

WHISTLER ANSWER

VOLUME 3

NUMBER 22

50¢

**SEX
BOOZE
DRUGS
NOSTALGIA
&
CHEAP LAUGHS**

JANUARY • FEBRUARY





This is definitely the year of the line-up! As well as the the highest vertical drop serviced by lifts, Whistler is fast becoming recognized as the mountain serviced by the longest horizontal line-ups in North America. They were lining up to park, to ride the buses, to ski, to eat and to drink. It was estimated by a reliable source that if a skier arrived by car and wanted to rent equipment on Boxing Day, it would take them 6 hours to get to the top of the mountain. That doesn't leave much time for skiing but it sure does leave a lot of time to decide where to spend the next ski holiday. And barring the theory that the tourists don't really enjoy something unless they have to line-up for it, I suspect they won't be returning to the big one.

Which brings us to the question of why so many people? Some would say lack of snow elsewhere, but I would think it has more to do with the monstrous amount of money spent promoting Whistler around the world. That in itself wouldn't be bad if they were promoting something that actually existed, but the package that travelled from Montreal to L.A. to Japan, along with the continuous hype closer to home both centred around a marvelous destination resort with 2 ski mountains and a town centre when in fact facilities are even less adequate than they were in the pre-Wosk fiasco and one could park within walking distance of the mountain.

I suppose this is in keeping with some grand marketing scheme but in the meantime it looks like we better get used to lining up or stay home on weekends.

* * *

The world is poised on the brink of a world war. There is no question that the vast nuclear arsenals wouldn't be used. There has never been a weapons system that has never been used sooner or later. With that in mind it seems totally absurd that many nations are unusually concerned with athletics.

Saudia Arabia has withdrawn from the Moscow Olympics over the Russian invasion of Afghanistan. Many nations, including Canada, have suggested that they be moved, a proposition that is illogical if not impossible. The United States has threatened to pull out of the Summer Games but you can be damn sure they won't until after the Lake Placid Games. To top it all off External Affairs Minister Flora MacDonald is tossing around the idea of prohibiting the Russians from playing in next September's Canada Cup hockey series.

What would the Canada Cup be without the Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia? It would be like the S.F.U. Clansmen playing the B.C. Lions in the Superbowl that's what.

The athletes don't care about invasions, incursions and sanctions. They train for most of their life to reach excellence to compete in a sport and they could very well be deprived of that right by an international political climate that is foggier than mid-station.

No one approves of the Soviet invasion, but that is no reason to deprive the world of sport, one of the few remaining pleasures in this insane world. Sport, like religion, doesn't mix with politics. And if the whole world goes up in flames in a nuclear holocaust, I'd just as soon be watching an international competition when it does.

* * *

Congratulations to Kenny Read for his impressive first place finish in the world cup downhill race in Kitzbuehel, Austria.

* * *

Photographic contributions for the decade article were submitted by Greg Griffith, Chris Speedie, Mike Sadler, Tim Smith, Bosco, Charlie and Michael.



WHISTLER ANSWER

EST. 1977

BRITISH COLUMBIA
WHISTLER MOUNTAIN

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COVER PHOTO

X-country skiers caught on the Lost Lake Loop by staff photographer C. Doyle.

GRIPES GREETINGS

& assorted trivia

To whom it does concern:

Hey you know my first reaction was to go over to your table and tear your face off. There you were sitting with a bunch of folks in the Husky, shouting your mouth off about poisoning your garbage. How many dogs have you done in now - five? Or is it six?

Well sorry I ruined your lunch my friend, but you were treading on tender toes. There are a lot of deluxe cheesehounds in this valley - give 'em a break - doglife in a ski town is crazy enough without having to watch your buddy keel over, lips and tongue turning blue, eyes rolling back, shakin', writhin', and snakin' in the ditch before lieing still. All cause he couldn't resist scarfin' down a chuck of lasagna on some weekender's porch.

So why don't you just relax and take your garbage down the street to the dump. O.K.?

Sincerely yours,
Tucker

*

*

*

Dear sirs:

I desire your support in the upcoming federal election. As you know, I have had extensive experience in politics as well as skiing on your beautiful mountain. In fact, I even spent my honeymoon at Whistler. At least the skiing was good.

You couldn't seriously endorse Joe '18¢ a gallon more' Clark and the people of Canada aren't politically aware enough to vote for Mr. Broadbent and the N.D.P., so I humbly ask your help in electing a new and revised Liberal government in Ottawa.

Yours truly,
Pierre Trudeau

Ed. We have integrity, principles and awareness. Our choice has already been made. See page 20.



Pictured above is the first recipient of The Liftee of the Month Award, Green Chair worker Scott Fenton. This new program of Whistler Mountain is a positive policy and should promote management/employee relations.

