants lots of tricks. Just give them a half pipe, lots of flips, jumps and upside down maneuvers done by "name" riders and you have a movie. A halfpipe can be shot anywhere from the bible belt of the mid-west to Blackcomb, B.C. It really doesn't matter, tricks are for kids, and kids buy the videos.

There certainly seems to be a lack of "intelligent" programming both on TV and in the-

atrical releases, films featuring both aspects, a good story and great outdoor sports visuals with good tunes in the background. That is a shame because when a good sport documentary makes it to mainstream TV, it seems everyone does enjoy watching it. The problem remains in finding ways to fund such films.

Every year I travel to the Banff Mountain Film Festival and return to Vancouver re-energized from seeing the fabulous mountain films from around the world. Unfortunately, the only film entered in Banff was my co-production with *Adverturescope of Reel Radical*, which, story-wise, was kind of a mindless romp, although the footage was exceptional.

To this day I feel slightly ashamed of virtually wasting such great footage (again thanks to the fine camera work of David Frazee) and having so little creative input on a story which would have done it justice. After all, quite a few people including extreme skiers, Eric Pehota, Trevor Petersen and T.J. Armengol risked their lives skiing shit for that film. Furthermore, the helicopter pilots, cameramen and my own paraglide flight off Mt. Waddington added more elements of Risk to the film.

So what is the bottom line, or what am I trying to say in this article? To summarize things, I feel there is an ever emerging public interest in Extreme Sports. This is seen as more and more evident as activities such as sky surfing, extreme skiing and other antics are going more and more mainstream.

Unfortunately, instead of incorporating storyline with these visuals, we take the easy and mindless way out which results eventually in graduation to feature epics such as *Ski School*.

Remember the tits and ass feature with skiing, sex and stupidity shot in Whistler two years ago? It's at the video shop. Check it out. I worked on that one too. Hey, it was fun, lot's of babes, skiing, lousy pay but I got to shoot a 35mm film camera for the first time thanks again to Curt Petersen who directed the photography and co-produced this baby.

By the way, *Ski School* made more money than any other film made in Canada that year. Just shows you how much money is really being wasted out there on other so-called "culturally viable" productions which nobody ever sees, such as... no, I won't make any more enemies.

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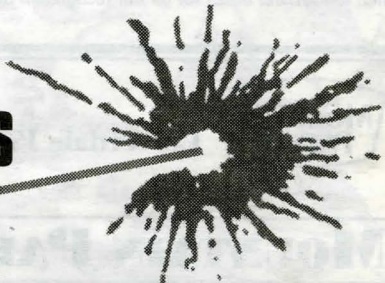
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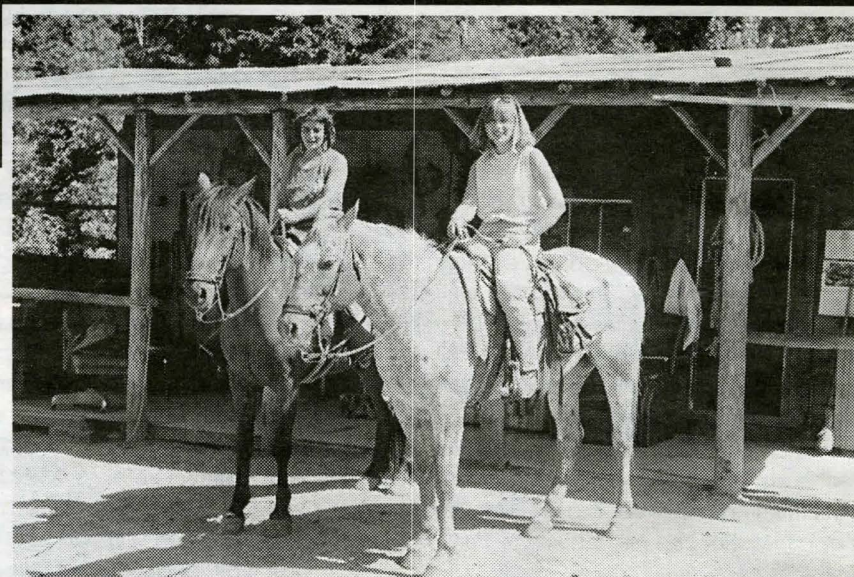
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# Sporting News

By Jim Monaban



MEGAN MOORE AND NANCY BISHOP ARE TALL IN THE SADDLE DOWN AT THE WHISTLER STABLES. BOB COLEBROOK PHOTO

If you've been following the slo-pitch standings you'll have noticed a couple of teams that have been tearing up the diamond, one old team, one new. Boston Pizza are in their fourth season, having steadily made the climb from "C" division up to the "A."

"We've got a good mix of players and our gals' hitting has really improved," says B.P. outfielder **Jerry Marsh**. "The nucleus of the team is **Dave Gourlie** who is our pitcher and can also hit the ball out of the park."

A tough loss to the Hillside Stranglers in last year's "B" division final has them looking forward to this year's playoffs.

"Hopefully we'll be a little more consistent. We've improved in a few departments under manager **Dave Brown**. But everyone gets stronger towards the end of the season. They get their full teams out, and it sure won't be easy," warns Marsh.

Meantime, the Blackcomb Kids Kamp have put together a solid team to lead the Miller Lite "D" division. "We do things together as a team. Most of us worked together at Blackcomb, so we were already a team when we entered the league," says the new Kids' **Sheila Van Nus**.

The Kids have a middle infielder in **Dana Petts** who Van Nus can only describe as awesome. A good hitter with a strong and accurate throwing arm, Petts may have already earned the Answer ballot for all-star recognition at shortstop.

## Stray hockey pucks...

Van Nus works in the Blackcomb office of hockey star **Dave Brownlie**, who will have to decide between his old club the Whistler Sabres or one or two expansions team in next winter's WHL. Blackcomb, the Savage Beagle and one or two other teams are already being mentioned.

We caught the captain of the Chateau Sharks, **Dave Key** roller-blading out of Alta Vista and headed for the Blueberry trail recently. "Well, we gotta get out of last place somehow," said the hard working Key.

The Winterhawks are reported to be near to signing of **Trevor Dalley**, their first round pick in the amateur draft. The 4' 10" Dalley is coming off a fine season with John Hunter Trucking in the Squamish Atom league, but at 85 lbs. may require more seasoning before catching on with the big club.

"It all depends on what we can work out with his agent **Jean Dalley**," says Winterhawk coach **Richard "Stretch" Strautman**. "We'll give him a good look at training camp in September and then decide."

## Is that Hoary Marmots or Wallabies...

Whistler's Hoary Marmot Rugby team has taken on a truly international flavour. "We have a terrific cast of Aussie's, Robin from South Africa who we call the 'barefoot panther,' a couple of honest Scotsmen and a sprinkling of us Canucks," says coach **Don Pashleigh**.

They'll be hosting a 'cheap and easy' seven-a-side tournament on Saturday, July 18th at Myrtle Philip. A player to watch in that eight team tussle will be Marmot's captain **Peter Frisk**, who Pashleigh calls a great tackler with a wonderful instinct for the game. Frisk played on the Lower Mainland with the 1st Division Vancouver Rowing Club.

## Sand Wedges or Swithered Again...

The Loyal Association of Gentlemen Golfers (LAGG) are home from their four of the old sod. **Don Willoughby, D.A. Atkinson, Chuck Kingzett** and **Ron Hosner** played 15 different golf courses on a 12 day tour of Ireland and Scotland.

"Our favourite course was probably Royal Downs in Ireland. It's extremely tough, every hole was interesting. Just a wonderful place to play golf," says Hosner while dispensing some of his fine Hozpitality.

The tour included a stop at St. Andrews in Scotland. Unique in that the Royal and Ancient is a blend of golf links and public park. People out for a stroll or walking their dogs have the right of way. No golf on Sundays.

"They have a different philosophy over there. They don't manicure the courses the way we do. If you hit the ball, you play the ball. Even if it's on the cart path, there's no relief, you play the shot," says Hoz. "We invented a new name for the rough, and believe me it was rough. We called it swithers or swithered again."




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On the scorecards, Chuck Kingzett played the best golf with some rounds in the low seventies, though he had some problems keeping up with the boys on the bus. While saying he wouldn't hesitate to return to the old country, Hoz offers some strong testimony:

"Of all the golf courses, anywhere in the world, British Columbia has some that are amongst the best. From here to Salmon Arm, the Okanagan, Radium Hot Springs, Castlegar or Riverside in Kamloops, you don't have to leave this province to play some great golf."

### Lonesome Dove North...

You may not get to make a movie but you can enjoy some top notch horseback riding, right here at the Whistler Stables. Daily excursions include a three hour ride along Green Lake to Parkhurst, and several one hour trips to Lost Lake. The Lost Lake loop uses some of the cross-country ski trails and has some panoramic views of Whistler and Blackcomb.

Owners **Megan Moore** and **Layton Bryson** have a ranch near Lillooet. It seems Bryson will have to spend a good portion of the summer at home making hay, but that shouldn't bother Moore who enjoys working with tourists.

"They're pretty good people to deal

with," says Moore. "Here, they're 99.9% happy and we get a lot of return visits, often from people who want the same horse."

With 18 horses to choose from, you'll definitely want to talk to top-hand **Nancy Bishop**. "As Megan says, he has touch-tone control. He's sensitive. He knows exactly what you want to do without much movement."

Highly recommended, pardner... and don't forget to meet the corral dog Little Monty, along with Hobbes the cat!

### Someone Say Tennis...

If you're there, just around sunset when the lights go up, the Whistler Valley Tennis Club in a "field of dream" all to itself. They have a great new tennis pro in **Lubos Dostal**, who is excited about their new court, complete with a bubble.

"We'd like to get more juniors involved because with the bubble we'll be able to work hard all winter and hopefully have them ready to play in some tournaments next summer," says Dostal. "We still need a lot more players, more junior players, to improve the caliber of play in Canada."

Junior players can sign up for Dostal's program absolutely free of charge and without having to be a member of the club. The fifth court will create openings for about 80 new members, bringing the club's member-

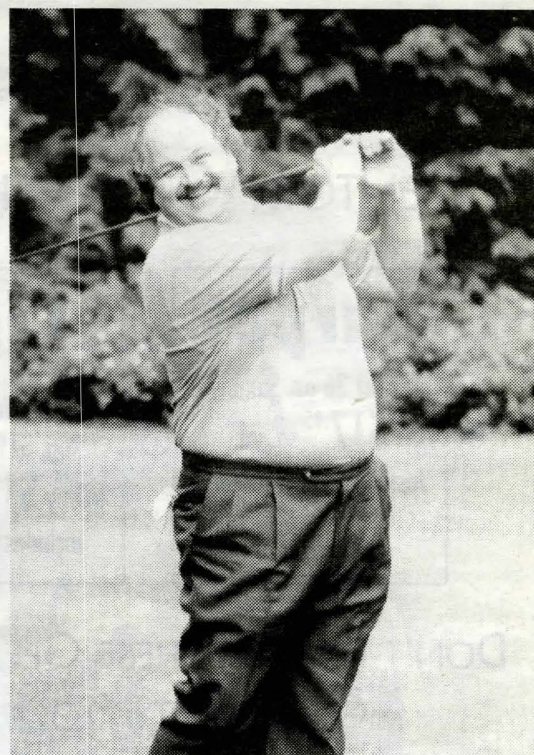
ship numbers up to around 400. It's a beauty, with round-robins and tournaments Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings.

### Pump It Up...

One last stop this month with **Mandy Dobbs** at the Pumphouse, where they still have a two month "Summer Special" membership in effect. They're into weight-training, aerobics, swimming and tennis. They'll even rent you a mountain bike.

They'll also set you up with a personalized fitness program at no charge. "We're not one of those fitness gyms that just looks at you and says okay, you're client type A, so here's your program," says Dobbs.

"We'll work with the client to find out what they want from a program; to lose weight, gain weight, work on a sports injury or just to look and feel better. We do follow-ups, check on how you're doing and help continue to work on things. We're a service orient-



HOZ IS BACK ON HIS HOME COURSE AFTER A WHIRLWIND TOUR OF THE OLD COUNTRY COURSES. BOB COLEBROOK PHOTO

ed gym and yes, we care about the customer."

All right, Mandy! We're out of column inches, so here's to the Mudville Nine wherever they might be.



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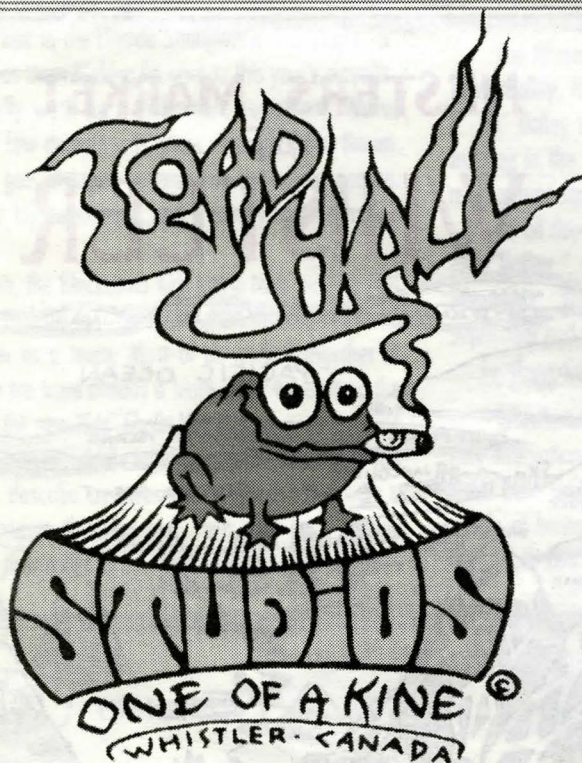
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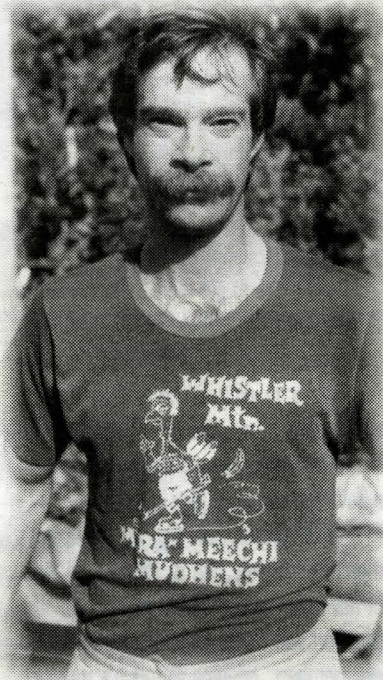


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# Winterhawks Looking For Ex-Players



AL WAILIN' WALKER AND HIS BAND BROUGHT THE HOUSE DOWN AT THE HAWKS BARBECUE. KEL FENWICK COOKED THE SALMON BARBECUE WHILE SPORTING THIS ANCIENT T-SHIRT OF THE WINTERHAWKS PREDECESSORS, THE MIRI MICH MUDHENS. RICHARD STRAUTMAN AND DAVE RITCHIE NEGOTIATE WITH THE BYLAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICER OVER SOME LOOSE DECIBELS. (SHE REALLY COULD OF USED A NIGHT STICK.)

BOB COLEBROOK PHOTOS

The Whistler Winterhawks Hockey Club is forming an alumni association which will help support minor hockey in Whistler. All former members, coaches, and trainers are urged to join.

Last month saw the Winterhawks host their annual golf tournament and barbecue. Richard "Stretch" Strautman won the "green bathrobe," which is emblematic of Hawk golfing supremacy, although rumour has it that there was some discrepancy with the scorecard.

The bizarrebeque at Mike Sadler's was a hot item as well, with Al Wailin' Walker supplying the tunes. Walker has a new album out and was just signed to a European recording contract. The Wailer has played numerous Winterhawk gigs, and is as popular with the Hawks as he is with the Hell's Angels.



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# Liking Biking

WHAT YOU SEE HERE IS PEOPLE COMMITTING A MAJOR CRIME IN WHISTLER. WOMEN'S CLOTHES COURTESY OF HOME ON DERANGED. BICYCLE FOR TWO COMPLIMENTS OF MCCONKEY'S. STEPHEN VOGLER'S CLOTHES COURTESY OF VALUE VILLAGE. BOB COLEBROOK PHOTO

**A**lmost everybody in Whistler rides a bike. I'd hazard to guess that more people ride bikes than ski in this valley—and in these parts that's an impressive statistic. Bicycles are both transportation and recreation.

You can go shopping on your bike, take a jaunt to the village or visit a friend. You can tow your kids around in a trailer or climb a narrow mountain trail and fly back down in an exhilarating descent. You can even go touring around the province, the country or the world.

And it's not just here that bikes are popular. In Vancouver and other cities across Canada, more and more people are riding bicycles to work. Not only is it good for the environment and your health, it's often quicker than sitting in your car and inching your way through rush hour traffic.

