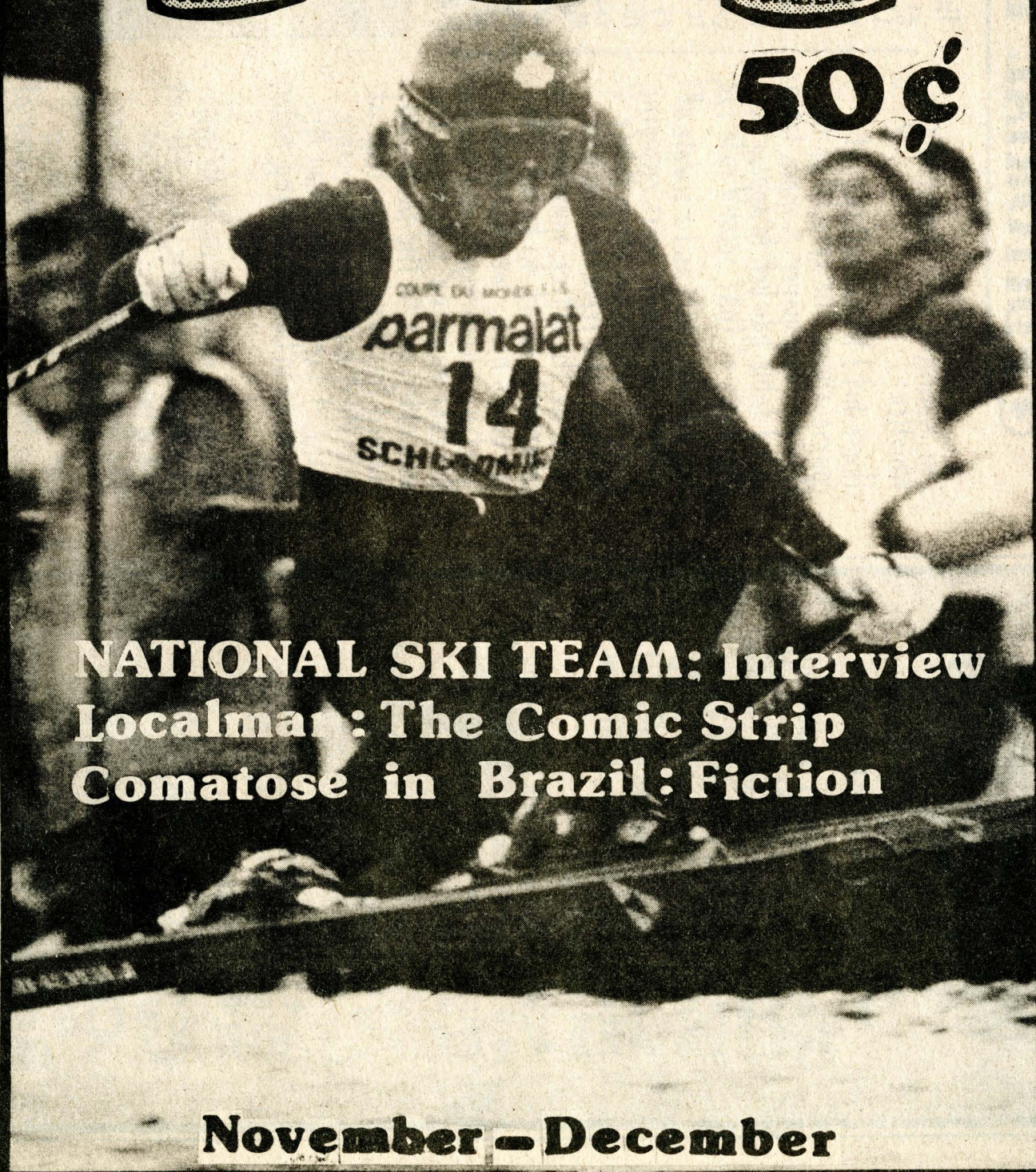


WHISTLER ANSWER



50¢



NATIONAL SKI TEAM: Interview
Localman: The Comic Strip
Comatose in Brazil: Fiction

November - December



EST. 1977
**BRITISH COLUMBIA
 WHISTLER MOUNTAIN**

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COVER PHOTO

Whistler's own Dave Murray in Austria at the Schladming Downhill '79.

Ski bumming is... humming at Whistler.

Horseshit! We are talking, of course, about the article of the Province newspaper. A more fabricated fable has yet to appear in the pages of that second rate rag.

The Answer staff and a couple of other individuals were enjoying a quiet afternoon when Bruce McLean, the reporter, touched down at the office, mumbling incoherently about ski bums. "No ski bums here," we chorused, "just us accountants and bankers." His ever running tape recorder was oblivious to the facts and seemed to churn out garbage at will. Must have been the same make of tape recorder that Nixon made infamous during Water-gate.

Accolades, however, must be given to papparraza Colin Price, for anyone who can make Bosco look like Orson Welles is indeed an artist. And while we're on that subject, the only bouncing Bosco does these days is out the door of pubs.

McLean's story was quick to get down to falsehoods. Hell, he insulted our housekeeping practises, which of course, as anyone who has visited the office would tell, are beyond reproach. Besides, it was the maid's day off.

With Price snapping photos like a berserk kamakabie pilot, the intrepid Al Davis attempted to enlighten the orange robed McLean. It was apparent the story had already been written and only the names were required to fit the labels.

The allusions to Brother Bosco de-barking the far side of a Douglas Fir are of course complete hearsay and to suggest that the Reverend Davis could not be happily esconded in a three hundred dollar condominium is nothing short of lunacy.

Hang Glider Sue may well have fifty thousand vertical in a day but the most Charlie Doyle put together last season was on the steps retreating from the Moose.

The Whistler Answer would like at this time to extend our condolence to the wives and families of all genuine bronze tanned ski gods from Whistler to Kitzbule to Heavenly Valley. Just remember, you bearers of the torch, it might as easily have been you between the pages of that scandalous sheet from the deep south.

The Answer's best goes out to ex-Whistlerite Maggie Willis O'Connor and Steve Sutrov who were married on Maui, October 20th. Several Whistlerites and alumni were present and old man weather must have known it because it poured rain and the festivities were moved up country to a dry local. Spirits were not dampened in the least as everyone pitched in to make it Maggie and Steve's Day. Copious amounts of bubbly and newly harvested bud kept the energy at such a level they had the only blue skies on Maui that day.



**CAP HIGH
 design
 CONTEST**

The middle pages of any publication are usually important ones. Playboy, for example, has its fold-out. The Whistler Answer, by the same token, has its Capilano Highlands advertisement. Only now it is much more than a mere ad. It is a contest as well.

Capilano Highlands is sponsoring the contest that involves drawing, on the middle two pages, the house plans of your imagination. Every month the best plan will win dinner and cocktails for two at the Keg, with the final winners being chosen on the May 24th weekend. The first prize then will be a weeks heli-skiing for first and a season pass on Whistler or Blackcomb for 80/81 for second.

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All entries will receive a copy of the Answer.

GRIPES GREETINGS

& assorted trivia

PAGE THREE

DEAR ANSWER

DEAR ANSWER

I suggest that Phase One of the new town centre is bringing not only big business to Whistler but big money makers as well. Not only do both the big business contractors and big money makers provide the servicing for Phase One facilities but their ominous presence and habits are taxing the patience and temperament of the employees concerned with the food and beverage facilities presently established here in Whistler.

My main contention here is argued solely upon the fact that there is a blatant lack of both reciprocity and appreciation regarding the manner in which the employees of nearly all food and service establishments here in Whistler are being treated by the Phase One employees that are new to the area. In fact, the situation is such that when these out-of-town-ers frequent our local establishments they exhibit an air of hostility which they either consciously or unconsciously promote through their lack of appreciation for services rendered; their crude verbal assertions towards service people which is comparable to the slang of skid row; and their general contempt which rejects the normal flow of both the accepted and traditional social policies of Whistler. If such be the precedent adhered to by these people, then I suggest they adapt a form of behaviour more conducive to the lifestyle of Whistler.

In short, let us not forget that everyone appreciates a gratuity in some positive manner, even if it be a simple please and/or thank you! The locals of Whistler surely appreciate what the forthcoming benefits of Phase One will bring us in the not too distant future. I am sure that both the working local and the working non-local factions of Whistler's social strata would be more productive and appreciated if they operated on a common ground based on mutual appreciation and respect.

Yours truly,
Steve Johnston

I wish to compliment this publication on the major contribution it is making to laissez-faire journalism. A contemporary author once stated that ideas are essentially bad, because when two people agree on an idea then that idea, regardless of its validity becomes right for them. This process inevitably leads to negative results à la Charlie Manson or the PLO ~ not to mention certain modern anthropological enigmas with bizarre and esoteric dress codes (wearing a certain make of sunglasses for example), that perform all forms of maladaptive behaviour the sole purpose of which is to obtain a revered status. (The "local" label comes to mind). Such behaviour is a mere manifestation of the need to "smile and pretend you know."

Therefore ideas that lead to opinions are essentially bad because opinions too often lead to irrational and unrealistic defenses of ideas. This is my opinion and if you don't like it I'll punch your lights out --- !!

In conclusion I would again like congratulate the publishers of this rag for being so successful in producing such an advanced piece of literary excellence totally devoid of ideas or opinions ~ a vanguard of tomorrow's press; truly unique.

Obliquely yours,
J.R. Kaslo, B.C.

Contrary to Mr. Rogers' belief, the Whistler Answer does have a very opinionated editorial staff, however, nobody has ever bothered or showed the least interest in our editorial policy. For the record, here is the Answer's stand on many contemporary controversies.