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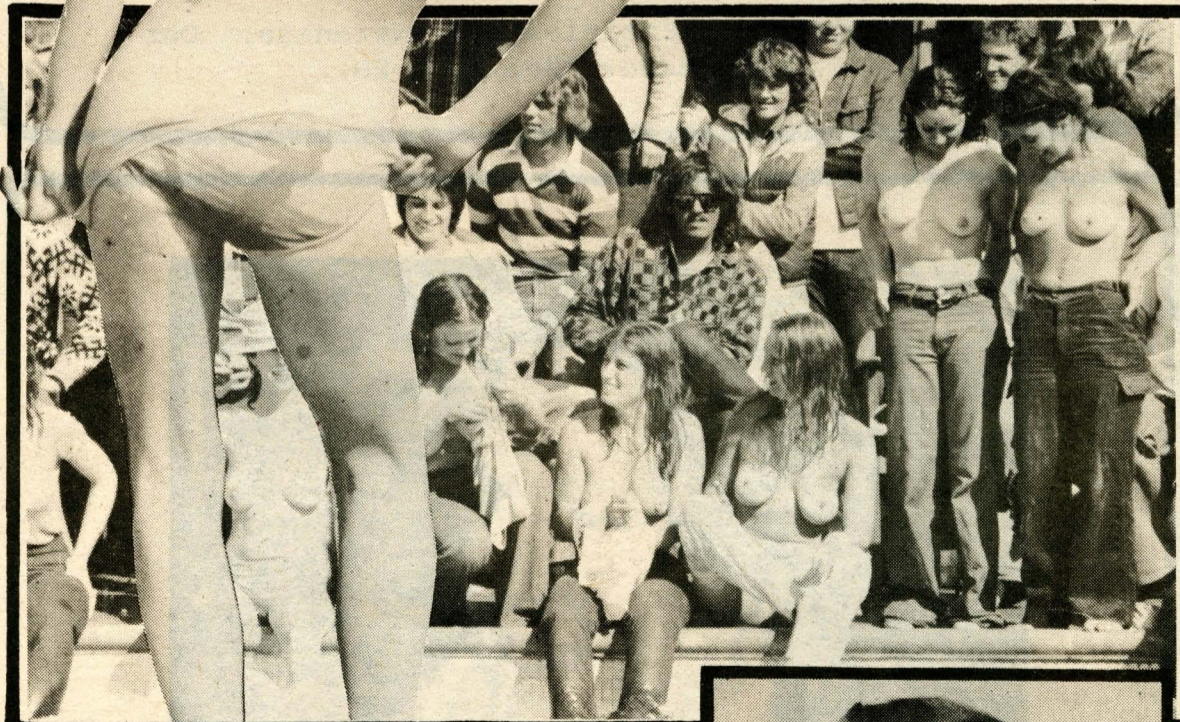
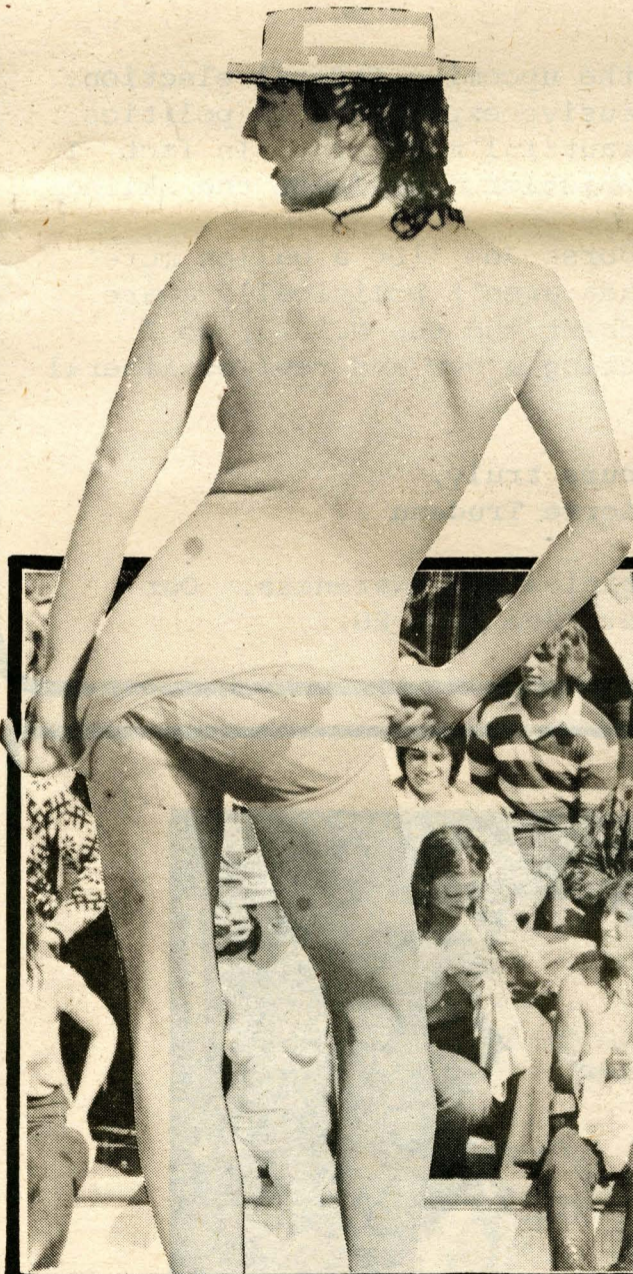
We're into the eighties and like practically every magazine in the world we couldn't resist reviewing the decade at Whistler. I mean, why not? No one else will.