Because bicycles are an inexpensive form of transportation, they can also be used extensively in poorer countries. In Cuba right now they are carrying out a program whereby every citizen will soon own a bicycle. The government has realized that it is impossible for everyone to own a car and that it would also be very undesirable. The people with bikes in Havana are getting to work faster than those who drive or ride the bus. And on the weekends they have a form of recreation at their disposal.

The use of bicycles in this way isn't really new, it's just being rediscovered as our fascination with the automobile begins to wane a little. Growing up in post war Germany, my mother has stories to tell of the importance of the bicycle in their lives. When jobs were hard to find, her father would sometimes have to ride from town to town looking for work. When he found some that lasted for a while, he would return home to pickup the family. With my grandmother on the handle bars and my mother in a small trailer along with the supplies, they would journey to the next town.

When I was a kid, having a bicycle was also a big part of my life. The first one that sat gleaming under the Christmas tree opened up a whole new world of adventure. On my two wheeled steed I could venture forth into the neighbourhood, meet friends and explore the old horse race track and the fields that stretched out beyond our house. We could cart home the apples and cherries that we'd spent all afternoon picking and cruise back home in time for dinner. Talk about freedom.

Nowadays, it's not all that different. Sometimes I'll explore a trail, or else just cruise into town, do a few errands and maybe have a beer. My bike gets me out of the house and into the outside world. A car would get me there too, but apart from being more expensive, in a car you're encased in an aquarium of safety glass; on a bike you're out there in the world, smelling

the skunk cabbage along the trail and feeling the wind in your hair.

I also love riding my bike in the city. Though I haven't been known to ride much down there, I always take my bike with me when I have the opportunity. You can park your car and do all of the running around on the bike. If you're used to maneuvering a car through downtown streets, the distances suddenly seem a lot shorter on two wheels. It's because there's more freedom on a bike. Cars are bound to the road, but bicycles can hop up on the curb, meander down an alley and bypass a traffic jam. Riding in the city can bring out a little of the outlaw in even the most law abiding citizen. It's that ability to cross over between the rules of the road and those of the pedestrians whenever you see fit. Of course, I don't condone this sort of riding and would never do it myself.

Having sung the praises of the bicycle I should also point out the down side: they occasionally need to be cleaned, tuned up and even fixed. After taking mine to Long Beach last summer and riding along on the sand, my bike developed a persistent grinding sound that just wouldn't go away. But it only took about a hundred dollars to buy all the necessary tools, and I didn't need an engineering degree to figure out how to use them. It felt good to do my own tune-up, and now I'm back on the road (and off), at one with my bike and ready to roll.

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# Sports Profile:

## Dan Latin

By Jim Monaban

There is a lot more to being a golf pro than just swinging a club. Good people skills are essential and Whistler's Dan Latin is in abundance.

It's a busy mid-week afternoon and Latin is standing by the first tee. A group from KIRO TV in Seattle are packing up their gear after a feature interview. Members of the local Garibaldi Golf Club are teeing off on a best-ball tournament.

"Thanks for stopping by, we appreciate it," he's saying to the television crew. "Hey, I used to know a guy who always played with a pipe," he laughs with one of the locals, who is taking a few practice swings with a cigarette in his mouth.

The youngest of six children, Latin grew up in Williams Lake where he divided his leisure time

equally between the golf course and the hockey rink. He won the Frank Latin Memorial Junior Golf Championship, six of the seven years that he was eligible to play.

"I've been in the golf business since I was twelve years old, first as a caddie and working on the driving range. I began teaching and entered the CPGA apprenticeship program right out of high school," he smiles as if it were a hundred years ago. "I ran the show in Williams Lake in 1986. Then spent four years as an assistant pro at Point Grey in Vancouver, before coming to Whistler in the spring of '91."

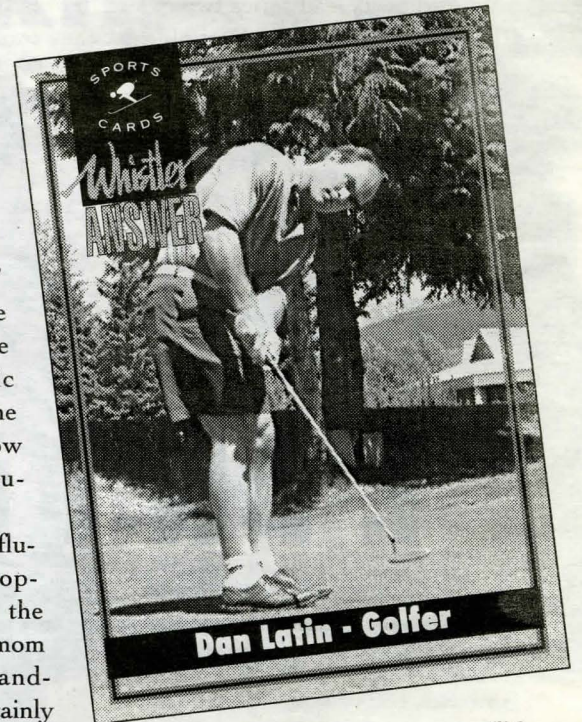
He knows his stuff. A lesson with Dan Latin need not be a knuckle rapper like with old Miss Brown. Sure, he'll give you the ABC's but he'll also take advantage of your natural abilities. Start with the grip, stance and posture,

then build a golf swing around those sound fundamentals.


Duffers please take note. "Balance in any sport can't be underestimated. It's an integral part of the game of golf," he observes with some credit to George Knutson. "From static balance right through the swing motion and follow through, balance is crucial."

There were several influences on Latin's development as an athlete. Not the least of which was his mom Joan who is now a grandmother of eight, and certainly knows her way to the hockey rink. Also John Van Horlick who was his junior hockey coach with the Williams Lake Mustangs.

"Van Horlick really instilled in



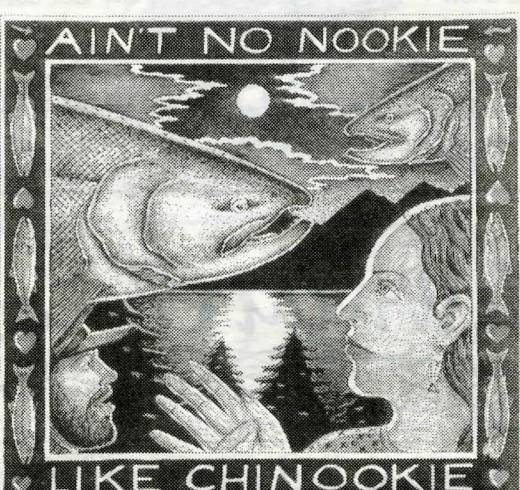
me that keep trying, never give up kind of tenacity," he says. A tenacity that paid off for Garfinkles this spring in the



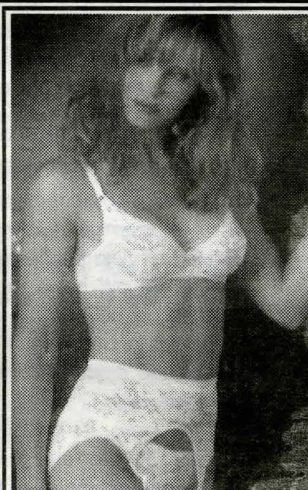
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Whistler Men's Hockey League final.

As they say on the old radio shows, let us return now to those thrilling days of late April.

It's a best of five final between Garfinkles and the Whistler Winterhawks. The Winterhawks lead series two games to one. It looks like curtains for Garfinkles as they trail game four by a 3-1 tally, headed into the final period.

Half way through the period Latin scores a goal to bring his club to within one. Then with just 20 seconds remaining he begins a rush deep in his own zone. He goes coast to coast and drills a shot past Winterhawk goal tender Wayne Wilson. We're into overtime.

Not to mix media or metaphors here, but okay boys, roll the highlight film.

About ten minutes into OT, Garfinkles' Steve Legge draws a penalty for slashing. It looks like curtains again. Boom! A miraculous save by Garfinkles' John Chalk, who kicks the puck along the left boards.

Latin gobbles up the rebound and works his way into Winterhawk territory.

He's cut off by Drake Webber and Brian Ayearst at the top of the face-off circle. He tries a centering pass that hits a backchecking Richard Strautman in the skate.

Instead of standing by the boards and admiring is work, Latin continues to drive to the net. Sure enough. He picks up the loose puck and lifts a backhand shot over Wilson's outstretched glove. Pandemonium! Garfinkles win 4-3 and go on to win the fifth and deciding game 4-0.

"It was one of the best backhand shots I've ever seen, other than Wayne Gretzky. But even the great one would have been proud of that shot," says Garfinkles coach Dr. Jim DeMarco, who is not normally given to hyperbole.

"Latin brought a lot of excellent qualities to our team including a keen sense of humour and good sportsmanship," adds DeMarco. "Talent wise he might have been the best player in the league, but that sense of fun and sportsmanship are invaluable to a hockey team."

Following a brief stint with the Kamloops Blazers, Latin had the proverbial cup of coffee with a Hartford Whalers farm club in Utica, N.Y. The pro career would be on the golf links.

And yes, if you keep plugging away, good things will happen. He's still holding court by the first tee at Whistler.

"Yes, that guy with the pipe," he says drawing a few chuckles from the gallery. He mimes a huge meerschaum from the side of his mouth, his hands and arms going through the complete golf swing.

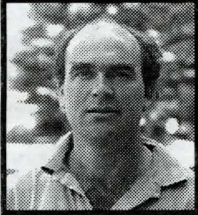
At the close of the follow through, he removes the imaginary pipe from his mouth and gazes at a shot that could only have gone straight down the middle.

Most reliable club: "The three wood always seems to be there when I need it. It's predictable, I know what it's going to do. I hit it right to left, a little draw and I'm usually in pretty good shape."

Favourite course: "Other than Whistler, Point Grey is a very nice course. There are some good tracks down in the desert around Palm Springs but I'd really like to play the Augusta National. Anyone out there who can get me on at Augusta please, please call."


Best hole at Whistler: "The par four 13th. It's a good setup for me and rewards a well placed tee shot. A right to left around Bear's Island, then a mid-iron or short-iron to the pin. There are three sand traps guarding the green and a mountain in the background. It's beautiful and always challenging."

Cure for the putting yipes: "Yup. Keep the head still and make solid contact."



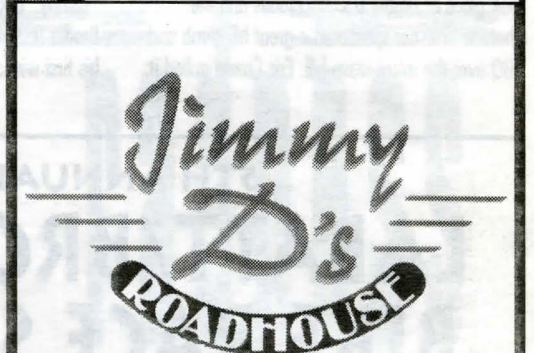
**SPORTS CARDS**  
*Whistler*  
**ANSWER**

Full name: Daniel Robert Latin  
Born: Williams Lake, B.C. 19/11/62  
Height: 5' 11"  
Weight: 185 lbs.  
Occupation: Golf Pro  
Sponsors: Head Golf Equipment  
Dan is both an excellent golfer and teacher. He is in his second season with the Whistler Golf Course.



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# ROUGH

The local mountain bike racing scene is in high gear with the Loonie Series four races old, the BRC series kicking into gear July 4 and local racers competing in races throughout the lower mainland.

The Loonie Series is mountain bike racing as it should be. Local sponsors take turns putting on evening races where the emphasis is on fun. Entry fee is only a loonie with the men's and women's winners splitting the entry pot. The courses are usually under an hour which makes these events an excellent entry level event or a great training ride under race conditions for the more experienced racers.

With different people designing the courses, the events each have had a distinctive character. The first was a cross-country put on by the Glacier Shop that went from Wedge pit, along the east side of Green Lake to the Lost Lake toll hut. **Rockin' Ronnie Haws** came up from Vancouver to nip the local boys in this one. The second was a time trial up and down Rick's Roost above Alpine Meadows. Anyone who's ridden this steep technical downhill will have to appreciate the skill involved in doing this one against the clock. **Greg "Lou" Salmon** rode it smooth and fast for the Loonies. Re-hydrating and awards took place at Jimmy D's. Backroads and the Chateau Whistler sponsored a great hill climb and BBQ over the micro-wave hill. **Eric Crowe** pulled it

all together to defeat a strong contingent that evening. **Paul "Rollo" Rawlinsen** overcame the heat and a hungry group of riders to win the short course criterium sponsored by Seymour Cycles and run on the moto-cross track at Mons. No one has won two races yet and that spells great racing to me.

There's always lots of prizes donated by local merchants and usually a get together of some sort after the race where competitors can compare notes, bruises and see what kind of race the people in the other classes had. It's fun!

On a slightly more serious note the Labatt/BRC Bike Race Series begins on Blackcomb Mountain with the cross country on July 4, followed by the hillclimb and downhill on July 11, dual slalom on July 18 and a new race for this years series, a criterium on July 25. This series attracts a number of lower mainland riders but watch for locals like **Eric Crowe**, **Bill Styles**, **Greg Salmon**, **Rollo**, **Dean Moffet**, **Diana Kilby** and **Margo Vaughn** to place well.

Around the province Whistlerite's are fairing well. **James Wilson**, ex Ralph Lauren employee is currently leading the BC cup series, while **Eric Crowe**, having only run two out of three events in this running is seventh overall. **Geoff "Lumpy" Leidal** smoked a strong field at the Brodie Test of Metal on the Sunshine Coast for his first win of the year.

# RIDES

By Charlie Doyle



## 5TH ANNUAL LABATT/BRC MTN. BIKE RACE SERIES

**July 4 - Cross Country**

**July 11 - Uphill/Downhill**

**July 18 - Dual Slalom**

**July 25 - Criterium**

All races start at 10:00 a.m.

**Classes:** Women: Sport, Novice. Men: Expert, Sport (Jr., Senior, Veteran) Novice. \$15 per race - \$20 Uphill/Downhill - \$55 Whole Series (with T-Shirt).

**Prizes:** First prize overall in each category is a 92/93 Blackcomb winter frequent skier pass.

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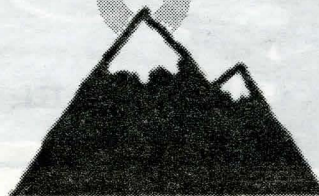
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# S E E E E R madness

PAUL GERBER & TWIN BROTHERS CANNOT GET AMANDA GRANT  
& SISTER'S ATTENTION AS THEY READ THE ANSWER  
ERIC BERGER PHOTOS

## Skateboarding

is Whistler's neglected sport, probably because it has a PR problem. For some reason, adults just don't like skateboarding. As a sport it is one of the hardest to master, and you'll suffer many serious cuts, abrasions, hematoma and possible fractures on the road the experthood. However, the result, as our photographs attest, is simply phenomenal. The grace, beauty and seemingly impossible stunts defy normal physical laws. The Answer

# *It Takes Leather Balls to Play Rugby, but it takes nice balls to skate 'cause the Cement Doesn't Forget.*

*By Cheeseball*

**I** don't think everyone who skateboards has a bad attitude. Unfortunately, skating, along with surfing and snowboarding, gets labelled as a rebellious. Ya, just like the Partidge Family.

It's been there for years and probably always will be. Who cares, let those fuckers think what they want. I'm into all three and I'm not rebelling against anything. I'm an adult and I pay the full price at the movie theatre.

Like any crowd there's always a few "bad ass" cats who could give anything a bad name whether it's lawn bowling or figure skating. It's silly to generalize and say all skateboarders are "badass radsters", up to no good, who would probably steal my beer if I turned around. Why ban skateboarding?

Sports are everything. If you don't do any sports you're a loser. I'm going to fully encourage my kids and totally support them at whatever sport they wanna do. I guess some people and some communities make the sport of skateboarding illegal because they would rather see kids hanging out downtown smoking crack!

Skaters don't have bad attitudes at all. The whole thing is blown out of proportion. Some of the general public hates it because they're totally ignorant of the sport. So if you're hassled long enough, it's only natural to say "fuck you".

Over the years I've been chased off areas, had my skate taken away on the street and at school, told to stop and leave because people were complaining, looked down upon as if I'd never grow up, plus irrelevant, silly instances that don't deserve ink.

I'm tired of being hassled. Can you imagine if you were playing road hockey all the time and people either hassled you or told you to leave. Road hockey is harmless and so is skating, it's just that one's more accepted than the other. As for the generalization of the "bad attitude" remember the average age group we're dealing with.

Skateboarding is the most unique and creative sport there is. The sport molds a certain subculture that oozes with a style all its own. Fashion slaves they're not. Function before fashion. No tight jeans or white mesh Speedos here dude. Neon's never been in, dark drab, funny, fresh, funky large and loose all the way. Anti-fashion, which can be kinda trendy in itself. There is a definite look that people who don't even skate try hard to attain. Then there's people like Dylan at Attitude at Altitude who

prefers Value Village, where everything is like two bucks, and this cat styles.

