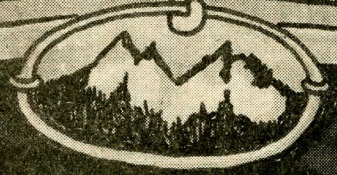


# WHISTLER ANSWER

VOLUME 3



NUMBER 18

50¢



**Whistler Summer in Review**  
**Toad Boogie**

**September '79**

WHISTLER ANSWER

EST. 1977

BRITISH COLUMBIA  
WHISTLER MOUNTAIN

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COVER PHOTO

Natural athlete Barb Simpson takes a breather from windsurfing on Alta Lake. Greg Griffith has a good eye, eh!

So the R.C.M.P. can't afford to live at Whistler. Now that's a joke! Who can? I'm sure they make more than a littee does in two years (they're even more essential than police) and more than an editor for this rag does in three. Don't misinterpret this as a plea for anarchy or lawlessness but the valley has been functioning on a relatively peaceful level for sixty odd years. The crime rate's going up but only because there's some one to keep statistics now.

I think we should all be subsidized for living here. At the rate this place is inflating, the only people able to afford living here will be the rich folk from West Van and the Japanese (and then only for one week).

For a council that was elected on a platform of attention to local issues, not much has happened to make things any more realistic around here. While a marvelous town center pushes its way out of the mud, a local tradesperson still can't rent 200 sq. ft. of space; houses are still joined by umbilical garden hoses as their only source of water; established, commercially zoned areas are being down-zoned to protect the infant town center. (I mean, if it's going to be as wonderful as the drawings suggest, it shouldn't suffer from a little competition. Right?)

It makes one wonder who's pulling the strings that steer this place? Twentieth Century Fox?

It would hardly appear that local interests are the main credo guiding our city fathers. Whistler Village Land Co. business occupies the greatest percentage of their time and energy, which leads one to the question of whether elected officials should be the principals in a development company that is, in effect, competing with several elements, (i.e. businesses not in town centre), in the community that elected them. In my way of thinking, that's one heluva conflict of interests.

Town Council meetings generally are characterized by a low attendance, but Whistler's have to set some sort of records. The Aldermen out-number the public.

We asked a handful of people why they didn't attend meetings and the answers varied from the sheer boredom of it all, to the impossibility of attending, the decision-making process to disgust at corruption at the top to the fact that they are held on Friday night (one of two nights that many working people have free).

It seems there's not much we can do about the first three responses, (I hesitate to say they're inevitable), but why not move the council meetings to another day? It's worth a try.

ATTENTION BREWERS !!!

The Alta Lake Zymurological Society will be holding its 4th annual Home Brew Contest on Saturday, 13 October, 1979, at the home of last year's winner, Susie Marsh. All entrants are required to bring one case (12 quarts) of their finest brew, for judging, by a qualified panel of experts. Major categories for judging include clarity, head, bouquet, and of course, taste, and anyone who makes home brew, novice or expert, is eligible to compete. Get your yeastes out !!

BACK COVER

Nancy and Andy dance on the rock-on dance floor, a unique concept of dance floor, designed especially for the Toad Boogie '79. Juke band members and camera-man Chris Speedie look on.



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TWO FOR A BUCK

The 1979 Fall Industrial First-Aid Course will be held this year from October 1st to December 13 on Monday and Thursday evenings from 7:00 to 9:30 P.M. at the Myrtle Philip School lunchroom.

Applications may be obtained from the Whistler Information Centre or from Ken Newington (932-3350). Send your completed application and cheque for \$135.00 to Ken Newington, General Delivery, Whistler, B.C. V0N 1B0, no later than September 28, 1979. Make all cheques payable to "St. John Council for B.C."

Admission priority will be given to persons who are sponsored by their employer, renewal students and full time local residents.

Depending on interest, another course may be held starting January 7, 1980.

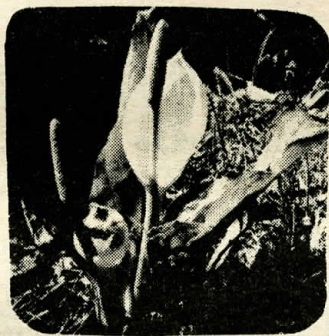
Calligrapher's Note: Viewing the group of Whistler women, assembled to watch the male stripper perform at the Boot, got me more excited than he did. It's nice for us to be together once in awhile. There's more opportunity for us to do so coming up this fall in Squamish, at The Women's Resource Centre of Capilano College... now, as I discuss this with my "fellow" newspaper people, groans and some fairly witty wisecracks ensue. I hope you won't let the term "woman's", in front of a noun, intimidate you, (as it does them?) because we all have a lot to learn, and it's fun.

They are offering a mixed-bag (oops!) of programs, designed to provide, in an intimate setting, a chance to explore ourselves and each other. I attended one such group last year and found it an enriching experience. When you are next in Squamish, I urge you to visit them at The Capilano College Office - Squamish Learning Centre, at 38038 Cleveland Avenue. The first program starts Sept. 25th. I think our participation in these groups will creatively enhance our relationships with everyone. See ya there.

Sports fans from as far away as Pemberton Meadows are rejoicing over the recent victory of the Vancouver Whitecaps over the Tampa Bay Rowdies for the North American Soccer League championship. This is a truly amazing feat, for the New York Cosmos, according to the media and league officials, were supposed to cakewalk through the proceedings before the highly partisan hometown crowd. It was as if the playwright stormed onto the stage during the final minutes of the production to hurriedly alter the script. Congratulations to the winning Whitecaps and may-be Vancouver will one day host a championship game if those silly-ass politicians would pop the clutch and do something about a decent stadium.

The only other team to be currently playing in Vancouver now, is the Lions. Surprisingly enough, they're doing well, but few people have started to line Georgia Street for the Grey Cup victory parade. Tadge is on the injury list and Joe Pappao has stepped in to show the coach and fans just why he's been living in the Coachhouse for the last two years. This kid is going to be a beast. The throwing Samoan is really going.

Cross the exhibition grounds the ice is being laid for another season of NHL hockey in the form of the Canucks. The only hope for these guys is the fact that the league has included four more teams that hopefully will be even worse than the Canucks.



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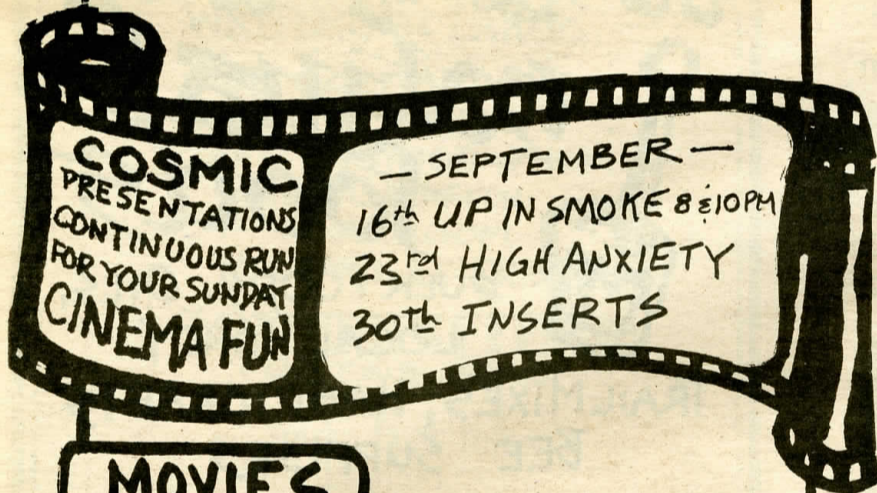