FADS

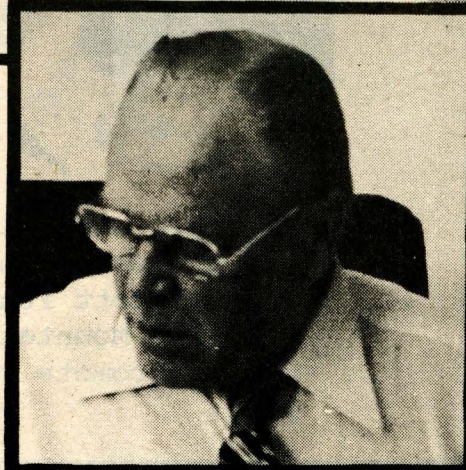
Surely the most ludicrous fad of the decade involved certain lower primates who insisted on skiing on short skis. This, we all hope, will disappear in the eighties.



Many fads came and went in the 70's, but surely the most socially relevant was the 'wet t-shirt contest', which as the photos clearly indicate is a gross misnomer. Perhaps the t-shirt element is used to describe the audience.



Close on the heels of the wet t-shirt fad came the Vancouver Sun's condemnation of Whistler as "SIN CITY", home to 'sex, drugs and booze'. This was aptly handled by our politician of the decade, Jerry Ford look-alike Mayor Pat Carleton who rebutted, "it's something you can't expect to get away with... er, I mean from."



P. Grant TRUCKING

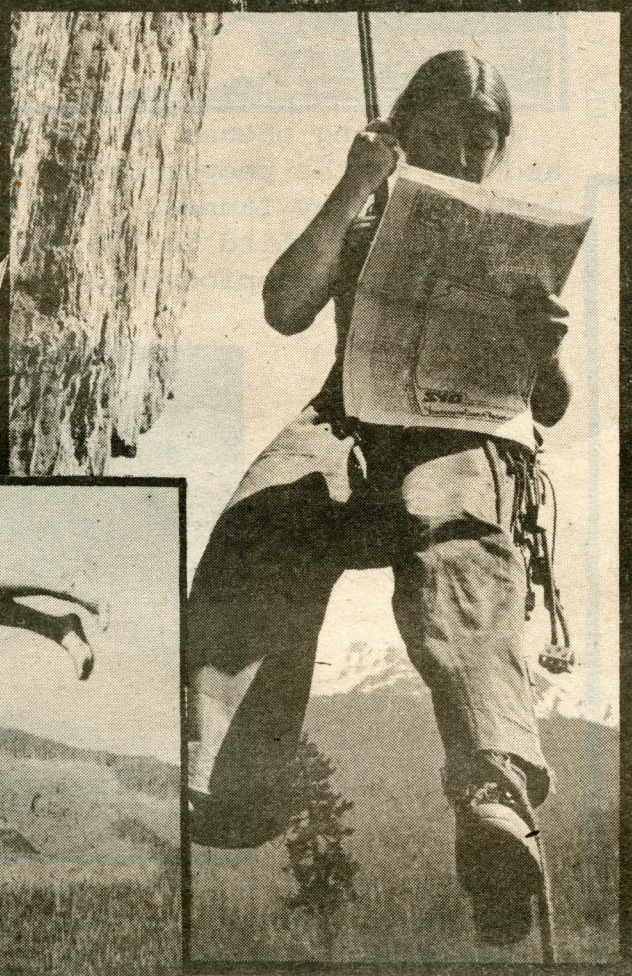
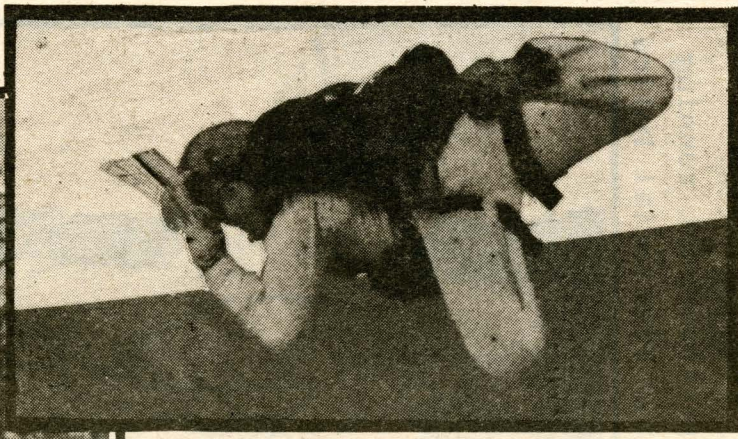
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The ultimate fad was, and some say still is, reading your Answer in the most bizarre position possible. Windsurfing, skateboarding, rappelling, and sky diving are just a few of the more fit to print situations.