Legalization of marijuana ~ pro
The Panama Canal Treaty ~ pro
short skis ~ anti, motherhood ~ pro
apple pie ~ pro, nuclear power ~ anti
disestablishmentarianism ~ anti
Kaslo ~ anti

DEAR ANSWER

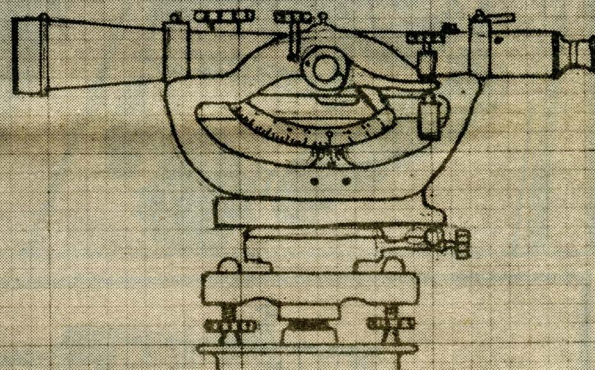
In the warm glow of nostalgia over Mt. Whistler Lodge (The Way It Was) you neglected to mention its original name. "Hillcrest Lodge" should warm the hearts of the pre and early Whistler people.

J.L. Pifro Alta Lake Nostalgia Assn
P.S. London Mt. lives!

LYLE TYSICK



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NATIONAL TEAM: INTERVIEW

The National Men's Downhill Team is expected to place well in FIS World Cup competition this year as well as in the Olympic Games in Lake Placid, New York.

Dave Murray, Ken Read, Steve Podborski and Dave Irwin, as well as Coach John Ritchie all appeared enthusiastic and optimistic towards the upcoming season at the fund raiser held in late October on Grouse Mountain.

The following is a brief interview with Ken Read and David Murray, two outstanding members of Canada's downhill team that are expected to take the circuit by storm this year.

Answer: How has training gone so far?

Ken Read: We had a good summer session, a good fall session, right now we're hoping this next session back in Europe will be as good & one as possible leading into the World Cup.

Answer: Is your goal this year the Olympics at Lake Placid?

Read: For me the season starts the 1st of December and ends the 14th of February at the Olympics. There's 8 races and I'm going to approach each one as it comes. Each one has just as much importance as the next. In actual fact the World Cup races are more difficult because there's more top people there as the Olympics have a restriction as to how many people each country can enter.

Answer: There have been some reports that the head doctor for the American Olympic Team has called the Lake Placid course unsafe as there isn't adequate landing space for helicopters.

Read: No, that's completely wrong. That ski magazine was wrong. As far as I'm concerned that is one of the safest courses is Kitzbuhl and it's the hardest. Essentially what happens is they know where the problem parts of the course are, and where it's difficult and dangerous, and they've taken adequate measures so that you don't go flying into the trees.

Answer: Speaking of flying into trees, how large a part of downhill racing is the fear of crashing?

Read: A downhill racer would be foolish to ignore that part of racing, but during the race there's so much concentration needed that the thought of a crash is somewhere back in the subconscious.



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MELANIE & STEVE BY BOSCO

Answer: What's your prediction for yourself and the team this year?

Dave Murray: It's hard to be serious with you Bosco.

Answer: I know it is.

Murray: I think I'll take every race as it comes. (Murray to passerby: this is an official interview for a reputable magazine, The Whistler Answer.)

Answer: What's your favourite rock band?

Murray: Supertramp. Breakfast in America.

Answer: What about Waylon Jennings?

Murray: Oh no, those days are through.

Answer: How did training go this year?

Murray: Oh, it's not over yet but it's been going alright.

Answer: Did you get off on your squat thrusts this year?

Murray: Oh listen, those squat thrusts mean alot to me, they do!
 (Unidentified ski bunny, possibly affiliated personally with Murray: be careful, be careful. It's your image.)

Murray: It doesn't matter because he's just going to take a hundred words and put them in any order anyway.

Answer: And not only that, but if you don't say anything good for a laugh we'll just make something up anyway.

Murray: Yeah, he's already got me on a methadone maintenance program leading up to the Lake Placid Games.

Answer: But seriously Dave, who do you expect to be your major competition this year?

Murray: No one.

Answer: No one?

Murray: That's right. They don't stand a chance. We're the best team by far.

Answer: Certainly not the most modest team.

Murray: We don't have a whole lot to be modest about.

Answer: Do you have any words for the people back at Whistler?

Murray: Oooohh! I'll take the Gold for Whistler.

Answer: Thanks Dave.



The mornings are getting nipper lately and it is getting close to the opening of the lifts. The valley is filling up with strange new faces. Soon we'll be skiing all that fresh new snow that you see looking up at the mountains. Aahh! Skiing.

While standing, gazing up at the runs on Whistler Mountain I get these flashes of memories from seasons gone by. Thoughts of the kind of skiing available on that mammoth mountain. All those unforgettable adventures shared with your ski buddies and the cold early morning chair rides up the mountain, anticipating another great ski day.

If they were good days they were usually fast ones. Like days on groomed runs like Gondola, Franz, Fisheye or Olympic. Letting it flow at high speeds on a white pool table run is a dazzling experience.

Another kind of great ski day is when only the 4-wheel drives can make it to the lifts, due to an incredible dump the night before. The road through the canyon has been closed due to an avalanche that unfortunately took out part of the road up from Vancouver. It's bound to be one of those outstanding days on Whistler.

The trees are really loaded down under the burden of all that snow, but it turns out to be one of those wet dumps and the only way to go downhill is to follow a packer. But wait, rumburs of great skiing on the bottom half of the mountain start filtering through the liftee grapevine. One of those notorious Whistler inversions. Turns out the best skiing is to be found under the Orange Chair on Goat's Gulley.

Another wild and crazy kind of turn around here has got to be tree skiing, and a day like this is the best time to enter the trees. There's so much snow that you can't pick up too much speed. You can get it together on your own terms such as nice, slow, smooth, gliding turns, right down whatever fall line you may find. It's always advisable to ski the trees with a friend, in preferably bright clothing and with your mouth closed!

Another topic of popular discussion among the locals here is the great hiking to be done in all directions from the top of Whistler Mountain.

Everybody usually does Burnt-Stew Basin first. It's only a fifteen minute hike from the top of the T-Bars over the saddle. In the proper conditions this can offer a couple of good steady Alpine runs, one with a cornice jump entrance. It's a good hoot when there's enough snow to crash into. The other novelty of this particular hike is that you can come out at the Blue Chair after doing a wild traverse through the trees. A welcome rest after all that fun.

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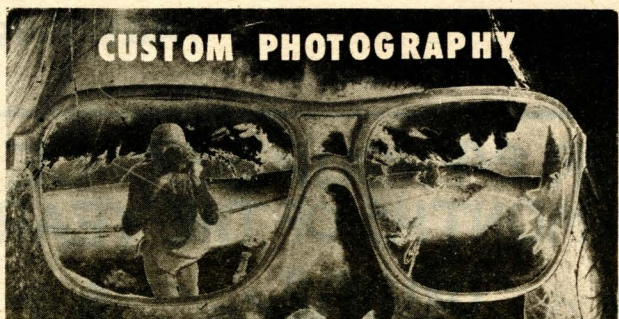
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COMATOSE *in* **BRAZIL**
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PAGE SIX

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Summer romance, as most who can tell will tell, is a happenchance affair. Not the rolling of the hills nor the flatlands, but a happenchance all by its own-self. One should, of course, take wisely the counselling of the years, and ahumph leave poor vanity another occasion for remiss; it most always comes down to cards. It's power and possession, so one king two kings, so take the money. Pesos fall like rain on that big eight wheeler movin down the track. The Andes, over the high pass, Peru, Chile, eleven thousand feet over the high pass, her initials on the hot window: B.C.

Sometimes you figure you've been in the business too long. You no longer stare into the crystal ball but wrap your hands about it, close your eyes and commence to babble in Estonian. There she was before me, not a vision but a true gem: silver shoes, the legs of course, up and up, new hat, new bag, new brightly flowered dress.

"Your husband just died," a long shot but a standard.
 "Oh Mr. Bissonette, how did you..." she reached for a cigarette.
 "So you need a private dick," I pulled a jug and two glasses from the desk.

"Mr. Bissonette I..." she went into the crying jag.
 How she found us I dunno, the painters had barely scratched the Real Estate Agent off the rippled glass. My secretary was an incredible lush and had us thrown out of the Moose just a week ago. The nerve and all, I snapped the green lampshade. Her mascara dropped down in neat little rivulets across the marigolds. I fired up a stogie and walked to the window, no too late for suicide. I pulled the venetian blind. It was broad daylight and the digital said 8:37, morning or late evening?

There was no choice but a Fiddler on the Roof number:
 "So your husband just died... so," gums flapping, arms flailing.
 "Don't..." she was just too pretty to cry.

I began to pace the floor like a caged tiger in a Bob Beluga novel. A steel file cabinet got in the way and a Karate chop opened the bottom drawer, not with a jolt mind you, but like a slab in the morgue. It was too scary, it had to be death, manila folders and papers from an old maid's cupboard. Her perfume.

"So how'd he croak?" basking in the limelight.
 "Sweeney's Barrels," she gasped, "Sweeney steamed."
 Sometimes you figure you've been in the business too long. It was all there of course in one of the folders, impossible to find. Like a fool I put my cheek next to hers and felt the tears like a low grey drizzle at mid-station.

"Stay right here," I should have hit the delay switch.
 "But with you I feel safe," she was frail, this one.
 "Aw right," I said and we grabbed the steno's mickey on the way out. We thumbed up to Mons and got the T-bird out of hawk then headed south on 99. The caper just didn't make any sense, she was on and on about gigantic cedars from the Queen Charlotte Islands. Big ones cut and fallin' fallin' fallin'; the skidder, the truck, down to the sea, five hundred of them in a log boom, the tugs all the way to Vancouver.
 "So what's in this for me dolls?"

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"The Blue Horizon," she gimme the address like I was a cabbie.

So then it was on and on about the cooperage. They cut the cedar into three foot strips, a quarter inch thick, two and a half wide. The slats go into a steam room, then bent for iron rungs, hat and shoes into a genuine work of art. I hadn't been so excited since they burned the school house down. Unfortunately, they didn't get old Miss Brown. Oh well, I wheeled the car up Robson Street and scraped the tire alongside the curb. Here's a guy giving us some nonsense, I told him we were with the band, he opened the glass door for us:

"Yeah we're married," head waiters and desk clerks.

"No my husband's in the penthouse," she cracked.

"What, I thought he croaked," I was flabbergasted, "and maybe this time I was.