Other bits and pieces you might see, not that I want to generalize too much because it doesn't really matter anyway, and there are no real rules, right? Goatees, side burns, short short hair, baseball caps, no pads just like straws, they're for chicks. John or Aaron's car parked as close as possible without being in the way blaring aggressive/alternative tunes. Skating's an aggressive sport, if you're not you might slam. The music fuels the skate.

As the sun goes down and the moon comes out a fair amount seem to cruise into Tommy Africa's, tipping the cheapest pints they can get. You drink for the effect, right? Now I don't want any mothers calling me up and bitching about me encouraging drinking, cuz I'm not. What did you do when you do when you turned 19?

As far females, the voices are higher and the plumbing is lower. Not too many are into it. I've seen a few that are OK, but that's it. I'm not discouraging only encouraging. I'm a guy. I like girls. It's too aggressive for most girls. Some were built for speed, some were built for win collers, Cosmo mags, Top 40 and dancing. Geez, I hope I get some date outta this one.

If you do actually go the bowl your jaw will probably be on the ground after witnessing what can be done on a piece of wood with wheels. The tricks are endless, mind-boggling and far beyond the comprehension of the average person.

It's way more cardiovascular than downhill skiing and way harder to get good at than most sports. And like I said, more creative than any other sport on the face of the earth. A curb, for example, can provide a skater with hours of fun. A parking block, park bench, handrails, steps, fire hydrants. Almost anything can be skated.

So next time you see someone skate by air off the steps, slide down a handrail, pop off and skate away, stop and try to figure out how and what they just did.

Living in Whistler we're definitely spoiled by the amazing skatebowl the municipality made for us. This was truly a great project and a practical thing. It requires little maintenance, it's free, keeps people from skating where the law doesn't want them to, plus it promotes the healthy outdoor lifestyle. And Paul Burrows wanted another arcade. Hahaha. Sorry dude.



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According to *Thrasher Magazine*

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| Anarchy            | Cuddling                              |
| Televanglism       | Alien Messiahs                        |
| Graffiti           | Crossword Puzzle                      |
| Television         | Spying on neighbours                  |
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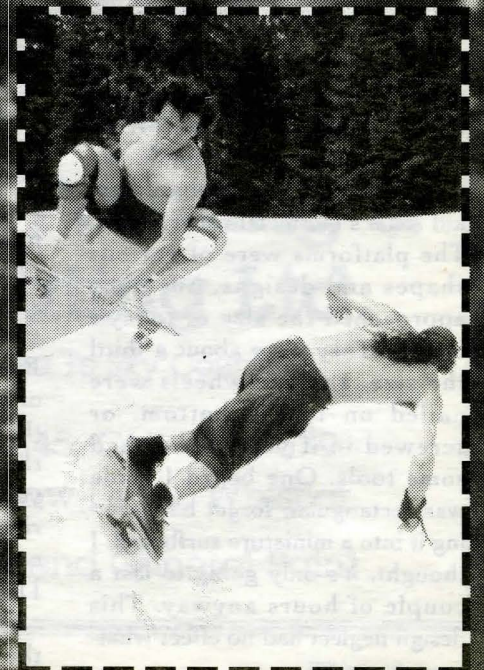
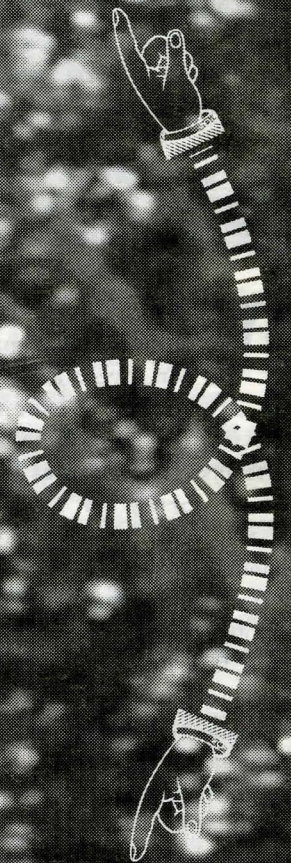
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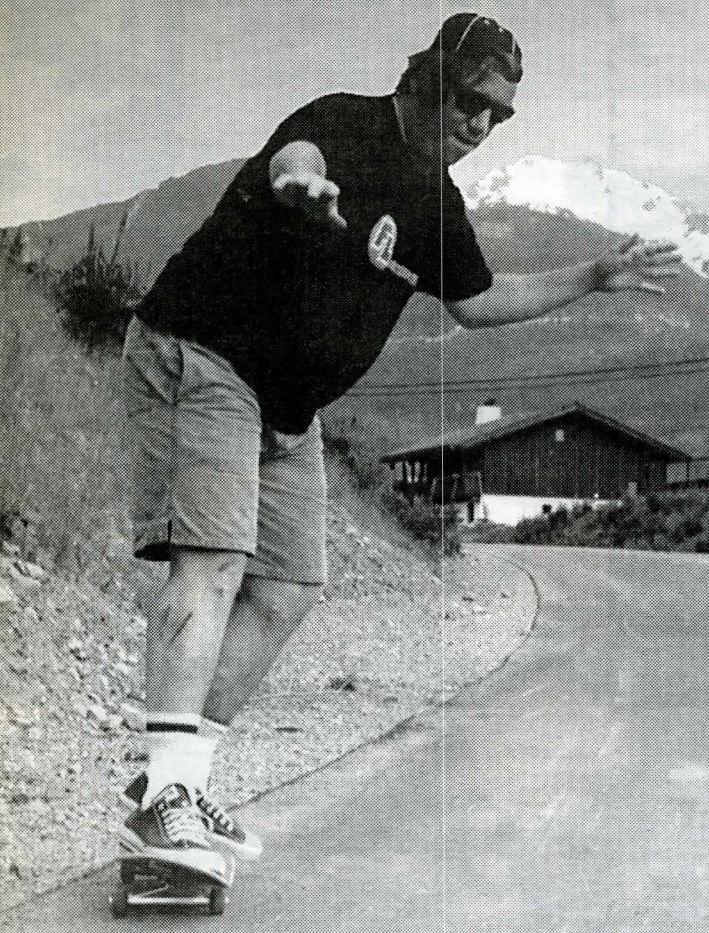
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MARK MORRISSET GETS CLARANCE FROM WHISTLER AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL, WHILE IAN FAIRWEATHER FLYS OVER JOHNNY SLAM. ERIC BERGER PHOTOS

SKATEBOARDING IS LIKE BIKING. ONCE YOU KNOW HOW YOU'LL NEVER FORGET. OF COURSE, IF YOU NEVER KNEW HOW TO BEGIN WITH YOU'LL PROBABLY END UP LOOKING LIKE THIS. UNFORTUNATELY, THE INATTENTIVE PHOTOGRAPHER JUST MISSED SNAPPING MR. COLEBROOK AS HE PERFORMED A GNARLY RAD FRONTSIDE OLLIE TO TAIL-GRAB NOSE GRIND. LARRY CHARRON PHOTO



## Middle Aged Fat Guy Recalls Being There at the Birth of Skateboarding

# Sidewalk Surfing Remembered

By Bob Colebrook

**T**HE BROADCAST over the school P.A. stunned me. Mr. Sweet, a moron of a principal if ever there was one, said, in no uncertain terms: "Board skates will be banned forthwith from the grounds of Lord Kelvin Elementary School."

It was the spring of 1965, and a couple grade seven buddies and myself had just discovered the brand new world of Sidewalk Surfing, aka Skateboarding. New Westminster was perfect for sidewalk surging, it's built on a series of giant hills. And thanks to Mr. Sweet we had just discovered the almost maniacal resistance to the sport.

I don't know how we heard about skateboarding, but somehow it crept up the coast from California by word of mouth. We made our boards ourselves from kid sister's old metal roller skates. The platforms were of various shapes and designs, but none approached the size of today's boards. They were about a third the size, and the wheels were nailed on to the bottom, or screwed in if your father had some tools. One board I made was rectangular, forget bandsawing it into a miniature surfboard, I thought, it's only going to last a couple of hours anyway. This design neglect had no effect what-

soever on performance, which was nil anyway. This was definitely the Model T of skateboards. We had a vague notion that you could buy manufactured boards in California, but that was just a dream.

The boards we made were a joke, but we had a blast anyway. If you hit a decent size pebble the right way the metal wheel would just stop dead, and you'd leave the board up the hill. Often the boards would just break in half, or one set of wheels would fall off. Sometimes if you shot the curb, the board would break *and* the wheels would fall off.

Parents and all other authority figures despised skateboards with a passion. This was no doubt because little Bobbie was going to injure himself to no end. Parents do tend to be a little overprotective, particularly when it comes to having fun.

In the beginning days skateboarding was completely different than now. The crude boards offered little hope of performing tricks, and besides, they hadn't been invented yet. The main activity was just going down steep hills. Survival was the goal. Often, when we had enough skateboarders together at one time we'd have a "wipeout." Everyone would start at the top of the hill at the same time, and the last person standing would be the winner. All the way down you'd be trying to knock the other riders off their boards. I think we copped that one from Roller Derby.

My favourite, however, was the "coffin." You'd lay down on

the board, with the board in the middle of your back. You'd then raise your feet up off the ground and you'd do the asphalt luge down the road. The danger in this little adaptation is that vision was extremely limited, particularly at intersections, and you had no way to stop without major road rash. Remember, the boards weren't very manoeuvrable, so quite often you ended up going places you hadn't planned, like into storm drains, telephone poles and parked cars. Once I was coffining down 14th Street with some other skateboarders who were standing up. I hit one of them and took his feet right out from underneath him, problem was that he landed right on top of my chest and I had an imprint of a skateboard stencilled into my back for the better part of a week.

The clothes were strictly California surfer inspired. My first pair of Converse Allstars cost \$10.50. They were the most expensive running shoe on the market by far, and the only way

to talk the parents into buying them was to tell them that the reason they were so expensive is that they lasted twenty times as long as the \$1.49 jobs which were the norm.

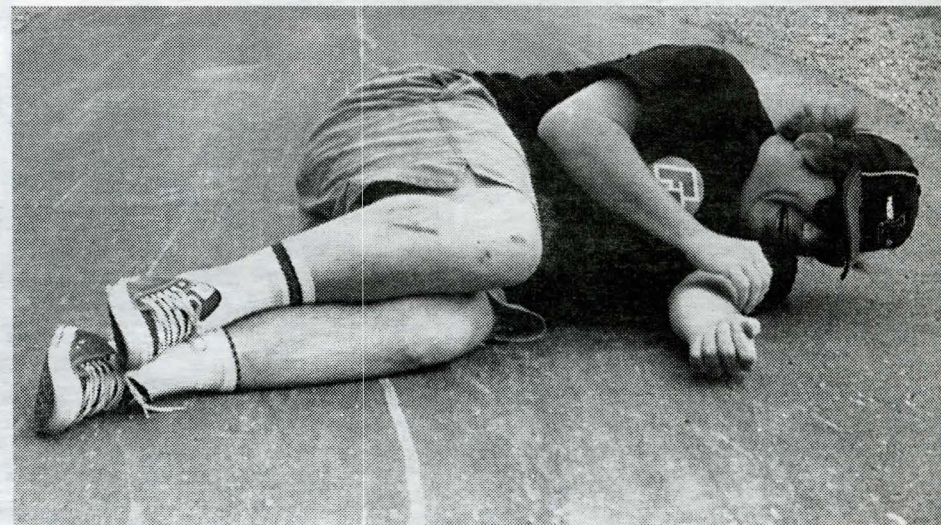
We wore surfer socks and deck shoes, and baggies had just made the scene. Desert boots were big, and so were saddle shoes. Madras shirts were the rage, and if you didn't have a club jacket you may as well have returned to pariahville.

As an adjunct we also got into skimboarding, which was about as close to surfing as we were ever going to get.

Skateboarding was and still is a gas. It's groovy. It's difficult. It's fun. And now, thanks to the Whistler Council it's a goddamn felony.

I never decided to stop skateboarding. It just dwindled away as I grew up.

However, everytime a skateboard pops up I go for a short little spin, just to piss off the memory of dear Mr. Sweet.



**NOT ONLY HAS THE TECHNOLOGY OF SKATEBOARD DESIGN IMPROVED VASTLY OVER THE LAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, THE DENSITY AND RESISTANCE OF ASPHALT AND CONCRETE HAVE ALSO STRENGTHENED CONSIDERABLY.**

LARRY CHARRON PHOTO

# Of Tony Hawk, Toques in July and Gravity Bill's

By Colin Whyte

ERIC BERGER PHOTOS

For reasons unknown to me at this time, skateboarding seems to have less popular credibility than even performance art. It appears as though people can appreciate some oh-so-nutty artist painting his naked body white and hanging from a skyscraper, but they can't appreciate a fifteen year-old kid pressure flipping the six stairs outside the liquor store. The obvious question is "why," and I believe the answer can be found in two parts: a lack of understanding and a severe image problem.

Skateboarding has long been plagued by a big, ugly stigma as though it were kiddie porn or leg hold trapping. Seldom if ever do we see Tony Hawk or any other pro skateboarders up on the "Wall of Fame" alongside Air Jordan and Wayne Gretzky. Basketball and hockey are recognized as legitimate sports, but skateboarding has never been. It all ties in to the image problem, and the misunderstanding it brings with it.

The first leaf of this image problem is rooted in the fact that the bulk of the skateboarding population is relatively young. This, I think, has led skateboarders to be seen as mere toys and therefore not worthy of respect. While watching TV last Saturday morning I noticed that nearly all the gymnasts who were blowing my mind with their powerful tumbling were also relatively young. Naturally, I decided that their talents was nullified by their youths. I mean if those fifteen year-old gymnasts were thirty-five or something then I would be truly impressed.

Skateboarding isn't the kind of activity your parents put you into like ballet or soccer. It isn't the kind of thing you do for an hour after school waiting for dinner to be ready. It is something you choose to do that requires a hell of a commitment to get good at. One of the traits to be found in common among



WHETHER IN THE BOWL OR AT THE PARK, DYLAN DOUBT IS ONE OF WHISTLER'S HOTTEST SKATEBOARDERS. ERIC BERGER PHOTO

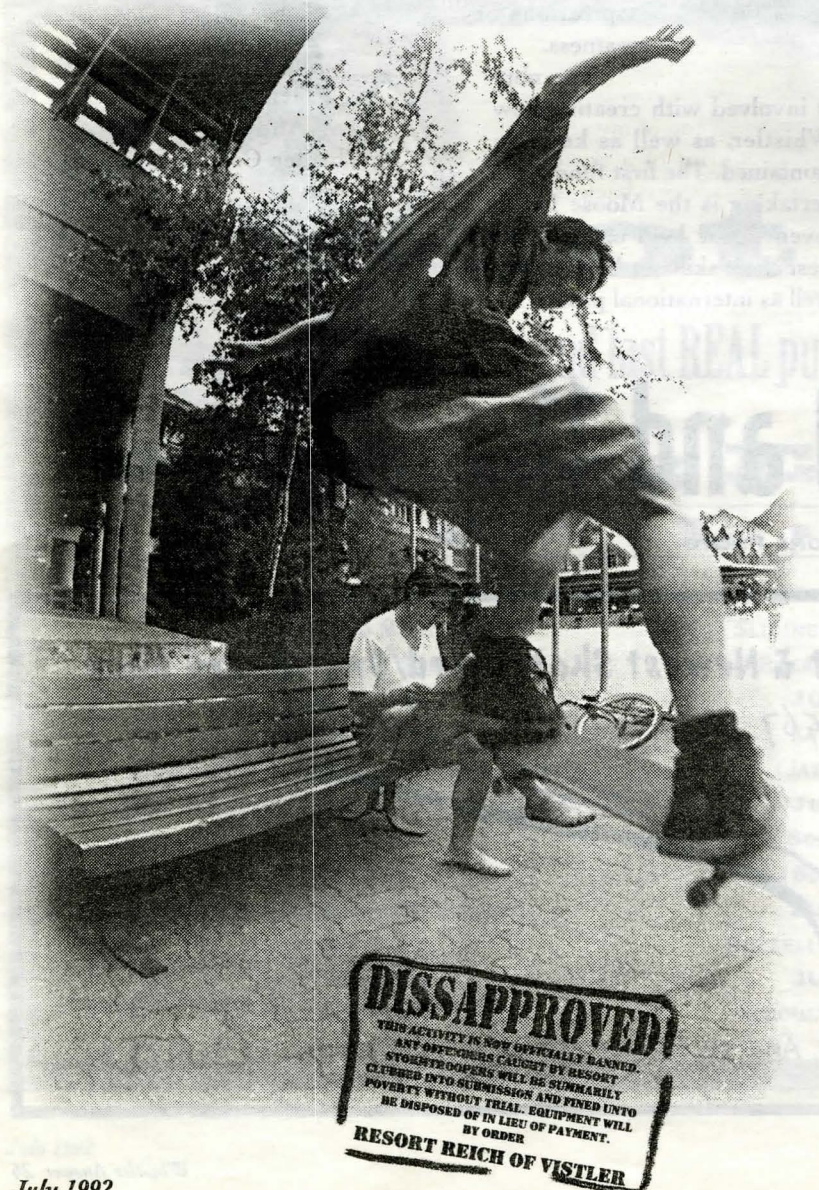
most skaters is this commitment to what they do. I'll bet you right now that if you see a skater in the bowl before lunch tomorrow, you can go back around nine o'clock and see him still at it. I'll also bet you that the roller-blader you see before lunch will have long since retired to Citta's patio by suppertime. Not many sports can claim the sort of across-the-board enthusiasm that skateboarding can.