SPORTS

On the sporting front several Whistler athletes have made their mark around the world.



Our most prominent athlete on the international scene was Dave Murray, whose World Cup downhill performances have helped the national team to emerge as front runners on the downhill tour.

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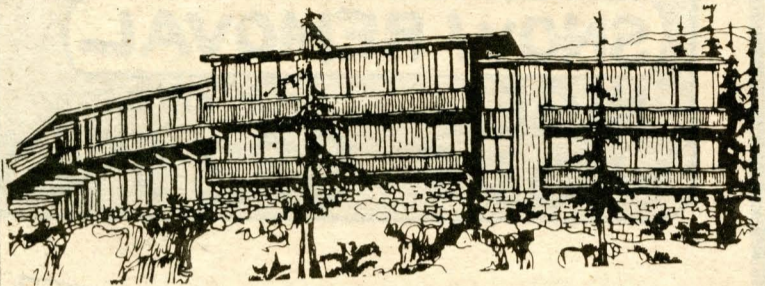
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Mike is pictured out running the Ontario Provincial Police



Windsurfing became one of the more popular summer pastimes and two of the people most responsible for this were Mike Gadd and Jinny Ladner. Mike went on to become Canadian Champion and third in the world, while Jinny placed first in the B.C. championships.



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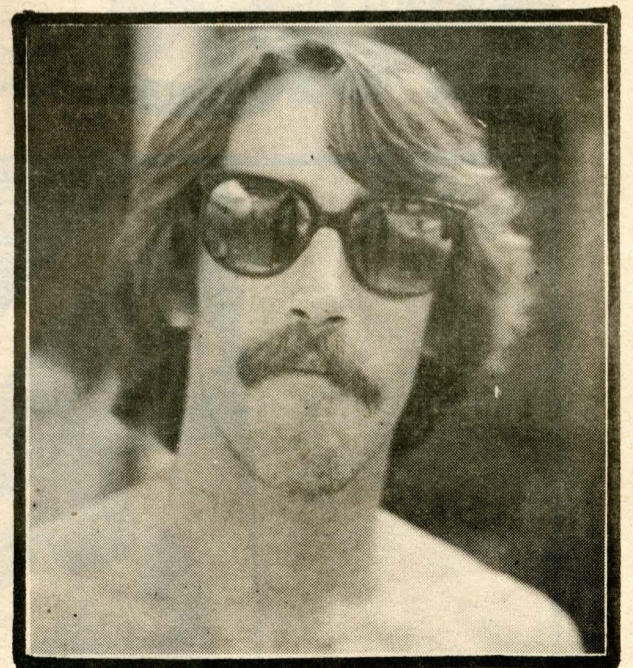


White water kayaking and canoeing went from the lunatic fringe to a World Cup race on the Cheakamus River, The Icebreaker Race established itself as the first race of the season in Southwestern British Columbia.

* * *
 Whistler was the sight of Steve Corbett's quadruple front and back flips. This 'first ever' feat was accomplished on one of the morraines at the foot of Little Whistler.



* * *
 The Skunk Cabbage was voted the official flower of the Resort Municipality of Whistler.



As the decade ended, Ron Jackson (above) established himself as the top male tennis player in Whistler. Jan Tindle also remained unbeatable. The courts blossomed during the decade and Whistler now boasts 8 courts, including the court that Al and Nancy have let fall into disrepair in their back yard. Tennis will clearly be the major Whistler sport for years to come.