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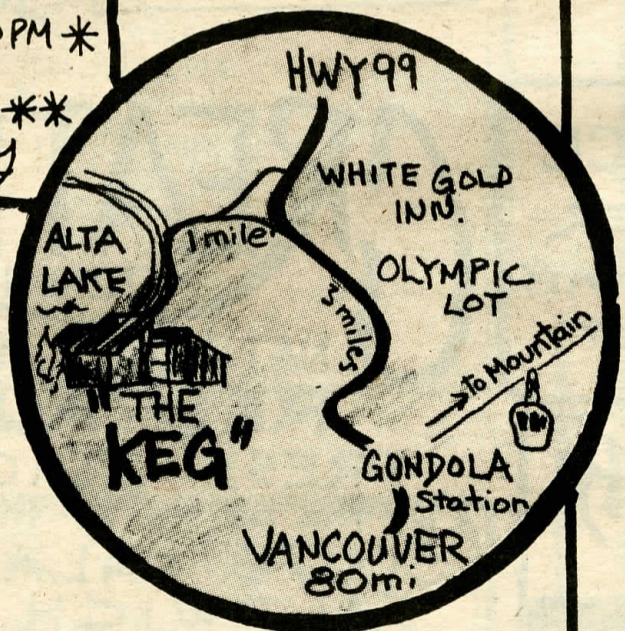


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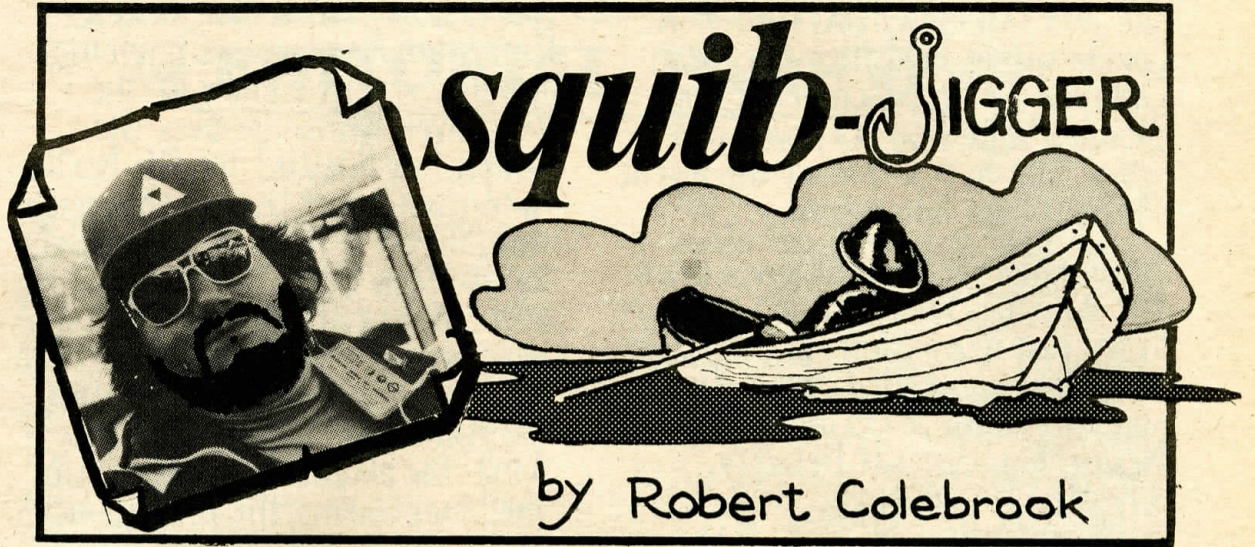
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by Robert Colebrook

THE TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION DEPARTMENT

Popped into the Cheakamus (Dan Bissonette's watering hole) for a slash of beer with Nurse Johnston and Rodger Realtor the other night. It was all for naught as my reputation preceded me. The manager of that place, one Linda Bell, has seen fit to bar me from the premises, not for any antics I pulled in the Moose, but rather for previous transgressions in other bars that she has heard of through the grapevine. This is akin to a referee in hockey giving out a game misconduct penalty to a player during the national anthem because that player got into a fight the night before in Denver. Hell, I didn't even know who the manager of that establishment was; the high turnover of managers there necessitates the use of a program. A highly reliable source has told me he was present when they made the policy decision to bar Bosco the Hun, and he has told me he hasn't heard so much bullshit since Nixon said, "I'm not a crook." The injustices in this life never cease.

In an unrelated incident, Wedgemont Blasting has reported that 80 pounds of dynamite has been stolen.

The latest joke to make the rounds in Invermere is:

Do you know what the white stuff in chicken shit is?  
No.  
It's chicken shit too.

I have received, via post, a letter so unusual that I feel obligated to share it with you. This correspondence was from one Professor P. Projectilepoint, chairman of the Department of Archeology, Anthropology and Sociology, University of New Guinea, and read:

Dear Sir:

I am currently preparing a college level textbook on primitive cultures and hope to incorporate a chapter entitled THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE OF WHISTLER MOUNTAIN IN SOUTHWEST BRITISH COLUMBIA into this book. Your study of this primitive society, "So You Wanna Be A Local," has to date, been the only academic study of any worth on this subject, and I understand that you have done considerable research in the field since its publication. These facts, along with your unquestionable status in academic circles, have convinced me that you are the only person capable of writing this chapter. Consequently, I am now petitioning you to undertake the sociological study of this primitive and sometimes barbaric society.

Yours truly,  
Dr. P. Projectilepoint, PhD.

You can imagine my shock, even bewilderment, upon reading this letter. My reputation has traversed the globe! I fired off a reply immediately, and having brought you this far in the intrigue, I must in all fairness, give you my reply.

Dear Dr. Arrowhead:

You are most certainly a silly fellow. I can only assume that you got your doctorate from the University of Crackerjack Box. Are you ignorant of the fact that this country has the sixth highest standard of living in the world? New Guinea isn't even in the top fifty and you think that there are pockets of primitive life in Canada? You must be about eight yards short of a first down!

Under normal circumstances I would simply offer you a couple more well deserved insults and then close the letter, however, in the hope of dispelling all the false notions you have of this area, I will give you a brief summary of Whistler "society" with the hope that your feeble brain will be able to accommodate this data.

First of all, the inhabitants of Whistler are generally well educated, due mainly to the construction of a primary school, and the illiteracy rate is consequently dropping substantially. A chapel is also an integral part of the community, and most people pass it by every day. A few individuals have even chosen it for the purposes of a Christian marriage, although I must honestly admit that the predominant form of pair bonding is a loosely structured form of commonlaw cohabitation.

The social life of the community flourishes, it being the greatest single factor in daily life. Private and communal homes, as well as bars, are fully utilized as places of celebration for celebration's sake. They are happy people, if partying is any indicator, however it may be attributable to unusually large indulgences in alcohol and drugs.