Never so insulted in any case, the luggage stiff cost me two bucks, I put her on the elevator and went straight to the bar. None of the pieces fit but this had to be a set up. I had a couple of strong ones

and slapped myself a time or two just to be certain. What a sap. Why would a hot tamale like this be chasing a bimbo like me around anyway, it became a guzzel. I reached across the bar and slapped the bartender a couple of times, he didn't make any sense. I grabbed the guy next to me and gave him a couple of good ones, he didn't make any sense. I thought seriously about slapping the desk clerk but no that wouldn't make any sense. I strode my way to the elevator.

Inside I pushed P which brought me to the parking lot. Very funny. Very funny. I pushed 13, the doors closed with a rush and the motor whined all the way to the top. There they were, a hundred or so swells lapping up champagne and Chivas. The old guy was in the corner stroking a redhead who came on like a stray kitten. I thought he had on a Shriners outfit but his voice was too soft and harsh.

"My pleasure Mr. Bissonette," he wheezed.

"Not likely pal but what's the gig since I'm here."

"I want you to tail my wife," he wheezed for the last time.

"What," I shouted too loudly.

The room hushed and a guy with a sloping forehead and thick eyebrows danced me to the door. Who dunnt, I dunno, done what, why send her or did he, or did he know something I didn't know. What. It's times like this a guy needs a lead or a drummer or maybe a padded cell. Maybe the split was on and like any floosie when old Mr. Lonesome deals the first thing she wants to do is go out and get herself laid. Naw, it couldn't be, she was too smart to lose a guy with this kind of bread. What a sap, I was so hot but it still didn't rhyme.

There was a note on my door:

"Danny, am in your room, please forgive . . . B.C."

I opened the door and the curtains stood straight out as if someone had tilted the room. One foot in front of the other and I made it to the window with the air and the fog and the sonnorous boom of the tugs. She was naked. Her hair across the pillow like wheat fields in the wind, her legs and body like some marble statnette in someone's forgotten gallery. The rain had stopped and a high moon rose over Kitsilano, its light drove me closer to her, closer to her I saw etched in a cold blue tattoo across her bottom S.B.C.

I began to tear the room apart, starting with her purse. There was nothing, I mean nothing, no credit cards, no driver's license, no seasons pass, nothing but a coin. I slipped it into my pocket and began to tear my own luggage apart. There was nothing, I mean nothing, no credit cards, no driver's license, no seasons pass, just the gum shoes. It felt great to be at home.

CONGRATS TO RICK & FERN ON THE BIRTH OF THEIR SON, LIAM BRADLEY MCCARTHY. LIAM WEIGHED IN AT 6lb 6oz AND WAS BORN OCT. 11. RELIABLE SOURCE NEAR THE FAMILY STATES "HE'S BETTER LOOKING THAN BOTH OF THEM."



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"Danny... Danny," she sighed like an Indian paintbrush.

"Stay right here," I snarled, "in the Louvre if you like."

I rushed to the street, thank heavens there was no one to slap on the way. I'd have made their heads spin for a week, like one of those tops, you press the head and the body goes round and round. The street was empty, it was true, they'd towed the T-bird away. I skulked up False Creek, footprints on the beach, the Aquatic Center, under the Granville St. bridge and to the works.

There were the trucks hauling in the iron, the push boats easing the cedar to the mill. I made my way to the roof and found a broken window. It was a factory all right, hot, dusty and noisy. I climbed across girders and rafters for a hundred yards or so until I selected a pidgeon.

"Pssst," he didn't seem to hear.

"Pssst," I shimmied down a splintered beam. Lieutenant Hawthorn would have my license.

The pidgeon grabbed another armful of cedar. He had to be playing deaf and dumb, I reached into my pocket for the coin. It said Brazil but I still couldn't figure it. I waited for him to gather another armful and as he turned to the steam furnace I tossed the coin on the cement floor. He spun around and we both dove for it, I got it and give him a couple of open hands but it's too late. There's a dozen or so goons around and it isn't very clear, they're speaking Spanish but one thing is very clear: I'm the next armful of cedar.

The room is a hot, snot boogie. I had to be still conscious or unconscious. Maybe it was all a bad dream. I thought I saw her yellow hair by the little window. I held the coin up but no it had to be a mirage. I had to be conscious, I was thinking of the time the Green Chair broke down in January for three hours. No, I had to be unconscious, this was the final detox center. I dissolved in my own perspiration.

The freighter rolled and pitched on a rough sea. I was down below kind of hunkered over with a big iron around my throat and another around my knees. The pitch goes that way and there's no wine, the pitch goes this way and there's lots of wine. After a day or two I couldn't complain about the berth at all. Unfortunately the drop in Rio was like a coconut out of a palm tree. Splat, right there on the dock, wine spilled half way across the continent. I looked up into that bright blue sky and there she was, old silver shoes.

"Danny I'm sorry," hot tears and cold marble.

"Yeah me too," I says, "call a St. John's Ambulance stiff will ya?"

Bad enough she give me the blues, now I had the Coopers' droop. Her hair moved in the breeze; her blue eyes were warm and wet and the red lips quivered, but first we had to get a few things straight. Naw, the old man was never supposed to creak and she never wanted me in the first place. It was an insurance scam. They needed a fall guy, a char-coaled cadaver in a white sports coat and a pink carnation: for the coroner. It was all there in the manila file.

"Things ain't goin so fine in the empire huh."

"Danny it wasn't my idea."

"You and the old man take the dough and pull out huh."

"Danny I couldn't let them do it."

"Yeah, I know you fell for me, gimme a smoke, one thing I gotta know is, why Brazil?"

"Tree farms but nevermind, please let's go."

"Sorry dolls, it ain't my scene."

She crushed a two puff cigarette out with a silver shoe, turned the grey hat and dress around and walked away. A whisp of the nylons bent a shiver right through me. What a sap. I made my way to the train station, what the hell, I still had the coin. My face shone like a bright red beacon in the night: was it the steam or the booze? I found a buxom young lady in a coach full of rejects from a Syd Young travel junket and discretely inquired: "Anybody here play hearts?"

Technical Corner

CROSS COUNTRY SKI PREP

TECHNICAL INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY
DOUG SCHULL OF THE RACERS EDGE



It's time to get those X-country skis in shape for snow. It's the difference between ice skating and sliding in your boots (well... almost!)

If your wooden skis have been stored in a dry, warm storage area during the summer, scrape or clean the base, then wrap skis in damp (not wet) newspapers for several days to restore humidity to the wood, making it less brittle.

Deep scratches can be filled with a mixture of plastic wood and epoxy or Acraglass (a gun stock repair material) and sanded smooth. Pine tar should be applied on the smooth, clean base in a thin, transparent layer. If still tacky after drying overnight heat the pine tar with a torch and wipe off excess.

P-tex bases are treated much the same as downhill skis for scratches and nicks (P-tex candle) and then given a good hot waxing to seal the base and provide a good surface for adhesion of wax as well as glide.

The subject of waxing is as exotic and secretive as recipes for moonshine but some basic principles hold true. The entire ski should be waxed as protection and as a glide surface (the groove is your choice). This surface should be polished with a cork, some newspaper or the palm of your hand. The next step is to apply a slower wax under the foot for "kick."

All wax lines are colour coded for wax hardness, using cold to warm colours (green → red). The colder the snow the harder the wax. The warmer the snow, the softer the wax. The thicker the wax the better the grip. The thinner the wax, the better the glide. You may spread soft wax over hard but not vice versa. Think of spreading jelly over peanut butter; the reverse is possible.

Well the skis are ready for snow but is the skier? Remember, no matter how good the tires are, the motor's gotta be in tune.

