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**COVER PHOTO**  
ERIC BERGER DOES AN ENDER WHILE  
BEING COGNIZANT OF THE CAMERA. LARRY  
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# TAX BREAK? GIVE ME A BREAK!

By Charlie Doyle



**M**unicipal Council has yet to make a decision on whether the CP Golf Course will be excused from Municipal taxes. If passed, the two privately owned courses could join the existing course (owned by the WRA) in being tax exempt.

Given a value of \$85,000 per course (From a report by Peter Kent, published in the Whistler Question) the local taxpayer would be subsidizing golfers to the tune of \$225,000 per year. Every year. The Whistler Golf Club currently boasts a membership of around 150 players. Not all of these members are necessarily Whistler tax payers and presumably there are tax payers who aren't Golf Club members. Using this figure as the number of golfers in Whistler the local taxpayer would in effect be pitching in \$1,700 for every golfer to get a reduced rate on the links. (Except during July and August when restrictions would be in effect.)

Now I should put my cards on the table. I'm not a golfer. I tried it once and liked it, but it doesn't figure to heavily in my future hobby plans. However I am a taxpayer and if we're going to give this much dough to each golfer we might as well send them to Pebble Beach for a week each year. It is absolutely absurd to forgo this amount of tax revenue on a sport that is played by a small segment of society that, admittedly, is not poverty stricken. We are currently building a scaled down ice arena. We await a swimming pool. A quarter million a year would go a long way to financing facilities like these that could be enjoyed by a far greater segment of our community.

Thelma Johnstone told me she has a lot of golfer friends who are currently forced to golf in Squamish and Pemberton. Well imagine the hardship! I've been

forced to eliminate yacht racing from my list of hobbies and don't expect any municipal help to get me back on the water. The point being is that we all have to live within our means.

We are told one of the results of increased development is an enlarged tax base and therefore less burden on the taxpayer. My tax bills don't seem to indicate this trend and if we are to forgive huge corporate taxes I can't imagine they ever will. The costs of these developments in terms of environmental damage, increased population, sewage output, utilities etc. have to be met by someone and I'd prefer it not be me.

Nor has anyone demonstrated the need to guarantee tee times on local courses. Is there a golf boom? The numbers were down on the Whistler Golf Course last year. With triple the facilities, will there be a need to guarantee tee times? If time indicates the need is there I'm sure the courses will be willing to negotiate a tax break, but why forgo a quarter million in tax revenue per year on speculation.

Members of the Chamber of Commerce have expressed extreme reservations in setting this kind of precedent. Mixing public and private money can create a number of complications not the least of which could be a rush of businesses willing to give locals cheaper access to their product in exchange for tax considerations.

The municipal government has a mandate to guarantee access to facilities built in the valley, but these negotiations should occur in the initial planning stages, not after the development is complete.

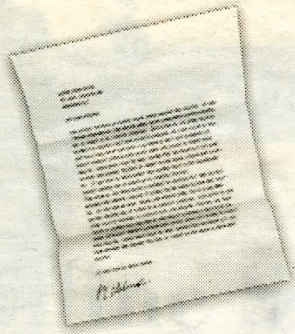
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## Letters

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### Dave's Not Here

## They're Doing The Wave In Costa Rica

If the best way in the world to cure a hangover is to shred waist-deep fresh on Harvey's Harrows, the next best way must be by frolicking in the tropical ocean waters of Costa Rica. After a half-hour you can't even tell that you inhaled ten eighty-cent beers the night before and you're ready for ten more tonight. And it doesn't hurt that the temperature is about a thousand degrees outside and all there is to do all day is sit and sweat.

Little did I think, when Mike and I were halfway up the Duffy Lake Road with our second blown radiator hose and water spewing everywhere, that we would end up in Costa Rica. I was ready to bail right there, but the Falconberg was intent on getting the \$200 Cordoba to Omaha, Nebraska, via Jasper and Breckinridge. It turned out even more demented than it sounds, and 2,000 miles in an over-heating, tire-melting, brake-lightless piece of crap was kind of fun in a sick way. Like enjoying a root canal because they give you laughing gas. And the best part is that the beast awaits us in Denver for the return trip. Maybe we should go through Texas on the way back.

So we've managed to stumble through two weeks in Latin America by looking for friendly, English-speaking faces and by slaughtering the small amount of Spanish that we've learned. We have, however, perfected the phrase "una cerveza, por favor."

So we have found ourselves in Montezuma, which lies at the end of a 90 minute ferry ride and a 90 minute dirt road bus ride. It also exists in some parallel-to-Whistler dimension. The old tear in the time/space continuum gig. I mean, it's Saturday night and the tie-dye clad neo-hips are dancing the jig. Just like a good old night at the Boot, but on the ocean instead on in the hills.

The volcanoes and the cloud forest and maybe even Nicaragua lie ahead. And the Cordoba. I can't wait. I figure we'll get about 200 miles west of Denver before all the belts break. Maybe these thumb things will come in handy for something other than gripping beer bottles after all.

Adios, amigos.  
Dave the Wave

### Doug's Not Here Either

## Slugfest On The Valley Trail

"You've shared the horror, noted the oily black stains on the Valley Trail, and yes, its happened to you..."

Well it happened! That devastating experience on the way to work, the one I'd been carefully avoiding for days—nay even weeks. I'm talking about the Valley Trail danger zone between

Tapley's Farm and Alpine Meadows where the cyclist / rollerblader / pedestrian / buggy pusher has to negotiate safe passage through a nation of damp dwelling invertebrates—namely SLUGS.

You know the bend I mean, where out old friend the skunk cabbage flourishes, a place I have recently named Slugville. As a cyclist I had only so many chances to dodge these long, black, slimy creatures of the damp, by picking a zigzagonal path of avoidance.

Then one day flying down the trail late for work that long dreaded sound, SQUELCH... THWACK broke the rhythmical pattern of tires on tarmac; the unmistakable bump as some unsuspecting slug gasped his last breath. But no, as if this was not bad enough, the horror inspiring realization gripped me that half of the slug was airborne—catapulting at an alarming rate toward one target: ME!

At this point a scream of disgust was, I feel, necessary, essential and required: AHHH!?!\*^# (I apologize to Alpine residents.) Next thing I knew the unrecognizably anatomy of a slug had become the latest fashion accessory to match my trendy cycling shorts.

So, how can this tragic experi-

ence be avoided (tragic both for slug and Valley Trail user.) Well, we could petition the Muni to get a slug overpass or subway constructed but this would no doubt turn out to be a tricky business fraught with red tape and political wrangling. Also, lets face it, delays on the Valley Trail pinpointed by stop signs and dump trucks would probably not be appreciated considering the recent road construction delays. Perhaps flashing lights and triangular warning signs are the answer. DANGER—SLUGS CROSSING AHEAD.

We could wear protective suits to avoid close encounters with slugkind, but alas, this would probably be impractical. We could slow down on the Valley Trail—but NO, that's just plain stupid. So I guess the solution is to set ye olde alarme clocke those extra few minutes early to avoid unnecessary suffering and bereavement in Slugville... NEVER!

A Confirmed Slug Avoider  
Julie Jackson

*Letters are welcome and will  
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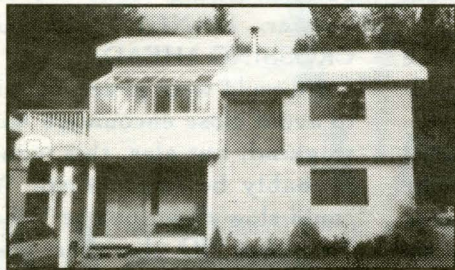
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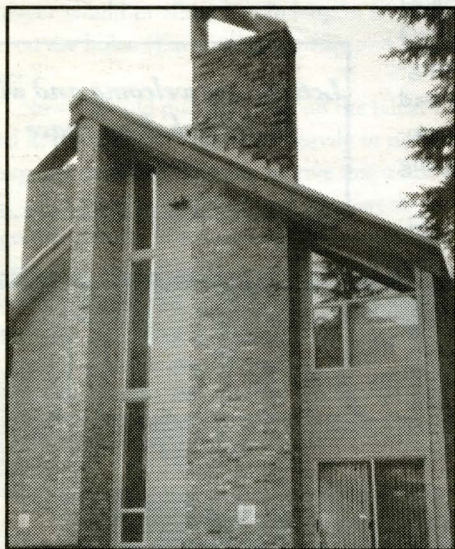
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# SCUTTLEBUTT

SUMMER

# Love

by Gary McFarlane

Peeling back the various layers of my memory, delving farther back than is prudent to venture, I search through dusty shelves and broken synapses — distracted by visions of wanton early adulthood, surly adolescence, pubescent angst, the confusing joyful trepidation of young doctors in disarray — only to discover that I'm not as old as the stars, I'm not as old as Larry; I simply don't have any memories of "summer love in the 60's". There's nothing in my past to compare with the Summer Love Rave. Could this explain my confusion? Was it a lack of (or perhaps excess of) previous experience that clouded my vision? Will I ever truly understand what occurred that warm summer night, what this culture of our has bred?

The night is dark, the moon not full, adrenaline is running high, outside influences in full swing — the festivities may begin. If they can be found. Hear the music, feel the vibration, follow your instincts and step into the black void, trusting your feet and altered senses to guide you safely to your destination. Ignore the threat of creeping paranoia. Let your mind go and your body will follow. (Failing that, hang on to the shirt of the person in front of you, trusting him to find the oogy spots.)

Brushing through the undergrowth, a distant glow flickers orange in your mind. This is the beginning of what you have set out to find. A source of heat that is surrounded by a circle of followers. They are mellow of character, long of hair, quietly spoken; communicating with small gestures and the occasional tip of the hand. This must be a meditation area. How intently the gathering stares into the glow, contemplating mysteries known only to each individual. The trance-like state is broken only by leprechauns who perform a primitive dance of supplication around the fire before disappearing back into the darkness. An unusual ritual.

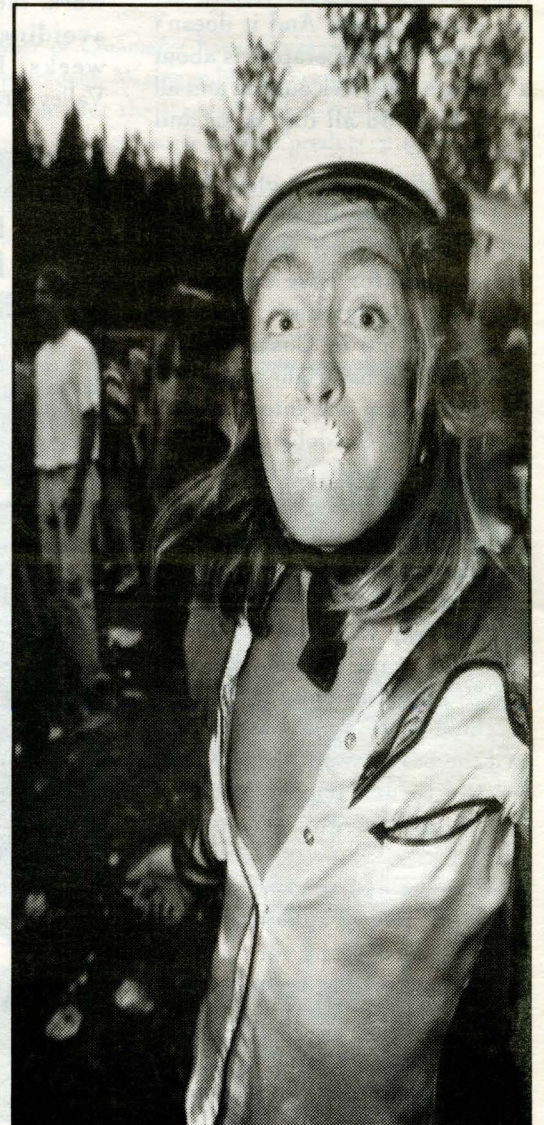
Passing by the meditation area with a soft tread, the growing crowd opens up and begins to spin. Figurines and dancing blocks play upon suspended walls, disheveled faces light and then fade amongst a stand of trees. Understanding is not etched upon the multitude of observers, amazement seems to be the look of choice. Here and there supplemented by outright looks of befuddlement. What could be causing this? The flashing images must be foreign films. Culture. Riveting yet baffling.

Adventure, Zen. Knowledge. What more could this festival offer?

Find the source. The music. Leave culture behind to approach the far end of the festival area. A group of gyrating bodies, sweating as they sway and contort, are filled with boundless energy, wrapped up in the warmth of their smiles. All face front, face the source, face the music, each deeply involved in a personal of worship. (It must be

worship — why else would everyone have their hands swaying above their heads for countless hours?) The rhythm holds sway, all attention is fixed straight ahead, the ceremony may continue for days. Perhaps it will never stop, only pause while waiting for a ritual gesture — such as the presence of a virgin. There may be a long wait. No one cares.

Is this what the 60's summer of love was like? Was the "Summer Love Rave" a faithful reproduction? Perhaps. No wonder the "People Who Live in Suits" weren't there. Too much love, not enough rules.