They have a crude political system whereby the people choose a small group, or council, to lead them, only once elected these individuals are not required to actually do anything, indeed, they are expected to do nothing. Politics plays a very minor role in day to day life, and most people regard the social stratification as being ostensibly equal, although there is a pronounced trend towards a class structure based on financial wealth. Many of the small time entrepreneurs hold unhumanitarian grudges against trade unions, believing that they are the only ones entitled to a decent living.

The only agriculture that takes place is done clandestinely. And while Whistler may only have a one-crop economy, the residents take particular care attending to their precious crops of cannabis. The only domesticated form of animal life is the canine, and they flourish, almost outnumbering the residents.

Culturally, Whistler is a prime example of a culture with abundant spare time to pursue various art forms. Many people take great delight in attending makeshift cinemas on Sundays and Tuesdays and many winter evenings are spent expanding the consciousness watching strippers and go-go shows. Certain individuals have become quite proficient musicians, usually on a primitive stringed instrument called the guitar. And of course, it is an area known for its fine literature, an example of which you are now reading.

The demographics of Whistler (a high male to female ratio) has led to much competition for the available woman. This, of course, has led to the elevation of normal and subnormal females to positions of great veneration. Nudity is commonplace, although it is my opinion it is not for want of clothing, but rather a lack of moral fibre.

Health care at Whistler is second to none. On weekends there are many doctors in the area, only for some reason they don't seem to be always available for medical work.


Now having set you straight about Whistler, I close,

Yours truly,  
Mr. Squib-jigger


P.S. When's the deadline for submission of that chapter?

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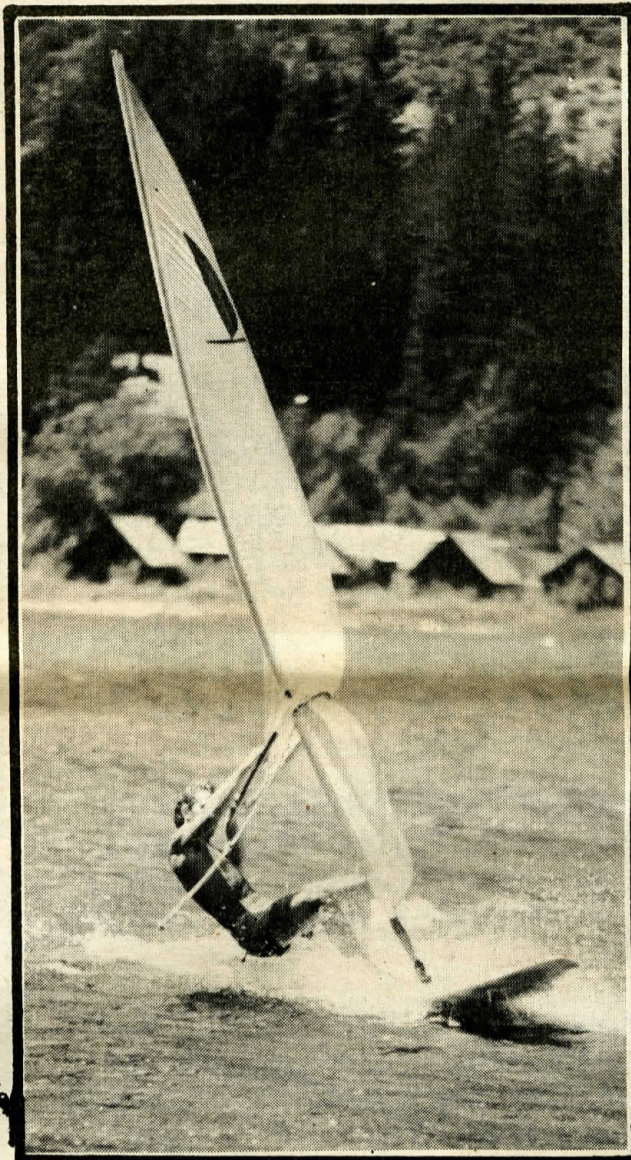
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# Summer '79

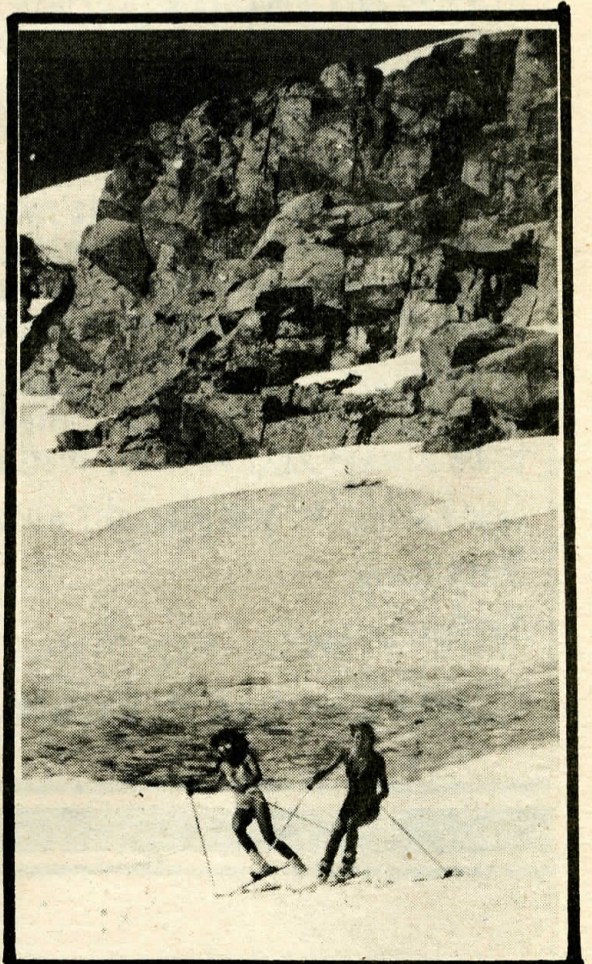
This summer has seen the first manifestations of the year round resort here at Whistler. The old days of sitting around the Boot lamenting the fact that there is nothing to do but play pool, are definitely over. Sailing, windsurfing, golfing, tennis, swimming, hiking, summer skiing, rock climbing and the old standby of eightball are all available to the local, with the minimum of motivation. The Answer has captured a few great moments in Whistler sports and we are pleased to present them to you in glorious black and white.



Windsurfing experienced an amazing growth in popularity on Alta Lake this summer. And those schizophrenic mountain winds must be a good teacher, as several locals (Mike Gadd, Jinny Ladner, Gord Huxtable, Andrew Stoner) have made a mark in the international windsurfing scene.



Skiing in Whistler doesn't stop when the lifts do. The snow lasts all summer on the glaciers and for those with enough energy, a 4x4 or enough money to attend the Toni Sailer Ski Camp. It's definitely a case of endless winter.