Like all sports and art forms, skateboarding looks deceptively easy when it's done well. When you see someone like Dylan or Marc at the bowl on a good day, it can look as though doing the tricks they do is as easy as not paying your gravity bill. Not so. The level of agility, balance and flexibility that those guys possess is nutty, and in my opinion rivaled by only a select handful of Peking acrobats.

The biggest part of the skateboarding riddle to the non skating world is most likely the people who do it. Although there are plenty of regular looking Joes who skate, most skaters are easily recognizable even without their skateboards by a number of traits: the first of which is clothing.

If you see some of the younger, skinnier skaters in the village they look like they're wearing sleeping bags or something. The clothes skaters wear are about ten times baggier than most people's. In fact, the shorts and pants made by one leading skateboard company start at size 36 and only go up from there. It's not that they're made to fit forty year-old welder's bellies, they're big for a reason. Skating requires loads of movement from the entire body—so a tight pair of Jordaches don't quite cut it. Baggy is the rule, freedom is the reason.

Freedom of movement explains the loose clothes, but how do I explain why so many skateboarders and snowboarders wear toques in July? It seems ridiculous, but maybe that's the point. While the rest of the world rolls on worrying that it might get stared at, the skateboarding world pretty much counts on it. It's not just a "look at me" attitude, it's more of an "I don't care if you do" version of it. Although there are many shameless megalomaniacs in the skating world as any other circle of human beings, it's certainly not the biggest ingredient in the recipe. Realistically, wearing a toque in the middle of summer is dumb—but so is buying a \$300 silk tie or spending \$150 to get your hair cut. Dumbness is very subjective.



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## Generation XXX

MOTHER NANCY GREENE-RAINE, ABOVE, TRIES SIDEWALK SURFING, CIRCA 1970, WITH FORMER FEDERAL CABINET MINISTER GEORGE HEES. HER SON CHARLEY RAINE, BELOW, LEAVES THE SIDEWALK BEHIND, CIRCA 1992.



# WAIF To Hold First Snowboard, Skateboard Competition



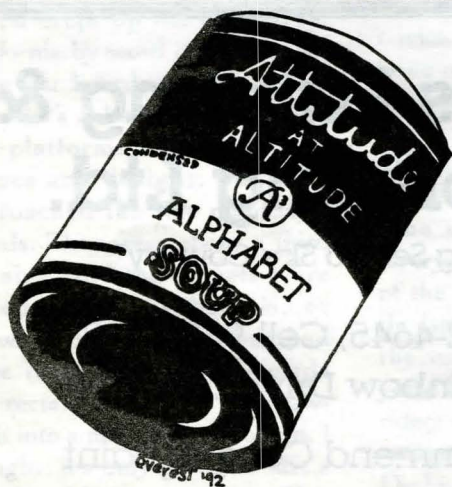
Snowboarding and skateboarding finally have a governing body in Whistler. The Whistler Athletic Improvement Foundation (WAIF) was recently created to foster the development of budding young talents with aspirations of greatness.

The non-profit society will also be involved with creating new skate environments in Whistler, as well as keeping existing one's clean and maintained. The first fund raising project WAIF is undertaking is the Moose D'Or Snowboard Skateboard event to be held on July 10 and 11. Contestants will test their skills in both sports and will feature locals as well as international pros.

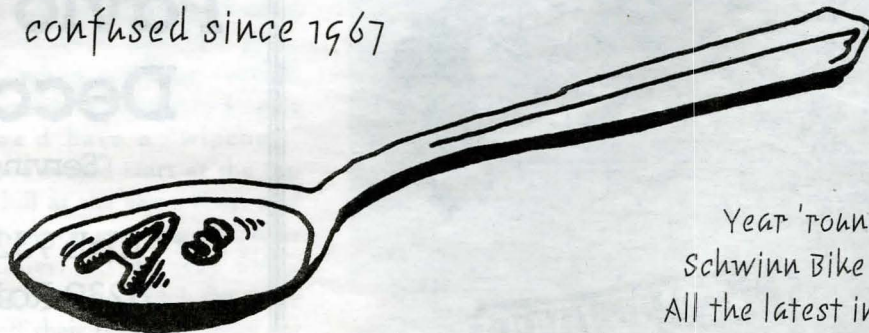


## July 10 and 11

JAH VERTICAL ADDICTIONS PHOTO

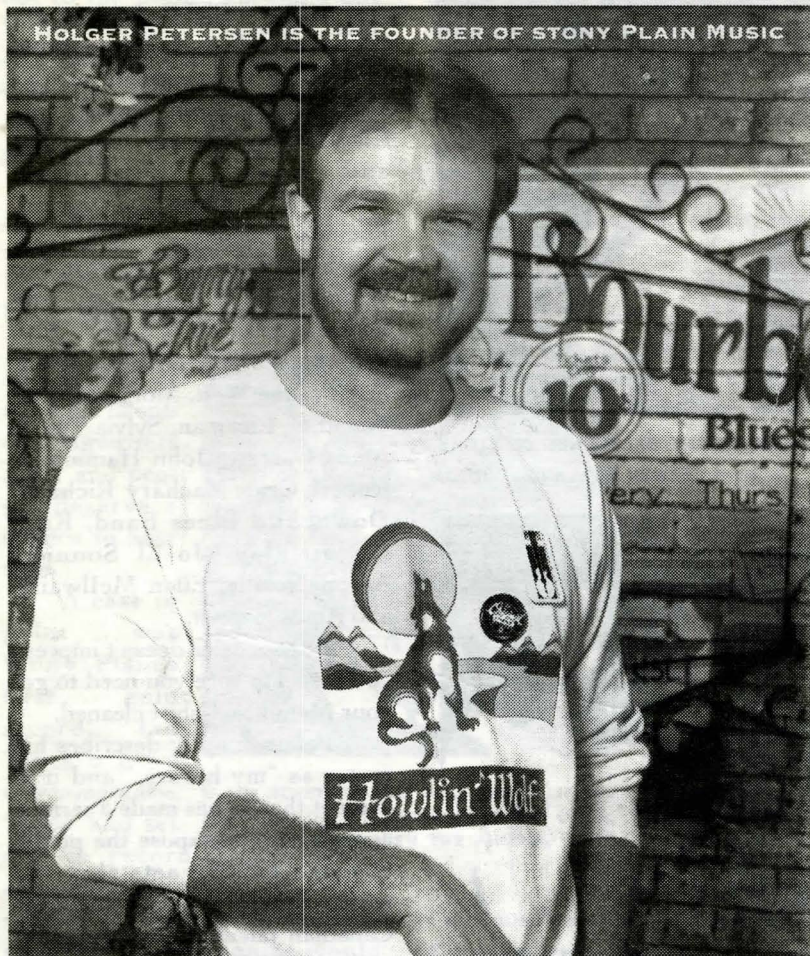


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# MUSIC



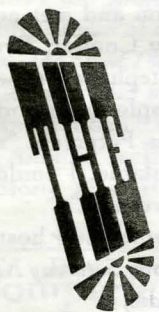
HOLGER PETERSEN IS THE FOUNDER OF STONY PLAIN MUSIC

## Edmonton's Indie Label Stony Plain Records Delivers the Best in Folk, Country & Blues

By Bob Colebrook

WHEN WE at the Whistler *Answer* started pulling all night shifts in a futile attempt to get the mag out on time, tunes were an integral part of the late night ritual. Our illustrious art directors pulled out a CD of great tunes that ran for a good two and a half hours. It was, of course, the Stony Plain compilation disc, that features highlights from their first fifteen years of operation.

Maybe due to good taste or maybe coincidence, many of the top albums on my personal playlist are Stony Plain offerings as well. Just what has this small Edmonton independent label doing right? How can they consistently put out top quality music in an industry that features huge monolithic corporations?



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JULY 6-8

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UP TEMPO R&B FROM TORONTO

JULY 9-12

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JULY 13-15

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ROCKING BLUES MAN

JULY 16-18

KAREN GRAVES

(JAZZ ENSEMBLE)

JULY 19-22

SONNY RHODES

(BLUES LEGEND)

JULY 23-26

RUSSELL JACKSON & GUEST

JULY 27-29

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8:40 P.M. - WHISTLER STAFF

9:00 P.M. - MCKEEVER'S

9:15 P.M. - VILLAGE LOOP

9:20 P.M. - BLACKCOMB STAFF

# Top Nine Stony Plain Artists

## Ian Tyson

A living legend and a national treasure. This cutting horse rancher has kept a dying tradition alive with his five cowboy culture albums

## Tom Russell

The undiscovered jewel of honky-tonk music and insightful songwriting. A musician's musician and a favourite of the critics. The general public will soon be hip to this roots music genius.

## John Prine

He's still around, and after a six year hiatus is back in fine form with his album the missing years.

## Steve Goodman

He may be gone but he's not forgotten. A great songwriter who died far too young. He's Riding On the City of New Orleans in the sky.

## Ellen McIlwaine

This woman gives clinics in the art of slide guitar.

## Long John Baldry

A major player in the early British rock and blues scene, Baldry now lives in Vancouver. He's back with a new album, *It Still Ain't Easy*, and his live shows are always good, he's an excellent performer and always has a crack band.

## Amos Garrett

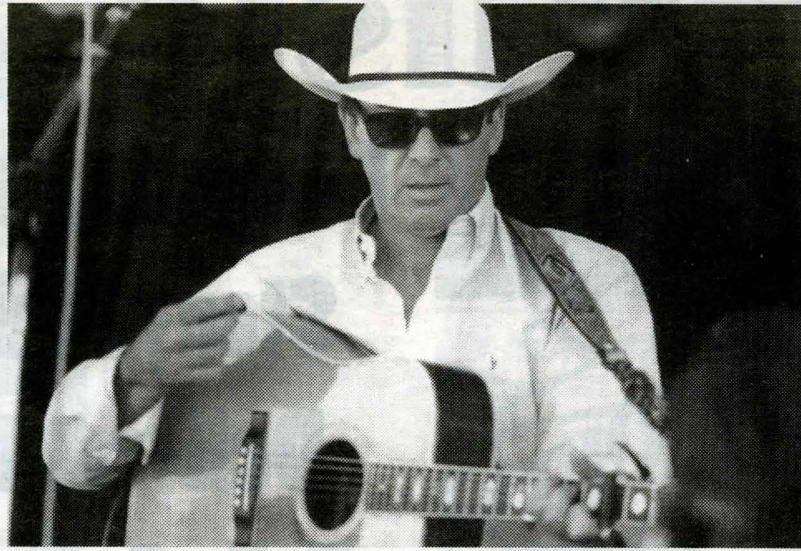
Science fiction author Spider Robinson says that Amos Garrett plays guitar like God when he's drunk.

## Formerly Brothers

When you team Amos Garrett up with Gene Taylor and Doug Sahn, sparks fly in all direction.

## Lucinda Williams

This relative newcomer combines great songwriting with a good appreciation of roots rock with a country flavour.



IAN TYSON IS A CANADIAN INSTITUTION AND ONE OF THE BACKBONES OF STONY PLAINS MUSIC. ELWYN ROWLANDS PHOTO



UP AND COMING STONY PLAIN ARTISTS JR. GONE WILD ARE, FROM LEFT, LARRY SHELAST, CHRIS SMITH, JANE HAWLEY, DOVE & MIKE McDONALD

The answer to those questions are Holger Petersen, Stony Plain's founder and Chief Executive and Operating Officer.

(Stony Plain's anniversary compilation features present and past Stony Plain's artists such as Doc Watson, Alison Krauss, Guy Clark, Ricky Skaggs, John Prine and Bonnie Raitt, Steve Goodman, Christine Lavin, Lucinda Williams, Jr. Gone Wild, Townes Van Zandt, Loudon Wainwright 3, Ian Tyson, Tom Russell, Prairie Oyster, Roy Rogers, Fairport Convention, Spirit of the West, Morgan Davis, Jonathan Richman, Sylvia Tyson, Amos Garrett, John Hammond, Robert Cray, Zachary Richard, Downchild Blues Band, King Biscuit Boy, Jo-El Sonnier, Aaron Neville, Ellen McIlwaine and Amos Garrett.

If that roster doesn't impress you then I'm sure you need to get your Metallica T-shirt cleaned.

Petersen aptly describes his roster as "my heroes," and it is evident that he has made a serious commitment to expose the public to some quality acts that the major labels would overlook. Canadian talent is also promoted to the hilt by Petersen.

Petersen graduated from the Northern Alberta Institute of Technology in 1970 with a great love for the blues. He worked at the Access station and met notables such as Ry Cooder, Bruce Cockburn and Stephane Grapelli.

"These people were under-recorded," notes Petersen, "and were easily available. I couldn't believe the opportunity."

Today Petersen still hosts a weekly blues show, *Saturday Night Blues* on CBC radio.

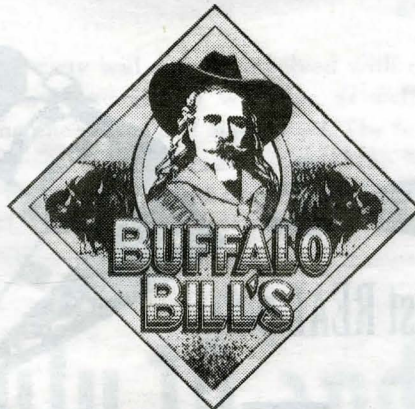
Petersen notes that none of his acts are likely to find themselves on the Top 40, and few are destined to make large dough.

"Selling 2,000 records is good for a blues band," laments Petersen.

Petersen played as a drummer with Edmonton blues bands in the early 70's, then started producing records for other bar bands.

In 1976 he decided to start Stony Plain. It's been a rocky road along the way, and he was near bankruptcy on more than one occasion, and he still operates it out of his Edmonton home.

Although Petersen laments the fact that the administrative side of the business is taking too



## BUFFALO BILL'S

### July Lineup

July 3, 4 & 5  
Dave GoGo & the  
Persuaders

July 9, 10 & 11  
One

July 16, 17 & 18  
Spirit of the West

July 24 & 25  
Long John Baldry

July 26, 27, 28 & 29  
The Hopping Penguins

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much time. Stony Plain now averages about twelve releases a year.

Stony Plain gets its records out to the public via the giant Warner Brothers network, and they also have a licensing deal with the American Rounder Records Flying Fish, Sugar Hill and Philo.

"Some of our artists just aren't young or pretty enough to make it as video star," notes Petersen, "but the musicians have been really improving with age. We're talking about some of the most talented songwriters alive, and people deserve a chance to hear them."

A case in point was Stony Plain's first gold record, Ian Tyson's *Cowboyography*. Tyson had set out to record and preserve the cowboy culture in song, not what most record companies would consider financially viable. Stony Plain and Petersen took the chance, however, and now Tyson has re-emerged as one of Canada's top singer/songwriter's. His fifth album of cowboy culture songs, *And Stood There Amazed*, was released last year and should earn him another batch of awards.

Another reclamation project for Stony Plain is the Formerly

Brothers, a trio consisting of Amos Garrett, Doug Sahn and Gene Taylor. All have had successful careers in the past, Garrett with Maria Muldaur and The Great Speckled Bird, Sahn with the Sir Douglas Quintet and Taylor with Ronnie Hawkins and The Blasters. All have seen their careers rejuvenated and they even have a live album out which was recorded in Japan.