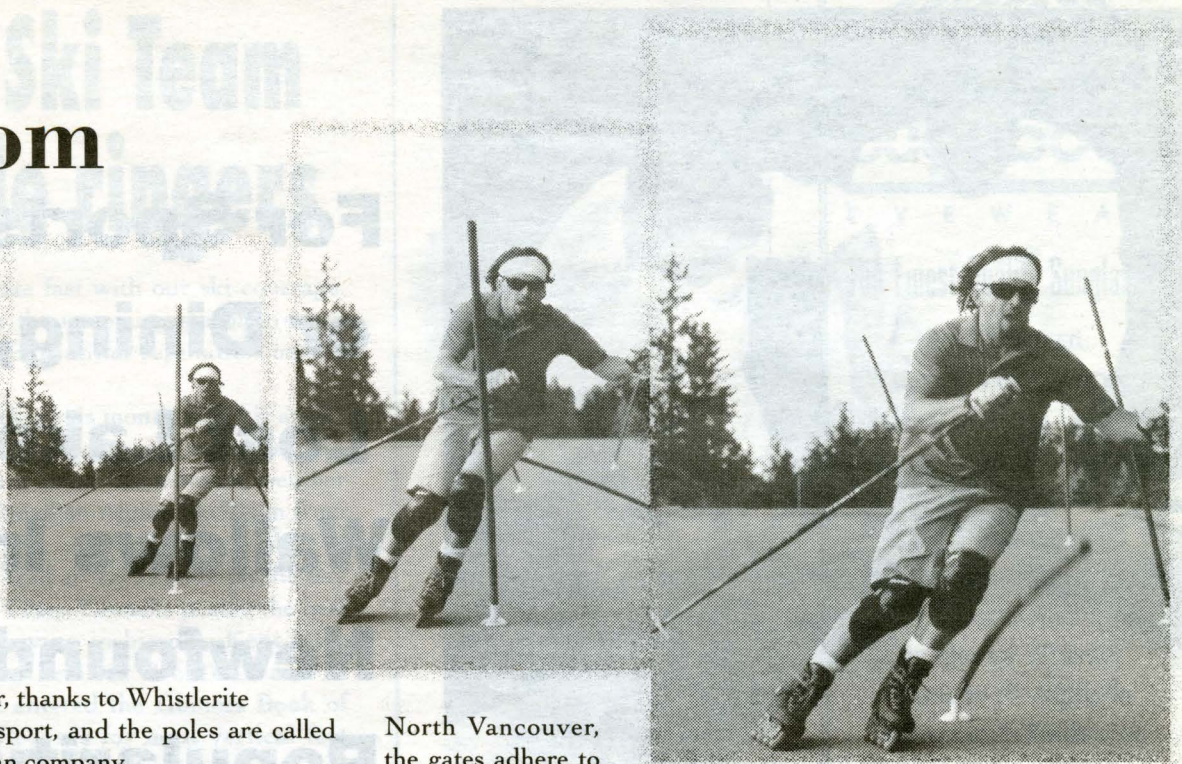
## Inline Slalom Developed by Local Lad

**I**n an era where new sports are sprouting up every week, Whistler can lay claim to the latest, and it could be a winner, thanks to Whistlerite Doug Gundlach, 29. Inline slalom is the sport, and the poles are called Gate Plates, by Slalom Systems, a Canadian company.

Originally Gundlach designed his hinged slalom poles for inline skates as a tool for ski race training, but now its come into its own, and has become a distinct sport.

"We've had an incredible response," says Gundlach. "We're doing a slalom event in San Francisco on August 2, which should be the largest inline skate event to date on the planet."

Gundlach and his partners, Phil Goeckler of Seattle and Mike Latimer, sell the thirty gate package for around \$3,000. Manufactured in



JOHN DOUGALL PHOTOS

North Vancouver, the gates adhere to the asphalt or concrete with epoxy, and the gates are hinged the same as ski poles.

The trio are directing their first wave of marketing at national ski teams and local ski clubs in the U.S. and Canada, and they plan to instigate a racing series across North America.

Blackcomb and Rollerblade Inc. are planning to instal a course at the bottom of Blackcomb, perhaps by September.



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# SCUTTLEBUTT



## For Sports or Dining, Lost Lake Wallows In Newfound Popularity



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TOURNAMENT HAPPENS ON THE GRASSY KNOLL OUTSIDE THE LOST LAKE WARMING HUT. WRIGHT ALSO HAS SOME FIRST RATE SPITS GOING ON SUNDAYS, WITH BEEF, LAMB, PIGS AND TURKEYS BEING WELCOMED TO THE HOT SEAT.



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# SCUTTLEBUTT

## The Answer Ski Team signs a couple ringers

The Answer is coming out of the gate fast with our ski coverage. Signed to our ski writing team for the upcoming season are two Whistlerites who have earned a substantial reputation on the international ski racing scene.

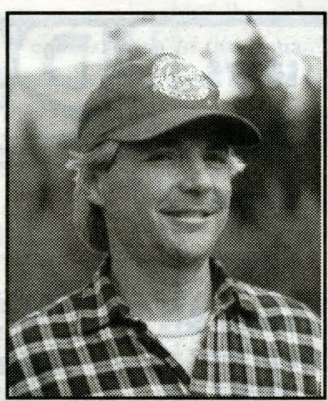
Chris Kent is starting a column on skiing this month with his analysis of the new coaching situation with the Alpine team. Kent was a member of the Canadian Alpine Ski Team from 1979 - 1986, and took a fourth place in the downhill at Val D'Isere on the day that the Crazy Canucks posted the best team showing in history. Kent later skied on the U.S. Pro Tour, and in 1991 he entered the Guinness Book of World Records for most vertical feet skied in a twenty-four hour period. Kent skied 271,161 vertical feet in the "24 Hours of Aspen." Locally, Kent has made quite an impact at t'e Saudan Couloir Race Extreme, placing first in



**CHRIS KENT**

1987, 1988 and 1990; second in 1991 and 1992. Kent is also a Level 3 Coach and has worked with adults and junior racers for the last seven years. Kent will supply readers with his unique perspective on skiing, and help the *Answer* immensely at media ski races (side bets are allowed).

Come December our ski team will be augmented by Terry "Toulouse" Spence, who this year will traveling in Europe as a coach with the National Alpine Women's Ski Team. Toulouse is a veteran of the White Circus, and has been a fixture with the Men's team dating back to Jungle Jim Hunter. Rumour has it that he was also the "fifth Beatle."



**TOULOUSE**

Toulouse has made numerous friends in international ski racing, and he will keep us posted with current news and features, and he also plans to catch up with some of the legends of skiing like Franz Klammer and Peter Mueller.

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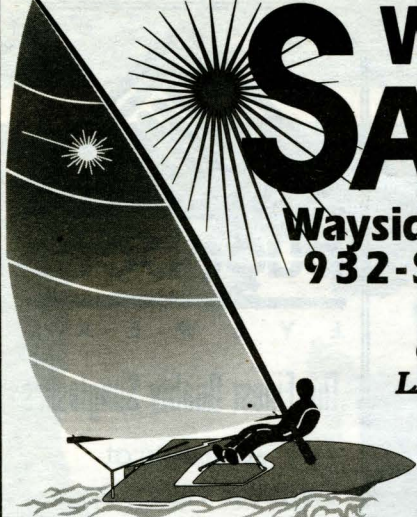


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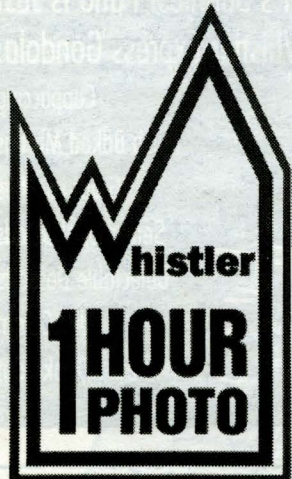
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*"Hey, don't you have anything that says Whistler on it?"*  
*"Sorry sir, BOYD's only sell normal stuff at normal prices."*

# Sporting News

By Jim Monaban

Time to pack up the gear, hang out the *gone fishin'* sign and head for a few quiet streams and pristine mountain lakes. But first, let's check in with an expert, **Dave Hughes** from Whistler Fishing Guides.

"When it's really hot it's not so easy to find rainbow trout. You have to get up a little higher to catch 'em," says Hughes. "Rainy days are either good or bad. If you can hit a spot of sun, just after some shower activity, then you should be lucky."

Into August the run-off has slowed and rivers like the Cheakamus and Birkenhead have lowered considerably. That should make for some good fishing, but don't forget to catch and release. If you're on the Birkenhead you'll notice that Chinook salmon have begun to arrive. It's illegal to catch Chinook but always fun to watch the big fish in action. The target there will be Dolly Varden who love to gobble up the spawning Chinook eggs.

"We always promote catch and release to help bring up the fish stock in the valley. Catch you limit but limit your catch," declares Hughes.

The trick is to use a barbless hook. Handle the catch as little as possible but hold them underwater until they wriggle away. You might pull back just a bit to draw some water into the gills. As Hughes explains: "They're usually pretty tuckered out after putting up a fight but if you handle them properly there's no harm done."

Whistler Fishing Guides are planning some super trips this fall at reduced prices for local anglers. Imagine catching a coho salmon in the Squamish River and being home in time for supper. Remember Taj Mahal's tune: "Put 'em in a pot, put 'em in a pan, bake 'em till they're nice and brown... mmmmm! Dave Hughes works out of the Whistler Express building alongside **Brian Leighton's** rafting company, Whistler River Adventures.

## Rock Talk...

A must read is the Rockclimbers Guide to Squamish by **Kevin McLane**. Available at the Escape Route, the new book lists over 800 climbs in the Squamish area plus a few Whistler favourites. You might start with some face climbing on Nordic Rock. Then do some boulder work on Tyrol Rock and on to Blackcomb Buttress and Green River bastion.

"Climbing has really picked up again in Whistler. There are a lot of young people coming in, people of all ages," says **Denise Spencer** of the Escape Route. "Some of our customers have been here for twenty years and are enjoying a bit of a flashback."

"We carry climbing shoes, and all the equipment at prices comparable to the Co-op in Vancouver," adds Spencer. "We can outfit you with everything you'll need from beginners to hard core climbs."

The shop offers three courses under the leadership of **Pat Post**: basic Rock One Climbing, the Rock and Ice Classic and Snow and Ice Climbing. Check in with Denise for all the details.

## Of Floats and White Water...

Here's a cushy summer job for you. Spend two days a week at Lakeside Park renting canoes, kayaks and windsurfers for **Tim Malone's** Whistler Outdoor Experience. Then spend the rest of the week guiding for **Dave Alexander's** Sea to Sky Rafting Company.

After a winter with Whistler Taxi, **Elaire Frenette** jumped at that job offer and now spends his days paddling on Alta Lake, floating down the Lillooet River or doing a little white water on the Birkenhead. Really.

"It's cool, explains the loquacious Frenette. "Earlier this year we rafted



DENISE SPENCER

ELWYN ROWLANDS PHOTO

the upper Birkenhead. To our knowledge it's the first time that's been done. Now we're getting more into the Elaho and Thompson Rivers."

Frenette will return to Ryerson in Toronto this fall to complete the fourth year of a Bachelor of Arts in Still Photography. That's sad news for local hockey scouts as Elaire played minor hockey in Red Deer, Alberta with the likes of Mark Tinordi and **Bill Ranford**.

## Ice chips and long drives...

See where **Darryl Hnatiuk** has become a hockey owner. Jimmy D's Devils will be co-sponsored by Food Plus and Whistler's Other Video. Word has it a few Chateau Sharks will make the jump to the Devils including Buffalo Bill's connection of **Scott Langtree**, **Chris Fisker** and **Tim Thomson**.

Double Eagle Golf Promotions **Pat Parker** has been busy organizing some deluxe golf get-aways for next month. The trip to the interior includes stops at Gallagers Canyon in Kelowna, Predator Ridge in Vernon and River Shores in Kamloops. We'll sneak the phone number in only at great risk and peril from the Editor's desk. Double Eagle Golf 932-4301.

According to President **Steve Radford** it's far too early to choose a favorite for the Garibaldi Golf Club Championship in mid-September. How can those guys play so much and call it working with their game? Huh, just asking. When pressed, Radford will suggest **Mike Zanier** or **Steve Legge** along with **Karen Blaylock** or **Laura Snetsinger**.

## Odds and Ends...

**John "Rabbit" Hare** sends along this bike tip of the month: "Always, always check the quick release on your front wheel." And the "Rabbit" isn't done just yet: "They're the stupidest thing ever put on bikes. They were designed for road racing and okay, some mountain bikes. There's a kit available now, with your own allen key, so you can screw the quick release right in and not have to worry about it." Also, not a bad idea for theft prevention.

Attitude at Altitude's **Dylan Doubt** reports that all is well in the wake of Summer Love. There's some very preliminary discussion about a skate-jam yet this summer. This on a very casual, non-competitive basis and nowhere near the scale of Summer Love. Any ideas on where the skateboarders could set up a decent plywood half pipe.

Congratulations to **Alexander Hosner**, who made his first trip to the baseball diamonds last week. For the old boys in the bleachers at Meadow Park it's a close call as to whom makes the best ballpark franks. Right now it's a saw-off between the Lion's Club's **Wilson Patchell** and Boston Pizza's **Kirk Aulin**.

The end. And here's to **Italo Labignan** and **Henry Waszchuk** wherever they might be.



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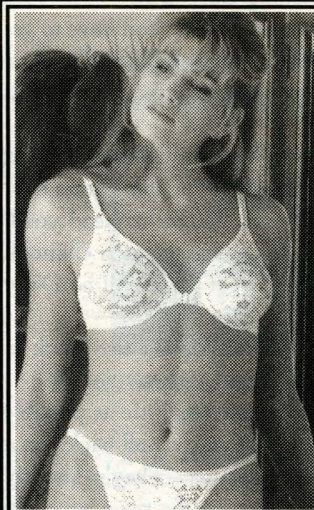
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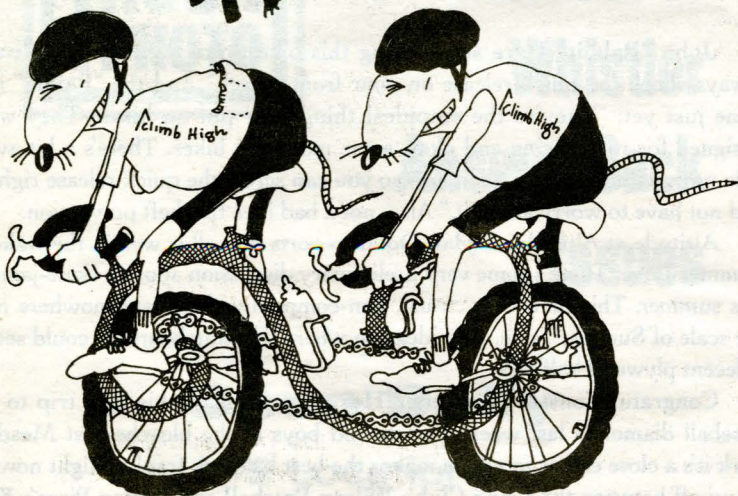
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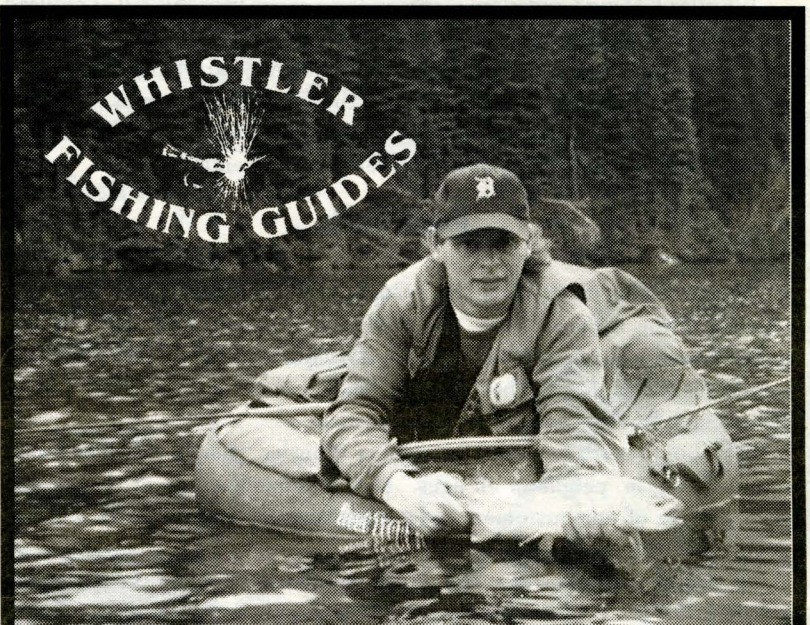
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# Sports Profile:

## JUNE BRANDON-SOUTHWELL

By Jim Monahan

It has to be one of the warmest Saturday afternoons of the summer and June Brandon-Southwell is taking some heat at the command post of the Delta Mountain Inn Spa and Tennis Club.