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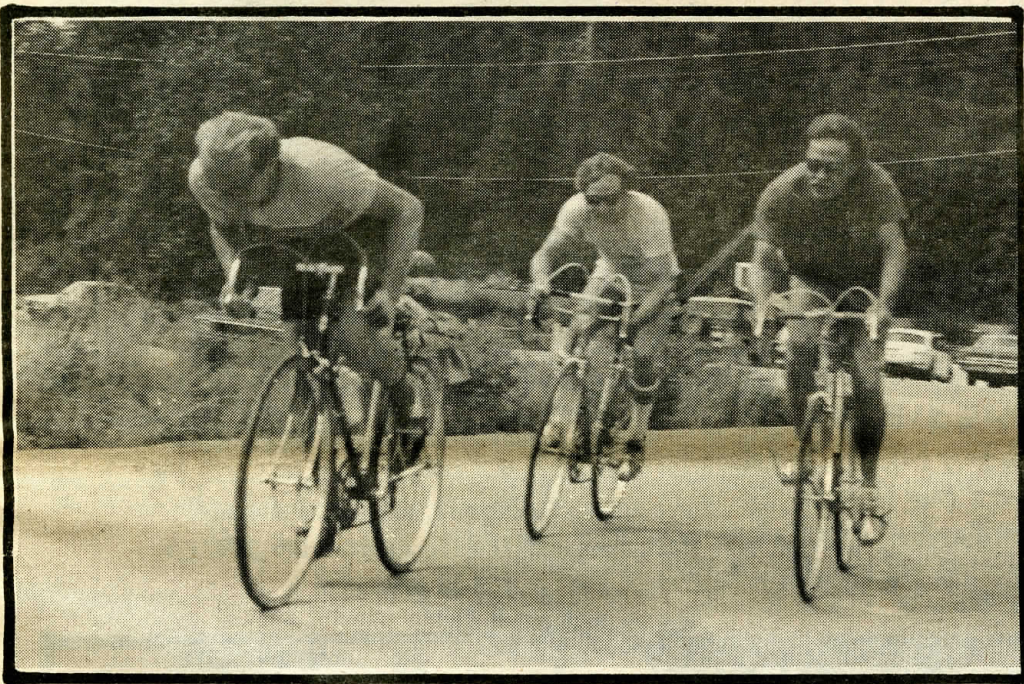




For the first summer in ages, the weather was no excuse for not getting into the high country. The continuous dry, warm weather left the glaciers open and the meadows in full bloom. Elouie is shown approaching the Black Tusk (via the ridge to the west) in Garibaldi Park.

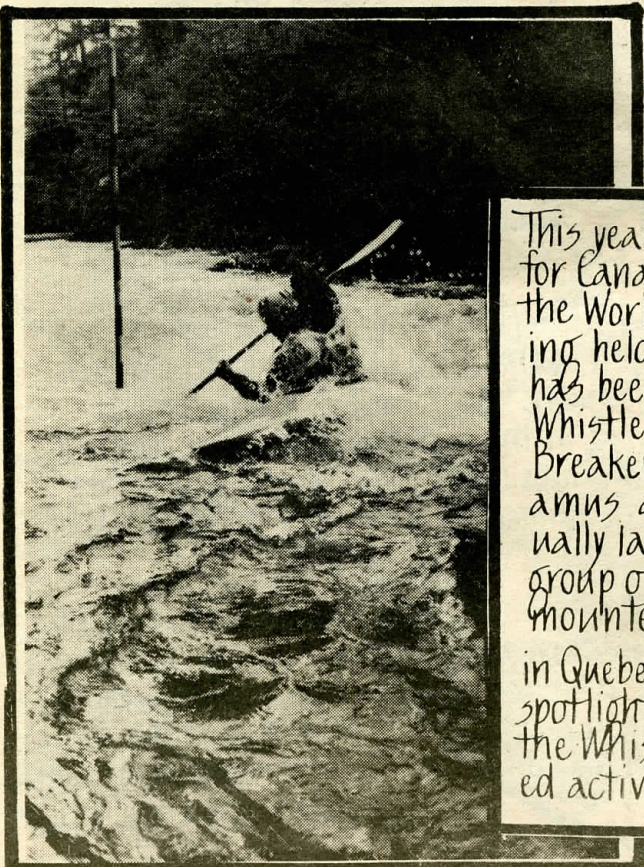


Thrills, spills and summer sun at Lost Lake



Whistler bicyclists were inspired to tune up the bikes when the Garibaldi Bicycle Race proved that one can ride from Park Royal to Whistler in 3 hours.

Frisky bicyclists Michael Suggett, (left to right) Bill Shumka and Brian Leighton, two-wheel down Lake Placid Road in order to avoid playing chicken with runaway logging trucks.



This year has been a big year for Canadian kayaking with the World Championship being held in Quebec and it has been reflected in the Whistler scene. The Ice Breaker Race on the Cheakamus attracted an unusually large and talented group of racers as tension mounted for "the World's" in Quebec, and although the spotlight swung to the east, the Whistler scene remained active all summer.



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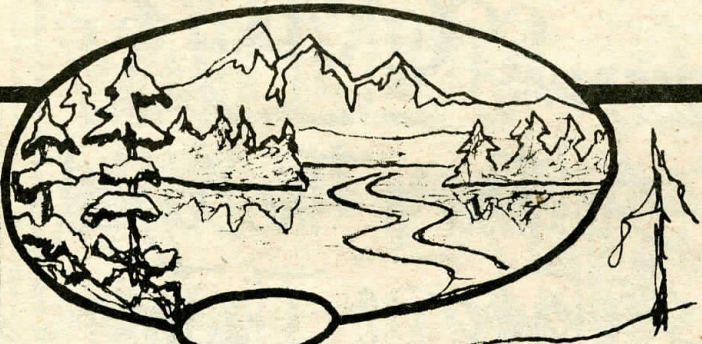
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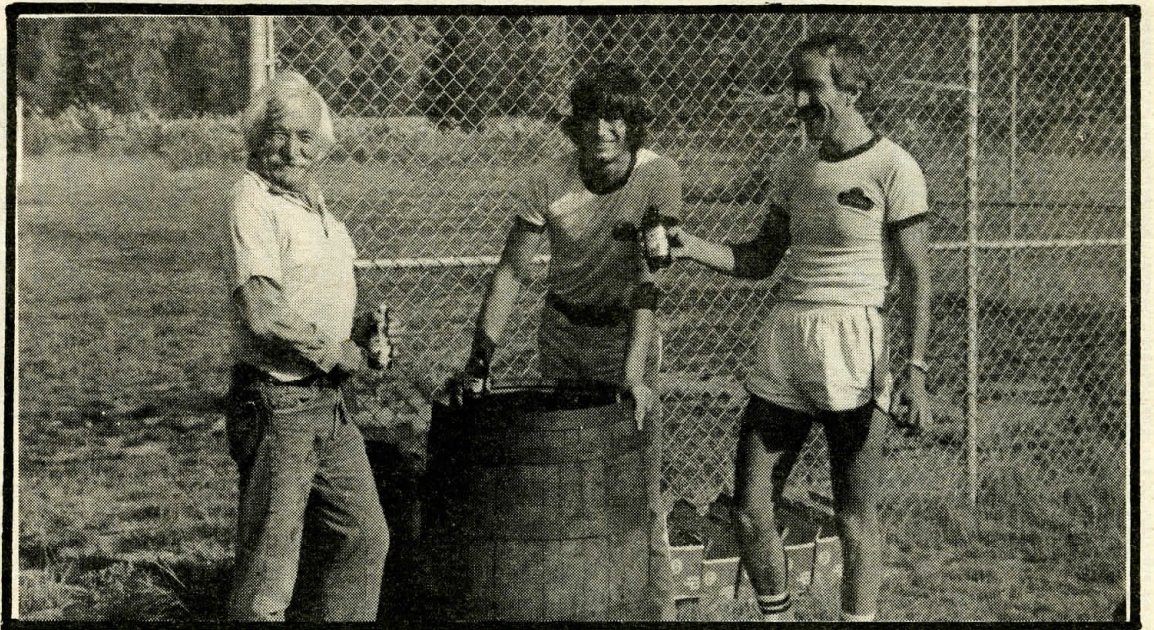
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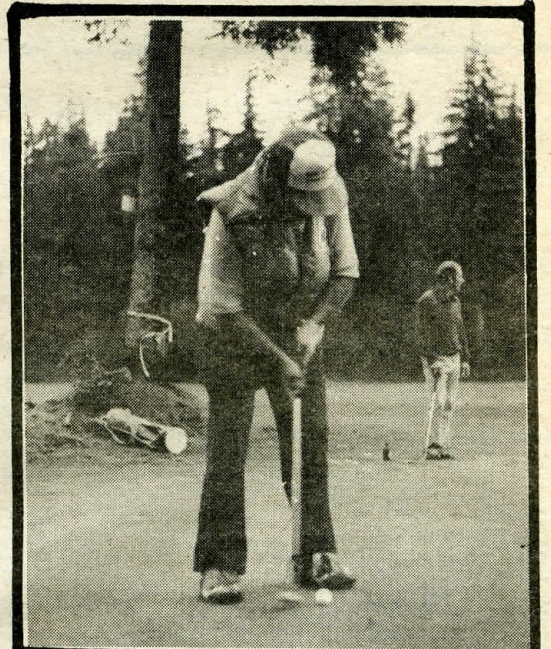
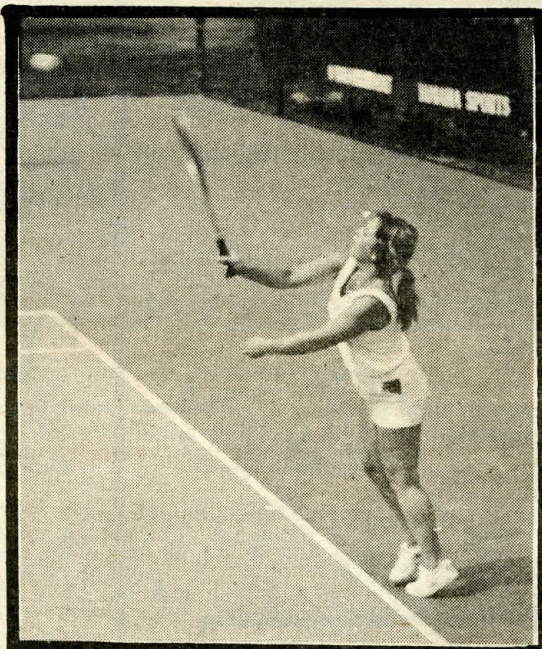
Al, Rookie & Dad prepare for the big game.