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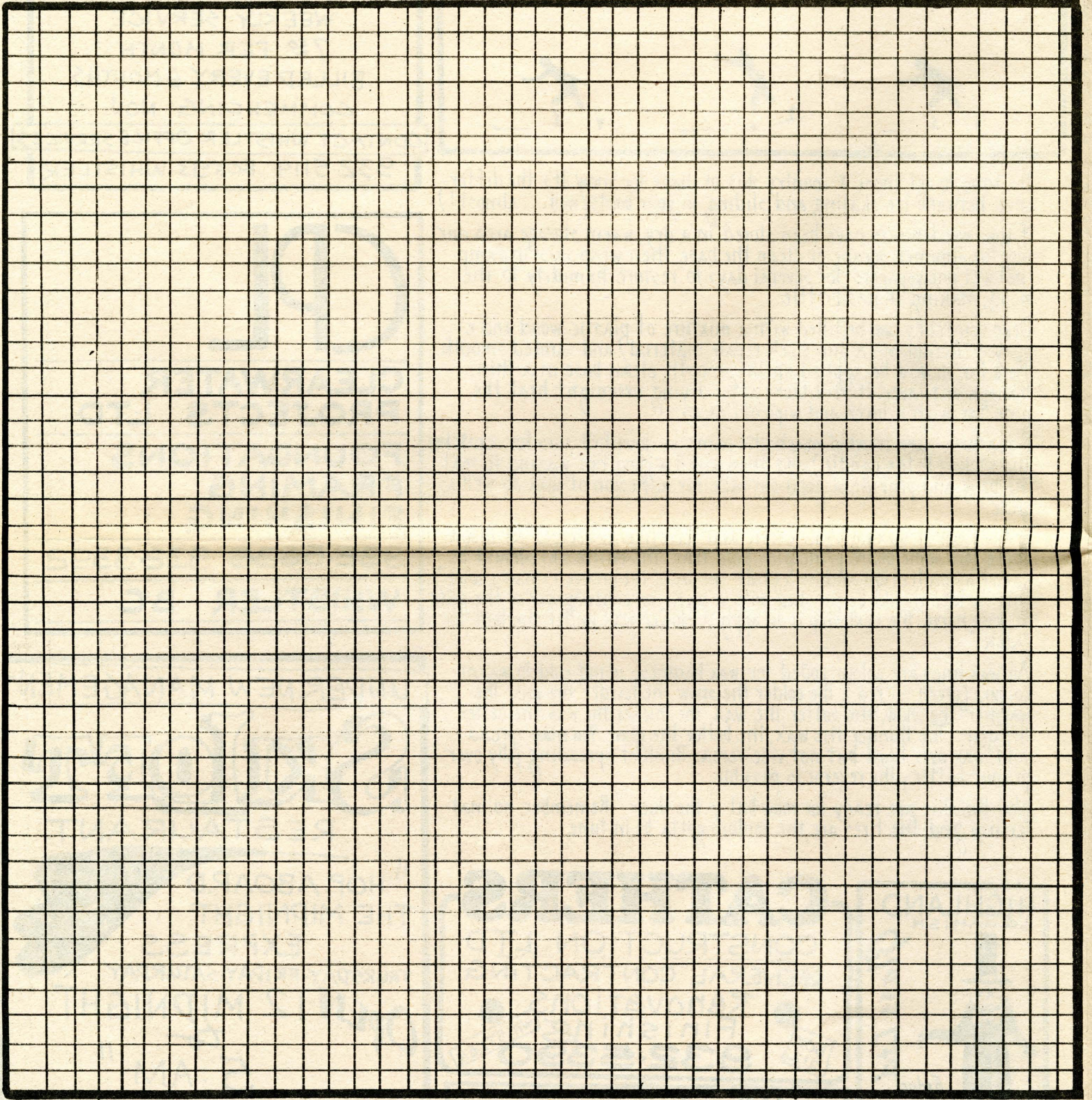
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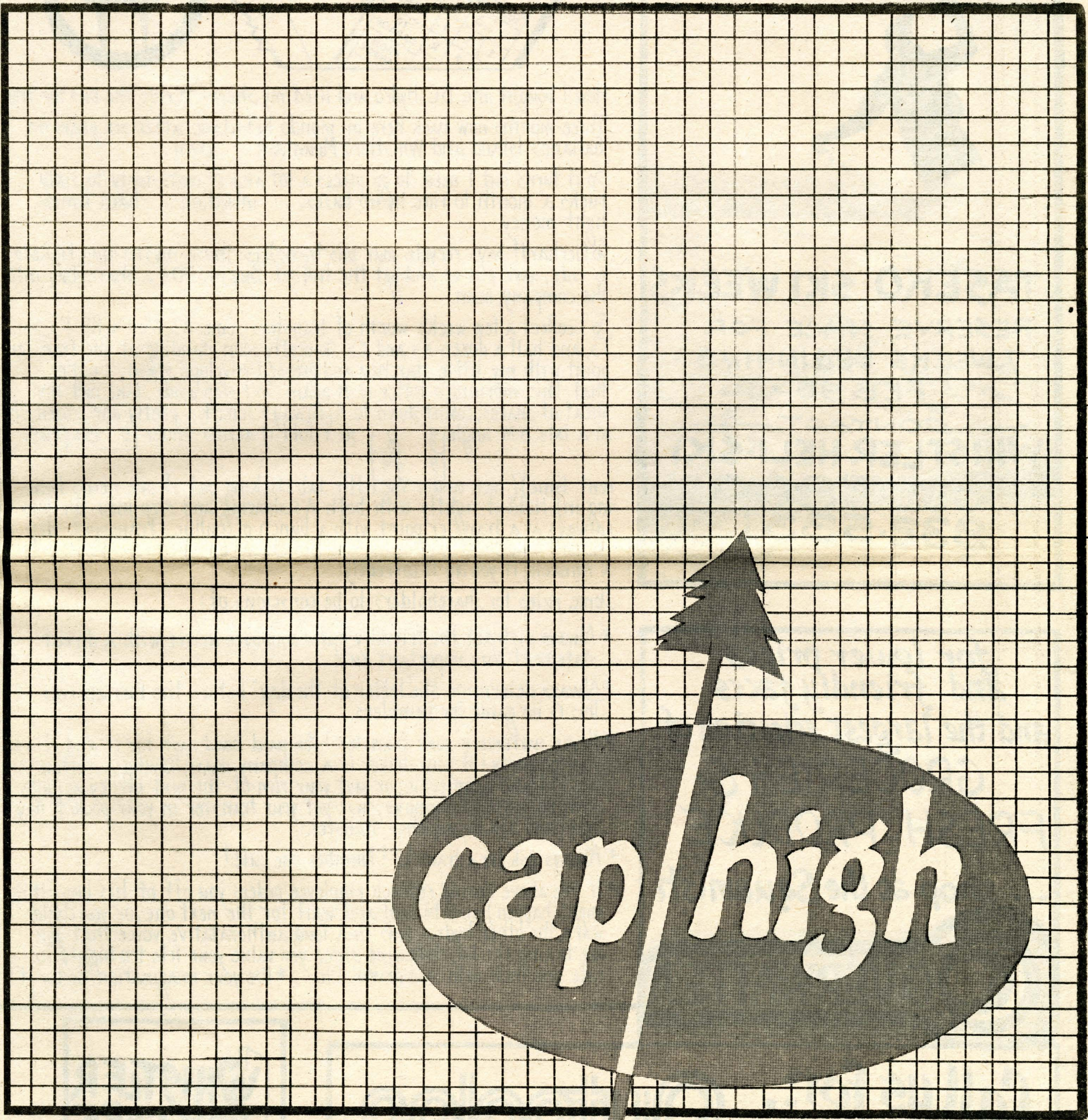
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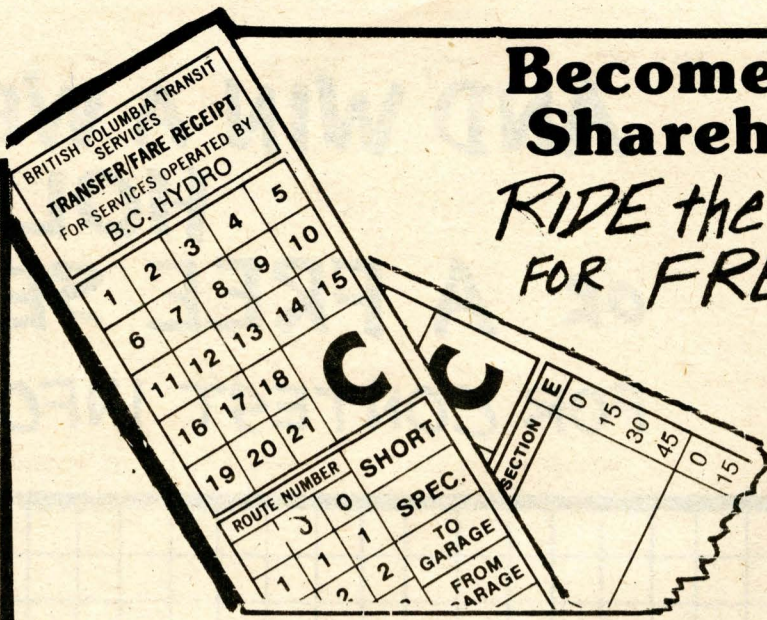
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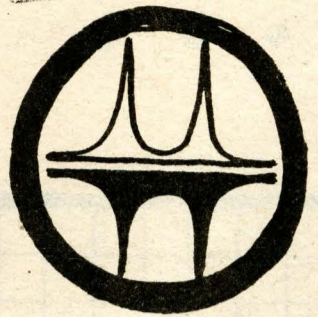
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How I bought into B.C. Hydro and used my shares to ride the bus for free. Three months now back here in mondo Kitsilano after six years on Galiano's Island and Whistler's Mountain... yawn...

So it turns out I need to go places a lot and it costs forty to sixty bucks a month to ride hydro buses... inflation... hard times... tight money.

So Gerhardt says recycle your bus transfers, those mysterious tickets-to-ride, save 'em up and get the full set. Buy in. 50¢ a share. Buy into the company, man.

So I collect a few week's worth of transfers, some A's, C's, E's, K's, P's, S's, T's, and half a dozen X's and Z's. So pretty soon standing at the transfer point with my little starched and pressed envelope stash, I notice that this morning's letter is A again. So I step aside, take out my sheaf of shares, count down to K (always select a pretty one) torn off at a late A.M. angle $\frac{4}{9}$ $\frac{0}{30}$ so I fold it across under $\frac{5}{15}$ (cur-

rent time) (tuck under the little tab sticking out if one needs tucking in). Hold it tightly with both A's showing and step into the bus (always at a transfer point with a bunch of public-transport-dependent folks) and say "change at Broadway" or wherever. Works like a miracle if you do it correctly.

Some rules for shareholders to be conscious of:

- * Always distract the friendly hydro employee driver with a direct statement. Very important rule.
- * Always determine the "letter of the day" before the bus arrives. This is no game for fumlbers.
- * Never surrender your transfer! You paid hard cash for it and it is your property! If your driver is a company man, having a rotten day, old and apoplectic, or just your run-of-the-mill turkey asshole, with no sense of humour, just put your transfer in your pocket, pay again and ask for another transfer.
- * Always ask for a transfer! Number one rule!
- * If the above boring redneck employee orders you off of his bus (this might happen) just be cool and wait for the next one, or you could warn the other hydro-oids in a loud authoratative voice that you are taking the bus-following since you value your life too highly to ride one inch with said driver. Etc... * Use your imagination! Go for it!

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WHISTLER; The Way It Was

PAGE THIRTEEN

In terms of years, Whistler Mountain, the ski area, is an historical pup. But, as you all know, what it lacks in longevity, it more than makes up for intensity. The purpose of Whistler Mountain: the way it was is to transmit memories and reminiscences of bygone incidents, stories, feats, parties, and just generally the things long time residents talk about over a few suds. This column will be open to anyone with any such remarkable social history that they wish to share.

SPEEDIE PHOTO



From the mouth of Green Lake the water flowed into Soo River. The way it does now. Its spirit has the same sound. When you're in the middle of it, you know it'll last forever.

Coming down the trail, Armchair and Wedge Mountains line the sky. You can hear the river. That's Danny's cabin on the left. John and Wendy's on the right. Then the main house. Probably Drew up from the farm, and God knows who else is in there now. Byron's is straight ahead. Then, over to the right, Rene's with his extension which added a winter's view of the lake and mouth of the river. Next to his, the shacks, Alan's, Speedie's, Ian and Stephanie's, stood on the edge of the lake. Over on the other side of Rene, down to the left, in that cabin where the creek meets the river, that was Sally and me, who you could still see were getting off on it all together.