An overly exuberant guest had dropped a couple of wine glasses from a hotel window the previous evening. Although the pool was covered, the entire deck area will have to be swept while the pool is drained and wet-vacuumed. Guests will have to swim at the nearby Tantalus Lodge.

Brandon-Southwell is handling the crisis like a trooper: soothing guests, suggesting alternatives, organizing towels and key identification for Tantalus expeditions; co-ordinating maintenance and front-desk personnel on the clean-up project. Those things, and talking about one of her favorite subjects - tennis.

"Gabriela Sabatini is a graceful, classic tennis player," she says with some obvious admiration. "I like the way she hits the top-spin. She has a terrific backhand and I really enjoy her personality and on-court disposition."

There are some other favourite players including Steffi Graf, Monica Seles, John McEnroe and Andre Agassi.

"I just love Agassi, he's a product of his Las Vegas environment," laughs Brandon-Southwell. "A total showboat, with the long hair and clothes but more importantly he adds that element of entertainment to the game. That's what pro tennis should be - entertainment for the fans."

Steffi Graf has pure, phenomenal, athletic ability and what it takes to be a champion. Monica Seles ran into some serious audio difficulties at the Wimbledon final.

"I feel kind of sorry for Seles, but those sounds she makes on contact with the ball could be very distracting to play against," admits Brandon-Southwell. "It's just an exhaling of breath at contact that she probably learned at a very young age. It's so much a part of her focus, restricting her must have really set her timing off at Wimbledon."

There is a kind word or two for tennis bad boy John McEnroe, who Brandon-Southwell likens to a finely tuned violin, ready to snap at any moment. Never to be lauded for temper tantrums or abuse of officials, but still an artistic genius on the court.

"When I began playing the game Chris Everett was the absolute best, the most beautiful all-round player," recalls Brandon-Southwell. "Everett didn't like to rush the net so much, but pounded out those solid ground strokes."

For Brandon-Southwell the game began at the Capilano Tennis Club in North Vancouver, a tiny four court facility that was both affordable and close to home. Club pro Pat Kelly is a knowledgeable and dedicated mentor who has worked with a number of top caliber players including Robert Nettekoven, who is the current Development Director of Tennis Canada.

When teaching novice players, Brandon-Southwell begins with a ground rule basic: keep your

eye on the ball. "It sounds so simple because it applies to so many sports but most people don't know how to watch the ball," she notes. "You have to watch for the seams, the rotation, even the brand name of the ball. Watch for top-spin or back-spin, it's so important."

Toss in the big three: 1) racquet preparation, 2) footwork, 3) contact point and follow through, and you're on your way to becoming a tournament player. No problem.

"Tennis is not an instant game to learn, like adding water to make orange juice. You have to be patient and play two to three times a week over a couple of seasons to really show improvement," cautions Brandon-Southwell. "It's eas-



ier to learn than golf, which has a smaller ball and club-face. Here you can miss-hit some and still be in the court. But both sports require solid basic skills that should be taught by a professional, so you don't acquire any bad habits."

At court side Brandon-Southwell prefers an all round type of match that combines both solid ground strokes and being able to attack the net. When it comes to money, women should earn equal pay for equal play.

"Why not? Women are certainly capable of drawing the same crowds," she says. "The revenue comes from ticket sales, television, sponsorship and endorsements. Women are every bit as capable of entertaining and drawing crowds."

Men have more power and speed to their game, though women tend to have longer rallies and you can appreciate the strategies developing over a longer period of time. Although women are getting stronger all the time, comparing the two games is like apples and oranges. Brandon-Southwell scoffs at the idea of another Bobby Riggs/Billie Jean King "battle of the sexes."

"There's been talk of a Jimmy Connors/Monica Seles match but it would be a slaughter in favour of

Connors. So what," she questions. "Those things are just dumb. You can't even compare the two games, let alone decide who is the better player."

That's not to say that Brandon-Southwell doesn't have a few male challengers among her opponents at Whistler. How about Don McCormick of Veterans and Tennis Tigers fame at the Chateau, Gary Winter, Rob McSkimming or Lubos Dostal?

"They don't hold back, believe me I get a good work-out against them," she says. "I haven't played competitive tennis since coming to Whistler eight years ago, though I've managed to keep my game at a competitive level. I'm looking forward to entering some veterans tournaments next month in Vancouver."

Back in the Capilano Tennis Club days, Brandon-Southwell was ranked number three in the province as a junior player. She was also very much involved in ski racing with her sister Dale Brandon at the Grouse Mountain Tyee Ski Club.

As a Level Two racing coach, skiing and recreational ski racing are a major part of Brandon-Southwell's winter seasons at Whistler. Her husband Stephen is a photojournalist from Australia who worked for the legendary Rupert Murdoch at Aussi News Limited.

We should note that local tennis clinics and private lessons are available at the Delta Mountain Inn on request. The club has a limited membership of around 130 players, so if you're thinking of joining for next winter, now is the time to call.

When asked about her chances on the comeback trail to competitive tennis, Brandon-Southwell puts it this way: "I can't tell you how I'll do, but I will do my best."

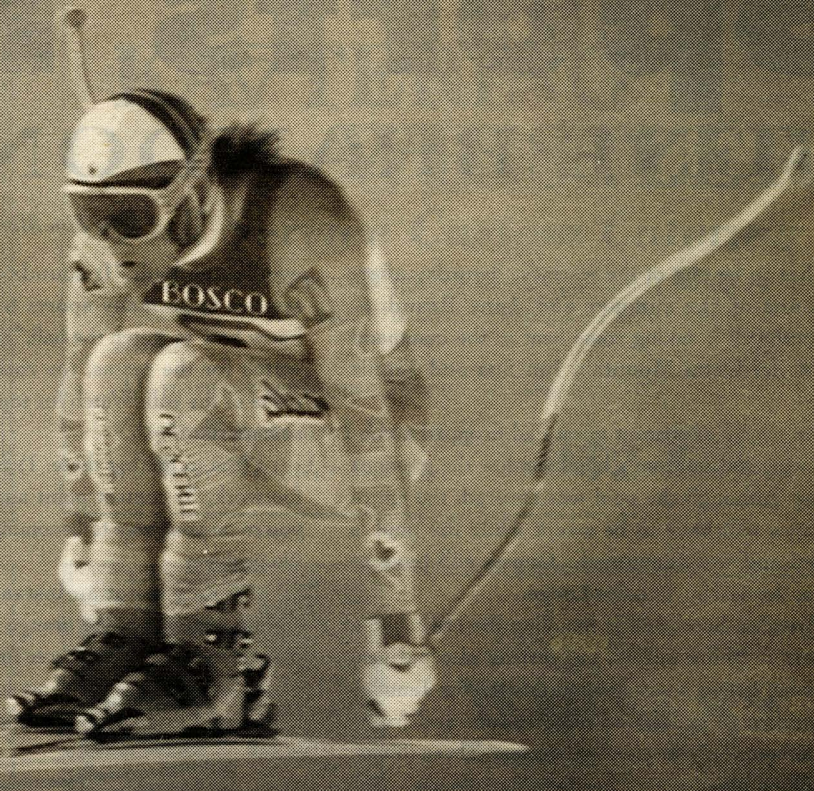
If Brandon-Southwell can handle the serve and volley as well as she looks after the guests at the Delta Mountain Inn, match point will come down to this: "no problem."

**Full Name:** June Brandon-Southwell  
**Born:** 7/11/56 Vancouver, B.C.  
**Height:** 5'7"  
**Weight:** 140 lbs.  
**Occupation:** Resident Tennis Professional  
**Sponsors:** Tennis: Prince Tennis Equipment  
Skiing: Kastle, Dynastar, Look, Carrera & Effie  
June is a fine athlete who excels at both tennis and recreational ski racing.

## Skiing

# Coaching Changes Will Benefit Canadian Team

By Chris Kent



BOYD BY WING

Our National Alpine Ski Team was in Whistler in July, training on Blackcomb's Horstman Glacier. After a lengthy spring break the main focus of the

camp was adjusting to the many coaching changes. Of particular interest is that the team now has head coaches for both the mens and womens team-something they didn't have last

year.

The Alpine executive nixed the head coaches last year, with only the discipline coaches being available to assume head coach

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responsibilities. This arrangement failed on the mens team back in 1984. Lack of funds was the reason given by the executive to eliminate the head coaching positions, and the lesson was learned again.-something they didn't have last year.

The Alpine executive nixed the head coaches last year, with only the discipline coaches being available to assume head coach responsibilities. This arrangement failed on the mens team back in 1984. Lack of funds was the reason given by the executive to eliminate the head coaching positions, and the lesson was learned again.-something they didn't have last year.

The situation should now be stabilized with the two head coaching positions, which have been filled by capable and experienced coaches. Paul Venner, from Prince George, has taken over the reins with the women's team, while Martin Rufener, a Swiss national, is directing the men.

Venner has been coaching so long you'd be hard pressed to find anyone who's seen him ski with poles. Rufener has held some prestigious jobs, including U.S. womens team coach and the Swiss Team Europa Cup coach.

Venner, nicknamed "Backwoods Venner" because of his background as a tree planter, has a delightfully simple approach to life and to ski racing. His presence will be a breath of fresh air for the women's program. Venner will be able to help the team ignore certain issues which have clouded the mood and competitive spirit of the team and let them get on with business.

Rufener also has the ability to make a significant impact on the direction of the mens team. Last year's system didn't work because the respective discipline coaches were too busy. Now Rufener will set the program and philosophy, with Germaine Barrette and Dave Kerwynn coaching the downhill and technical teams, respectively.

In their new positions both head coaches bring interesting perspectives to their teams. For years Venner coached mens downhill, while Rufener has lots of experience with women, so they bring to each program aspects of coaching members of the opposite sex. Venner's simplicity, which has historically been suitable for coaching men will help the women to simplify their task. Rufener's ability to deal effectively with females can help the men. They too need attention from time to time, especially the younger racers and those in a slump.

Athlete management is what both coaches must focus on in the near future to bring the teams up to the next step of development. There are already signs of this happening now.

However, there are three issues which require attention: 1) the racer's skiing confidence, 2) the general psychological approach, 3) injuries.

#### **Skiing Confidence**

I entered the ski team while the Crazy Canucks were in their prime. We immediately were put on the same program as Ken Read and Steve Podborski. Unfortunately, my generation suffered because our development was improperly managed. We had only one racer

win on the World Cup level, Todd Brooker. We definitely needed our own program.

This situation, while recently improved, need much more attention. I believe our racers have specialized in either the downhill or slalom too early in their careers. They'll need more work on their non-specialized events, but particularly in giant slalom as a base for their overall ski skills. Rufener has already made serious steps in this direction.

#### **Psychology**

Competing at world class levels requires a specific psychological approach. Team work and individual attention requires some alteration on our team. Team work has best been utilized recently by the Norwegian team. They have been outstanding in Olympic and World Cup from the mens side, and now that success is spilling over to the women. We must study their situation and emulate it. Basically, we need all our coaches and racers to support each other and aim for victory from team mates instead of simply on individual wins.

Our coaches need to pay more attention to the racers who are not performing as well as they should. One of the biggest problems of the past is that these racers are ignored, while the winners get all the attention. Sure the winners need some attention, but if we ever want depth on our team, moral support and problem solving must be emphasized for those who are not yet successful. If not, these racers will quickly lose their incentive, and their talent will be forever lost.

#### **Injury Management**

Injury management is another weakness that should be improved. Rob Boyd and Lucie Laroche are two high profile athletes injured last year who were both played poorly. When coming back to competition an injured competitor needs the time and environment in which confidence can be gained back. The Olympics were the main thing that brought them both back too soon.

Boyd should have been in better physical shape, particularly in strength, and he should have had more skiing. He should not have raced Garmisch without some specific downhill training. Unfortunately, he suffered a season ending knee injury which put the rest of his career at risk.

Laroche never gained any confidence back and was injured in a training run at the Olympics on a course that was simply out of her league at the time. Many similar examples exist in the team's recent history, and must not be repeated.

Paul Venner and Martin Rufener certainly have major tasks ahead of them, including the aforementioned fundamental problems which have existed for years. In speaking with some of the team members it sounds like these problems are now acknowledged, and already being addressed.

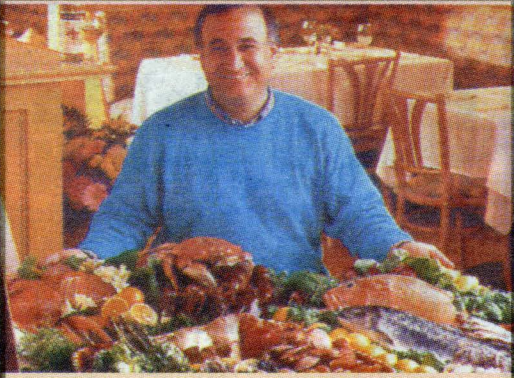
They're not the only problems but if they are given some attention the team's inertia could be eliminated, and the team could be headed in a more productive direction. I wish all they coaches and racers good luck with the new arrangements.