The end of the summer saw one of the greatest moments in sports as the Whistler Inn narrowly defeated the Keg 23 to 12 in softball. Umpire Syd Young called an excellent game, only there was a certain amount of controversy over the Whistler Inn bringing in a couple of ringers.

The most valuable player of the game was Sandy Farley, an infielder that played both shortstop and first base for the Whistler Inn. Honourable mention also goes to Mike Leierer who valiantly dove, with little regard for personal safety, to retrieve several seemingly impossible flies.

Rookie, of the Keg, took the defeat in good stride as he presented the winning captain with the wager of \$200.00 and the coveted Al Davis Cup. An award was given to Bosco for most mellow player.

The tennis season at Whistler this year has been the best ever. The courts at the school were resurfaced and the tennis club enjoyed record attendance. Judging by the colour of most of the tennis bums, not too many days were lost to the weather and the standard of play seems to reflect this. The final tennis tournament organized by Ron (Bones) Jackson, was well produced, enjoyed a high standard of play, and, together with the generous prizes donated by local businesses, was a total success.



... HOLLY SERVES ... WHILE HARRY PUTS ...

The 1st Annual Bob Parsons Memorial Golf Tournament was held on Saturday September 8th and despite a thorough drenching, the affair was a success. The men's low gross score was recorded by Don Teigan while Pat Beauregard scored lowest in the women's class. The low net scores went to Chris Garrett and Linda McArthy. Closest to the pin went to Eric MacIntosh while the longest drives went to Pat Beauregard and Phil Tweton.

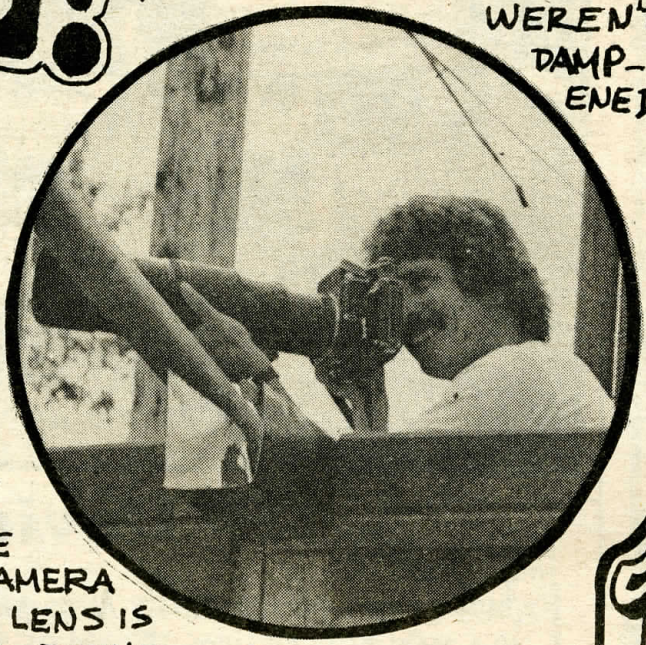
Sixty-five golfers teed off in the event and only two did not complete the course, (I can't resist) Paul Burrows and Graeme O'Neill. The roving refreshment stand kept everyone in good cheer and the event will become an annual one staged on the first Saturday after Labour Day with all proceeds going to the Bob Parsons Fund to support young ski racers.

# TOAD BOOGIE!

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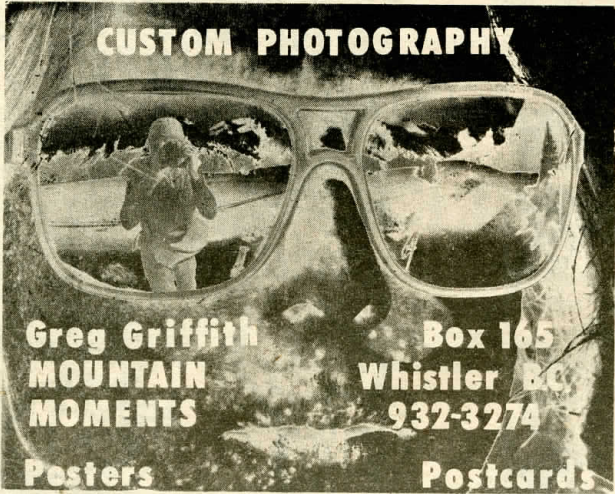
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## Overland to Whistler by David McGonigal

Just as one permanently loses all feeling in one's bum and adjusts to a seemingly endless stream of sleazy hotels, it is very easy to lose perspective while travelling. My trek from Australia to Whistler has seen me viewing all sorts of incredible sights, although some were viewed through the opiate smoke of Asian tearooms but one must press on to the ultimate destination.