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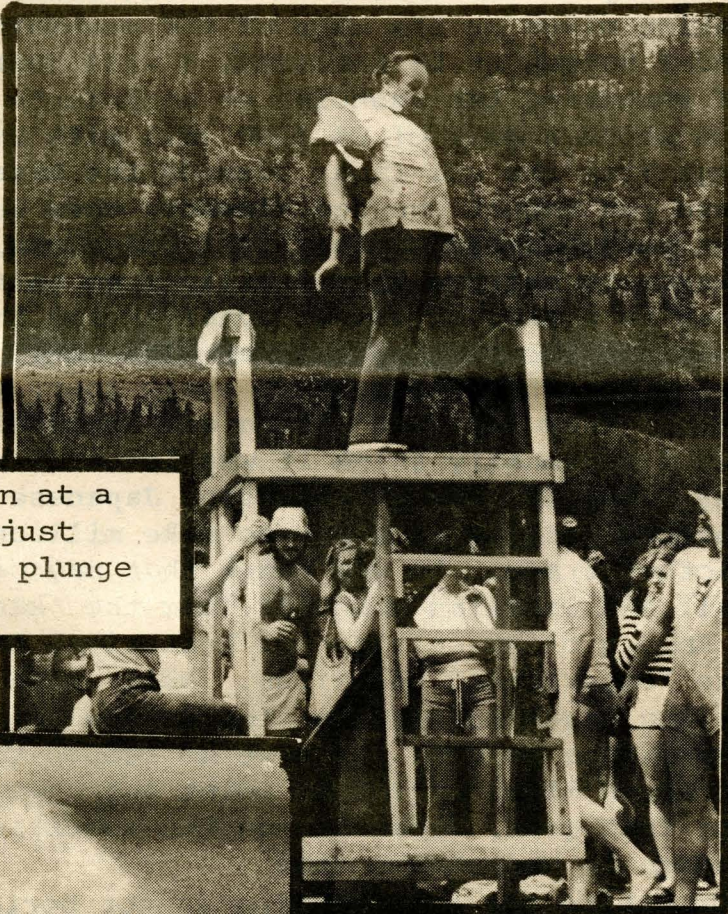
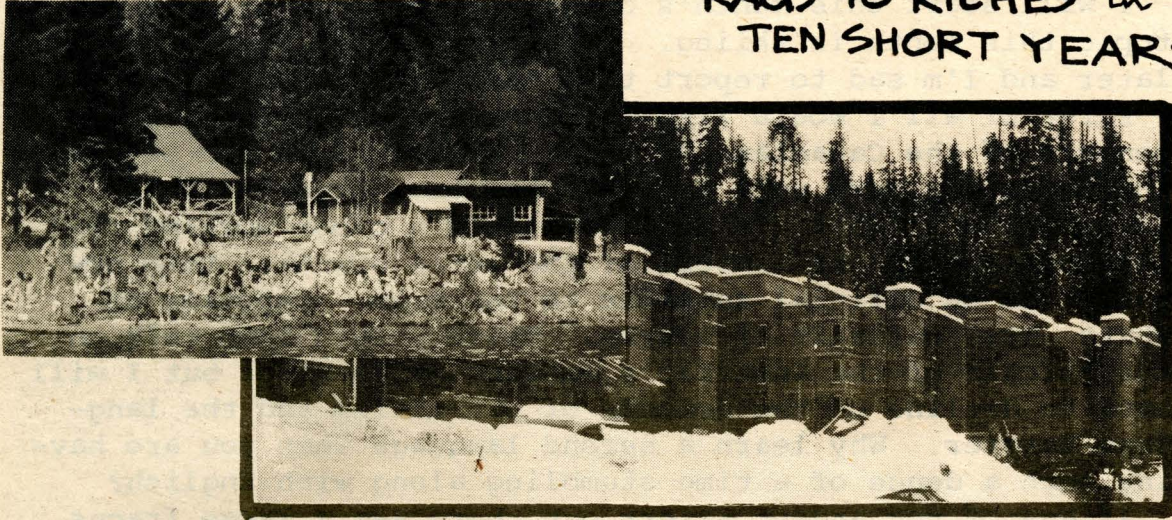
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Developments were many in the seventies. Whistler got it-
self a school, a government, a liquor store, a slew of bars,
a golf course, the foundations of a town centre, post of-
fice, fire hall and condominiums galore. Reports differ as
to whether the quality of life has risen proportionately.

* * *
Housing took an interesting turn. Early in the decade
many people, recognizing a housing problem, occupied exist-
ing and deserted buildings at Soo Valley and other spots
through out the valley. The powers that be had them all
evicted and the cabins destroyed precipitating more housing
shortages. Built in their stead were marvelous condominiums
that can be lived in for only two weeks of the year by their
owners. That's progress!

**RAGS TO RICHES in
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Syd Young is shown at a belly-flop contest just prior to taking the plunge into politics.

The elementary school was built and named after Whistlers first citizen, Myrtle Phillip.