Resurrecting sagging careers is not, however, the sole goal of Stony Plain. They also sign and develop new talent. Vancouver's Spirit of the West recorded their first three albums on Stony Plain before they were signed to a major. Edmonton's Junior Gone Wild and Toronto's

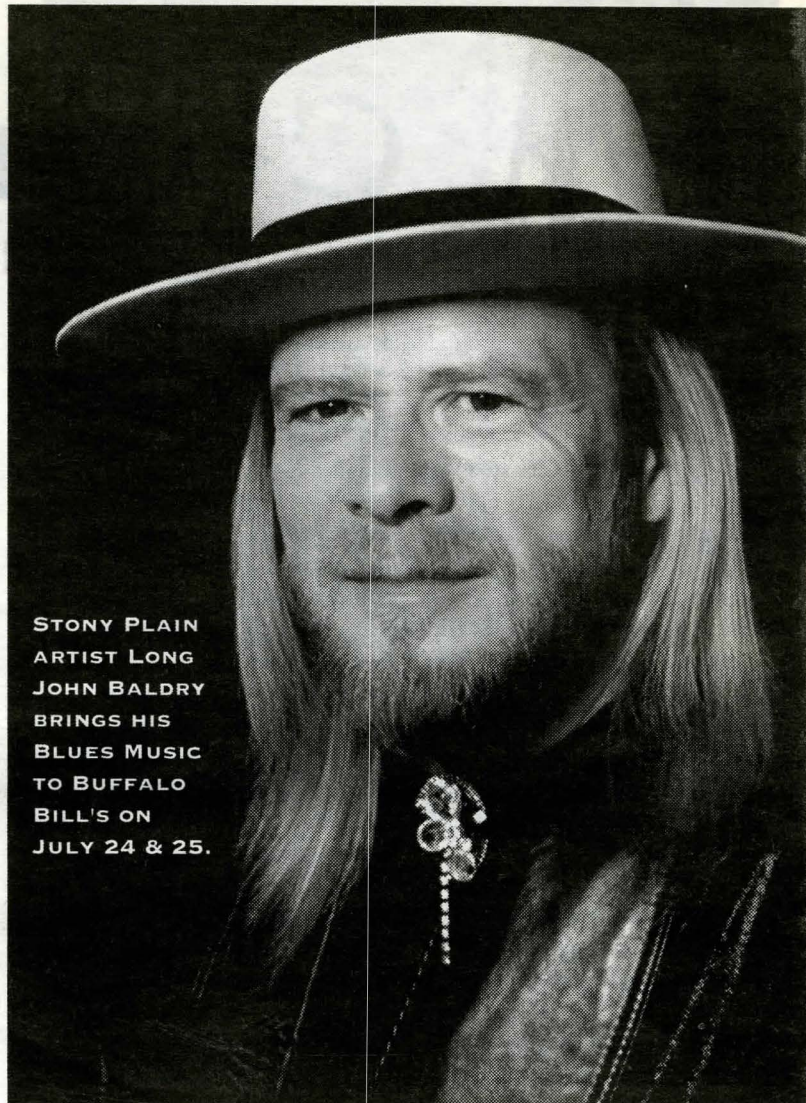
Grievous Angels are also new acts signed to Stony Plain.

Considering the corporate mentality that pervades the music industry, it is surely a major phenomenon that Stony Plain even exists. But to have such a small company flourish is a tribute to Holger Petersen.

And when we do our all nighters on the *Answer*, chances are it will be a Stony Plain release playing in the background.



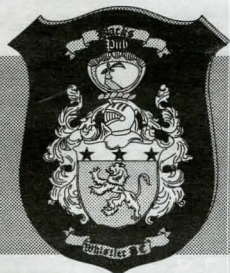
IF YOU REMEMBER THE JUICY GUITAR LICK ON MARIA MULDAUR'S MIDNIGHT AT THE OASIS, THEN YOU REMEMBER THE PICKER, AMOS GARRETT.



STONY PLAIN ARTIST LONG JOHN BALDRY BRINGS HIS BLUES MUSIC TO BUFFALO BILL'S ON JULY 24 & 25.

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# Country Cool

Real Music For Real People *By Bob Colebrook*

**JIMMY ROY AND THE 5 STAR HILLBILLYS ARE FEATURED AT THIS YEAR'S WHISTLER COUNTRY AND BLUES FESTIVAL.**

COUNTRY MUSIC'S strong revival may be due to many factors, but foremost among them is the wide scope of styles operating in the genre. This latitude will be demonstrated once again in July at the Hedley Blast, a three-day country music jamboree that is the best country music event this side of Craven, Saskatchewan, and at the Whistler Country and Blues Festival later in the month.

Country music has grown by a rural mile in the last five years. In Vancouver two country music radio stations, CKWX AM and CJJR FM flourish, with WX playing the more traditional side and JR Country more on the cutting edge. And depending on what cable system you're hooked up to, television offers the

Nashville Network and Country Music Television, although more than a few tears were shed with the demise of the Tommy Hunter Show on good old CBC.

In B.C. country music has been driven for the last seven years by the resurgence of the British Columbia Country Music Association. The BCCMA has emerged as a driving force behind local country music, and holds an annual awards show in conjunction with many seminars on how to deal with the complex world of the entertainment industry. B.C.'s country scene is flourishing, with artists such as Jess Lee, Rocky Swanson, One Horse Blue, Patricia Conroy, Lisa Brokop, and Bing Armstrong, to name a few.

On the club scene, the Lower

PAULETTE CARLSON, NOW SOLO AFTER LEAVING HIGHWAY 101, WILL HEADLINE AT THE HEDLEY BLAST ON JUL 10 - 12.

Mainland is thriving. The JR Country Club kicks ass downtown, and the suburban cowboys can choose Boone County in Coquitlam, the Barnet in Port Moody or Poncho and Lefty's in Surrey. Further out in Horseville is Rodeo's in Abbotsford and the country club to end all country clubs, Gabby's in Langley. As well, many sleazy bars, honky-tonks and saloons offer country fare. And if you like your music soft, there's always the Legion.

The range of music falling within the confines of today's country music is vast. From the cowboy ballads of Ian Tyson and Michael Martin Murphey to the Texas swing of Asleep at the Wheel to the redneck country rock of Charlie Daniels to the saccharine strains of Anne Murray to



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July 20  
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July 27  
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r  
July 28  
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**Longhorn Saloon**  
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the Cajun wailings of Zachary Richard and Jo-el Sonnier to the rebirth of the Bakersfield Sound with Dwight Yoakam and his mentor Buck Owens to the pickin' mania of the bluegrass performers to the new traditionalism of Clint Black, George Strait, Randy Travis and Alan Jackson. Lest we forget the jazz influenced stylings of Lyle Lovett, the heavy metal country of the Pirates of the Mississippi and the Kentucky Headhunters, the reemergence of Stompin' Tom Connors after ten years in the wilderness, and the sweet vocalizations of beauties like Roseanne Cash, Paulette Carlson, Carlene Carter, Nanci Griffith, Reba McEntyre, and K.T. Oslin. And there will always be the Possum, George Jones.

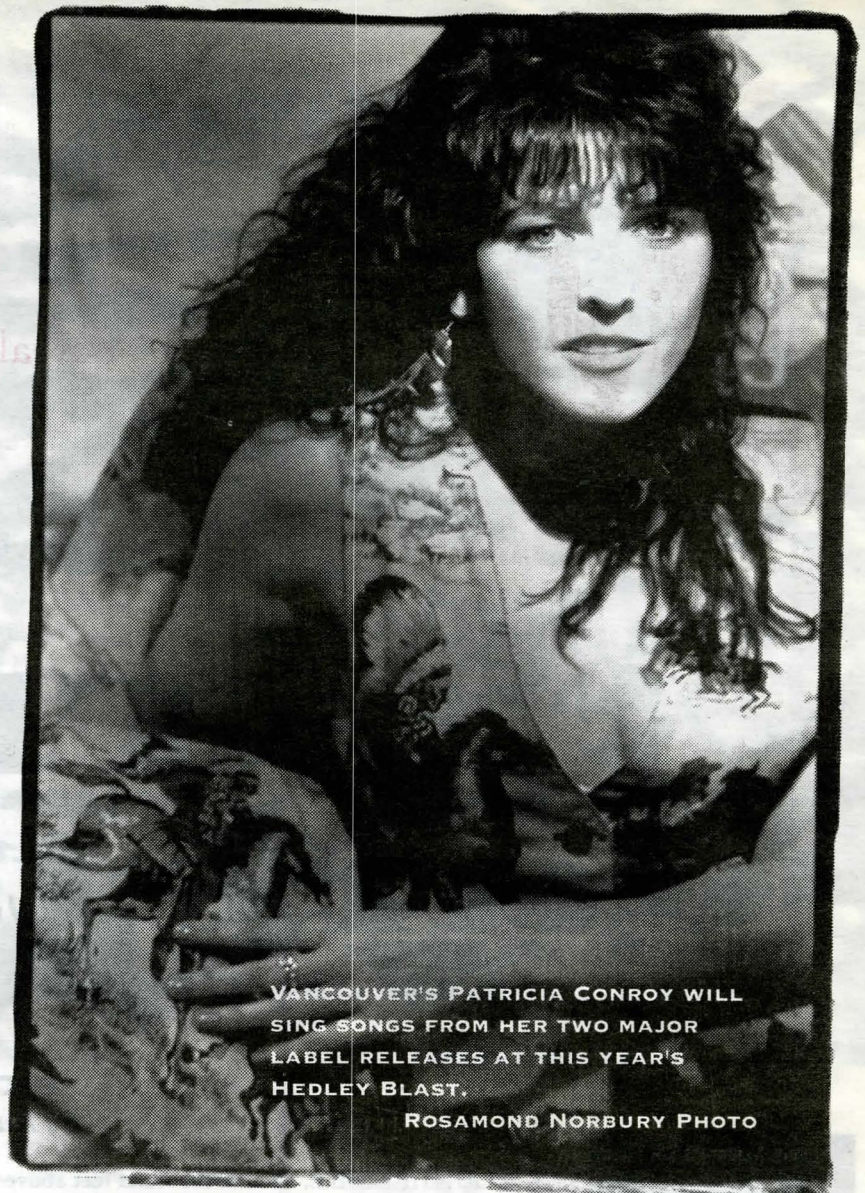
It's all country, folks, and it's an event.

One possible reason for the resurgence and increased popularity of country music (Garth Brooks had the number one album on Rolling Stone's top fifty for months), is the baby boom factor. As a representative of that illustrious demographic, and one who has had his ears blown out of his head by live performances from everyone from Jim Hendrix

and the Doors to the New York Dolls and the Clash, I must confess to a little mellowing in old age. It is nice to see a band and actually hear the lyrics, understand them, and not have your ears ringing for days afterwards. And as a devoted fan of stringed instruments, these cats can play. You're not going to get any three chord thrash from these folks, who are real musicians. Be it the guitar, fiddle, mandolin, pedal steel or banjo, the Nashville set has its chops down.

Also, the abysmal state of rock these days is to be lamented. An original thought, idea or lick hasn't emerged in years. And if heavy metal and rap "music" are to be held up as examples of contemporary culture, please, someone push the button and launch the missiles, there's no hope left.

My only lament is that there isn't a country honky-tonk in Whistler. The music, the dancing and the middle aged divorcees—it just doesn't get any better than that. (If you should see me in the Boot, the Longhorn or Buffalo Bill's wearing a Walkman, you just gotta know what I'll be listening to.)



VANCOUVER'S PATRICIA CONROY WILL SING SONGS FROM HER TWO MAJOR LABEL RELEASES AT THIS YEAR'S HEDLEY BLAST.

ROSAMOND NORBURY PHOTO

## Hedley A Real Blast

On the banks of the Similkameen River, just outside the booming metropolis of Hedley, B.C., country music happens in a big way every July.

Top international and local acts will descend on the scenic spot for three days, July 10, 11 & 12.

This year's lineup features Kris Kristofferson, Pirates of the Mississippi, Tommy Hunter, Sawyer Brown, Wild Rose, Patricia Conroy, One Horse Blue, Mel McDaniel, Blue Rodeo, Paulette Carlson, Prairie Oyster, Ian Tyson, Michelle Wright and the Good Brothers.

The country around Hedley is perfect for a three day festival, and camping makes it a real experience. Country music fans are good partyers, and this is a festival not to be missed.

## Whistler Country and Blues Festival To Countrify Village

The Whistler Country and Blues Festival on July 24, 25 & 26 promises to be a successful event again this year.

Mainstage performers include Cactus Flower, Coyote Moon, Todd Butler, Reve Acadien, Jimmy Roy and the Five Star Hillbillies, Rodeo Knights and Laurie Thain.

Other activities include the Big Boot Contest, as local businesses vie for the Best Western Decor trophy and other prizes; the Chili Cook-Off, with restaurants competing for bragging rights for the best chili in town; the Root Beer Garden, featuring soda pops for the kids; and a Pancake breakfast on Sunday morning.

As well, there will be a horseshoe throwing contest with prizes, and Durango Boutique is hosting line dancing and a fashion show on the Village Stroll.

A special dispensation from town council has allowed cowboy boots to be worn in town centre for the weekend, but no blakeys.

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# The Caretakers

FICTION

By Peter Vogler

On

THE MOUNTAINSIDE, about a thousand feet above the valley floor, is a place where an ancient tree overhangs a bluff. It's not a high bluff, maybe ten feet, but its rock wall is smooth and vertical and the rock floor beneath it is flat. A creek runs down beside it, sloping off from the bluff just enough to keep the floor there dry. Old moss hangs off the ancient tree, its roots in places are exposed, gnarled, thick and ancient.

Mary kicked around the old site now. She had found it six years before on a hike. She'd been exploring and not really knowing, thinking or caring where she was exactly. She was new in the valley, simply wanted a view of the lake and found herself climbing, climbing, climbing, getting brambles stuck in her torn jeans, and twigs in her long red hair. Unable to see anything because of the underbrush and the tall trees, she climbed over a short ridge and then suddenly she was on the bluff.

When she showed Adam the spot two days later he had said, "It's yours baby. This is Mary's Creek." His words gave her a rush of feeling, a tingle for him, and they made love on the flat beside the creek, getting pine needles in their clothes and hair. They washed themselves in the freezing cold creek afterwards.

As she surveyed the site now, it was hard to believe the transformation. She stood looking at the flat spot which was blackened and charred where the timber had burnt down. The ancient tree still stood but its roots were burned where they overhung the bluff. Mary walked and stood in the spot where the kitchen had once overlooked the valley. What a waste, she thought.

"Fuck!" she said.

She climbed gingerly around the remains of a rock wall that had bordered their garden. She was six month pregnant and she was careful as she walked over the crunchy tinder of what had been their home. There were still remnants of clothes, an old scarf that they had tied to a tree and used as a signal to each other, old cans, the soles of some shoes, a melted cassette player and tapes. Someone had stolen the generator that they had used to create the electricity that kept their single light bulb, the radio, and an old fridge going.

She saw plenty of broken glass, plastic and metal. She sat down, making sure not to sit on her poncho, but not worrying about soot on her dingy oversized jeans. She'd come prepared for the worst at least. She touched her belly for comfort. She wanted to cry until she had soothed every memory

with the balm of tears, but the sour smell of charred wood kept bringing her around like smelling salts. It was hard to be too sentimental in a recently burned house.

The house had taken them the summer to build. It was a hot summer and the fire hazard was high. They had to be very careful with the chainsaw, but with the creek nearby there was at least an available water supply for any immediate dangers. That was almost the first thing that Adam worked on—the water, sending a plastic pipe across the clearing to water the surrounding trees and lichen, not wanting to expose any of this perfect little clearing to danger.

That summer Adam worked like a man possessed to get the walls and roof on. He had carefully selected logs from the surrounding area, cut them to size, and then with Mary's help dragged them down to the site, where he notched and laid them. Mary worked on the stone chimney that rose against the vertical rock face of the bluff. The house rose like a shrine around Mary's growing rock chimney. Mary found the rocks from around the creek bed and brought them over, mixed them with mortar which they lugged up and carefully placed stone after stone. It took a long time because the stones were small and smooth, but by winter they had a chimney and a log cabin.

That first winter was tough, what with the generator breaking down, the amount of snow, and just a lack of supplies. They couldn't get down into Whistler very easily with ten feet of snow blanketing everything. But it wasn't only the winter that was tough. The long days and nights in a small cabin took their toll on their relationship as well. Adam cursed the generator, Mary cursed the smoke from the fireplace, and then they began to curse each other. Adam would sit sullen and quiet in the corner. In a two room cabin it was impossible to get away from the other's bad moods, and she would watch Adam's eyes darken and his big frame tense. All she could do was wait for it to break like fever. She was never afraid of it, he was never violent, but she was helpless to do anything about it except wait and let it pass.

In contrast, she wondered now what her bad moods had been like for Adam. He always tried to bring her out of her bad moods. He seemed to think that it was his responsibility and it made her nuts. "Just leave me alone," she would say, knowing that her foul mood would pass by itself. Adam never seemed to believe her. "Come on, I know something is bothering you, come on, out with it," and she'd remain calm until he started making fun of her, "oh, poor baby, can't hack it in the woods." That always coaxed her into a rage she didn't really need or want.

Looking around just now she could think of worse things than being stuck in their little cabin so much that they fought...

It was good when spring finally came. It took a long time for the snow to clear, but when it did Mary got to planting herbs and flowers around the "squat," as some called it. She preferred to think of it as home. Having weathered such a winter in it, it damn well better be home and she was determined to make it that. As spring progressed her determination turned to joy, and the joy to a desire to make the land bloom.

By late June there were sweet peas, daisies, Indian paintbrush and columbine blooming in the garden; also, transplanted thyme, basil, chives and oregano. While she worked on their garden, Adam was employed building a house in the valley. As tired as he was after his day on the job, he worked around their home afterwards. On his days off he put in ten, twelve hour days at their site, fiddling with the generator, finishing up the kitchen and drawers and a great double bed. One day he drove up the logging road as far as he could and asked Mary to come with him. After walking down the trail he unhooked a tarp from the back of the pickup and there, roped down and splendid, was an old oval mirror on a hinged walnut stand. The glass edges were beveled and it must have been sixty years old. "A lady of the house should have a mirror..."