I was in Asia for a year. After Kathmandu we passed through northern India to watch bodies floating down the sacred Ganges at Agra, to swelter in the monsoonal heat of Dehli and to see the Taj Mahal. I think the Taj is the singularly most impressive building in the world; it is perfect from the first glimpse several hundred yards away and it is still faultless when viewed from a distance of inches. We even went to see it under a full moon but the cloud cover made everything so dark that we could barely feel our way down the steps.

Still with cravings for mountains, we headed up to Kashmir. Here one lives an idyllic life on the thousands of houseboats; sitting on the front porch watching the world float by or sunbaking on the roof, waiting for afternoon tea time and finishing that just in time for dinner of fresh trout or roast duck (all included for less than \$3.00 per day).

Like idiots we left Kashmir and went into the mountains again. Not the tree covered, green mountains of Nepal but harsh, barren, brown mountains acting as a natural boundary between the ancient antagonism of India and China. We were riding the bikes at elevations of up to 15,000 feet, and beneath a deep blue polarised sky we were freezing in the shadows of the early morning. Still it was worth it to reach Ladakh, a small area of the world which has only been accessible to travellers over the past few years.

The colonel in charge of the Indian forces in the area told me that the story is true that the first time a plane landed here, the locals all brought piles of hay to feed it; they didn't know what the hell it was, but at that size, they were certainly going to try to be friendly! He also showed me around his private zoo, composed of the many wounded animals the troops often find on patrol. He said that he even had a chimpanzee for a while, but it had the disconcerting habit of masturbating whenever he was showing distinguished female guests around. The chimp left.

From Ladakh we rushed straight back down through Kashmir and across Pakistan. We passed through Pakistan in the course of a weekend and the place was closed so it was impossible to gain a real impression.

Then into the Kyber Pass; one of the most overrated pieces of real estate in the world. The ride would be the equivalent of riding through the Fraser Canyon twenty years ago. There were some tribesmen around and they were so disgruntled to be stuck in this god-forsaken wilderness that they sometimes threw stones at those lucky enough to be just passing through. I was riding first and no stones at me, but Trevor later told me they just sighted in, on me and he was bearing the brunt of the attack.

Just after clearing the Kyber Pass and entering Afghanistan, there is a small sign on the side of the road saying, "Please drive on the right hand side of the road," and everyone obediently veers across and tries to re-orientate. So it was as I entered my tenth country that I had to relearn all my natural driving instincts. Although I have now changed back and forth many times, I still remember my confusion the first time I came to an intersection and had to work out what side of the road I was meant to come out on.

Afghanistan was the big adventure of this trip. We decided in Kabul to ignore the sealed road to the south and rather we crossed Afghanistan by following a thousand miles of camel trails and water courses. We found our money was unexchangeable so we couldn't buy food or gas and there was little enough of that anyway. One day we rode from dawn till dark to cover 36 kilometres including about 50 deep river crossings. Then it rained and the road turned to glue which stuck to the tires and eventually locked our tires to the inaptly named mudguards. I suddenly found myself waltzing and pirouetting down the road to deposit myself ignominiously in a puddle and jumped to my feet to see Trevor do the same. While pushing the bike to the side of the road, and out of the way of the non-existent traffic, I burnt my clutch out.

There we were, stuck in the middle of a vast plain remembering how one of the desert nomads we had camped with last night, had asked if we had a revolver for the wolves! We erected our tent and while abluting I discovered that I was in the middle of a hepatitis relapse. While Trevor was struggling to undo the mud encrusted zips on his boots, he related how someone in the last town had mentioned that it was coming onto the rainy season and there may not be any traffic along the road for a month! We despaired.

At dawn it was still raining but by 9 a.m. the sun was shining and the road had dried to a crust. Full of renewed enthusiasm we towed my bike 50 kilometres to a tiny village and I laid the bike on its side (there was no oil available) and dismantled the clutch housing. Luckily there had once been a fruit delivery and I cut the cardboard packing case into doughnuts to replace my carbonized clutch and with the clutch thus locked, I rode a further 2,000 km. to Tehran.

We were ecstatic to reach Herat and rejoin the sealed road. Now it was all over we began to feel the joy of achievement. This was a ride which had taxed our riding abilities to the utmost; some passes had been over 13,000 feet and at the top of the last we came across a long dead camel to further reinforce what a challenge it was. Thinking back on the few times that I was sure we couldn't continue and knew we couldn't retreat, I recollected Trevor's words in the tent that night in the desert; "Maybe an adventure is just a hell you survive?"

Next Issue: I ignore Europe to ride from New York to Whistler.

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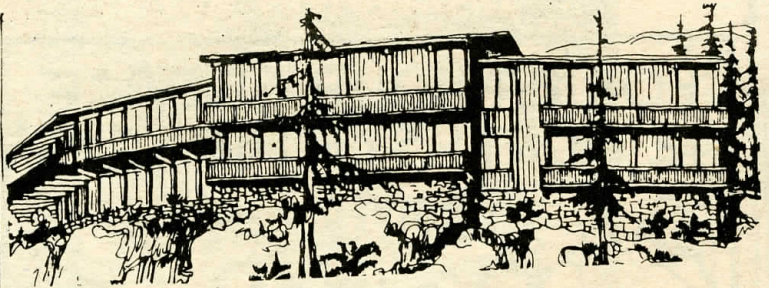
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**Book Review**

B.C. Tel - Squamish/Pemberton/Whistler and area  
Published September 1, 1979.

Generally speaking, B.C. Tel has come out with another dud. This book starts out slow with weak characters with contrived names like T.F. Twohig and Heinz Obieglo, both of Britannia Beach, and leaves the reader wondering why there is still a listing for Anaconda Britannia Mines Division on Anaconda Canada Exploration Ltd. - 896-2233. B.C. Tel has portrayed the community of Britannia Beach as a withering ghost town without a soul, and the reader is supposed to believe it?

The book experiences a rather abrupt (and uncalled for) change of locale and we find ourselves smack dab in the middle of Pemberton. Past the darkness on the edge of town, up in the meadows, is Charlie Davies and Meg. They're neighbours of L.O. Hickinbottom.

We get into the real meat of the book when we get to the section entitled SQUAMISH including Brackendale and Garibaldi Highlands. The first listing is Dag Aabye (non-commercial). B.C. Tel should have devoted much more space to Mr. Aabye; they totally neglected his fantastic skiing adventures, his run down the Lions in particular. Squamish, we are led to believe, has a sum total of 28 Smiths, far too many, in my opinion, for such a small volume. B.C. Tel has invented some truly great characters, such as Lyle Botty, Ross Dinwoodie, S. Hoeflich, Pete Globodian, and Max Vroom of Depot Road.