But, hell, I never even got to ski. Spent the winter months healing my back. Living with Sally, she had to do most of the work, chop wood for the stove and carry water in from the creek. All I had to do was let go and realize the discomfort I felt was just my ego. But there was more to it than that.

Sally said she figured we got cabin fever and we ought to split up. I smiled and said "That's funny, you're at the end and I'm at the beginning." But I didn't argue. I just walked out and stood in the middle of camp, feeling the pain in my heart and wondering where I was at.

There were two or three fires going in camp. I walked into John and Wendy's. Wendy said they were leaving the next day for a couple months in the city and she wondered who they could get to take care of their cabin. It all seemed so perfect like somebody upstairs was calling the shots. But that didn't help how I felt, a strangely distant feeling.

Coming Spring '73

Weeks went by in peaceful routine. I'd wake up staring at Green Lake and hear the skiers leaving for the slopes. I'd get up and start my morning fire. It was actually fun living by myself. I hadn't ever done it before. Everything stays where you leave it.

It's funny, you know, what you remember. The part of the past that lasts. Real bonds of friendship and shared incidents.

Paul was up from university. He and Byron and I would drive up to Jimmie's high in Alpine on the full moon and talk through sunrise about what really counts.

(CONT ON PAGE 18)



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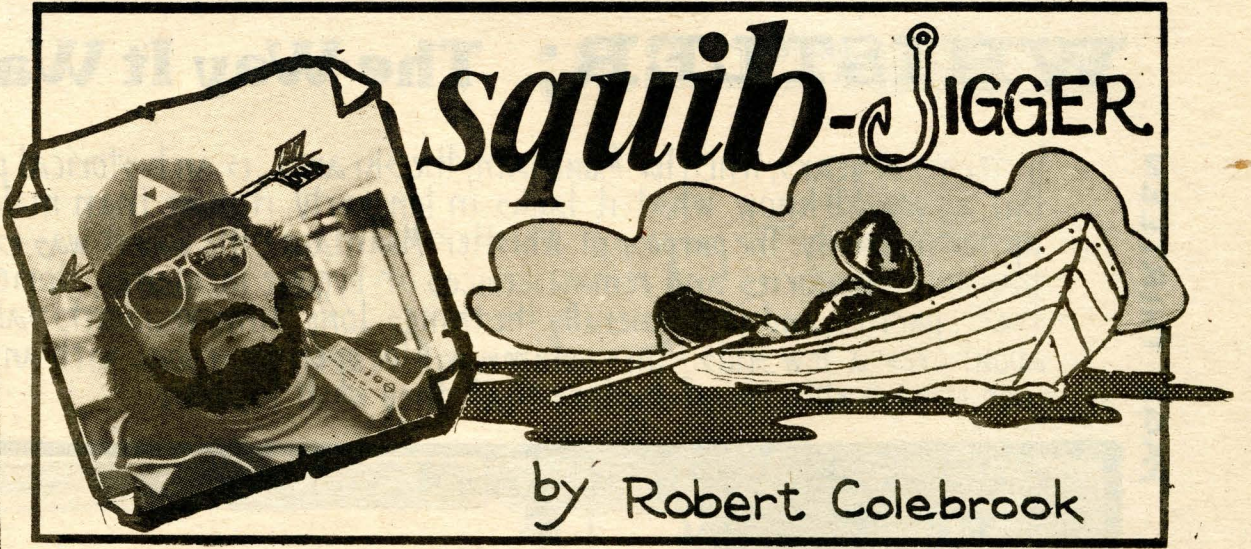
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The Husky shopping complex has taken on its usual November look of a staging area for a refugee movement. All manners of vehicles arrive daily, loaded down with the usual paraphernalia of aspiring ski bums from diverse locales such as South Vancouver and Etobicoke, all hoping to become "locals" within the week. For some strange reason these transients all seem to store their skis inside their vehicles, instead of the more traditional and cerebral method of the ski rack.

Southeast Asia has its boat people and Whistler Mountain has its van people. The mode of transportation may be different but their plight is often the same. Crowded conditions, poor food and medical facilities, an insecure approach to the future and total neglect by the "authorities" for their welfare are similarities that can not and should not be ignored, by me or anyone else with a strong social and moral conscience. These refugees from universities and broken homes have to be looked after. These unfortunates all desperately need a place to live, work and get faced. Secondary needs are a pickup truck, a spouse, a dog and a load for a seasons pass. I ask you, can we deny these people what we have grown to expect as a matter of course in this beautiful valley? Let's face it, these people are virtually helpless in alleviating their own sad plight, sob sob.

Sometimes they even resort to putting up tacky, illiterate notices on the various bulletin boards that read something like this:

SINGLE, Non-smoking, non-drinking Christian home body would like to rent a basement suite with fire place and Jacuzzi, preferably in Alta Vista on the Lake, for around \$! 25/mon. References available. Phone Frank or Bill or Dave or Trish at the pay phone at the Husky or leave a message on the windshield of the Ford Econoline with Ontario plates at the White Gold Inn ☺
P.S. I hope you don't mind the fact that I breed Great Danes

Yeah right. People who put up such notices should be relegated to the Provincial Home for the Perpetually Bewildered, although on second thought maybe that's what Whistler is.

Hell, I took a group of these ignoroids over to the Garibaldi Lift Co. house next to the gondola barn and told them they could have it for a grand a month, first and last in advance, with a \$500 damage deposit. They were so sold on the location that they didn't even ask to look inside, lucky for me. Which reminds me, I guess it's time for me to send them their eviction notice before Peter Alder finds out about the scam. It was just like sending a new guy on the job in search of the elusive sky hook, only I got a couple grand out of it that I intend to donate to the Chamber of Commerce and the Catholic Home for Unwed Canine Mothers. It's the least I can do for some of the dogs in this valley.

And so this precious preamble of prevarications breaks into the crux of the matter, entitled So You Wanna be a Local Meets 20th Century Fox. And I don't refer to the 20th Century Fox that Jim Morrison so aptly alluded to in his classic love lament of the same name.

Those of you with sharp minds and good memories (quick, what's your phone number) may recall a piece entitled So You Wanna be a Local from last November's edition, and I would like to point out that the only reasons it is appearing again, in revised form, is that there have been multitudinous requests for it and I'm essentially lazy and couldn't think of anything new for this issue. It was either this or my brilliant new screenplay, Gidget goes to Whistler, that Doyle and myself are now in the process of casting during the smaller hours of the night. The only problem with that arrangement is that he is the producer and I'm just the key grip.

So while last year's manual on being groovy in Whistler was for the Whistler 101 course, this one will be a tad more advanced and is listed in your calendar under Selected Readings in Localology 431. Please pay particular attention to the fact that our first seminar will be on the topic: identifying a local, categorizing him/her and dissecting their psyches with chain saws.

Please note: any students anticipating doing post-graduate work in this field are requested to have the necessary tuition for the obligatory cream (creme?) coloured Mercedes.

Before we get in to the substantive aspects of the course it would be appropriate, as an ideological disclaimer, to state that being a local is equivalent on the prestige scale as being left-handed or a Capricorn. The entire concept of being a local is outdated and obsolete, being replaced primarily by the particular breed of local that one is. Anyone who even mentions the term "local" these days is guilty of the most blatant gauchness imaginable. The only reason that I refer to it constantly is that I'm an academic and therefore immune to the rules governing mere mortals (have you ever met a mortal who was more than mere.)

The top strata of Whistler locals is the "untouchables." Unlike India, the untouchables in Whistler are the elite. The gentry, bourgeoisie, Family Compact, the ruling class, the monied, are all synonyms for the untouchables. For the same reason that the gradeone student shouldn't count on a Rhodes Scholarship, don't even think of aspiring to the greatness exhibited by the untouchables. The bonanza is over. To make money in Whistler now you need money. Gone are the days when the rinky-dink developer, speculator and hosteller could clean up over night. The only one that can clean up overnight now is Shultz.

This elite, if you will, group at Whistler will probably remain faceless names to you for a long time. They do not go to the same places that you do, although I believe they still go to the washroom. (Rumour only) Don't dislike these people just because they're rolling in the dough, for they've paid their dues, not to any union of course, for there's lots of other valid reasons for vomiting at mention of their names.

A lot of the untouchables came to Whistler looking for the same things that you are now. Skiing, parties, no pressure, ice stock sliding and sexual intercourse are a few motives that come to mind. Many years of mid-station fog and solo trips home from the Boot does strange things to people. It makes them want to return to the lifestyle that most of them left to come here, one of money, ego and hoarding. In other words, Whistler is unfolding as it should.

For a complete study of the economic situation in Canada I can only refer you to John Porter's "Vertical Mosaic" or, for a more up to date analysis, Wallace Clements' "The Corporate Elite." Suffice to say that the untouchables are a miniscule minority and should be treated as such. These individuals (if that is the correct word) would probably join the Whistler Mountain Polo Club if such an animal existed, for the sole reason of isolating themselves even more from the commun-