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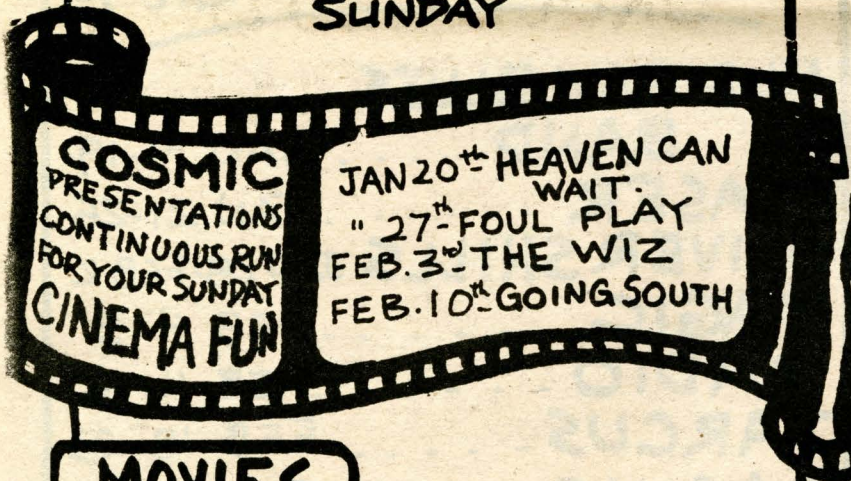
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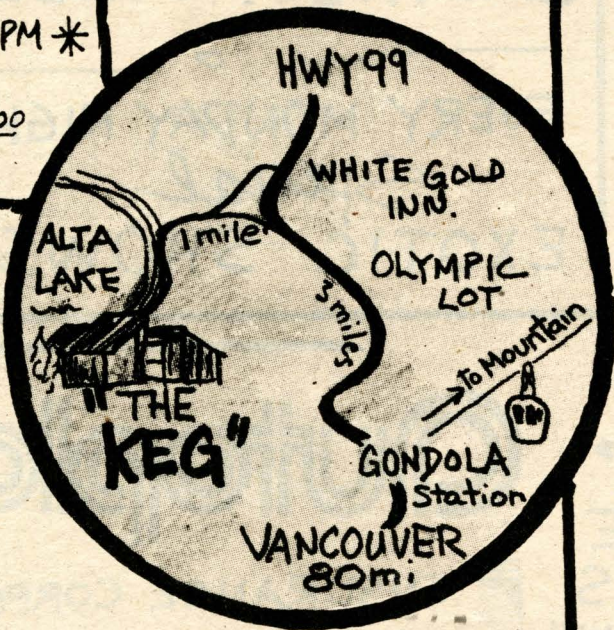


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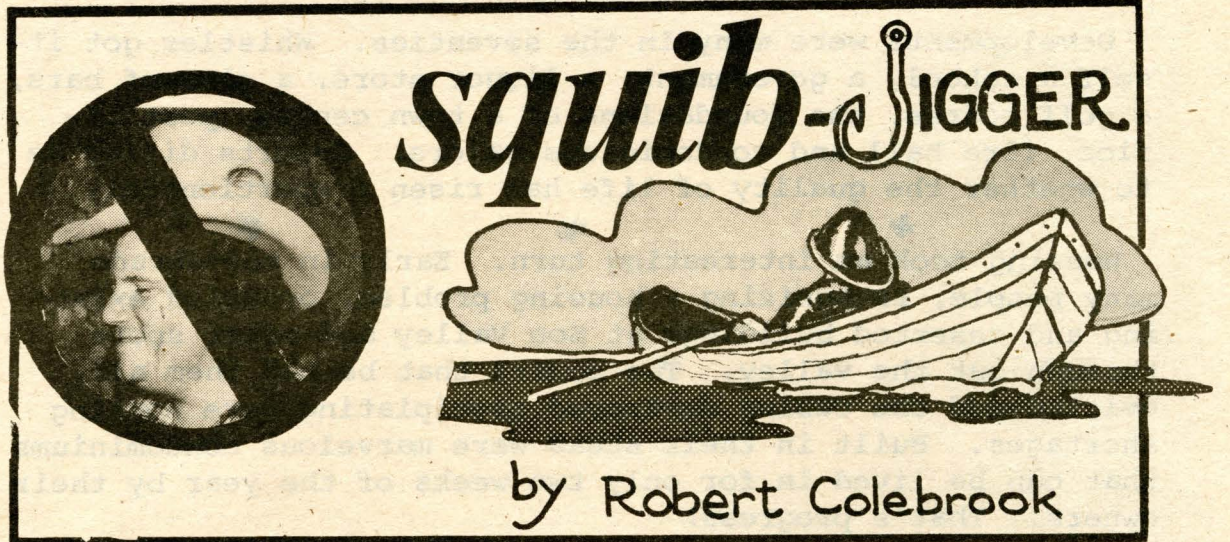
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by Robert Colebrook

I will start this month's column by warning you that the topic this month is skiing. It had to happen sooner or later and I'm sad to report that the time is now.

First of all I would like to extend my good wishes to the members of the Canadian Ski Team. Good luck at the Olympics and thank-you very much for the Christmas present of an autographed ski hat. I have developed a close working relationship with the members of the men's downhill team now that I am an official supplier to the team. Supplier of what? Why, bullshit of course. There's even some talk on the circuit of the Austrian's wanting my services but I will have to decline on the grounds of patriotism and the language barrier. Why learn a second language when you are having such a deuce of a time stumbling along with English?

If any of you ardent skiers out there see a large fracas taking place at the base of the mountain, or even on a run, and I happen to be involved, I will just be in the process of skewering the asshole, or assholette as the case may be, who stole a pair of C4 (200 cm.) with Salomon equipe bindings from the ski racks outside the base facilities. In case you hadn't guessed already, they were mine. Note to the person responsible: If I catch you, and I have every reason to believe that I will, I am going to encase your feet in a pair of cement Dynafits and throw you into Danny Bolton's ice fishing hole on Alta Lake.

But back to skiing, that noble sport that we all love so much. They say that skiing was invented by the Norwegians but I personally think it was invented by the Japanese. The way I see it some enterprising Japanese clothes manufacturer invented skiing as a way to make millions in the gaudy clothes trade. Do you think that may be the reason they call the Canadian Downhill Team the 'kamikaze kids'?