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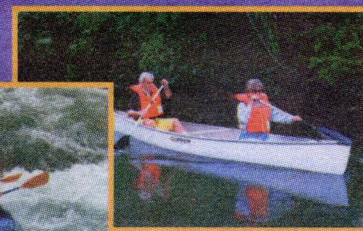
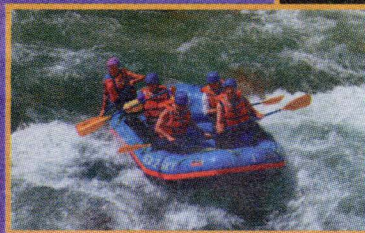
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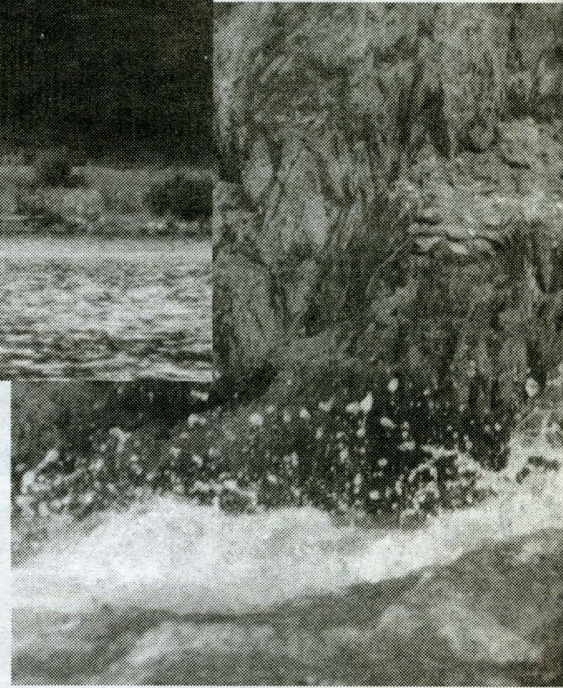
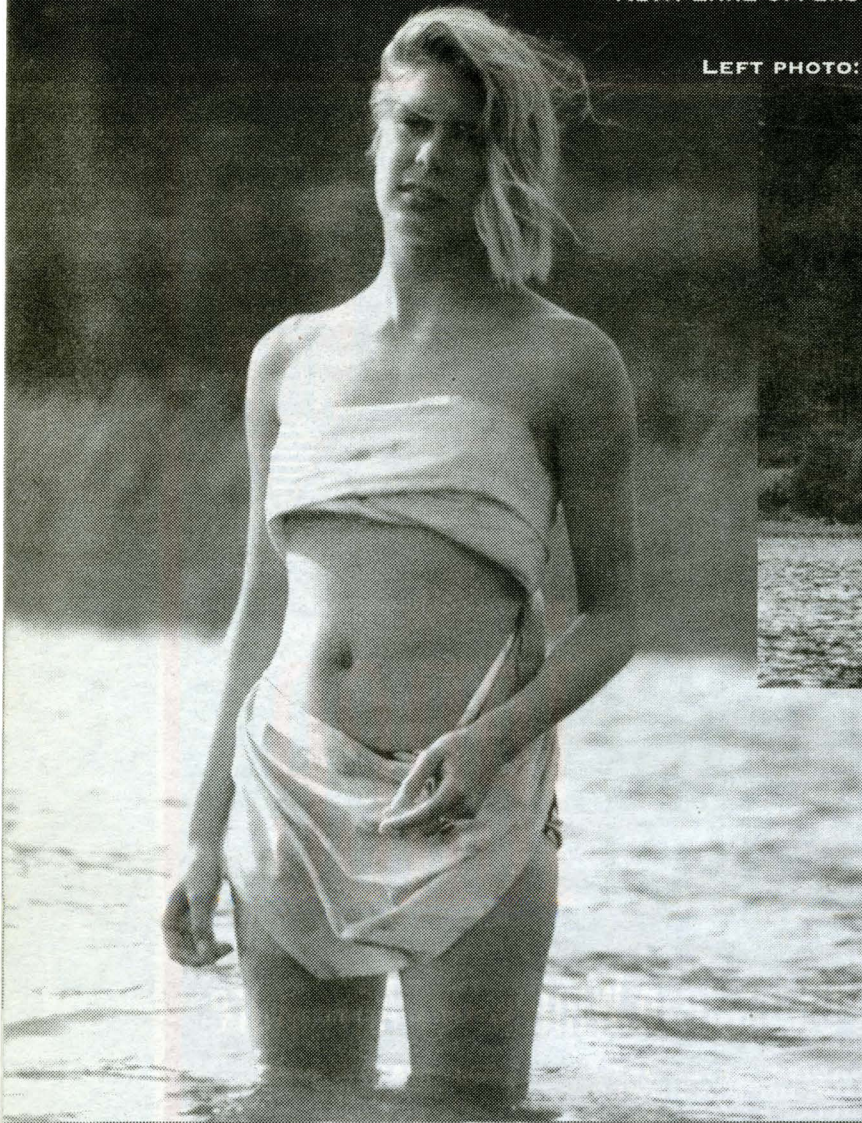


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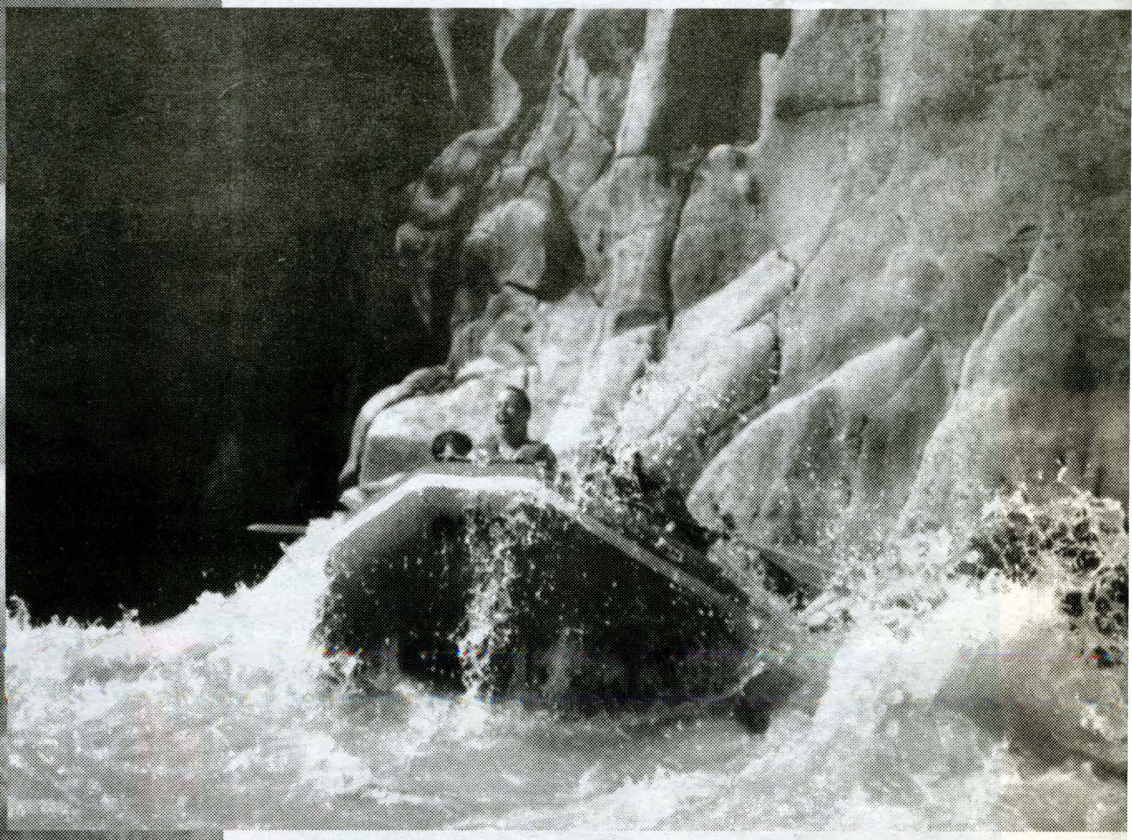
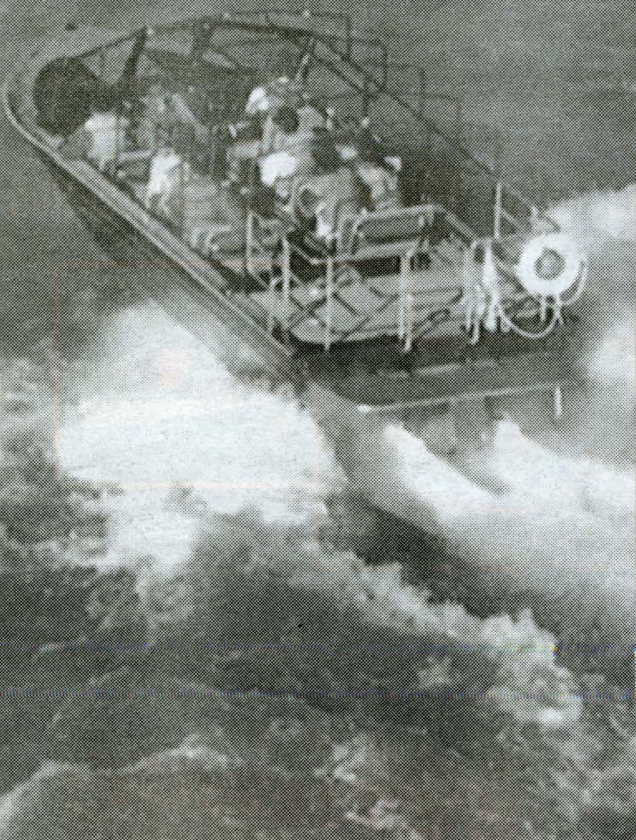
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LEFT PHOTO: LARRY CHARRON, BOTTOM PHOTO: BOB COLEBROOK



## Hydrogen: 2.....

ERIC BERGER PHOTOS



LEFT: JET BOATING ON THE LILLOOET RIVER IS A THRILL A NANOSECOND. TOP: RIVER RAFTING IS POSSIBLE ON VIRTUALLY EVERY LOCAL RIVER. RIGHT: SOLO JAZZ WHITEWATER RAFTING.

PAUL MORRISON PHOTO

**BELOW: JIM "ADVENTURE MEISTER" ORAVA POPS A BACK-ENDER ON THE MIGHTY BIRKENHEAD RIVER.  
NIGEL PROTTER PHOTO**



**ABOVE: DR. HUGH FISHER, OF PEMBERTON, AND 15 OTHER WHISTLER AREA RESIDENTS ARE SOON HEADING OUT FOR THE WORLD OUTRIGGER CANOE RACING COMPETITION DOWN IN SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA. THEY'LL BE PADDLING 1, 6 AND 12 PERSON CANOES, AT SPEEDS OF UP TO 17 KM/HR IN MEN'S AND WOMEN'S EVENTS. NIGEL PROTTER PHOTO**

## **.....Oxygen: 1**



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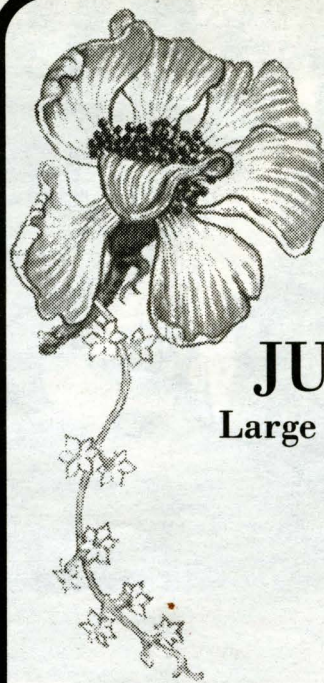
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**The dream:** "Indurain looks tired, but he's steady. Chiappucci and Fignon are looking strong. Indurain breaks away and the trailing group is dropped. But wait, here comes Onrot, known for his endurance climbing. He's been laying low, just waiting for the Alps. Sestriere is just ahead and now Onrot's dropping Indurain. Across the finish line, arms outstretched and onto the podium he receives his yellow jersey."

**The reality:** It was a hot day in July for the Blackcomb/BRC cross-country. I started strong, just trailing the lead veterans up the first hill. I felt great on the first lap, but didn't drink enough in the heat. Thirst lags behind water loss. I'd forgotten to drink a litre before the race to "pre-load" and hadn't been drinking steadily on the trail. It's almost impossible to drink too much in a race. How many Tour de France racers stop to pee on a seven hour stage? The second lap was slower, but I was still riding steady. By the third lap up the Wizard hill, I was reeling. Eric Crowe was the first of a succession of pros to lap me. *Damn, that guy has great oxygen uptake. I'll bet he clears that lactate too. Maximal oxygen uptake and lactate clearance rates are measures of cardiorespiratory aerobic fitness. The more you train, the better they function. Then the lead sportswoman blew by me. Check out her muscle glycogen! Are my stores depleted already?*

My willpower to pedal just couldn't overcome my lassitude. I was better suited for a couch-potato afternoon with the Blue Jays than another lap. I swore that this would never happen again. (I'd give up racing.) But, there was a more mature approach. I knew that if I was going to have any chance in this race, I'd better be able to reason this out. And someday, I could write about it and maybe help someone else (male veteran riders need not read further).

As I chugged along I reviewed the basics. My muscles needed fuel, lots of it, in continuous supply. Fat breakdown for fuel is OK early in exercise and at low work intensity, but I was feeling more like "the hardest working man in show business". I was definitely not feeling better than James Brown...hunh. Protein degradation for energy has the ability to meet short-lived sudden increases in demand, but is only available in small amounts. I needed more energy than that, my mind was writing cheques,

but my body just didn't have the cash. Long-distance cycling success resides in the "carbo zone". Carbohydrates are carbon-based compounds which serve as a major energy source in the body. Glucose is a sugar or "simple" carbohydrate and circulates in the blood as an available energy source. Glucose molecules can be linked and stored in tissues (such as liver and muscle) as glycogen, a complex carbohydrate. During endurance exercise, circulating glucose (available from glycogen breakdown in the liver and from ingested foodstuffs), and muscle glycogen provide the major fuel sources.