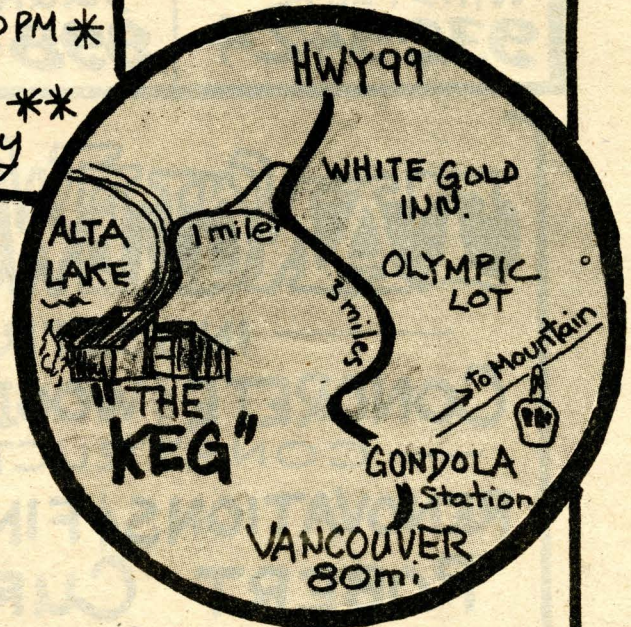
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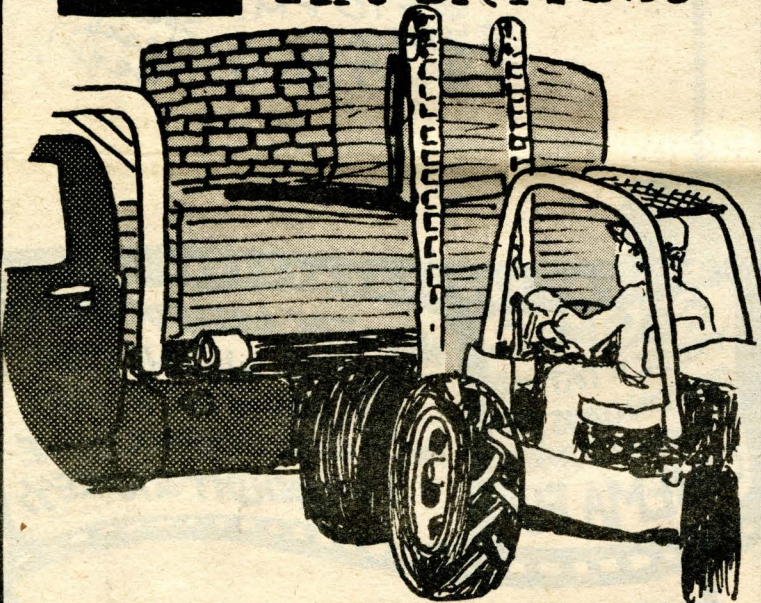
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ity that "made" them. The only practical advice I can give the neophyte is get to know their cars on sight so that you don't have to waste your energy by sticking out your thumb while hitchhiking. One constant rule in Whistler is that no patched jeans will come in contact with real leather upholstery.

So while this course is structured from the upper strata on down, following the hourglass theory that you can always turn it upside down, we now progress to the next level of Whistler local: the up and comer and the established contractor who dabbles in real estate.

These individuals are more accessible than the untouchables. You might even see them one night during their bi-yearly visit to the Boot. They'll be the ones that are trying to make everyone suitably impressed that they've lowered themselves to enter such a din of iniquity. (That wasn't a typo.) These people are very moody. One night you'll be going great guns with them and the next they'll treat you like a piece of excrement left on their mortgaged Persian rug. Understand their predicament: whether to put on the facade of being a nice person or just letting the ledger take over and damn the people, full ahead. Don't get too angry at these people because they occasionally put in a token appearance on the mountain, on sunny days, just to absolve their guilt on abandoning the cause. L'Après is definitely their forte. Right in the middle of brilliant conversation regarding the influence of Chaucer on Shakespeare, with several tight skirted legal secretaries from Van, they will brake into the old "let's step out onto the balcony and talk business. They add more definitions to boring than any five dictionaries could supply.

These people try not to lose their contact with the people. They are a variety of populist wheelers and dealers. They regard personal P.R. as the key to making it without anyone noticing.

Some of the local so-called politicians fit into this category just because they don't want a conflict of interest to stop them from retaining their privileged post. It must be a great honour to be elected to a post in an area where the majority of the people don't bother voting; spoil ballots; or think that an X is something you use in naughts and crosses. When you get a situation with absentee ballots you get absentee politicians. In the old days they used to call it imperialism, today they call it voter apathy. The whole political situation in Whistler is like going into a raisin factory in order to pick out a prune.

CONT'D NEXT ISSUE

Apocalypse Now a review

Life and death. The two most read about and talked about topics in life since man's inception. These topics have served to provide the basic foundations upon which civilized man has continued to function. Man's perceptions of life and death have determined, established, adapted and assimilated the manner in which man will govern both his personal, religious and political affairs during the present and in the future. The subject of which I speak has been the focal point of man's literature and song lyric for centuries but it took a Coppola to conceptualize it on film. The cinematography used in the film epitomizes the epidemic insanity of Viet Nam and emphasizes as Byron would further add, "the feast of vultures, and the waste of life." Ideally, Coppola did for war what Harry Reims did for pornography - they both display their subject in a manner which allows the public to witness and come to grips with the real thing!

From beginning to end Coppola pulls no punches! Truly there is method in his madness. The author presents the total Viet Nam issue as a conflict which does not determine who is right - but who is left! The war ethic of previous civilizations is now a hieroglyphic and today it represents the emblem, seal or flag of its combatants. From frame one on, the varying lens sizes and Dolby sensurround equipment grab your attention and hold it. Like it or not, you are no longer a person who is expected to passively sit still, emotionally uninvolved and assume a non-committal attitude towards the film. You are subjected to Coppola's methods which seek not only to orient the viewer with Viet Nam but compel the viewer to choose either a pro or con point of view. Hence, I dug in for the three hour duration hoping for at best survival if not amnesty if I were to be taken prisoner here at Stalag Stanley.

Destined to survive and not be taken prisoner, I crouched down in my seat clutching a K-ration of buttered pop corn and coke. I prayed they would last through the movie, for to expose my precarious position to the rest of the audience in order to acquire more popcorn would be purely ludicrous. I was captivated to the point where it was impossible to go A.W.O.L. in order to find the washroom.

And so the blitzkrieg begins. Important sequels are introduced ritually and tactfully by both horrendous screams and the percussion of bombs complemented by the bright red glare of fire - that ever present back-drop. Silence only enters to supplement these visual and audio components used so methodically by Coppola. This technique sets the precedent for each scene and only subsides enough to allow the script to surface and be heard. Essentially the mercenary mission undertaken by Captain Willard is the vehicle by which the story is introduced. Each scene is linked by a clear transition of script and presents the reality of a war in a brain-spattering way. Willard is hired by the Special Forces as an assassin to "terminate with extreme prejudice" the command of Colonel Kurtz who, with his cult, has relocated in Cambodia. And so the narrative of Willard follows the meanders of the river to Kurtz.

To some, especially in the American example, the reality of Nam was an everyday horror - death a constant possibility and life a happenstance. Willard moves catlike through each macabre scene with a mission in mind and appearing to be somewhat oblivious to the war around him. Coppola toys at Willard's professional ethics by introducing him to a M.A.S.H. - type atmosphere which exemplifies a make the best out of a bad situation code of survival. Willard is forced to cater to beach BBQ's, surfing and everything that is back in the good old U.S. of A.

He depends on a crew dedicated to serving number one and not the flag. The troops would sooner attack any source which will create an altered state of mind without altering the state of their body.

The narrative progresses up the river to its destination. Willard learns what Kurtz has, that survival is based on two basic postulates: if you can't beat 'em join 'em, and, beat 'em at their own game! Hence, the success of Kurtz's methods and policies are prominent in both his survival and supremacy over the enemy. Kurtz introduces a new meaning of life and death to the North Vietnamese. A cold, inanimate and highly proficient fighting machine has been molded by Kurtz - they are winning the war their way and the State Department does not like it.

As the search culminates, both physically and mythologically, Willard's dilemma increases. Through his river long study of Kurtz's dossier and his gathering disrespect for the U.S. Military, he comes full circle. His dilemma is now personal. He understands and respects Kurtz but realizes his methods are unsound. Willard must now justify his personal dilemma.

By no coincidence, Coppola chooses his film title in accordance to the dialectical materialism of 20th century war and a song which sums it up by one of music's foremost philosopher concerned with the topic of hedonism and carnage - Jim Morrison. So I felt it was well worth a Coppola bucks to see the best film in the last fifteen years to come out of the film world.

by STEVE JOHNSTON

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A DAY ON THE MOUNTAIN (PAGE FIVE)

Then there's always the hike to the peak of Whistler. You skirt around the cornices at the top and it's a great view from up there. The ski out isn't too bad either. The top part is really steep depending on where you step off. If you're into the intense stuff, there's always Friday the 13th, named for all those who never made it past the 2nd turn. It is a long way down. The real run off the top though is Don't Miss. It's been skied by only a handful of people and you don't blow that second turn. Once you're into that slot you've got to have some idea how to get out, in one piece. Of course there's always an easy way out. Traverse the West Bowl. Ha.ha.

If you've got an abundance of energy and all the proper equipment there's always Flute and Overload, or Piccolo. Then you're really getting into the scenery and dynamite steep alpine turns. A good day's challenge. If your timing and directions are right on, you can be back at the Blue Chair for last ride.

What a hit, after doing all that deep snow skiing, when you get back on to those groomed runs and find that your skiing is feeling real good. Cranking those turns off effortlessly. From crud to fluff can be a very ego raising experience.

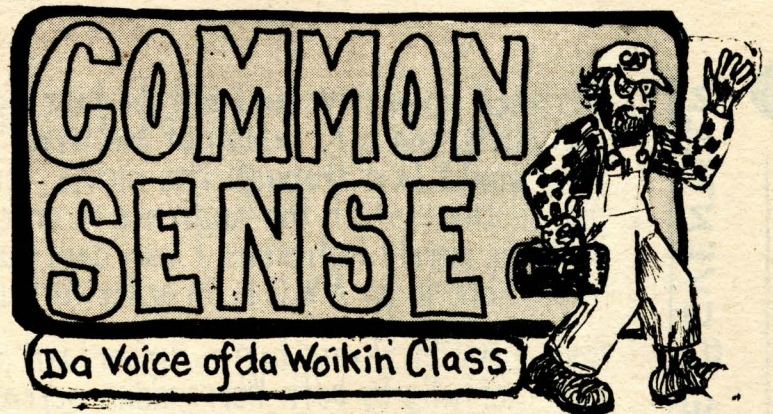
Go try on a few bumps for size. No sweat now. Or one of my favourites, a fast non-stop out the Olympic on a week-day. Seven miles of leg-burning action. Get up lots of speed in those places familiar to you and slow down a little in the places where people seem to congregate. They are thrilling moments as you round a turn covered with bumps. Don't slow down, keep the head up and absorb. You've been here before. Keep on carving those boards.

The end of another great ski run is nearing. As you coast to a stop surrounded by equally smiling faces, already the mind is onto tomorrow. What a sport. What a mountain. What a day.