They were so happy with their progress there at Mary's Creek that they paid little attention to the outside world. They had created a perfect little place that was entirely their own world, even if occasionally the outside world

showed itself on their doorstep. Signs of Whistler showed themselves. A "Welcome to Whistler" sign was posted on the highway eight hundred feet below them. Surveyors came through once with their pink tape. The logging road was improved and they were able to bring the truck up without danger to life, limb, and leaf springs.

The new road allowed cars to reach their trail for the first time. One day while Mary was pattering in her herb garden Adam appeared in the clearing trailed by two people. Dave and Francis were there, and then another little party of three were behind them and more behind them. "Mary! Look who I brought! Party time!" Someone made the effort to bring a keg of beer up, more people arrived, all of them for the first time and all of them exclaiming, "What a great place. It's beautiful..."

"What are we celebrating?" she asked.

"Our new road and the friends it brings!" said Adam. Together they grinned at the scene, enjoying the praise, feeling very much a couple. Later they talked for the first time seriously about having a kid. And later yet they watched how the sparks from the bonfire carried far, far into the night and how the shadows of their friends danced and flickered across the cabin wall.

*And later yet they  
watched how the sparks  
from the bonfire  
carried far, far into the  
night and how the  
shadows of their friends  
danced and flickered  
across the cabin wall.*

That was how Mary remembered the six years they had invested in their place, Mary's Creek, as she walked around, occasionally crying now and kicking cans in the derelict site. She still remembered, clear as a bell, the day when Adam walked in soaking wet, matted hair in his face and with a wild look in his eyes.

"What's the matter?" she asked, alarmed.

"Come here, Mary," he said, "there's something I have to show you." He pulled her outdoors into a pouring wet afternoon. In her sneakers and a shirt she held his hand and followed him through the old growth forest, getting soaked by the giant ferns and berry bushes, big drops splattering them unmercifully. "Look!" he said.

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CONTACT VANNA EAST

They phoned Vanna East. Yes, the whole area had recently been rezoned and whoever wanted could buy the parcel. Adam asked if they could buy just a part of the parcel.

"How much are you looking at buying?" she asked.

"An acre," he said.

Vanna East laughed. "No!" she laughed, "and who am I speaking to please?"

"The caretakers of one of those acres," he said.

"We don't need a caretaker," she said.

Rain began to fall onto the charred earth of Mary's Creek and a cold wind was picking up. Mary drew her poncho tighter around her and stood up. Adam would be waiting in the pickup. It was time to go.

Her long red braid was wet by the time she made it down the trail and back to the truck. When she arrived Adam was reading the eviction notice again. She slammed

the door and pulled the wet poncho over her head. "Why do you keep reading that piece of toilet paper?" she asked.

He looked at her. "I was just waiting for you to get here," he said, "so that we could do this together." He lit a match and held the flame to one corner of the blue bureaucratic sheet. "Let's torch something of theirs."

He let it burn for a moment and then just before the flames reached his fingers he threw it out the window. It hissed for a moment. "Some things you gotta let go," he said, "and some things you gotta hang on to, right?" He reached over and touched her swelling belly for a moment. "Time to go," he said finally. He fired up the truck, put it in gear and started down.

Mary didn't say anything. Just let the mountain speak to her as it rolled away beneath the wheels of their truck. What was it saying? She imagined it saying good-bye. "Take care," she replied in her thoughts, "we won't forget you." As if in response she felt their child shift inside her, elbowing some space, reacting to the bumpy road. She placed her hands on her belly, looked forward through the rain-smudged windshield and wished for the future with all her heart.



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## Incognito Exposed On First CD

By Bob Colebrook

INCOGNITO, the Vancouver blues band that rocked the Boot for a few nights this past winter, has released their first independent

self-titled CD, and its a rocker.

Actually, two members of Incognito, guitarist Rob Montgomery and bassist Bob Popowich, were members of the Barrelhouse

Blues Band, who used to tear up the same hallowed watering hole, the Boot, back in the mid to late Seventies. Which is just a different way of saying "these guys have paid their dues."

Popowich and Montgomery are now teamed up with drummer Bob Woods, formerly of the Matt Minglewood band, and Sherman "Tank" Doucette, former front man for the Grand Slam Blues Band. Doucette has been with Incognito for eight years, Woods for three years. As anyone who remembers their live shows at the Boot can attest, this is a tight lineup, and bibs are required for their soulful shows, for these guys can cook.

Incognito's first CD has been a few years in the making, and it shows. The production qualities are extremely high, and the CD features seven Montgomery/Doucette compositions, along with chestnuts penned by Muddy Waters, Roosevelt Sykes and Sonny Boy Williamson.

Sherman Doucette has a classic blues voice—it's deep, gruff, gravelly and oozes soul. From rocky numbers like *Hot Blues and Cold Beer* to moaners like *Driving Wheel*, Doucette wails with best of them.

Guitarist Montgomery is the biggest little guitarist in Canada. Whether bending notes like willows in the wind or chunkifying the strings, he plays with taste, aplomb and emotion, and when Doucette gets on the harp their interplay is symbiotic.

The first single from the CD, *You're What I Want*, is reported to be getting considerable airplay at the big time radio stations, although their barroom favourite *Make It* comes across most excellently on disc.

R&B is great live, but the challenge has always been to translate that feel and emotion onto disc. It seems that Incognito have gone a long way to achieving that goal, and their first CD is a fine effort in the hard edged blues vein.

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# Food



CALL ANY VEGETABLE, AND THE VEGETABLE WILL RESPOND TO YOU...

By Ross Smith, Executive Chef, Whistler Conference Centre

Last month I was risking my life by taking a shot at the "K.D." junkies! Actually, the repercussions were not *too* bad. I did not receive any threats to my life... however, one junkie accused me of being "just an executive hamburger flipper, who knows nothin' bout real grub!"

A few others made slurs on my noble parentage and attacked my profession. Well, sticks and stones can break my bones. All in all, I was not seriously hurt and have emerged unscathed, only to attack another group with different eating habits.

The target this month in the herbivorous eaters, the bean people, granola heads and K.D. Lang fans, otherwise known as vegetarians.

We use the term "vegetarian" very loosely, therefore a lot of eating habits fall into this category, and really shouldn't be there. If you eat *only* plants and *by-products* of plants, you are a pure vegetarian. If you eat eggs or dairy products, you are not a pure vegetarian. If you eat fish and poultry but say no to beef, you're probably a K.D. Lang fan.

Eating habits result from one's personal preferences. There are many reasons why people eat certain foods. Taste is a big one. You could also be a vegetarian because of ethnic custom or religious background. The thought of being a carnivore could make you sick, or you could believe that a vegetarian diet is a road to a healthi-

er, longer life.

Let's deal with the "pure" vegetarian diet and the pros and cons of being a granola head. What can a vegetarian eat without loosing the "purist" status? Anything that doesn't walk the earth, swim its waters, or fly its skies.

There's no doubt that a vegetarian diet can provide all the necessary vitamins, minerals and proteins needed to sustain a healthy life. However, as with all diets, discretion and balance are necessary. If you don't choose the proper combinations, you could be missing something. Giving up on meats and seafoods could definitely lower your grocery bill. Pastas, fresh fruits and vegetables can surely save you money. On the negative side, most people don't know how to prepare a variety of vegetable dishes so the diet can become very humdrum and boring.

Now, I enjoy meats and seafoods, and I use them in moderation. But, I also enjoy vegetables and pasta. I believe that the vegetables or potatoes served with the fish or meat can be the highlight of the meal. You won't see a good meat or fish soup or stew without onion, carrots, celery and potatoes. Like herbs and spices, these vegetables are used for their taste and flavour. They are not just thrown in to bulk up the dish.

I think most people don't take advantage of fresh fruits and vegetables. Now you're going to call me a "veg head." Well, believe me, I enjoy my

hunk of rare beef as much as the next guy. I just believe that variety makes life more interesting. Why limit the scope of your diet. What the hell, try everything, be daring. You might enjoy it!

So for all you carnivores, try something new. Try a vegetarian meal, or just try to put a

little creativity and pizzazz in the vegetables you serve with dinner. It might not be as easy as opening a can, but the taste is worth it. During the next few months, almost every fruit and vegetable known to man will be available to us *fresh* and at reasonable prices. *Now's the time to get cooking!*

## HERE ARE A FEW VEGETARIAN RECIPES.

IF YOU'RE REALLY DARING YOU CAN SERVE THEM ALL IN ONE EVENING. IF YOU ARE MORE COWARDLY, THEN MIX AND MATCH SOME OF THEM WITH YOUR FAVOURITE MEAT DISH. ALL OF THESE INGREDIENTS ARE AVAILABLE IN THE LOCAL STORES.

### VEGETABLE LEEK SOUP

4 POTATOES PEELED  
2 1/2 QTS. WATER  
3 LARGE LEEKS  
2 TBLSP. BUTTER  
1 CARROT DICED  
1 PIECE CELERY DICED  
1 1/2 LBS. FRESH DICED TOMATOES  
HERB MIX 1/2 TSP. THYME, 1/2 TSP. SWEET BASIL, 1/2 BLACK PEPPER, 1/2 TSP. PAPRIKA  
COOK POTATOES IN SALTED WATER UNTIL SOFT. MASH POTATOES IN THE LIQUID. CUT UP WHOLE LEEKS. SAUTÉ THEM WITH CELERY AND CARROT IN BUTTER AND HERB MIX. USE MEDIUM HEAT, FOR TEN MINUTES. ADD THIS MIX WITH TOMATOES TO POTATOES AND COOK OVER MEDIUM HEAT FOR 45 MINUTES.  
THE SOUP CAN BE SERVED HOT OR CHILLED.

### VEGETABLE RICE CASSEROLE

2 TBLSP. OIL  
1 CUP LONG GRAIN RICE  
1/2 GREEN PEPPER DICED

1/2 RED PEPPER DICED  
1/4 CUP MINCED PARSLEY  
1/4 CUP FINELY CHOPPED GREEN ONIONS  
1 CUP BROCCOLI FLORETS CHOPPED  
SEASONING: 1 TSP. CELERY SALT, 1/2 TSP. BLACK PEPPER, 1/2 TSP. CURRY POWDER, 1 TSP. CHILI POWDER.  
HEAT OIL IN A LARGE SKILLET THAT CAN BE TIGHTLY COVERED. SAUTÉ VEGETABLES AND SEASONING FOR 3 - 4 MINUTES. ADD RICE AND 2 CUPS OF BOILING WATER. COVER AND TURN TO SIMMER FOR 1/2 HOUR. DO NOT UNCOVER WHILE COOKING.

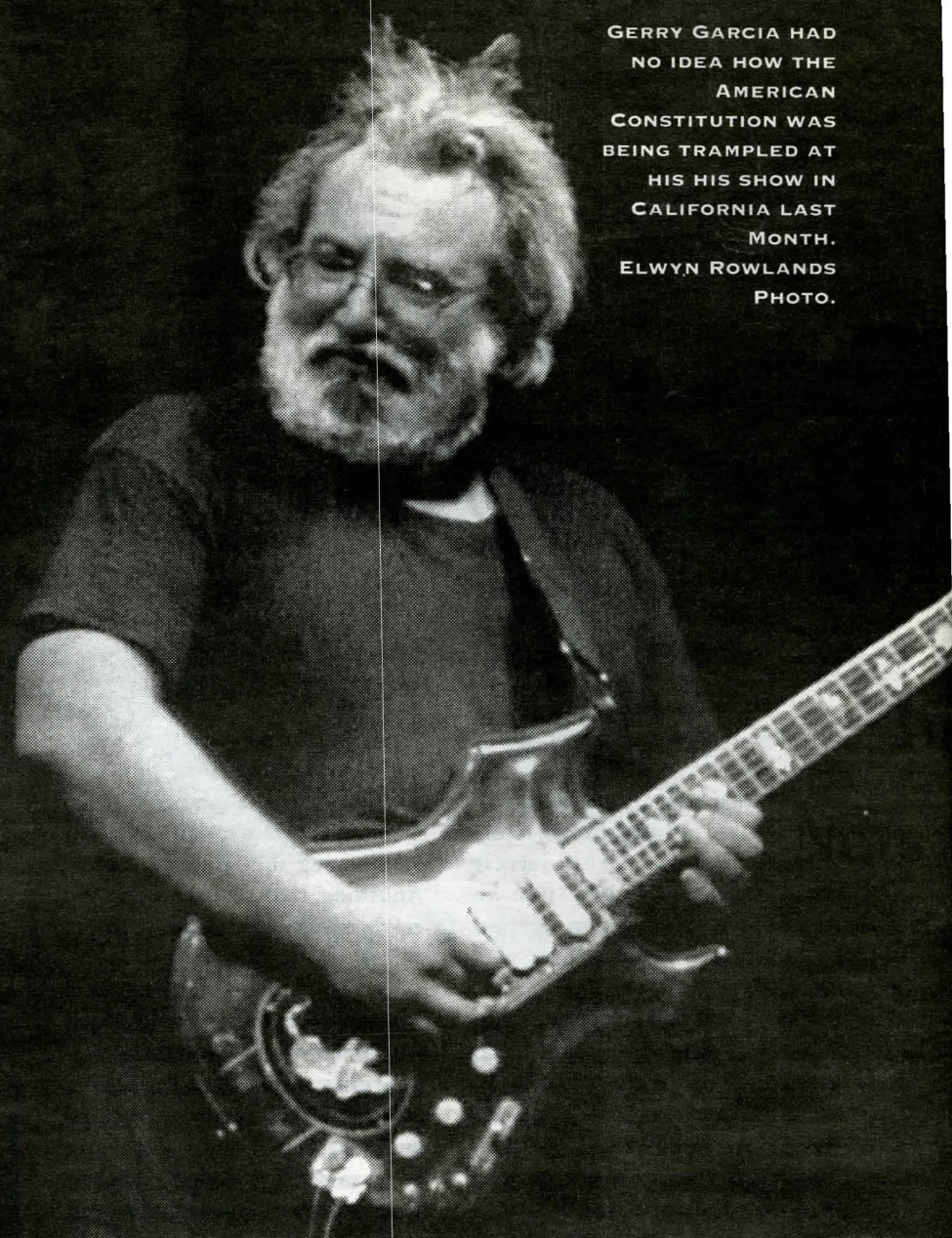
### TOFU IN RED WINE

3 TBLSP. OIL  
1 PACKAGE OF TOFU  
2 CLOVES FINELY CHOPPED GARLIC  
1/2 WHITE ONION FINELY DICED  
1 TSP. OREGANO  
1/2 TSP. SAGE  
8 OZ. RED WINE  
2. TOMATO PASTE  
SAUTÉ TOFU IN OIL UNTIL BROWN ON BOTH SIDES. REMOVE FROM PAN. IN SAME OIL, COOK ONION, GARLIC AND HERBS FOR 3 MINUTES. ADD RED WINE AND REDUCE OVER HIGH HEAT FOR 3 MINUTES OR UNTIL HALF VOLUME. STIR IN TOMATO PASTE. SALT AND PEPPER TO TASTE. POUR OVER TOFU AND HEAT IN 325° OVER FOR 10 MINUTES.

# THE DEAD TRIP

## Improper Signage Nets Woman Trip To Jail

By Dianne Whelan



GERRY GARCIA HAD NO IDEA HOW THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION WAS BEING TRAMPLED AT HIS HIS SHOW IN CALIFORNIA LAST MONTH. ELWYN ROWLANDS PHOTO.



It all started as a simple road trip to California—the Mecca of American subcultures and the home of cheap beer, smokes and gasoline. Departing a week later it was a run like hell from California, the truth slayer of the American Constitution.

The story begins in a red Nissan 4X4 complete with a pop up oh-so-groovy Wildernest tent, the envy of every campground, and two Americans, one Canadian, and a black lab named Maggie. The story ends with one arrest, \$1,000 bail, a court date in June for obstructing justice, and a new bumper sticker that says, "I've tripped and I can't come down."

It was the beginning of the Grateful Dead summer tour—three shows in Sacramento, California. By noon of the first day thousands of people were hanging out outside of the Cal Expo Amphitheater buying or selling everything from the day's dose of spirituality to bean burritos. It was an amazing demonstration of peace, love and all the other throwbacks of 60's theology, but on a grander scale it was a celebration of American freedom. These were the faithful in Birkenstocks, tie-dyed T-shirts and messy hair. This was Jerry's congregation.

For two days everything just grooved. People played in the parking lot under the warm California sun, danced and sang at the concerts in the early evening and then drove their vans, trucks, campers and cars to various campgrounds at night. A nineties version of Kerouac's *On The Road*.

On the third day every thing started as usual, everything looked the same, but a neighbour in a white VW van was acting edgy about a brand new Chevy

mini-bus parked on the edge of the parking lot facing into the crowd. In it sat an older man with white hair, a tight white beard and mustache, bandanna, tie-dyed T-shirt and jeans. She commented that he looked out of place just sitting in the vehicle. The mini-van remained there motionless for some time and was forgotten until it suddenly bolted forward a couple of hundred feet and came to an abrupt stop. A group of five people hurried toward us.