My scientific whimsy was interrupted by yet another sportswoman huffing by me. She was a regular riding buddy and I was used to leaving her far behind. Any extra effort to keep up to her would bring on pain in my legs and exhaustion. I knew now that I was truly "hitting the wall", "exploding", or "running on empty". No more muscle glycogen. My only carbo source now was my "spaghetti legs". With exercise, muscle glycogen gradually falls, and depletion of stores coincides with exhaustion, a fair description of my status. I knew that next time, I'd better have more reserves. I needed to optimize my glycogen stores before the race, replace lost carbos during the race, and decrease my rate of utilization by using more fat. Here's where I could use my higher education to advantage. Too bad there aren't any good legal performance-enhancing drugs since therein lay my true expertise.

I was in the granny gear and labouring up modest pitches on *Panorama* that I had earlier sailed up in the middle ring. Anything steeper had me walking. I was no longer racing, I was struggling just to finish. Even the downhills found me easily pushed off line. On *Vimy Ridge*, I was wobbling enough to flunk a roadside walk test. I wanted to smash the next person who cruised by me yelling, "course". I had to figure out how to carbo load.

Obviously a carbo-rich diet would be the answer, but I'd have to convince my tissues to assimilate the maximal amount. It turns out that glycogen-depleted muscles can store new glycogen at twice the rate of normal muscle. Therefore, I had to exercise hard, put my muscles into a glycogen-depleted state, then load up with carbos for 2 or 3 days before a race, avoiding strenuous rides, and just working out lightly. Apparently, because of the nature of cycling, carbo loading actually works better than in other sports such as running. Proper carbo loading even makes it easier for muscles to store water and prevents dehydration.

Complex carbohydrates or starches are larger compounds which are broken down at a slower rate than simple carbohydrates. Thus they provide a steadier source of energy and are more efficient at loading the muscles with glycogen. Sometimes good things are even good

for you. I love pasta! Other complex carbos include brown rice, whole grains, cereals, bread from unrefined flour, most veggies (especially potatoes) and fruits. I love that stuff too, it won't be that tough. I knew that I ate too much cheese, but hey, how dedicated can a man be?

Just thinking about eating made me feel better. But, my reverie was interrupted by some guy with a long graying pony tail leaving me in his dust.. I'd heard him referred to as "granny" and that was the last straw. *He's probably still got some liver glycogen.* Liver glycogen provides the main source of glucose during a race. Muscle glycogen supplies are intact after overnight fasting, but liver glycogen can be suboptimal. Thus, a modest meal, high in complex carbohydrate, about 2 to 4 hours before exercise is important to top up your stores. (For a race beginning at 9 am, this takes real dedication).

Fatty and/or high protein meals before a race will only slow you down and use up water for digestion. I'd been tasting that bacon and eggs since the first lap. also, ingesting glucose (or other simple carbos) immediately before a race will 1) decrease ability to use fat for energy and 2) risk a lower glucose later in the race. It is best to take your carbohydrates during exercise, especially if it lasts over two hours, in order to keep up blood glucose and diminish reliance on muscle glycogen. I'd scoffed at those trendy riders packing *Powerbars*. My mistake.

Down the horse trail, twigs felt like logs and pebbles like boulders. My arms felt like they were reaching 20 feet across to the handlebars. I couldn't think straight. I knew that my brain wasn't getting enough glucose now and I was truly bonking. All I wanted was off. I staggered across the finish line in just over 2 hours and collapsed. I must have gulped 3 to 5 litres of water (and beer) in the next half hour before I felt human again. But, I knew things would be different next time. I'd carbo load, drink as much as I could to maintain my hydration during a race, eat carbos before and during the race, and train a hell of a lot harder.

Well, I got a lot fitter that summer, but damned if every other vet didn't get fitter too. I resigned myself to winning door prizes and the occasional Blackcomb hat or BRC T-shirt. It was time to resume my career as a nifty dancer. So, happy (single track) trails and see you at the Cheakamus Challenge.

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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# MUSIC

## Spirit of the West Gets the Spirit of Whistler

By Bob Colebrook

**S**pirit of the West have changed dramatically over their nine year history. Gone are the long political introductions to songs and the Celtic folk image has bit the dust in a wail of electric guitars and a drum kit.

The Spirit's music has matured, as have the players. No longer the fresh faced cherubs who sprang out of North Vancouver and captured the hearts of the alternative crowd with their earnest but sometimes naive political-based songs, they appear to have a better grip on their role as musicians and entertainers.

They are veterans of the music wars, with five albums to their credit, six videos that have received considerable airplay on MuchMusic, and they have won the CARAS (Canadian Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences) West Coast Music Award for Roots Performers of the Year in 1986, 1988 and 1990, as well as the Canadian Organization of Campus Activities 1991 Entertainer of the Year Award.

No longer are they a mainly acoustic trio, and their personnel changes have been designed to give the band a harder edge. Gone is acoustic guitarist Jay Knutson and present and accounted for are Hugh McMillan on bass, mandolin, Chapman Stick and vocals (joined in 1986); Linda McRae on bass, accordion and vocals (joined in 1988); and Vince Ditrich, drummer extraordinaire (joined last year).

The Spirit's discussed their transformation over a late afternoon breakfast at the Southside Deli, after a five lake bicycle tour and a quick dip in Alta Lake.

"The change seemed inevitable," observes Hugh McMillan, "we were getting slotted as a Celtic band and we never professed to be, it was a misrepresentation."

Singer and guitarist John Mann adds: "It was always the way we heard ourselves in our head. We always thought we had a harder edge, and we started to hate being called folkies."

Two of the artists the Spirit's admire, the Beatles and Neil Young, constantly changed their approach, and kept everyone guessing.

Flautist, guitarist and vocalist Geoffrey Kelly notes: "I think we're still along way from our ultimate musical definition, we're always evolving. But I think what we're doing now is

the most honest representation."

The Spirit's focus now more on the music and entertaining, and less on the didactic.

"We let the lyrics and the point of view explain the songs," notes Mann. "We're not Billy Bragg or Peter Garret (of Midnight Oil). We're not as well informed as they are, but we're getting wiser."

The Spirit's play mostly concert dates these days, and travel extensively in Europe. Playing a bar again with a "boogie" audience is not their first choice of venues, however, they can still drag out the odd drinking song and play it with enthusiasm.

And the bar is definitely not the place to dwell on politics and perhaps bore the audience with long politically correct song introductions.

"We were guilty of giving away the story before we played it," says Kelly of their earlier politically charged material, which dealt with issues ranging from native land claims to pollution to evicting senior citizens from low rent hotels during Expo.

Mann notes their new maturity, and reflects on their developing political consciousness: "When we first started we were seeing things in black and white. As we get older, and hopefully wiser, there's more grey. Hopefully our lyrics are becoming more personal. Sometimes you just don't know what to think anymore."

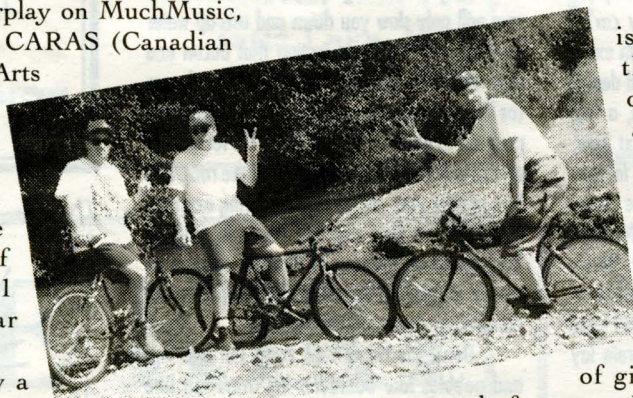
The Spirit's are working on new songs, and a new album is being planned.

While the Spirits have played Whistler five times, the most recent being in May and late July, they've never really seen anything other than the town centre and the band house. After their bike ride they were very impressed with Whistler, which was a definite change of heart. They were so caught up with enthusiasm over their day in the sun, that over breakfast they proposed to change their name to Municipal Love Enforcement (after the slogan of the Summer of Love T-shirts), and they discussed naming their next album River of Golden Dreams.

Wouldn't that be a gas?



JOHN MANN THINKS RIVER OF GOLDEN DREAMS WOULD MAKE AN EXCELLENT TITLE FOR THEIR NEXT ALBUM.



GEOFFREY KELLY AGREES.

ERIC BERGER PHOTOS

# The Golden State: Right Out Of Control

By Christina Sultan

"Go ahead and kill us. We're already dead and we're going to kill you too."

—Los Angeles teenager, 1992

If there's been one major disappointment in my life, apart from Richard Nixon, it's California. My older circle of friends, (the wise old owls who still party quite heavily), always nod sagely when I comment on this, and throw in the advice, "Well, you shoulda been there in the early Sixties. Callie was really beautiful back then, with not so many people. Yep, it sure was a nice place."

Apparently, California is now full of assholes on the coast who get into fights over surfing territory like it's an L.A. drug zone. Let's all go watch *Point Break* and get the feel for the real anti-groove-in, get-your-Cadillac-convertible-off-my-beach-scene, you hippie, yippie, yuppie tourist.

What the hell is the big hang-up with California, anyway? Why do more people want to live there than anywhere else on this

planet?

The road up to Big Sur made me so sick to my stomach I couldn't finish my Mexican beer and Venice Beach was deserted, with no babes to be seen anywhere. Probably the strongest disaffection I have for the state is L.A., where you can't roam freely, as you will instantly be followed by cars full of blacks wearing the darkest of dark shades. It doesn't matter if you think you are the blackest white person around, it's going to make you nervous. Your car assumes the status of Buddy the Bodyguard and you loathe leaving it.

What do children do for fun in L.A.? (Besides skating.) Count the number driving with guns of the freeway, check out the day's smog level and rejoice in the artistry of cynical graffiti. Heading home up the Oregon coast was a breath of fresh, de-advertised air, a step

away from the crazy, hyper space world of Callie, America, land of food for the Gods and scarecrow graveyards for our children, so old and starved they can no longer remember sandbox pee or recess-time reward. Fellow mourners beware, presumably they've already died.



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2 & 3

**Barrence Whitfield  
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7 & 8

**Vertigo**

9

**Rumpelsteelskin**

14 & 15

**Pressure**

16 & 17

**Roots Roundup**

21 & 22

**Cease & Desist**

23

**Haunted Garage**

27

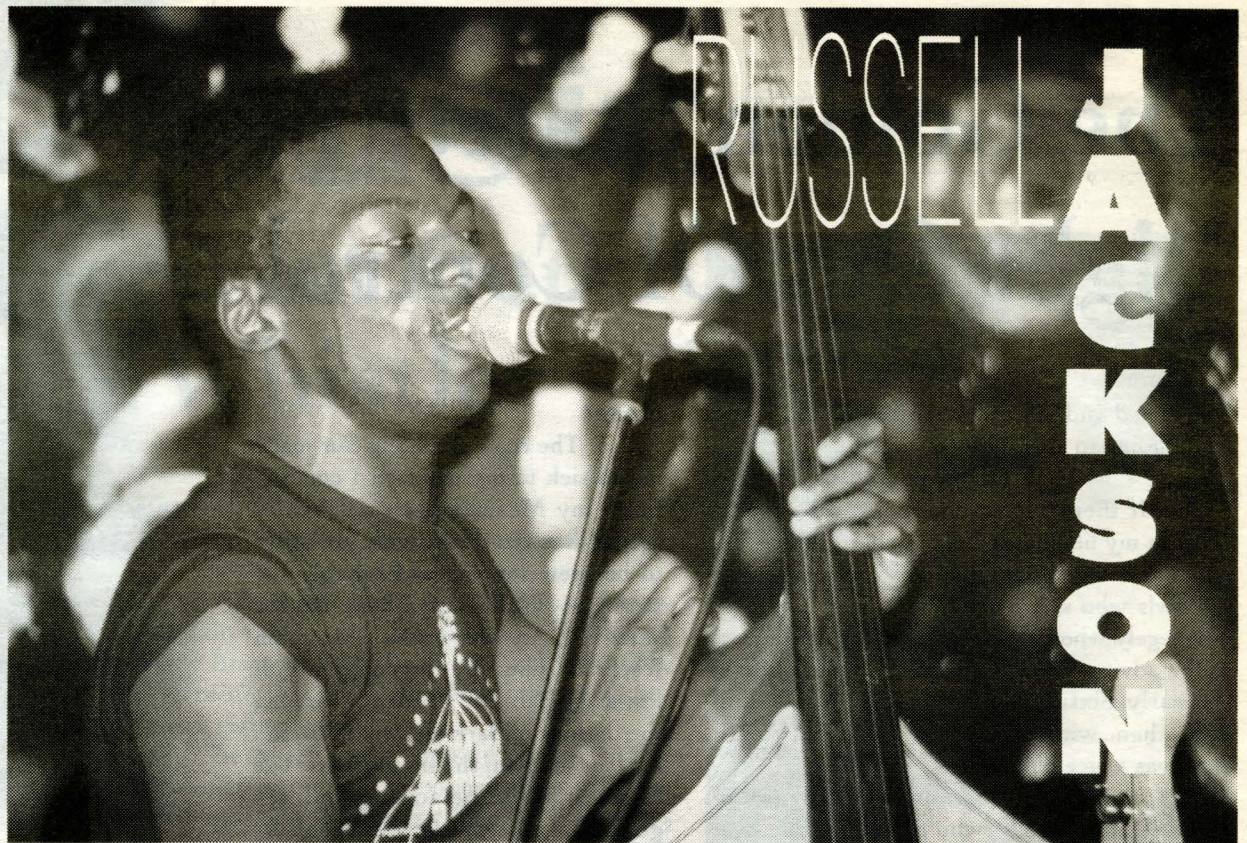
**Doug & the Slugs**

28 & 29

**Bobby Cameron**

30

**Jho Nekkhone**



The Blues Come Around

*By Stephen Vogler*

I caught Russell Jackson down at the Boot Pub on Friday night and my shoe soles are still steaming. With his five piece band Jackson took the blues through the paces, stretching it out into jazz on his standup bass, strumming out slow blues and R&B on one electric, and playing thumb slapping funk on his third bass.

Jackson is originally from Wichita, Kansas. He started playing the bass in '74 and by the late 70's found himself in Chicago.