WHISTLER: THE WAY IT WAS

Living here then, my mind was unsure of what my life meant. The snow seemed to be melting it away. Soo Valley was coming to an end. Cap High said it wanted to make a park so the general public could enjoy it. Sure... but talk in camp was mostly up.

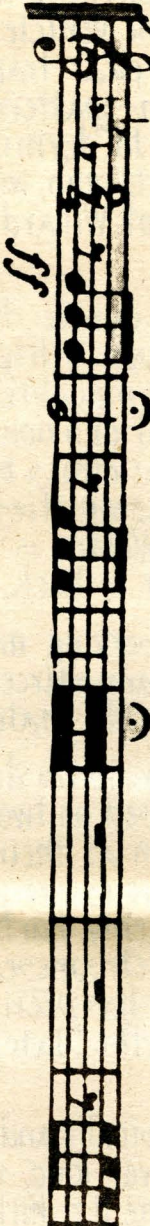
Helicopter skiing was hotly debated to be on Mt. Currie or Wedge. The copter would land right in the middle of camp to pick the boys up - there was no debate on that. Then there was talk of one more May party to celebrate the spot. I just stared at the fire and listened to the wood pop. I felt myself drawn back to the city in order to begin or, at least, so I thought.



WHATS A MOUNTAIN GIRL DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS ?

Well, I just finished my first "5-star gig." That's a term I use for a good gig - one that satisfies five categories: decent money (comparatively speaking), good stage, good sound system, good room provided for changing and staying in during work or overnight for an out-of-town gig, and good people, that is, friendly staff (the audience is always friendly). I've been a neurotic, psychotic (or erotic, exotic?) dancer for 2 years so you can imagine the bizarre (picturesque?) bars I've worked in. The one where the stereo excelled in static; the one where the rug burned scabs and my knees would open and bleed on stage; the ones without a rug; the one where as soon as I had arrived and hauled my four bags through the lobby door, the manager eagerly asked me if I did "floor work"; or the old hotel in Nanaimo that housed very old men who all knew where the dancer's room was - they'd come knockin on my door, bleary-eyed, decrepit and pathetic, asking to come in. Sorry, I'm not a social worker... So much for the high times! (Beat me, beat me, it makes me feel so cheap!)

Naturally this job has a lot of benefits (I'm not an idiot... well... I have my moments), I can work whenever and wherever (in B.C.) that I want. The money's usually O.K. Shows vary between four and six a day. Times vary too of course, the most hateful gig being one where the showtimes are 12:00 noon, 4:00 p.m., 8:00 p.m., 10:00 p.m. and midnight. Not much time for oneself.



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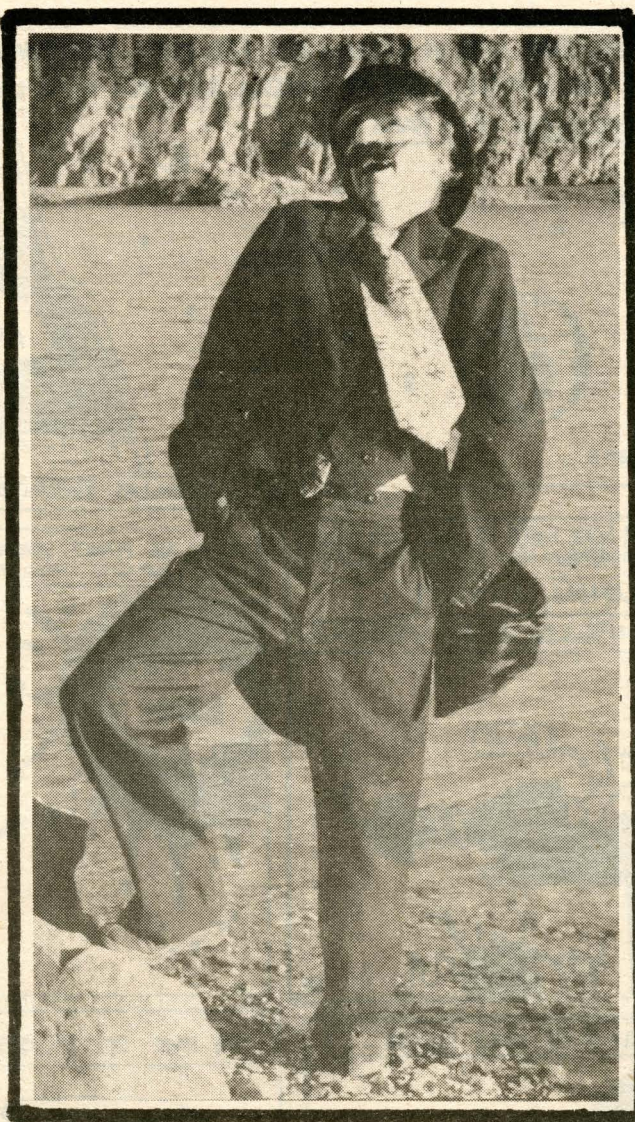
One of the best times I had working was in a small coal-mining town in the East Kootenays. At one bar town - if you're the only show in town, you're the best show in town! When the dancer comes on the bar lights dim, the stage lights come on, the pool tables shut down temporarily, the audience gets psyched (not like some places where you get to compete with a baseball game on the wide screen next to the stage!) The people were great in this place - it was mushroom season and their local bar was the place to party in. We had a great time. During the day I'd go off hiking by myself and I'll never forget the experience I had of trying to cross a river wearing bright orange plastic garbage bags on each leg. It didn't work, but I found a bridge further up the next day.

In one town that was rather on the grease and redneck side I fortunately met a group of funky people who were working there temporarily as well. On my last night there everyone came down to the bar and we got righteously fried. The hotel manager had billed me as a "comedienne, story-teller, exotic dancer, hobo acts etc." so I decided not to take my clothes off for the last set. Instead I told a story (with my red eyes and all) to a basically red neck audience while my friends cheered me on. Then we got all the good guys up on stage in a row and hung moons for the bar. I'm still not sure how well it went over but we sure as hell had a good time!

I started dancing at No. 5 Urange. It was Halloween night when I first brought out my "Mad Larry" (Hometown Band) act - Chaplinesque disguise; music and gestures all very camp and tongue in cheek; a little soft shoe. It went over so well that I decided to do it more often, and eventually added several more comic characters to my routine. It's much more fun for me than walking around peeling G-strings and beaded bras (in which I look absurd anyways!) After a while some of the other ladies of No. 5 started getting into the act. We had Doris Day, Marlene Dietrich, Inspector Clouseau, Dorothy from the Wizard of Oz, nurse and other impersonations. Lots of laughs.

One day the crowd got so wild after my hoe-down number that what with all the yelling and cheering, part of the plaster in a corner of the bar fell down. They called it "the day R. brought the house down!"

Now I work through an agency and every new bar and town is an unknown adventure. I hope that a few "5-star" gigs are coming my way.



MIKE LEIERER PHOTO



SYD

TRAVEL IDEAS UNLIMITED

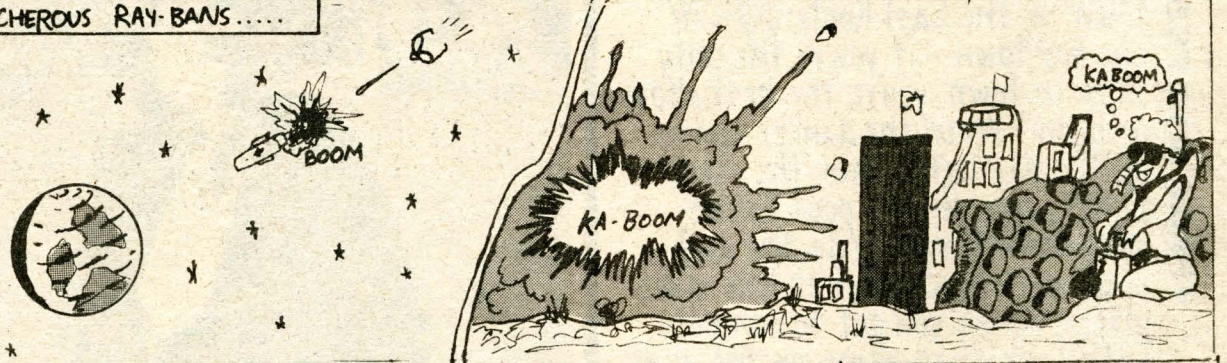
No. 5 WHISTLER CENTRE, WHISTLER B.C. VON 1B0 PHONE 932-5757
 RESIDENCE 932-5662
 VANCOUVER 681-6627

LOCALMAN

PRODUCED BY THE VUARNET SKI AND WINDSURFING TEAM

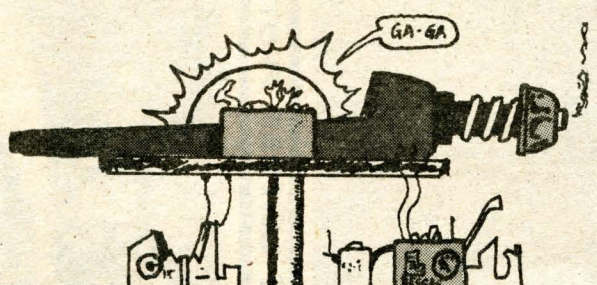
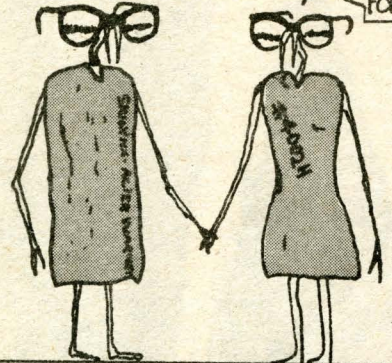
ALONG TIME AGO, IN A GALAXY FAR, FAR, AWAY THERE WAS A PLANET KNOWN AS VUARNET. THE VUARNUTIANS WERE A PEACEFUL RACE, BUT WERE UNDER CONSTANT ATTACK BY THE TREACHEROUS RAY-BANS.....