It was the DEA, and they were at the concert busting people selling marijuana, acid and various other forms of mind altering substances. This pattern repeated itself throughout the day as more and more people were arrested.

It was hard to just be yourself when you can't trust your neighbour. "Just

***She was grabbed, handcuffed, thrown into the mini-van and whisked away to the Sacramento jail. She was never read her rights and was never told she was under arrest.***

being you" is the theology of this subculture. The paranoia was out of place. The Grateful Dead subculture is almost thirty years old and for the most part it exists quietly on the fringe of middle class America. Big Brother usually keeps his nose out of it. The arrests were aggressive and stereotypical of the racist attitudes in the American justice system that have once again surfaced as a consequence of the Rodney King trial.

The American woman traveling in the red Nissan 4X4, Katie, was bothered by the aggressive use of force the DEA were using in their arrests. She approached one of the agents and said, "Why are you being so harsh? The guy is just selling a little marijuana." To which the agent replied, "the only difference between marijuana and cocaine is that blacks do cocaine."

After that comment Katie rollerbladed back to the pick-up and made a sign, about a foot long and a foot wide, that read "Narcs are Everywhere."

For the next few hours she smiled and skated around with her public service announcement. At the end of the day she returned to the truck to prepare for the concert. It was not to be.

She had angered the DEA. She was grabbed, handcuffed, thrown into the mini-van and whisked away to the Sacramento jail. She was never read her rights and was never told she was under arrest. She sat in jail for ten hours, barefoot in the cell as rollerblades are not a part of the penal system dress code. She was charged with violating code 148, "resisting officer's attempt to discharged justice." Her bail was set at \$1,000, and if she couldn't afford it she would have to sit in jail until her court date five days later.

All this for the criminal act of self-expression; no possession; no drugs, just a cardboard sign and a defiant attitude. For this she could go to jail. America is the home of the free, but in small type at the bottom pages of the Constitution it should read, "these freedoms are subject to change by any person of the law enforcement establishment in America."

Her arrest pointed to the illusions of the ever-so-holy and precious American Constitution. America sits on the razor's edge between good and evil. The Dead tour was a microcosm of this delicate balance. What is supposed to distinguish a democracy from a totalitarian regime is the right to question authority, the right to self-expression, and the freedom to be. Katie's arrest demonstrated that her right to self-expression is limited.

God bless America, home of the free—sort of.

## OLA DA ESPAGNA Y EXPO '92

BY ROCCO BONITO  
EXPLORER, ADVENTURER, MIXOLOGIST,  
GUITARIST, MO-PED RACER



# TRAVELOGUE

# Whistler, Spain, It's All the Same

Having promised Charlie and Bosco some copy from Expo '92 in Seville, Spain, the time has come for me to sit down with pen in hand and as they say, get at it. Yes, I lived in Whistler for eight long and sometimes grueling years.

Back then one of my extra-curricular activities was helping the old Whistler *Answer* production staff in putting out the top-notch publication that it was. It was an honour, not work, to have been part of it.

And now, as I understand, the legend lives on, bigger and better than ever. Even here in Spain I hear news of controversy concerning the famous "dancing bear," as he always takes his circus with him wherever he goes. I must admit that at times we've performed in the same centre ring together.

I will attempt to put into words some of my strongest and most memorable impressions of this curiously different country. But honestly I don't know where to start. I could talk about the existence of nude beaches or how topless is considered acceptable on all beaches, but if I'm not mistaken Lost Lake still survives as the local hang out (literally).

Or I could talk of regional internal prejudices in Spain, but we live in Canada, so there's no need because we have our very own French Canadians and Maritimers.

Then I thought I could complain of the sky-high prices at Expo '92 and the city's generally mixed attitude towards the impact of this massive world exposition on its people. But I also did time at Expo '86 in Vancouver, where it was really no different and even possibly worse, because here at least they didn't evict helpless senior citizens from their homes to make way for the multitude of visitors in order to make a quick buck.

Or maybe I could mention the Expo staff apres work night life and how...

No, in Vancouver we participated in much the same late night

distractions, the difference being the aspect of legality, such as after hours booze cans. Not to mention the fact that here in Spain, possession of up to seven grams of hashish is considered legal, and usually openly consumed in the streets or in local drinking establishments. Thank God I don't do that shit anymore?

As far as major partying goes, we could all probably take a few lessons from the local Sevillanos. During "Feria," which is a week long combination party and country fair, it is virtually impossible to get anything done because nobody takes their business seriously enough to even open their doors to the public. The festivities continue more or less around the clock with much colourful Flamenco dancing, eating of assorted snacks (tapas) and drinking of copious amounts of vino fino (sherry), manzanilla (wine) and, of course, cerveza.

The Roman Catholic "Semana Santa" (holy week) is much the same, except it occurs on the streets, all day and night, instead of on a permanent fairgrounds, with not quite as much drinking, but is equally family oriented. (It is holy week, after all.)

Each day during Semana Santa there are lengthy processions

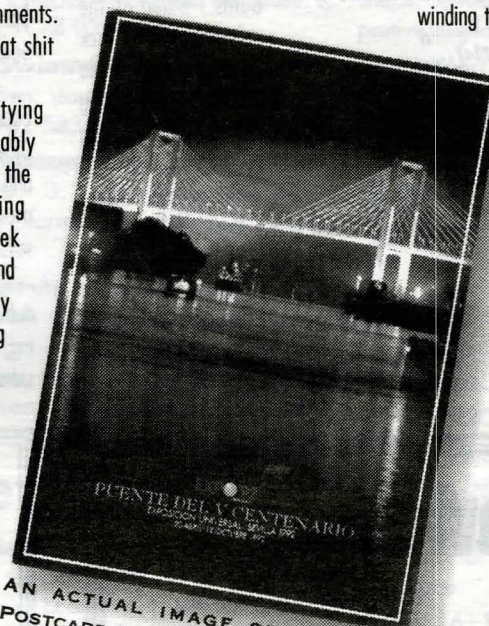
with a host of able-bodied hombres carrying a richly decorated, albeit heavy statue of the macarera, or Virgin Mary.

In this fashion, hordes of participants attired in robes reminiscent of the KKK follow behind, pushed forward by thousands of Sevillanos, whole families included, at a laboured snail's pace,

winding through narrow cobblestones streets, to finally end up at the beautifully ancient cathedral at the centre of town. Some processions start at midnight and don't reach the cathedral until 1:00 p.m. the next day. If you've never before seen this spectacle, to call it strange does not do it justice and is definitely worthy of putting on your "must see" list.

While I'm on the subject of religion, one of the most different drinking establishments I have ever encountered, and believe me I've encountered a few, is a place called the Joven Castaleros, nicknamed the Jesus Bar, even though Jesus is never mentioned. Just outside one of the Expo main gates it has become one of the favourite after work haunts of notables such as Steve Parsons, of Blackcomb Mountain fame, and Johnny O. and most of the rest of the Whistler entourage. It consists of a large high ceilinged room decorated in wall to wall paintings of the macarena and other dubious religious depictions, highlighted by an almost life size

statue of the same in full regal fiesta attire. And spare spaces are carefully filled in with tacky crumpled tin foil, adding to a look verging on bizarre, to say the least. Being made entirely of brick and plaster and having full exposure to the setting sun gives it the effect of a gigantic pizza oven even at 5 a.m. Therefore, a few hundred people seem to accumulate out front, standing in the cool night air



AN ACTUAL IMAGE OF THE VERY  
POSTCARD ROCCO SENT THE ANSWER



PORT COQUITLAM'S BACKSEAT DRIVER ARE THE ONLY COUNTRY ROCK BAND PLAYING AT EXPO '92 IN SEVILLE, SPAIN. LEFT TO RIGHT ARE GARY COMEAU, LORNE BURNS, RANDY MONTANA AND RANDY SHEPHERD. VICTOR DEZSO PHOTO

or sitting on empty beer kegs. It offers a beautiful vista of almost the entire Expo site and is a place to socialize with staff from all over the world and digress on daily events. (Did I mention the 24 hour full service Chinese restaurant next door?) To quote Steve Parsons, "You haven't lived until you've done penance at the Jesus Bar after a difficult Friday night at work, and then head home under a bright blue sky." I've said a few Hail Marys there myself.

At this point I'd like to include a few comments and observations from some of my esteemed Whistler colleagues and friends.

Scott Munroe: "Canadians in Spain working in a German beer house. Grown men jumping around in leiderhosen playing 50's rock — go figure."

Cindy Martin: Voicing her favourite local saying, "Manana."

Paul Martin: "At least they don't shut down

Expo when there's an electrical storm."

Johnny O: Doesn't like rude people who think they're cultured but they're not, but does like the beautiful women.

Ruth Plunkett, from Squamish: Can't believe the Spaniard's reaction to live music. They really are starved for it and it doesn't take much to please them.

Not to downgrade Rocky Mountain Saloon's house band, Backseat Driver, from Vancouver. (Randy Montana, Gary Comeau, Randy Shepherd and Lorne Burns.) Billed as the only live country rock band on site, they do an excellent job during their show, performing the classic standards as well as a number of hard driving original tunes.

When I asked Randy Montana, lead guitar player, on his views on Spain, his insight was truly amazing, "Beautiful country. Everything is so hot, it's cool. It's like a different country here, and not only that, they have a different word for

*"Beautiful country... Everything is so hot it's cool. It's like a different country here, and not only that, they have a different word for everything.."*

*Randy Montana*

cents to 2.50 U.S. per pack. Good excuse, I know. Not only that, you are pretty much allowed to smoke wherever and whenever one desires, including hospitals, police stations, restaurants (there are no non-smoking sections), banks and all other public locations. This does not make it any easier to quit. As a matter of fact, I know quite a few people who'd quit for a considerable period of time and have now taken up the disgusting habit again. Oh well!

Also there are no aerobic or fitness spas or a noticeable health kick. Here I don't feel so out of place. There are more mo-peds and all other sorts of two-wheeled transportation that you can shake a stick at. Having purchased a mo-ped recently I immediately gained a feeling of total freedom. No license plate or license required... no insurance... weave in and out of traffic... upon sidewalks... down one-way streets... no problema! In the heat of the day, the crowded bus system is enough to drive you over the edge.

The manner in which Flamenco dancing and Sevillano vocalizing is taken seriously continues to fascinate me. It gives a whole new meaning to the term "jamming." I'm not certain, but I think these people originally invented the concept.

Finally, I feel it is very commendable the way the family structure is incorporated into having a good time together instead of the North American attitude. You know, "please, Mom, could you drop me off a couple of blocks away," where teenagers don't want to be seen in the company of their un-cool parents.

In conclusion, even with all the quirks and dissimilarities between the two cultures, most of the differences are small. With respect to the important things, such as joie de vivre, camaraderie, serious partying and laid back work attitude, the song remains the same, to quote Led Zeppelin.

So as it turns out, Whistler and Spain, it's all the same. It's just that here they give last call much later, if at all! Bosco, eat your heart out.

Manana.

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## Special Events

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

July 24

### Jimmy D's Open 1992

The Whistler Scramble, on July 24. The cost of the tournament is \$90, including green fees. If a player already has a season's pass the cost will be \$40. This includes a BBQ dinner, beverages, awards and prizes. Limit of 80 players. Entry fees have to be in by July 10 at Jimmy D's.

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.

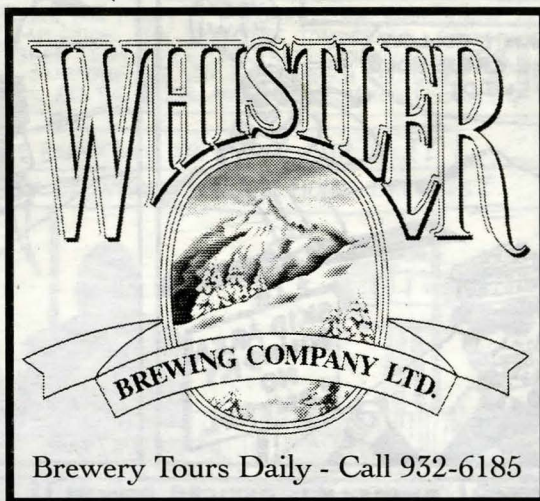
### Lions Club

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



Brewery Tours Daily - Call 932-6185

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

July 3, 4 & 5, Dave GoGo; July 9, 10 & 11, One; July 16, 17 & 18, Spirit of the West; July 24 & 25, Long John Baldry; July 26, 27, 28 & 29, the Hopping Penguins;

### Ski Boot Pub

July 1, Sleepy Jo Martin, plus special guests; July 2 - 5, Grames Brothers; July 6 - 8, Sidemen; July 9 - 12, Bob's Your Uncle; July 13 - 15, TBA; July 16 - 18, Karen Graves; July 19 - 22 Sonny Rhodes; July 23 - 26, Russell Jackson & Guest; July 27 - 29, Acoustically Inclined

### Longhorn

July 1 - 5, Bughouse 5; July 6 - 8, The Ludwigs; July 13, Cartoon Sweat/The Many; July 14, Juice Monkeys; July 15, Man/The Pasties; July 20, Tad; July 27, Cracerbsh/Gashuffer; July 28, David Lindley

### Earth Voice Festival, July 25 & 26

Featuring Blue Rodeo, Bare Naked Ladies, Jeff Healey, members of 54-40, Spirit of the West, Mae Moore, Gary Fjellgaard, & Lisa Brokop. At Seabird Island near Harrison Hot Springs. A benefit concert for future generations. Info 980-1181

### Commodore Ballroom

July 4, Earth voice Festival benefit starring Art Bergmann, She Stole My Beer, Catherine Wheel and Second Nature; July 10, Roots Roundup; July 11, Prism, plus the Kenny Shields Band; July 14, Peter Murphy, former lead singer with Bauhaus, plus The Nymphs; July 16, Koko Taylor and Her Blues Machine, with Lonnie Brooks and Lil' Ed and the Blues Imperials and Elvin Bishop

## Mountain Events

 **Whistler Mountain**  
What skiing ought to be.

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

July 4 - BRC Mountain Bike Series, Cross Country

July 5 - Great Snow Earth Water Race

July 11 - BRC Mountain Bike, Uphill/Downhill

July 18 - BRC Mountain Bike, Dual Slalom

July 25 - BRC Mountain Bike, Criterium

July 25 & 26 - Burnaby Coquitlam Motorsport Car Rally

August 1 & 2 - Canada Cup National Mountain Bike Race

August 16 - Porche Club Car Rally

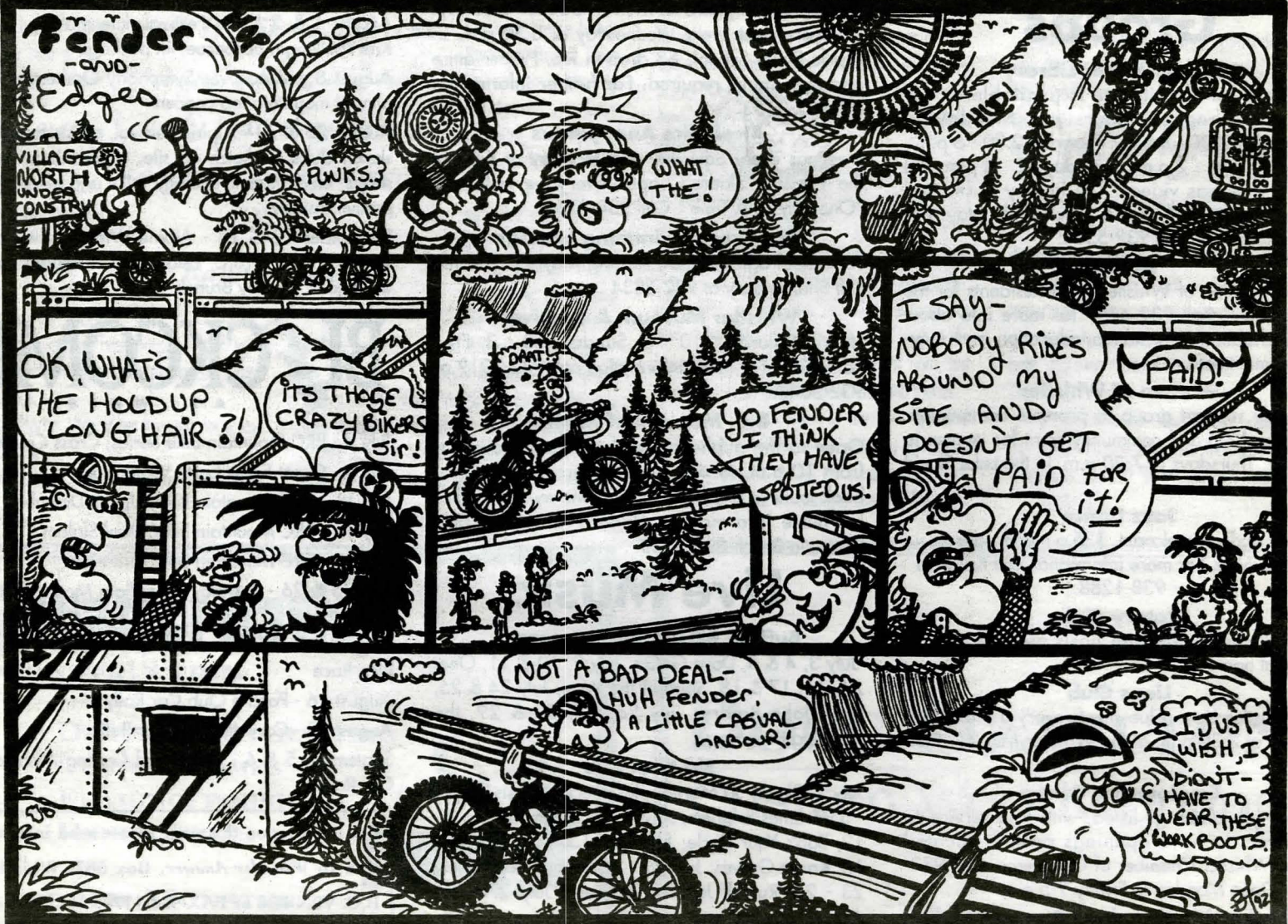
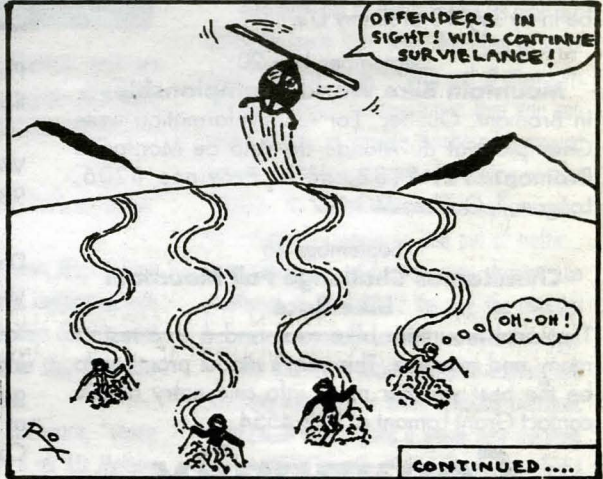
August 23 - Corvette Club Car Rally

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.