"That's where it was all happening at that time," he says. He ended up playing with the likes of B.B. King, Albert King, Mad Murphy, Kenny Neal and a list that is so long he needs a scroll to show his credentials. I asked him frankly if he started laying with all those great blues men because he was so good, or if he was just in the right place at the right time.

"Both of those," he said, "And a little luck." He added with a smile. But Russell Jackson didn't always play the blues, and the route that took him there has a touch of irony to it. He started out playing rock n' roll and was turned on by the sounds of John Paul Jones, the bassist from Led Zeppelin. Jones had gone back to the old blues players for inspiration and ended up playing a very blues influenced rock. To com-

plete the bizarre circle, the man from Wichita, Kansas was led back to the blues by an English rock n' roller.

Nowdays Russell Jackson is living in New Westminster, playing the Vancouver area with his band, (including a monthly

stop at Whistler), and sometimes going on the road to the prairies and further east.

"A good working band's got to get out on the road a little," he says, "You can't just play the Vancouver area all the time." Outside of the lower mainland



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and the rest of B.C. they find there are less bands around and the people are thirsty for live music, so the bars are willing to pay you reasonably.

The Russell Jackson Band is working twenty to twenty-three nights a month and they're enjoying it.

"I've been making my living as a musician for twelve years now." Jackson says proudly, "It's what I love to do." He doesn't have a lot of respect for the idea of keeping your day job and making the music secondary.

"It's not good for the position of the musicians," he says, "If the guys don't need to make their living at it, then the clubs start paying less and getting away with it."

At the moment the Russell Jackson Band consists of Dave Webb on keyboards, Theo Brown on drums, Howard Able on guitar, and on Friday night, guest saxophonist Gerry Cook. I asked Russell if he liked playing with a bigger band sometimes.

"I'd love to have a three piece horn section and backup singers and the whole bit," he says, "James Brown plays with a thirty-two piece band." But a big band like that just isn't feasible these days

And Russell doesn't seem to mind doing without the thirty-two piece orchestra. He's making his living and enjoying himself doing it. It's like a line from one of his own blues tunes:

*Every man's gotta do what he gotta do  
In order to do what he wanna do*



LONG JOHN BALDRY BROUGHT HIS "BOOGIE-WOOGIE MUSIC" TO BILL'S LAST MONTH.  
ELWYN ROWLANDS PHOTO

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# A Con

by Stephen Vogler

"It's FUNNY," said Sam, "I mean it happened a good forty years ago, but I remember it like it was just yesterday."

He was trying to break the ice with his new acquaintance, Gerald, who sat uneasily across the table from the older man.

"I was standing at the intersection," Sam went on, "just out front of the market there where these three streets meet. Of course, this was during the war and Granville Island was quite a different place then. The market wasn't here at all and these tin roofed buildings were used for manufacturing machinery for the war.

"Anyways, as I stood at that intersection I was waiting for a delivery truck to arrive. It was supposed to deliver steel to the manufacturers and pick up machined parts to be shipped off for use in the war.

"Anywise, as I stood at that intersection I was waiting for a delivery truck to arrive. It was supposed to deliver steel to the manufacturers and pick up machined parts to be shipped off for use in the war. But as my buddy, Max, found out, that wasn't all they were doing. It turned out they were manufacturing illegal weapons there as well, and selling them to the highest bidders."

Gerald looked out the window at the seagulls and pigeons who scrambled for food on the bricks outside the market. All he wanted right now was for his girlfriend Hillary to show up so that he could say how nice it was to meet her father, and then the two of them could spend the weekend together before he had to leave for the prairies. But Hillary wasn't there yet and the old man's story was just beginning to grab his attention.

"That's the funny thing about wars, Gerald. On the surface everything seems so clear-cut and black and white. But as you start to wade into it a little, there's all kinds of scams going on. It's a big business. And during a war there's always lots of work around, even the kind of work that I did." He ran a hand over his scruffy, grey beard and his eyes were bright as they swam through past recollections.

"When the truck finally arrived we knew exactly what to do. We had watched them so many times before that we knew the routine by heart. They'd pull the truck up to the warehouse and begin unloading steel. When all that was unloaded they'd start loading boxes from

the warehouse back to the truck. The driver would then get out of the cab, walk along the side of the building with a suitcase in his hand, and enter the back door.

"That was when we popped into action. When the driver got out of the truck, I signaled to Max who waited near the back door. He walked in then and asked the shipper to look for a misplaced order. When the drop-off man arrived, Max intercepted the suitcase and then handed it off to me as I walked along to the back alley.

"It was a beautiful piece of work. We had a boat waiting on the shore and immediately headed off for Coal Harbour. We opened the case on the boat, and sure enough, there were twenty thousand dollars in crisp bills looking straight at us."

There was a look of amazement on Gerald's face and Sam knew that he had him in full tow with his story now. Before he went on he noticed the closely cropped dark hair of the young man and the austere look in his eyes.

"Now I know what you're thinking, Gerald: that we just scooped some easy money instead of working hard for it like everybody else. But we'd staked that place out for months. We'd watched every move of every person involved in that weapons deal. We knew what they wore, how they walked, and how we could expect any of them to act in a given situation. You need to know all these details if you're going to con someone successfully.

"The funny thing is, it's not all that different than the skills that a cop uses." Gerald made a slight twitch with his head and Sam noticed it before he went on. "It's the other side of the same coin. They've got to watch every little detail too, so they can read the situation and know what's going on. I used to get my back up when I came across a cop or a security guard. But then I started to realize they're playing the same game that I am. It really just comes down to who plays it better.

"Sure you could say that the cops are upholding the law, keeping right and wrong in their proper place - if only it were that simple. How many crooked dealings go on within the law? Thievery and dishonesty are everywhere. Lawyers and politicians and doctors and policemen pull little scams everyday, sometimes big scams. But they play with the rules on their side; they hide within the rules. It's the

perfect disguise.

"There's a funny ending to my story, Gerald. We watched those gun-runners for another couple of months. The delivery trucks still arrived, but the man with the suitcase never walked to the back door anymore. When that case of money got intercepted they either moved their drop off point elsewhere or stopped the dealings altogether, fearing that somebody was onto them.

"They probably thought it was the feds when it was just Max and me out-conning them." He slapped his leg and laughed. "Of course nowadays it's pretty hard to pull off a good piece of work like that. The cops have got computers in their cars and information coming out of their ears. You've got to know your computers now - just like any field. That's where the big cons are going on these days."

Gerald suddenly looked up and saw Hillary walking towards their table. She pushed her long blonde hair behind her ear and there was the hint of a smile on her face.

"Sorry, I'm late," she said. "I see you two have already met. Has dad been telling you tall tales from the past?"

Gerald nodded and smiled.

"Well, somebody has to keep him entertained while we waited for you," Sam said.

"I had so much to get ready for our trip. We're going to the Gulf Islands for the weekend, Dad, and on Monday Gerald's going to Regina for a few months, for job training," she added. "If I wasn't so late we wouldn't have to rush off to catch the ferry right away. Sorry to run off on you, Dad."

"Oh that's okay. I'll see you next week," Sam said.

The two men stood up.

"It was nice to meet you," said Gerald.

"You too," said Sam. They shook hands and looked at each other for a moment. "I'm sure I'll see you when you get back from Regina." He didn't bother to ask what kind of training Gerald was getting. He'd already figured it out.

"Have a good weekend, you two." He waved to them as they walked off, and then sat back down in his chair and slapped his leg and laughed.

"My daughter," he said to himself, "going out with a cop."

# TOONZ<sup>in</sup> the NOOZ

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*Don't Get Weird On Me Babe*

**Lloyd Cole**  
Capital Records

Being a staunch L.C. fan since breaking with the Comotions I might be expected to also like his solo projects, and I do, of course, just a lot more. His new disc starts off with quick snappy tunes, but soon slows down to a more "close the deal" type mood. Blessed with a rich and powerful, clean voice, his lyrics cut deep. Songs like "Tell Your Sister" and "She's a Girl and I'm a Man" prove his commercial success is no fluke. String blistering guitar solos by Robert Quine *almost* gave me a chub. Kind of brought memories of old Stevie Ray on old Bowie albums. All in all, "puts me in the celebrating mood."

Rate ◆◆◆◆ - Hersh

*Diva*

**Annie Lennox**  
Arista

Once one of the giants of 80's pop, Annie Lennox of the Eurythmics has gone solo. Since splitting from her ex-musical collaborator, Dave Stewart, she has written some sappy tunes. Knowing it's her first attempt, and giving some credit, I really find it boring and excruciatingly hostile to the

eardrums. One song, "Why?" boasts dumb and despicable lyrics. Another, "Little Bird" will have a few watery-eyed listeners saying they feel sorry for her. Pretty disappointing! This disc should have been listed "Gospel". Sorry!

Rate ◆ - Hersh

**Teenage Fan Club**  
Independent

This band reeks of tight, catchy guitar rock, clear, direct and to the point. Not knowing too much about the band, I first heard it at my buddy's house in Van groovy. They are probably some how to no income semi punk band. These guys probably hurt themselves in concert because they play so hard. Can't wait to buy the CD so I can play it at the Deli very loud so I can turn a few tables Sunday mornings. A punk dessert treat.

Rate ◆◆◆◆◆ - Hersh

*Tales of a Danceographic Ocean*

**Jam & Spoon**  
R & S Records 12"

Reportedly the hottest dance track in European nightclubs...and rightfully so.

From its heavenly euphoric intro to the crescendo attack of beats to the senses,

this track has enough juice to motivate the most stable Whistler crowd.

The title track is a frenzied orgy of sounds, dreamily orchestrated to create a climax on the dance floor. The denouement for the crowd arises by a strategically placed sample of a haunting Spanish guitar, bleeding through ecstatic moans of the "perfect female companion".

Tales of a Danceographic Ocean is exactly what it entails. It wets the listeners senses and compliments mountain sounds with abandon. If Jam and Spoon are any indication of the future in instrumental dance tracks. Take me to the promised land! Ooooh that beat!

Rate ◆◆◆◆◆ - Spun-K

*Cop Killer*

**Ice T & Body Count**  
Warner Bros. (Not available in Canada)

Thanks to groups like the PMRC, releases such as this are not available to the public. Regardless, Body Count have created quite a following thanks to Lollapalooza '91 and extensive touring.

Strange things are definitely afoot in LA.. and the boys are choked. Thumbs up for telling it like it is, but

screaming at a wall just builds tension. Ice T is very gifted in terms of thought and words, but on this outing he should have been wearing his mint flavoured shoes. He contradicts himself but also lets the listener know his discontent with racial problems, women (relationships), politics and society in general. The listener gets so caught up in the anger and fury of the band that it's difficult to be optimistic. Ice T and Body Count should focus more on inspiring hope or positive thought for his audience. People are listening, boys, but we already know how bad everything is. With an audience as impressionable as Ice's listeners, it's easy to get them angry...but give 'em something positive to rejuvenate.

Rate ◆ - Spun-K

## RATINGS

◆◆◆◆◆ - Buy It

◆◆◆◆ - Excellent

◆◆◆ - So So

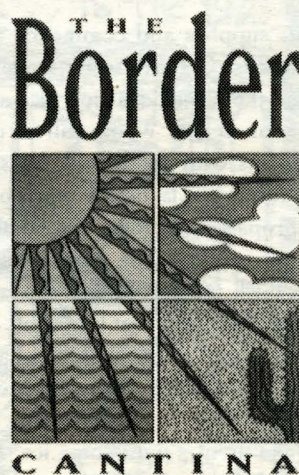
◆◆ - Not So Good

◆ - Dud 'Give It Away'



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# FOOD

## DANGER: Fish-ionable Material

By Ross Smith, Executive Chef,  
Chaunigan Lake Conference Centre



Once every year I leave the comforts of Whistler for a fly-away fishing trip to the beautiful British Columbia wilderness; to leave civilization behind and get in tune with mother nature and to live off the land like our ancestors did, a century ago; to feel the excitement of landing a three pound rainbow trout and to experience the camaraderie of a simple dinner by the campfire.

This is where the similarity to a Jack London novel stops. This trip reads more like Hunter S. Thompson (Fear and Loathing in the Wilderness.)

The players are all long time Whistler veterans: Bob Pack, Peter Perry, Wilson Patchell, Denver Snyder (coroner at large) and yours truly (camp cook).

The setting is Chaunigan Lake, somewhere between Williams Lake and Hundred Mile House, about a one hour and fifteen minute flight in the Whistler Air Beaver, piloted by Mike Quinn.

The time is Friday, July 3 through Sunday July 5. I know, the worst weather we've had in two months.

Friday morning, the day we've been waiting for. All the months of planning, and now we're really going to do it. A frown starts building on Mike's face as he's loading the Beaver. How much weight do you guys have? Do you really need all this stuff? This isn't a 747. Wilson, still staggering from the previous evening's revelry, gets loaded into the back with the supplies and immediately falls into slumberland.

As the plane takes off from Green Lake a magnificent view unfolds below us. Even with the dimly clouded skies, the majestic landscape becomes almost hypnotic. My excitement is calmed by the loud drone of the engine and the queasiness in my stomach. After an uneventful flight, (nobody was sick, but Wilson looked a little weak) we landed on beautiful Chaunigan Lake. Here we are, our home for the next three days.

After unloading the aircraft, we pack our supplies and commence the treacherous fifty yard hike to our cabin the woods. Cabin? Aren't we supposed to be "roughing it?" Well, it is raining and the place does look nice and dry. What the hell. So we have a roof over our heads. We're still in the wilderness. Under the roof we find two bedrooms with eight bunk beds, a large living room with couches and dining table and a better equipped kitchen than most places in Whistler. A large propane tank fuels two domestic ranges with ovens and a three quarter size refrigerator. The room is heated by a cast iron air-tight fireplace. Sorry, no flush toilets. We have to trek ten yards outside for that. Boy, living in the wilderness isn't that bad at all.

As I start unpacking our supplies, the table begins to resemble the back bar at Tapleys: two bottles of rum, one vodka, two scotch and twenty-four canned beer.

A young kid from the lodge across the lake arrives with some ice. He points out our boats (with motors, of course), and asks us if there is anything

else we need.

"Like what?" Wilson asks.

"We have beer for sale," he replies.

I look at my supply and decide to order twelve for emergency reserve.

Denver and I decide on a cocktail while the others leave to launch an attack on the underwater residents of the lake. Two hours later, they return empty handed. I think the fish won the first battle. But, the war isn't over yet.