Enough of speculation of historical background, what about the 'experience' of skiing. Well, Dave Simme once called skiing orgasmic, and he should know seeing he's had so much experience at both. I have no reason to argue with the Reverend Simme except to point out that sometimes skiing is not that good, depending on the conditions. The deep stuff though is undeniably good.

One thing for sure, skiing is not boring. Anybody bored by skiing would probably be bored (or gored) by bullfighting, even if they were the matador. The only thing that could be classified boring in the skiing world would be the ride up the lift, or if one lowers oneself to skiing on the weekends, the corral-like lift lines. Some people spend those incredibly long rides up the mountain indulging in herbal smokage and other mind altering procedures, some egg-nogs even entertain themselves with Astral-tunes. These devices are absurd if nothing else. There stands a lunatic from noise polluted Vancouver in a beautiful mountain paradise, with trees swaying in the breeze and Whiskey Jacks punctuating the wilderness silence, listening to Led Zeplin or other children's music. I would just as soon ski down a bank of amps at a Rolling Stones concert. All skiing experts agree - the only cool thing to do on the ride up is to play blackjack.

Or chat up the bunnies. Here's the scenario.

You hear this velvety "single." You tell your ski buddy you'll meet him in L'Apres, "I'll handle this one." So imprisoned with this tight-suited bunny you begin your play.

"How be if we meet at the Moose for cocktails, you can slip into something comfortable, I'll buy you a drink, haven't I seen you somewhere before, I know this great run, and we can go to my place for a nightcap."

9

She then proceeds to take off her toque and goggles, only to reveal your boss' wife. But this is Whistler and you undauntedly continue.

"I hear your husband isn't into cunnilingus?"

Ski pole in the thigh. Three more towers to go. Not even Vuarnets can get you through this one. The separation slip will be ready by noon.

Maybe the shopping will be better in the Roundhouse. You take a look around at the restrictive multi-colored suits parading by your table and wonder how some of these broads got into their suits. Was that a seam or...? Everything is held in place nicely. Their suits couldn't be tighter even if they were lubricated. The analogy is obvious.

You then look over at the professional ski patrol sitting at 'their' table, talking about explosives. Lucky people get to overhear the babble on their radios.

"Alpine office to R.J."

"R.J. here."

"I'm going to lunch now R.J."

"10-4, we'll use Rabbit's place today Pusscakes."

"Roger."

"No, it's Roger's day off, how be if I bring Kel?"

"Sure, but just don't forget the Peter burgers."

"O.K., as long as I get to hold the pickles."

"Tee hee," blushing.

Back out on the slopes it's all there, people tucking Jolly Green Giant and others snowplowing Fisheye. Some people even have little leather straps around their leg. I have often felt that no person without F.I.S. points should be allowed to wear these straps, and if elected I intend to institute legislation to restrict this activity accordingly. And nobody would be allowed to line-up all their validations on the back of their passes like some of the air heads I have known are wont to do.

And furthermore, when I get to be area manager, I will close the mountain for the months of January and April for maintenance. This will enable a comprehensive study of the quality of the various ski runs by none other than myself, better known in the ski world as Jean-Clod Killy.

Yes, and I'd even allow the ski instructors to wear their uniforms into the bar, much to the delight of Max MacDonald. Did you hear the one about instructors MacDonald and Graham Stamper? It seems that now they live in the same cabin they won't have to use mirrors anymore, they can just look at each other.

No skiing piece written in Whistler could call itself complete without the mention of Nancy Greene Raine. Consider it done. I have always been under the impression that Paul McCartney's album entitled Venus and Mars was about Nancy's old television commercials. From slalom gates to garden gates, in one smooth but aggressive motion.

Which forces me to wide track my way into the actual ski runs. Like Gortex clothing, Frye boots, Stetson hats and Vuarnet eye wear, where to ski can be trendy. The purists like to spend hours getting to mediocre powder runs in the back country but as far as I'm concerned they can go take a hike. Or ski the trees? Absurd! I'll be perfectly happy to let Seppo knock down the trees, besides, they hurt. The only run to ski is Fisheye. Chunky's Choice is a joke even on \$1.49 day, Mum's and Dad's run have long since passed away, Jimmy's Joker hardly raises a chuckle, Insanity has been committed, Harmony Bowl is off key, there is a log jam in Toilet Bowl, Eddie Albert is in Green Acres, Paleface has been scalped, Garbanzo Basin ain't worth beans, and Ego Bowl is in analysis.

Yes, it's unanimous, a panel of experts, including the Squib-jigger, Straight ahead Fred, Suicide Sam and Harry the Pear have come out in favor of Fisheye. Psycho-Hang Glider Sue was not available for comment as visiting hours aren't until Sunday.