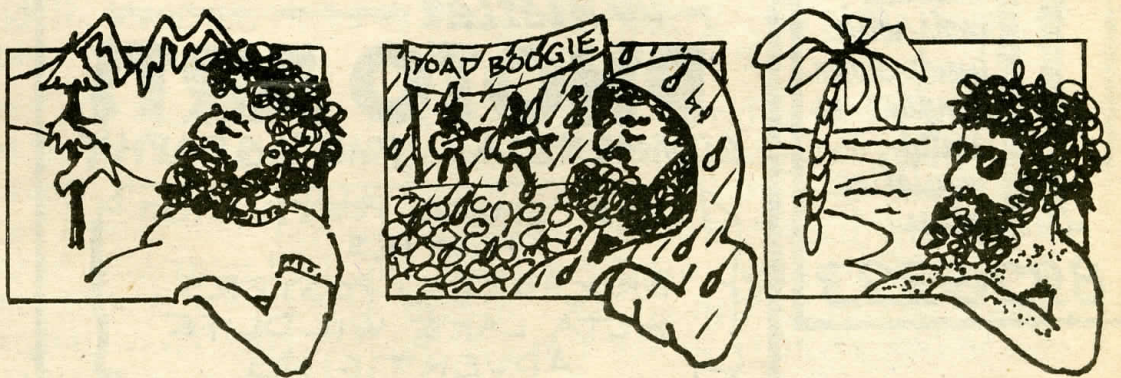
All this small town interaction leads us subtly into the vortex of the plot, which takes place mainly in the environs of Whistler Mountain. On the surface, B.C. Tel has supplied the reader with a cornucopia of characters in the Whistler section. From Frank Abt to Walter Zebrowski, the book contains many wild and woolly individuals that appear to drift around with little more purpose in life than paying their phone bill.

A typical example of prose in this section is:  
"The King and the Bishop are in the Hall of the Garrett, send the Brown Fellows down to the Barr for some Goodale and the Cook and the Baker will serve them some Currie Sheppard's pie or a Burger." Not bad stuff for a basic \$5.25 a month phone rental. For those with a keen interest in mathematics, has both a Minus and a Plus. Also present is Munster A 932-3246; his brother Hermann's number is unlisted.

Many useful pieces of intelligence are included in this book, the most important being Zenith - 4014, that being the free V.D. line to Vancouver, or if that is unnecessary I'm sure you can find the appropriate number to contract same.

In summation, this book can be useful, interesting, worthless and is a must for anyone involved in the fine art of obscene phone calling. Perhaps the best part of this book is the price. Free to anyone with a phone. Two dixie-cups and a string don't count. I'll leave you to your own devices to plough your way through the yellow pages, for my fingers have done enough walking for today.

**THE FAST EDDIE COMIC STRIP**





## Amphibians

(In medieval times it was thought that the salamander could live in, and create fire.)



## Another Fish to Fry

Another Job to Try  
by Dianski

A woman's work in Whistler can be tedious  
The odd job can be found that pays.  
It's hard to save money though,  
I'm sure everyone agrees.  
Life can be decadent with the odd evening in  
The money's hard to hang on to,  
You can piss it away  
Unless you lead the lonely life or teepee in the trees.  
I chose to break away from this vicious circle  
To find something more satisfying,  
Maybe at sea  
Romantic harbour, scents of the sea, misty mornings  
The lonely boats gather, life is casual and reaching out to me  
Until the south-easter has blown over and the move is on.....  
all boats joining

It could be days before we touch land again  
They're some predicted fifteen million humpies out there  
Birds gathering, water colour and temperature are good signs.  
The humpies till the decks in a day, fish everywhere  
We work in harmony with thousands and the reward's time.  
The rhythmical flow of the ocean tunes one's senses  
And develops the powers of the mind.  
Sunrise, a tiny boat afloat on placid waters  
Reflecting mauves and pinks  
Singing songs, decoding secret information over the public radio,  
spotting the occasional school of dolphins and birds, many birds that landlubbers never see.  
Lifestyle is simple; work eat sleep and watching, daydreaming  
There is no schedule except waking up cause everyday is different.  
It may look like a pretty picture but it's not all glorious  
Knowing what needs to be done, doing it with no questions asked, makes us content.  
The harmony is important, and good balance a bonus.

I could have been the salamander

the cool, cool skin  
soft  
and plump as a healthy child  
the hide spongy  
like fine leather gloves  
over muscle, bone  
but only the eyes move  
the vertical slits of pupil  
narrow

the fragile tail  
a blunted tip  
incarnate

I too was a sleek tailed young  
the moist dark places you dwell  
salamander-under-a-log  
and the stare you give  
slow blinking and proud  
hot, young hands fondle you  
hold you up away from retreat  
put you in a shoebox

and still no stink like snake  
no pee like frog  
the salamander in the shoebox  
lid on  
secured with string  
on the ashes of yesterday's fire  
salamander

guardian of the fire  
I sat squat Let him burn!  
there is sunshine on the water  
but not here  
no one loves the sun  
today

this shade is less revealing  
I should have been the salamander  
my soul was in it

I too was a sleek tailed young,  
raced and twisted  
played and ate

I was a salamander pup  
from the jelled egg  
but as the tail shrank  
the large mouth in warty head  
fat spread body  
made for sitting patient  
declared a frog

I sit in my rough skinned frog being  
marvel at the grace in you  
two such different creatures  
imagine

me in that shady world  
between the water  
and the land

inside the tidal pool  
where fish first gasped  
the air  
land creatures from sea  
that drama still goes on  
the water  
salt and warm  
warm memories of comfort  
born

born again  
amphibian

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THE

# PARTY

by Mark Loblaw



In our last installment of The Party, Harry, our hero, has disappeared, and his wife Mirna has had no luck, what-so-ever, in finding him.....

\* \* \* \*

The more things change, the more they remain the same. The more things remain the same, the more they change. The more they remain the change, the more they change the same.

Harry was drunk. When Harry got drunk, he recited French philosophy to himself.

He'd gotten lured into this bedroom, remember, ready for just about anything (if you know what I mean). Almost anything. As it was, when he looked up, his jaw dropped. The jaw of his mind dropped as well. He was stunned.

The area on and above the bed, where his Eurodream should be, was filled with a red glow. It wasn't anything like he thought a red glow should look. It looked like a glow dubbed-in to a Walt Disney movie. Harry sort of chuckled.

I hate to keep bringing this up, but Harry was drunk. I ask you to stretch your imagination a bit. Harry was drunk enough to laugh at the red glow. If he wasn't that drunk, he would have been quaking in his boots. A red glow?

"Myrna's cosmic stuff is getting out of hand," thought Harry. He laughed aloud. Often, he laughed at his own jokes.

"An embarrassed pink elephant?" He guffawed. Out right.

Then he heard a voice. A deep voice, a voice that commanded respect. The kind of a voice that reminded him of someone, but then again, a voice that sounded unnervingly alien.

Some years earlier, Harry had been called to the principal's office, regarding some incident of mischief. The principal's voice brought a cold sweat to Harry's brow. He hadn't forgotten.

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But that principal's voice was candy floss, compared to this voice. It sobered him up. Right now.

The glow throbbled. The glow spoke: "Why do you laugh earthing?"

\* \* \*

That, of course, was meant to be the "to be continued" spot for this installment. And but for two reasons, it would have been. Firstly, the editor keeps riding my ass for more copy. Secondly, "what happens next" might get a bit confusing if I left you to your devices for a month. I mean, Harry is getting more confused by the minute, this meandering plot is getting hard to follow, I keep forgetting where I left off, and.....

Part of the paint was scraped off the corner of the "French safes" machine directly in front of Harry. It left a shiny spot. In this crude piece of mirror, he caught a glimpse of himself. It brought him back to reality, sudden like. He felt guilty. In a gas station can! Desperate, or what?