About this time, I start losing my memory. Everything is getting a little blurry. It must be the clean fresh mountain air.

I do remember whipping up a quick camp dinner for the boys: prawns in brandy in brandy, veal tenderloin with a red wine mushroom sauce, stir fried vegetables and rice.

Afterwards, we sat by the fire and played cribbage for "loonies." Now, this is real "male bonding." I think we also discussed and solved all the world problems. Two hours and ten dollars later, I start to believe this trip is much like my annual Las Vegas junket. Where are the poker machines and the short skirted cocktail waitresses?

The next thing I remember is waking up on the couch, with a brain tumor. While the others were attacking the lake, I prepared a simple camp breakfast of fresh fruit, ham, bacon, eggs, hash browns and toast. Again, they returned defeated. The war was becoming one-sided.

The next two days continued to be much the same. The weather cleared for a few short periods. We ate well, we drank well, we slept like the dead. Very few fish were caught. I managed to catch one, but when I saw the size of the little fella, I figured he should still be with his mother. I let him go.

Sunday, late afternoon, we're all packed and waiting for

the aircraft. Someone from the lodge comes in and tells us that Mike can't make it through the weather with the plane. Oh boy, oh boy, we get to stay another night. Again, we are asked if we need anything from the lodge. I check our food supplies. They look good. Then I realize I have the last beer in my hand. So, Peter and I make the long boat trip to the lodge (in pouring rain) to make some phone calls and pick up some beer.

After arriving at the cabin, (thoroughly soaked), we continue with our cribbage and problem solving. It must have been a tough night because I woke up on the couch again.

The next day was uneventful. I think our stamina was wearing out and the fish were definitely winning the war. As we boarded the aircraft, late in the afternoon, we did a casualty count (six small fish) and realized we had lost the war. But next year is another battle.

I started looking forward to a hot shower. I realized I was starting to smell like a contender in the Kentucky Derby. Oh well, I guess that's what they call "roughing it."

### IMAGINARY TROUT RECIPE

OF COURSE THIS DISH WOULD BE MUCH BETTER IF YOU ARE LUCKY ENOUGH TO HAVE CAUGHT A FRESH TROUT.

I GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO PRETEND.

#### INGREDIENTS:

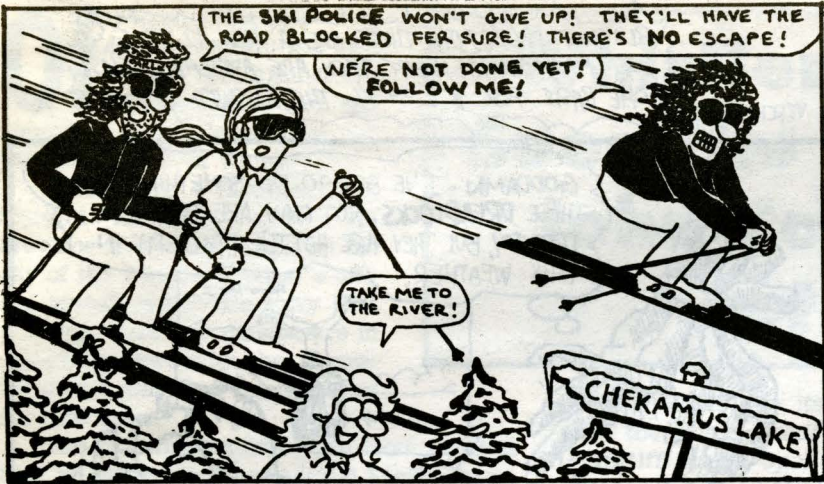
4 PAN SIZE WHOLE TROUT  
4 OZ. BREAD CRUMBS  
4 OZ. SEASONED FLOUR  
EGG WASH - 1 EGG BEATEN WITH  
1 OZ. MILK  
JUICE OF ONE LEMON  
3 OZ. FINELY DICED WHITE ONION  
1 BUNCH FRESH CHOPPED PARSLEY  
1 TBSP. CAPERS  
5 OZ DRY WHITE WINE  
5 OZ WHIPPED CREAM

HERB MARGARINE - IN BLENDER MIX 1 CLOVE GARLIC, 1/4 TSP. TARRAGON, 1/4 TSP. THYME, PINCH OF COARSE BLACK PEPPER, 6 OZ. MARGARINE

#### METHOD:

MELT 1/2 HERB MARGARINE IN SKILLET. COVER TROUT WITH FLOUR THEN EGG THEN BREAD CRUMBS. FRY IN MARGARINE UNTIL BROWN ON BOTH SIDES. REMOVE FROM PAN, SPRINKLE WITH LEMON JUICE. ADD REST OF MARGARINE TO PAN. SAUTÉ ONION WITH CAPERS UNTIL TRANSPARENT. ADD WINE AND REDUCE OVER MEDIUM HEAT, 5 MINUTES. ADD CREAM AND REDUCE FOR 5 MINUTES. STIR IN PARSLEY. PLACE FISH OVER PROOF PLATTER. POUR SAUCE ACROSS MIDDLE. BAKE IN PREHEATED OVEN AT 325 FOR 15 MINUTES.

# PEAK Bros.



THE SKI POLICE WON'T GIVE UP! THEY'LL HAVE THE ROAD BLOCKED FER SURE! THERE'S NO ESCAPE!

WE'RE NOT DONE YET! FOLLOW ME!

TAKE ME TO THE RIVER!

CHEKAMUS LAKE



DOWN BY THE RIVER...

BEAUTY! IT'S STILL HERE! RIGHT ON!  
(I KNEW THIS WOULD COME IN HANDY SOME DAY!) HELP ME OPEN'ER UP!



WHAT'RE THEY DOING??  
THEY MISSED THE TRAIL!  
THERE'S NO WAY OUT!  
EXCEPT THE RIVER...

I GOTTA WONDER...

SKI POLICE

7142



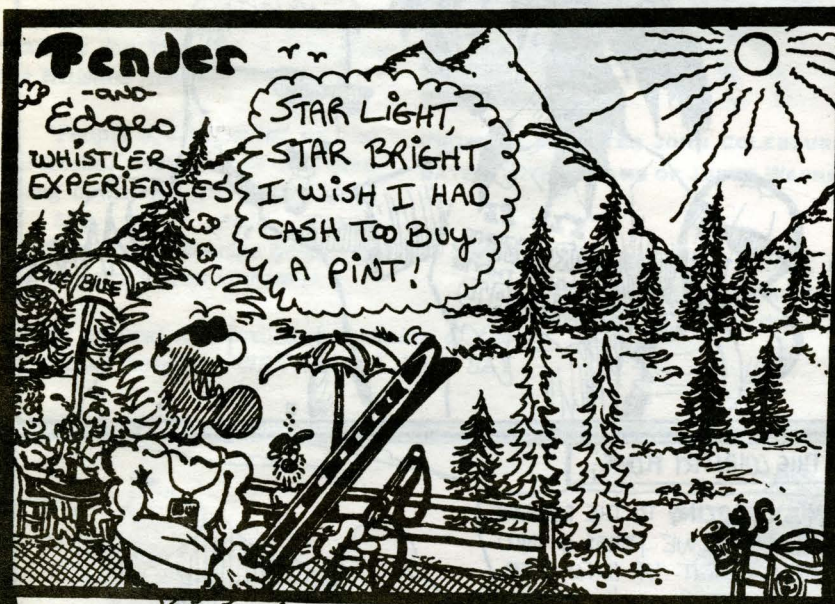
THERE'S NO WAY THE SKI POLICE CAN FOLLOW US NOW!  
I THINK...

RIGHTEDOUS!

DOH!!

BOOGIE!

CONTINUED...



Fender

Edgeo  
WHISTLER  
EXPERIENCES

STAR LIGHT,  
STAR BRIGHT  
I WISH I HAD  
CASH TO BUY  
A PINT!



HEY EDGES, OL' BUDDY  
HERE'S THAT TWENTY  
I OWE YOU, ERRR  
SORRY I FORGOT!!

WHAT'S THIS



OH YEH!



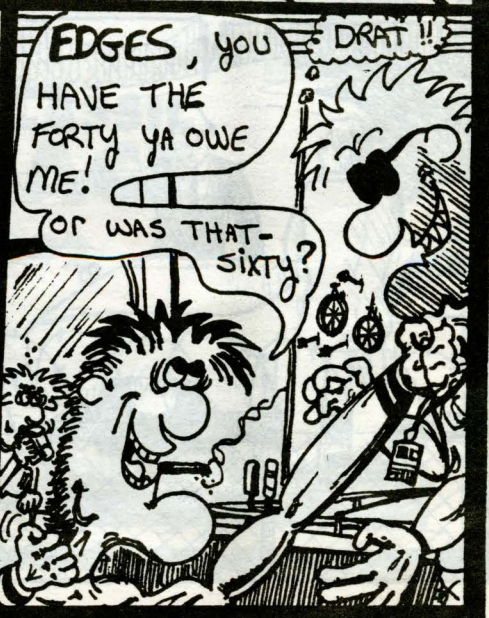
SECONDS LATER...

HMMM...  
LETS SEE HOW  
MUCH DO I  
OWE YOU, TEN?

TWENTY



OH YES, EDGES GOES TO THE BAR!



EDGES, YOU  
HAVE THE  
FORTY YA OWE  
ME!