# PEAK BROS.

PURSUED BY THE DREADED TERMINATOR, OUR HEROES SEEK SANCTUARY OUT OF BOUNDS...



B. FORTAEBES-92-

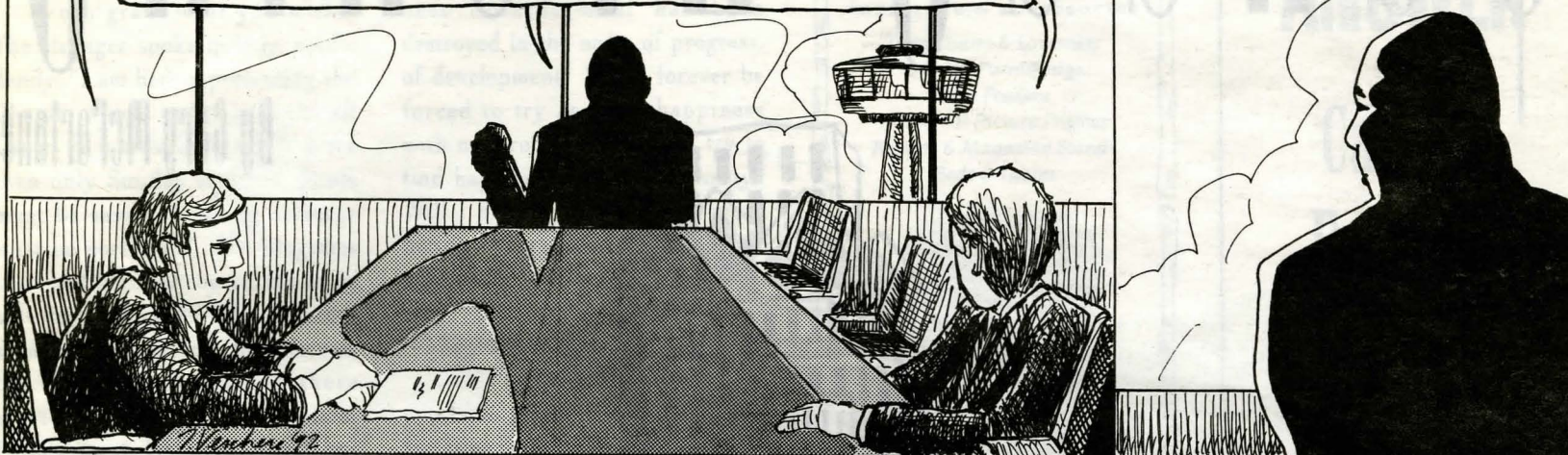
AT THE CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS OF LACOMPANY BREWERIES IN TORONTO...

WITH OUR ACQUISITION OF VANCOUVER'S C-NILE 650 AM, OUR PLANS TO MONOPOLIZE THE PRODUCTION AND DISTRIBUTION OF MUSIC IN CANADA IS NEAR COMPLETION... BY THIS TIME TOMORROW, LACOMPANY WILL ALSO SUCCESSFULLY HALT THE IMPORTATION OF BEER FROM OTHER COUNTRIES, (ESPECIALLY MEXICO...) WE WILL THEN FILL LOOK-ALIKE BOTTLES FROM OUR ONE BIG VAT FROM WHICH ALL BEER IN THIS COUNTRY FLOWS... LACOMPANY WILL CONTROL ALL THE BEER AND MUSIC WHICH FLOWS TO THE MINDS OF THE 19 TO 35 YEAR OLDS...

UH, LABOSS - WHAT ABOUT CO-OP AND COLLEGE RADIO LIKE 102.7 FM OR CITR 101.9?

YES SIR, AND WHAT ABOUT THE MICRO-BREWERIES AND THE HOME BREWERS?

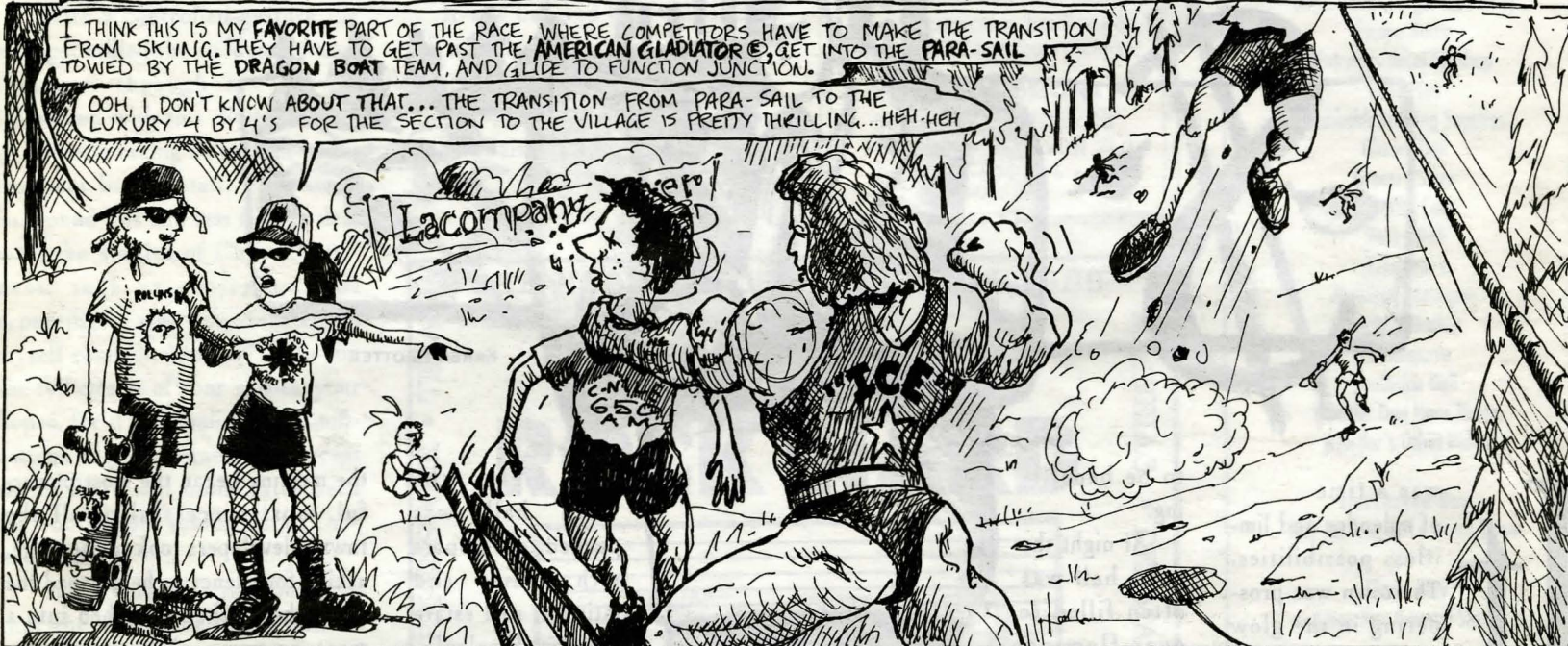
YES, WELL THERE IS ALWAYS GOING TO BE 'FREAKS AND DEGENERATES, AREN'T THERE?



MEANWHILE, ON THE WEST COAST, LOCALMAN IS WATCHING THE LACOMPANY GREAT EARTH, WIND, AND FIRE RACE WITH HIS FRIEND, MARY-JANE.

I THINK THIS IS MY FAVORITE PART OF THE RACE, WHERE COMPETITORS HAVE TO MAKE THE TRANSITION FROM SKIING. THEY HAVE TO GET PAST THE AMERICAN GLADIATOR, GET INTO THE PARA-SAIL TOWED BY THE DRAGON BOAT TEAM, AND GLIDE TO FUNCTION JUNCTION.

OOH, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT... THE TRANSITION FROM PARA-SAIL TO THE LUXURY 4 BY 4'S FOR THE SECTION TO THE VILLAGE IS PRETTY THRILLING... HEH-HEH

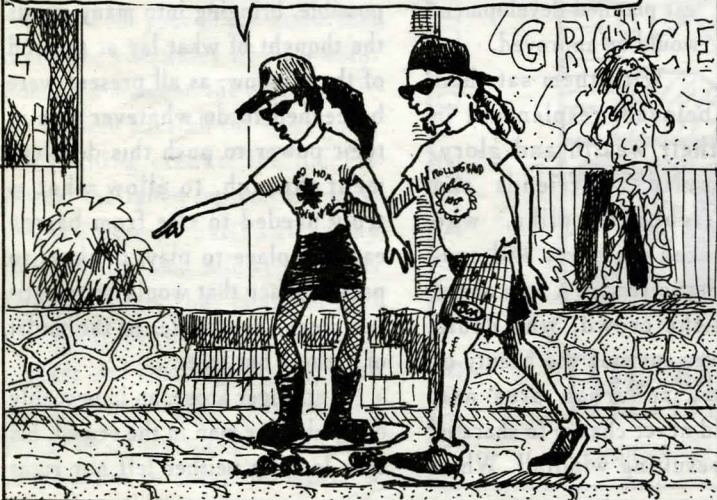


LATER, SMALL TALK, PASSING THROUGH THE VILLAGE...

I THINK I'VE FIGURED OUT WHERE "CLASSIC ROCK" COMES FROM. IT'S BEING BEAMED BACK TO EARTH FROM METAL OBJECTS 6 TO 12 LIGHT YEARS AWAY. THAT DISTANCE WOULD GIVE RADIO WAVES ORIGINALLY BROADCAST BETWEEN 1968 AND 1980 A CHANCE TO TRAVEL OUT INTO SPACE AND BACK. I THINK ALL THESE BULLSHIT STATIONS LIKE C-NILE ARE JUST RE-BROADCASTING THESE SIGNALS, AND STICKING IN NEW COMMERCIALS...

CONSIDER THIS LOKE - WHAT IF JUST ONE COMPANY OR A SINGLE INDIVIDUAL WAS INTERCEPTING THESE RETURNING RADIO SIGNALS? THEY COULD PARCEL OUT MUSIC AND BANDS - EFFECTIVELY, CONTROL THE AIRWAVES. GOD HELP US IF IT'S SOME GREYING PONYTAIL YUPPIE WHO WANTS US LISTEN TO THE MUSIC HE GREW UP ON.

WHY MARY JANE HOW OLIVER STONE OF YOU. HEY, HAVE YOU HEARD THAT ALL THE BEER IN CANADA COMES FROM ONE, HUGE VAT? THEY JUST SLAP DIFFERENT LABELS ON THE BOTTLES HEH HEH HEH...



# Sunday Evening

By Gary McFarlane



KAREN PROTTER

**I**t was a time of splendor and limitless possibilities. The town was prospering in the glow of an ever-expanding economy, faces everywhere were alight with the prospects of success.

Steps were briskly taken, smiles thrown about with authority, imaginations soared, cellars crackled with life, deals were finalized and cash registers were registering as the joyous benefactors strove to share their new found wealth. Everywhere you looked people had someplace to go and were going there, proud in their well-cut suits.

The real estate market in particular was buzzing with activity; development was exceeding all expectations, success was breeding more success, everyone appeared

to be benefit-  
ing.

At night the town hall was often filled to overflowing; being used as a meeting place where the most successful of the developers would justify and promote progress. It was indeed an exciting and prosperous time, and the rash few who dared to question development and its obvious benefits received such a well deserved heckling that they soon hushed up and opposed no more.

Come Sunday

night the town hall was packed; developers with charts and statistics, real estate agents with calculators and commissions, contractors with ideas and offers; for the next week would reveal whether or not the latest planned development would be approved.

With them sat their beloved, resplendent in their wealth and glory, envied by friends and neighbours alike, who lacked the savvy and cunning to remain a step ahead of the crowd, who could never envision the beauty of a new suburban area and would never chance to share in the resulting windfall. When

the meeting began the most powerful, most successful of all the town's developers took to the stage, asking for silence as he grasped the microphone, then launched into a most amazing rhetoric. Never before had such an articulate mastery of words and statistics been heard; figures appeared to jump and dance in the light, becoming logical where no logic was thought possible, bringing into many minds the thought of what lay at the end of the rainbow; as all present were beseeched to do whatever was in their power to push this development through, to allow what is truly needed to rise from barren earth; a place to play, to shop, to park; a place that would be beautiful, clean, profitable, in the midst of nothing but trees...

A stranger arose, an impeccably dressed older man in the crowd, his eyes looking neither left nor right

at the massed crowd, his Rolex sparkling, his black briefcase swinging purposefully, his patent leather loafers making nary a noise. Obviously a powerful, intelligent, worthwhile man. All eyes were upon him as he gained the stage, the microphone now unoccupied as the first speaker had stepped aside in slight awe of this new presence.

"I can grant what you wish." The stranger spoke quietly, confidently. "I am here representing the Church, which, as I'm sure you all know, is involved in much more than only Sunday services. Souls must be saved, wedding services must be performed, TV programs must be filmed, of course; but to be able to accomplish this, to bring such joy and light into the world as the Church is known for, there must be financing. Profits. Development. Here the Church has considerable influence."

With a controlled gesture the stranger stilled the sudden murmur that ran through the crowd. "However, with this diversification of interests taking many man-hours from our limited staff, the Church has found less and less time to deal with the staples of Church business; such as confession, the repenting of sin. Therefore I find myself compelled to explain to you the full effects of your wishes, your hopes, for if you realize the ramifications of your request and accept them, there will be no later need for confession, saving us all time and money".

"Know that life is a balance, that the events of today will be reflected forever in the mirrors of all those who will follow. Remember that if you grasp all in one hand there be naught left for the other. While you wish only for what is best, can see only good coming from your plans, know that there are two sides to each coin. Ponder, a moment, the other side."

"Where have all the trees gone, the rushing creeks, the prickly plants, the fallen logs—all the mysterious places that so fired my imagination, that allowed endless field for play, that changed as I changed; becoming an area to explore and challenge myself, or to meander in with my thoughts and problems until I was provided with inspiration to solve my worries.

Where have all the animals gone? Now that the hunting grounds, the breeding grounds, the hiding places, have been replaced by the convenience of numerous parking stalls and glistening facades, will my child never hear the haunting hoots and cries that so fascinated me?

Will I always look back in sadness towards what has been destroyed in the name of progress, of development? Will I forever be forced to try and buy happiness with my profits, rather than try to find happiness with my curiosity? Will I one day turn around wondering 'Where has my world gone,' only to find the answer in my mirror?"

The stranger paused. "This is the other side of what you have asked. If you still desire the same, speak now and it shall be done."

It was believed afterwards that the man was a lunatic, for there was no sense in what he said.

(Adapted and plagiarized from Mark Twain's *A War Prayer*.)



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Cypress Market, 4360 Marine Drive

*Summer Love*



**A<sup>3</sup>**

WHISTLER, CANADA

*July 11, 1992*