He pulled up his pants and flushed the toilet. Flushing the toilet always gave alibi to these unneeded trips to the bathroom. But who says these trips were unneeded? Not Harry. He had just read Fanny Hill. He knew the score. He'd read enough Ann Landers columns to know that masturbation is quite natural, indeed necessary. Indeed. The fantasy part was just his small contribution to the biological necessity. The fantasy part wasn't necessary.

He stumbled out of the washroom. He was at an awkward age, destined to be forever after an awkward person. Heartless writer? Perhaps spiteful. Perhaps an awkward, heartless, spiteful writer. Poor Harry.

The fat man in the bermuda shorts, cigar chomping, gave him a watery-eyed look. "The missus buyin' out the store. Har. Har." He drawled thickly.

(Thinks Harry to himself — "Wait just a minute, pal. What is going on? Wasn't I just at a party, looking at a red glow, in a bedroom?")

Poor Harry. He doesn't understand the subtleties of time warp. Alas, neither did the red glow. Even I, a fledgling writer if there ever was one, knew they should have wiped out his memory part. Oh well, we're all learning. The red glow learns to be more thorough. Harry learns to deal with the bizarre. I learn to fake story writing. You learn what not to read.

Jade. B.C. Jade. Souvenirs. Welcome Tourists South Of The Forty-Ninth! Harry, even in his confused state, noticed the misspelled number. They should have stuck to numerals. Probably used letters to make the lettering even on the billboard. One, two, three, seven, nine, yes, that's it. Nine spaces on each side. Still, spelling's important. Important.

"You still wanna ride?"

Even though he felt like a misplaced modifier of the subject named reality, our hero got into the car. He sort of felt like he was in a story, that his part was being written without his say. Fairly precocious, this hero of ours, eh?

And anyway, his hitchhiking motto was "Never say no." (That motto was to be his raison d'etre for years to come.)

The American tourists got in the front seat. Harry got in the back. He had to share it with an Afghan. That's a kind of dog. Pay attention.

So here we have it: Harry sitting back to his ride, with much to ruminate over in the stomachs of his mind. Part of him knew he was 16, hitchhiking to Banff in that glorious summer of 1967. And yet, Harry—from the party was just as much there, a 29 year-old brick layer, misplaced by some practical joking red glow.

What gives?

To be continued.

**LYLE TYSICK**

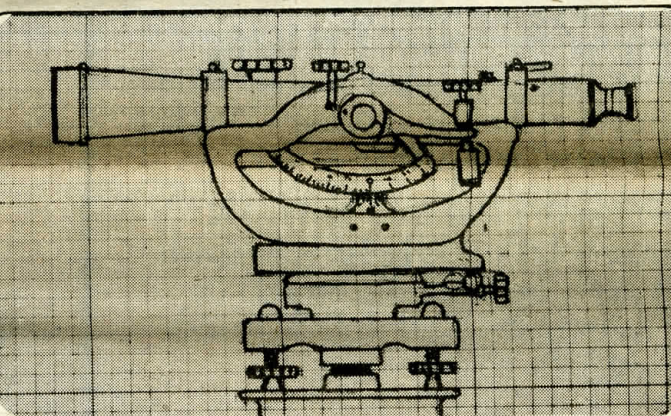
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# COMMON SENSE

Da Voice of da Woikin Class



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Herro. My name is Kim Leung Ching. I Ching. Har Har.

Herro. My name is Kim Leung Ching. I Ching. Hee Hee. I come new to this country. I boat person but not on B.C. ferries. I boat person from Time magazine and Ratter Crankcase news show.

Me and family live on sampan and freighter with many other people with no food and little water. It was big consolation to find out they talk of us in United Nations.

No country would want us cause we are people without country. We needed a sponsor and we got one in Canada right here at Whistler Mountain. Me and my family come over to Canada at sponsorship of Garibaldi Lifts. They tell me I can be chief operator of Yellow Chair. My children one day I hope to, be the same.

I never seen no chairlift before in Asia cause few of my friends ski, although some vacation in Monte Carlo. I eat rice alot and I find cafeteria food greasy. It no matter.

They tell me I learn English real good I become big shot at lift company for they plan on bringing other boat people over to help them run big mountain. I become chief translator and packer driver.

This country real good to me. I already got offer to be boss of french fry department of McDonalds on Broadway but I got urge to become decadent and try skiing.

Some people I come to say lift company garbage but I like pushing gondolas more than eating maggots. Some say I got it bad but they not right.

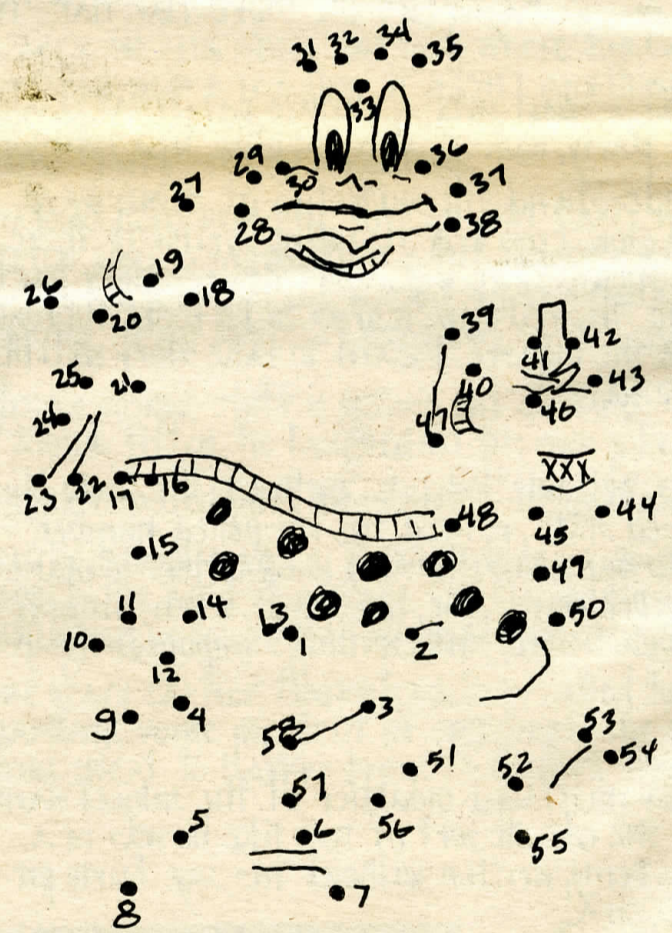
Some friend at Whistler Answer told me I to learn English good and become writer. He say government give out grants for these things and I want piece of action. I just come Canada anyway as stepping stone to U.S. for I hear that is where all the talent goes anyway. I do not take Canada too seriously cause it is run entirely by foreigners just like South Vietnam used to be.

I always remember what they tell me at immigration when I come this country, free speech, work hard, watch hockey and no labour unions. I work hard and talk freely, as now, and hockey I am Vancouver Canucks fan and rather be a scab.

I go now but see you later on mountain in winter cause I got eight new Canadians (with triplets on the way) to feed hungry month and I got manual on English and chair-liftology. to study so bye now.

See this canoe? It's an Easy Rider. Apparently it's a little too easy. My friends and I borrowed it from Michael Leierer and we left it at 500 Valley for a few days while we recovered from the Toad Boogie. Now it's gone. I can't afford to buy Michael a new one. It's got a white hull and a blue deck. If you see it around, please contact The Answer at 932-5332. Thanks.

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