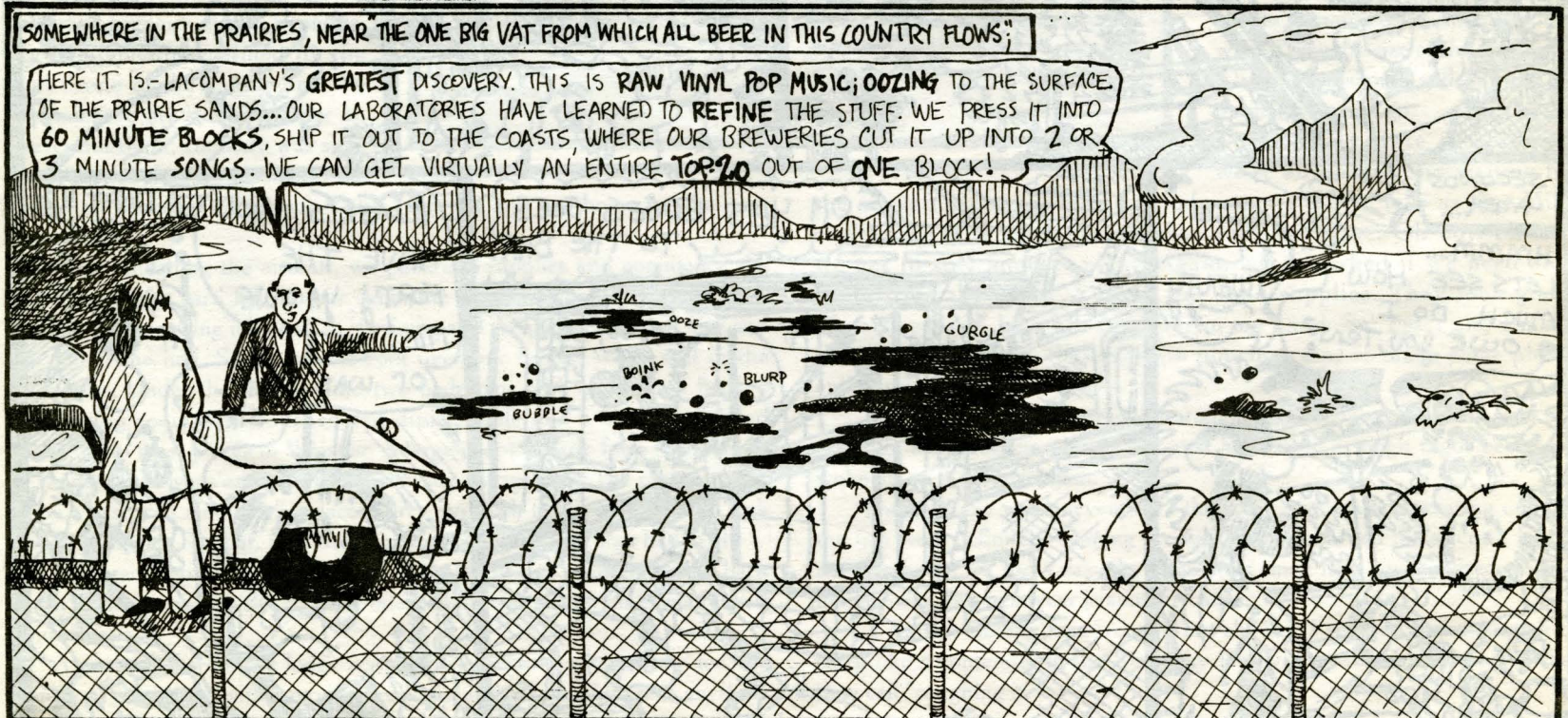
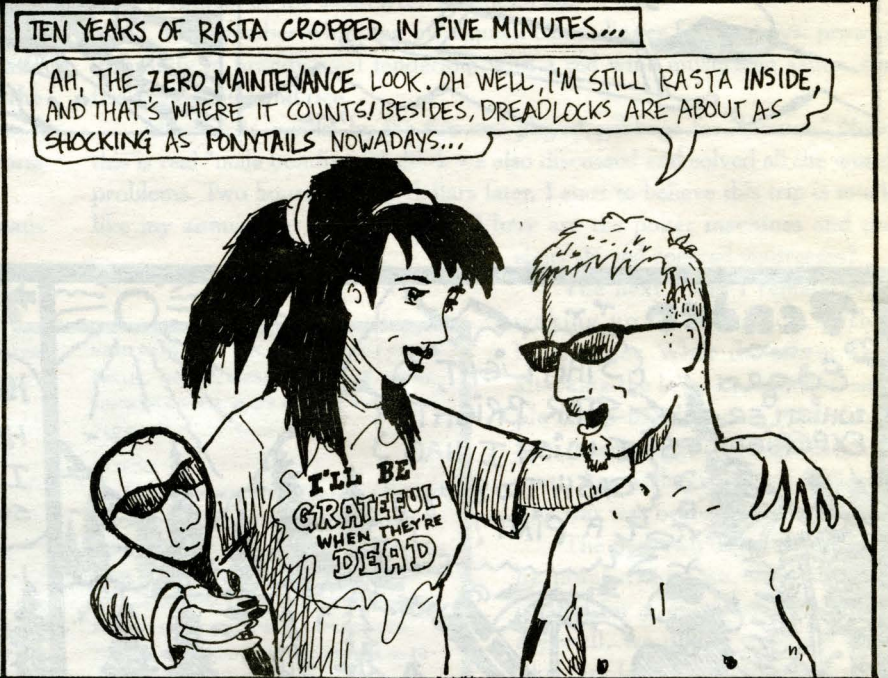
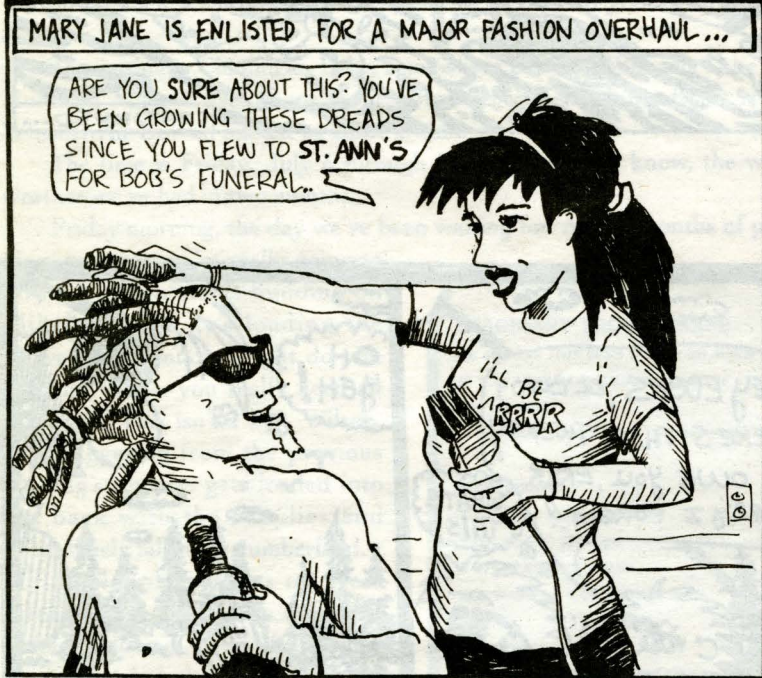
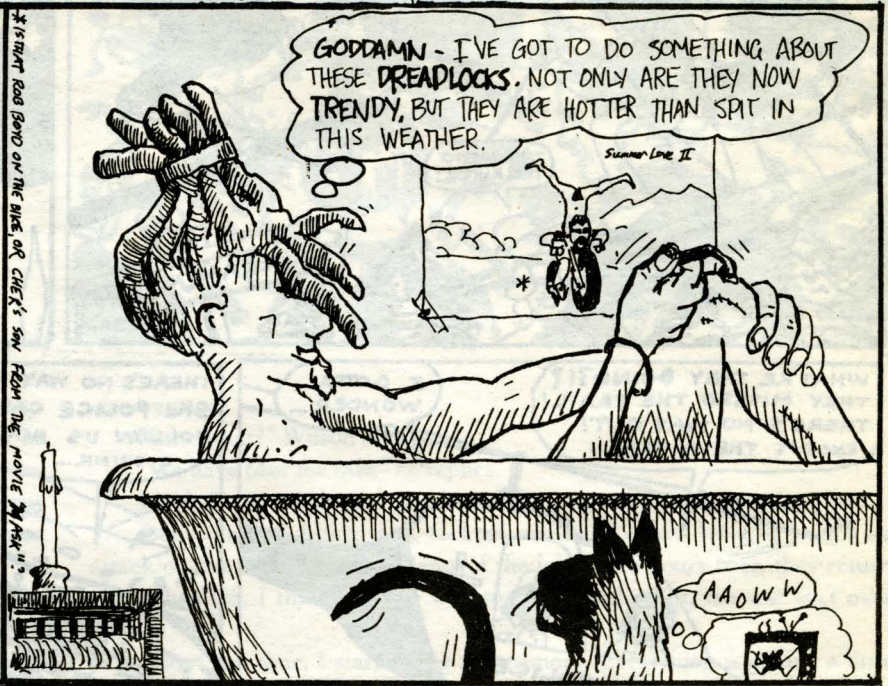
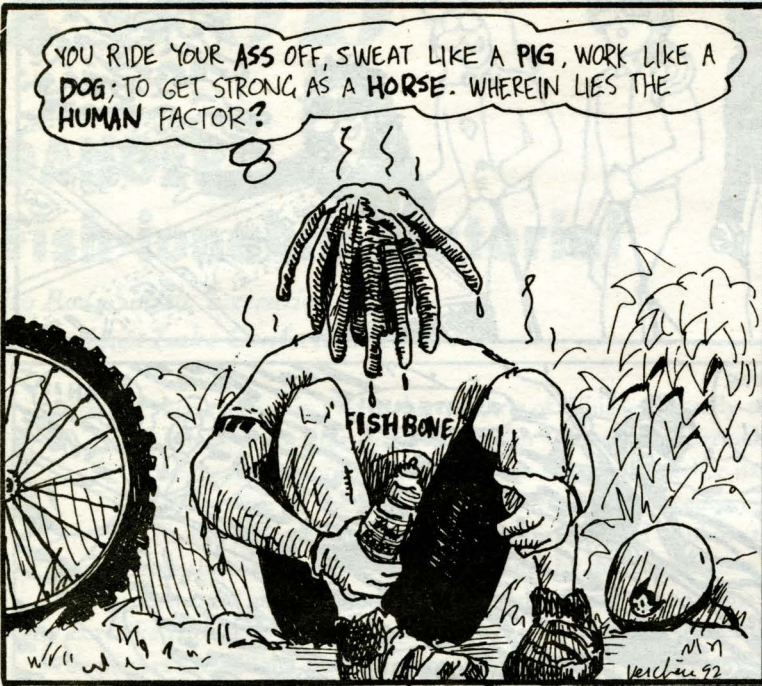
OR WAS THAT-  
SIXTY?

DRAAT!!

# LOCALMAN

BY IAN VERCHERE

BLATANT PROMOTION: THERE ARE A FEW 12-PAGE LOCALMAN COMICS LEFT. THEY ARE AVAILABLE, FIRST COME BASIS FOR \$2.00 46 THE ANSWER.



**O**f special interest to Answer readers will be a law suit filed against *The Province* newspaper and reporter John Colebourn, by Catherine Beller, of Whistler.

Colebourn, a familiar face around Whistler, wrote the *Province* story that appeared the day of the Whistler Answer's official launch party—the story that indicated there was displeasure in certain quarters with the Answer for nudity and drug references in our first issue.

The following excerpts are from the suit filed by Catherine Beller against Pacific Press, Southam Inc., John Colebourn and Andrew Ross. Everything in italics is a direct quote from the writ filed with the Supreme Court of British Columbia on July 15, 1992:

"8. The Plaintiff further says that the subject article written by the Defendant, COLEBOURN, referred to the Plaintiff and stated, *inter alia*, the following:

"Outraged Whistler mothers have unleashed an avalanche of protest at a new magazine they say promotes nudity and glorifies drug use while skiing.

And they're planning a full-scale protest tonight to coincide with the launch of Whistler Answer at an area cabin party.

The group, which calls itself Mothers for Morality is livid over the Whistler Answers first issue..."

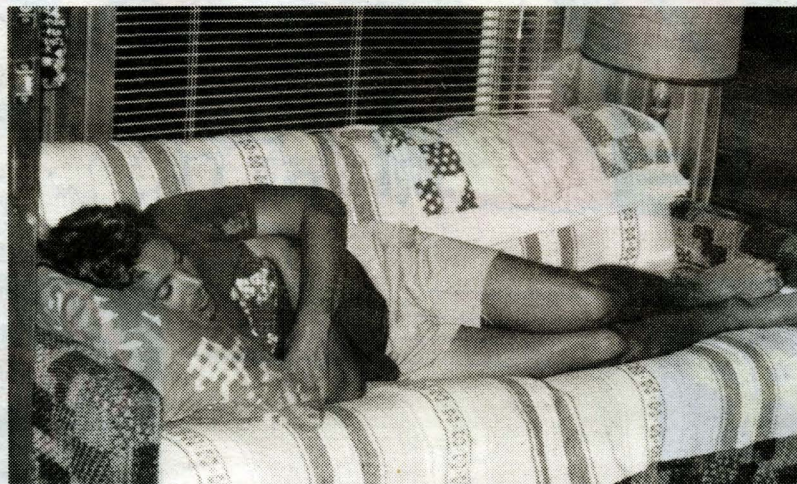
"People are offended by the full-frontal nude shot of this man skiing down with his penis flying in the air," said group spokeswoman Catherine Beller, who was referring to April's premiere issue.

9. The natural and ordinary meaning of the front page headline "NEW MAG A RAG, SAY

# Whistler Woman Sues The Province, John Colebourn et al.

ANGRY MOMS', by itself, and in conjunction with the words pleaded aforesaid is that the Plaintiff was a spokeswoman for a group ostensibly termed "Mothers for Morality", and further, that the Plaintiff was evidently the instigator of a "full-scale protest" directed towards the publication known as the Whistler Answer.

10. The Plaintiff says that essentially the



PROVINCE REPORTER JOHN COLEBOURN'S ONLY DATES LATELY ARE COURT DATES, WITH DREAMS OF JUDGE WAPNER PRESIDING.

BOB COLEBROOK PHOTO

entirety of the subject newspaper article that was written and published by the Defendants is false and malicious.

11. BELLER further says that the said article, in the context of its natural and ordinary meaning defames her in the following respects:

a. It identified BELLER as an individual who was apparently unduly disturbed by nudity, when in actuality, BELLER was primarily concerned with the promulgation of a drug culture in the Whistler area;

b. It attributed to BELLER a direct quotation which is an absolute fabrication;

c. It stated that BELLER was the spokeswoman for a group of "outraged" mothers residing in the Whistler area;

d. It stated that BELLER was associated with an organization it termed "Mothers for Morality", which said ostensible entity is fictitious in nature;

e. It implied that BELLER was involved with a "full-scale protest", as the presumed head of the group alluded to previously.

12. By reason of the publication of the falsehoods alluded to in paragraph 11 herein, the Plaintiff has suffered and continues to suffer stress, anguish, anxiety, and she has also been exposed to public ridicule and humiliation that has negatively impacted on her professional status within the community; further, the Plaintiff was the recipient of obscene phone calls and has suffered and continues to suffer physical health manifestations that are directly attributable to the stress that she has been exposed to consequential to the publication in issue."

Beller is litigating against Pacific Press, Southam Inc., John Colebourn and Andrew Ross for general damages, special damages, special costs and such further and other relief as the Honourable Court may seem just.



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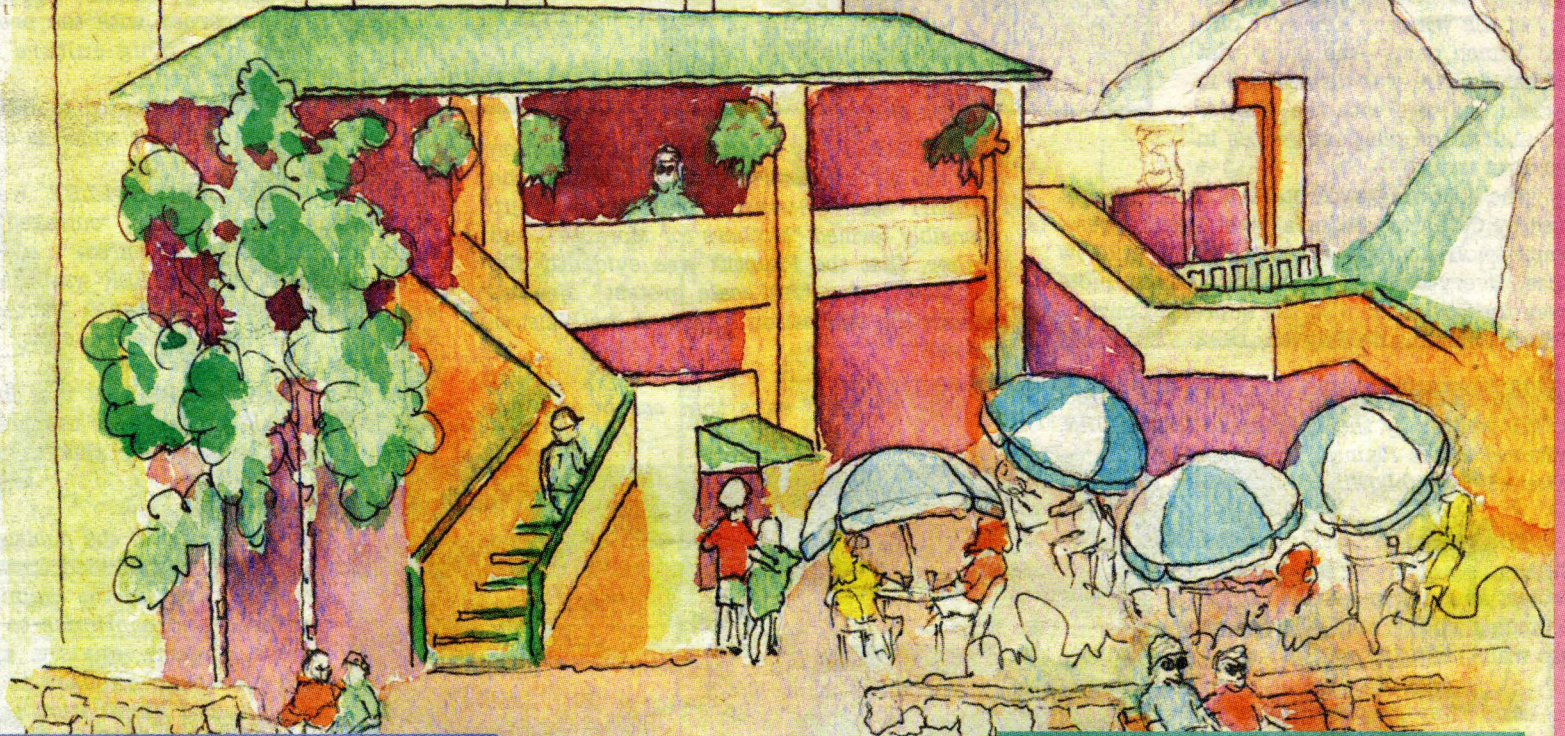
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