THE PRESIDENT OF VUARNET WAS SKILYNX-ACIER AND HIS WIFE WAS NAMED #4002H. THOUGH UNHAPPY BECAUSE OF THE PLANET'S TROUBLE, THEY WERE EVEN MORE DISAPPOINTED WITH THE ARRIVAL OF A HORRIBLY MUTATED CHILD

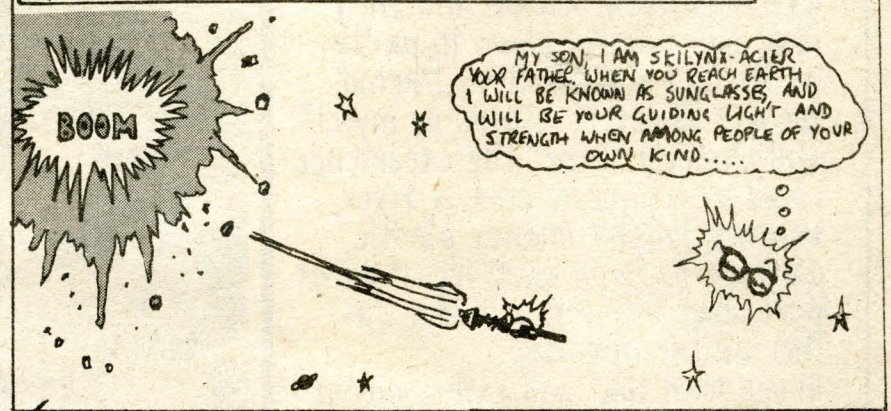


... AND FROM GUERRILLAS FINANCIALLY SUPPORTED BY EVIL GOVERNOR FOSTER'S GRANTS.

I HAVE FOUND A PLANET ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE GALAXY FOR OUR SON. THERE HE WILL LOOK LIKE THE NATIVES AND BECOME A HERO. BUT OUR LITTLE SPADEMAN HAS A LONG JOURNEY
DON'T YOU MEAN SPACEMAN, SKILYNX?
FOR SOME REASON I WAS COMPELLED TO SAY SPADEMAN



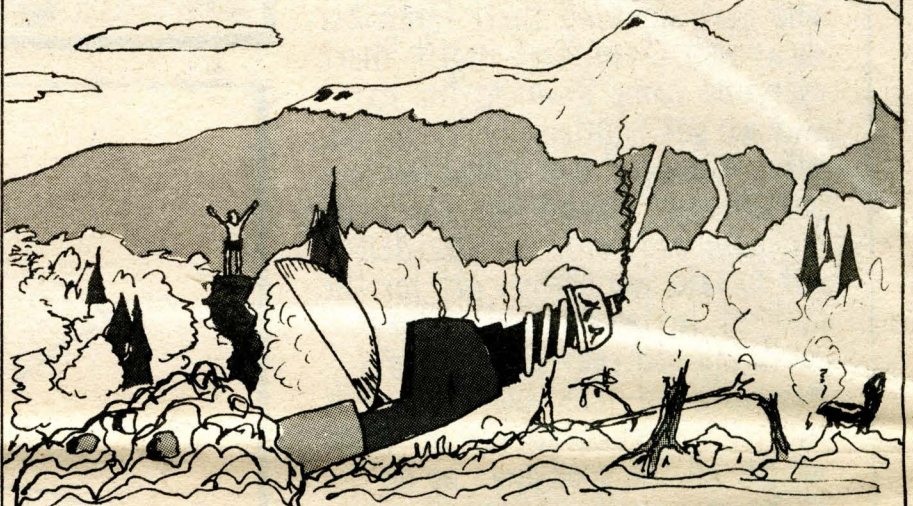
AND SO THE PLANET VUARNET IS FINALLY DESTROYED. A LITTLE SPADEMAN ARCHES OUT INTO SPACE, TOWARDS EARTH: HOWEVER HE IS NOT ALONE...



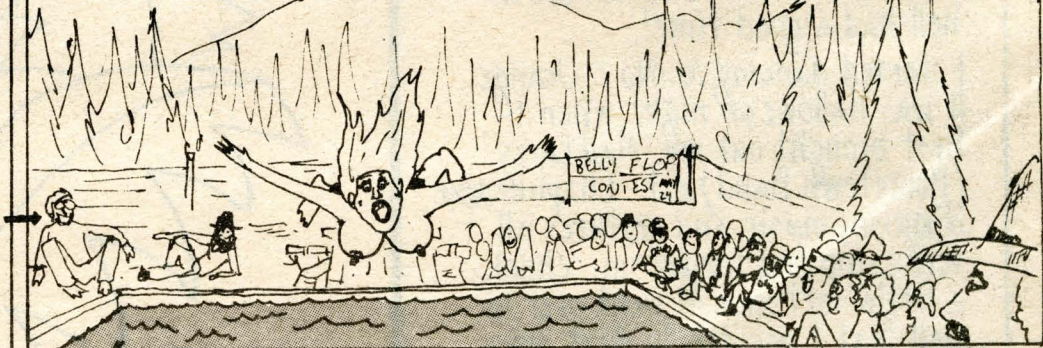
THE QUIET DRUG-FREE RESORT MUNICIPALITY OF WHISTLER WELCOMES AN OUT OF THIS WORLD VISITOR....



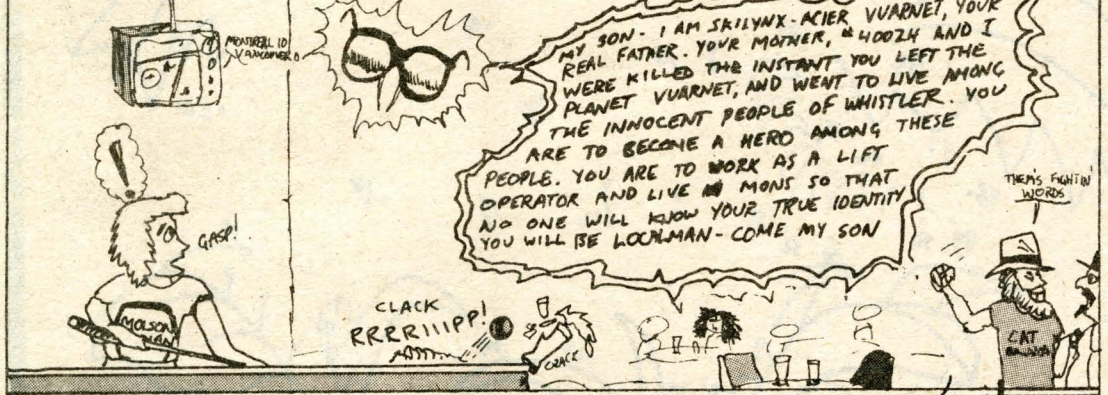
THE DATE: OCT 27, 1957 B.V. (BEFORE VUARNETS)



AND SO THE CHILD WAS GREETED BY THREE WHISTLER LOCALS WHO LIVED IN THEIR VW CAMPER BEHIND THE HUSKY STATION. AS HE GREW OLDER, HE GREW TO KNOW AND LOVE THE WHISTLER VALLEY, AND SPENT HIS FORMATIVE YEARS LEARNING THE LOCAL WAYS, SO THAT HE MAY PATTERN HIS LIFE AFTER THEIRS....



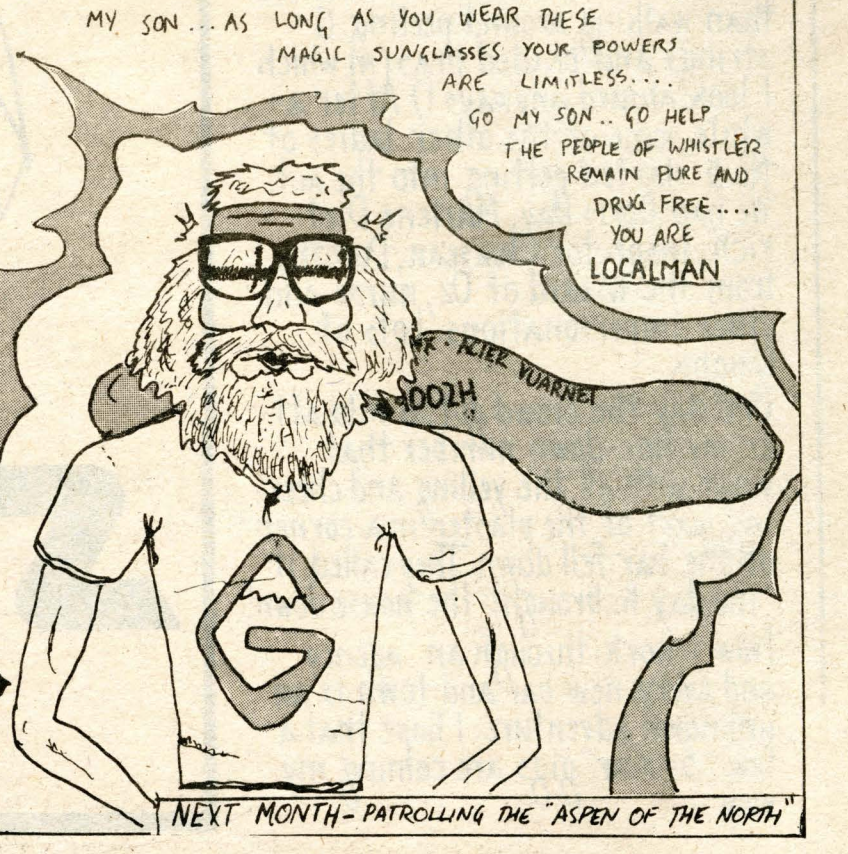
.... UNTIL HIS EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY, WHEN HIS FATHER'S IMAGE APPEARED UNTO HIM WHILE PLAYING POOL IN THE BOOT....



AND SO THE YOUNG MAN FOLLOWED HIS DAD OUT OF THE BOOT AND TOWARDS HIS FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE IN MONS.



AFTER TWO YEARS IN MONS, WHICH WOULD CERTAINLY QUALIFY HIM AS A LOCAL, LOCALMAN WAS READY FOR WHISTLER. HIS PHYSICAL CONDITION WAS AT A PEAK, AND WHISTLER WOULD NEVER BE THE SAME....





GEORGE BENJAMIN PHOTO