I have to close now because the writers guild, incensed by my last effort, has given me a two page suspension on any one piece. And besides, I'm in the process of waxing my skis and there is still some lodged in my ear.

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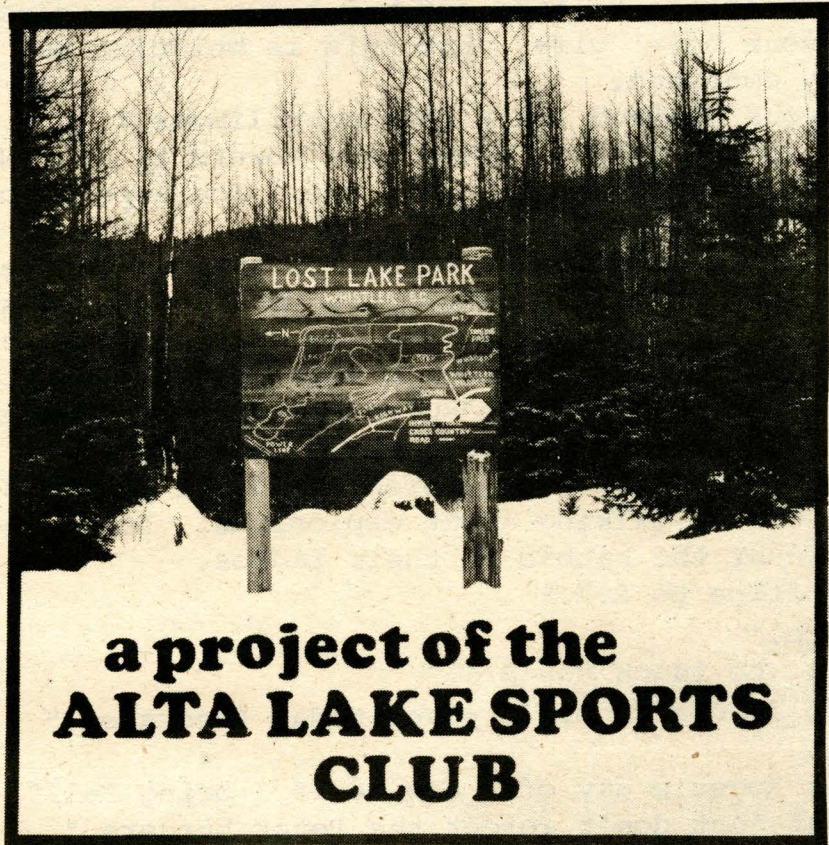


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Anyone who has skied on the Lost Lake Loop lately (alliteration not intended) will have to testify it's good! It's better than it's ever been. The back to the wilderness tourers, the waddlin' matrons and the racers are all getting off on the manicured 12 KM track.

It is no accident that the trail is so good. It is the work of the Alta Lake Sports Club. Fall work parties, "Shovelathons" and certainly not least a \$5,000 Ski Doo track maker have combined to produce a first class facility. The A.L.S.C. is also active in the racing scene with the emphasis on the development of junior programs and the organization of events in both Vancouver and Whistler. The Molson Cup X-country was held December 10th with upwards of 100 competitors. The Labbat 1/2 marathon and the Fischer Cup are to be held February 10th and March 8th and 9th respectively. Another aim is the implementation of a school x-country program and a lit 3 KM circuit near the school, modelled after Scandinavian communities.

One of the A.L.S.C.'s aims is to have Lost declared a Municipal Park with limited vehicular traffic, a four season track (sand and saw dust for running), warming huts and toilets and development of an upper plateau to lengthen the ski season. Here they run into immense beauracratc blunderings

The development of x-country skiing in the valley is the responsibility of the Municipality. Blackcomb Mountain has been gifted with developmental rights to within twenty feet of the West Shore of Lost Lake and Whistler Village is churning away at the western border of the park. These are sizable foes for a group with no capitalistic urges. Enough politics!





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On the lighter side perhaps a note on trail etiquette from the eloquent A.L.S.C. newsletter, penned by Les MacDonald, club secretary:

"Since the number of folk out on the trail has mushroomed, it is now time to recognize that the incidence of the "faux pas" has gotten out of hand, to wit; The one piece stretch suit crowd, charging hell bent for leather, steam and snot snorting from flared nostrils, breath reaking of Ovaltine, bearing down on old age pensioners and rank amateurs growling 'track - track' and sending them bow-legged into the bushes and deep snow. Why not slide around them if you're so hot? Oddvar Braa and Juha Mieta do!!"

And finally a word on walkers, snowshoers and man's best friend. If communing with nature is your bent and I hope it is, why not choose one of the many wilderness trails in the valley as opposed to the racing track that took so many people so long to prepare,

If any of the above interests you, why not get in touch with the Alta Lake Sports Club and get involved. A.L.S.C. can be reached at P.O. box 34, Whistler,

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Whistler is finally getting a real winter, almost "like the old days", say a few. Ice climbing is rapidly becoming popular, and it's almost as good a way to freeze your fingers as skiing.

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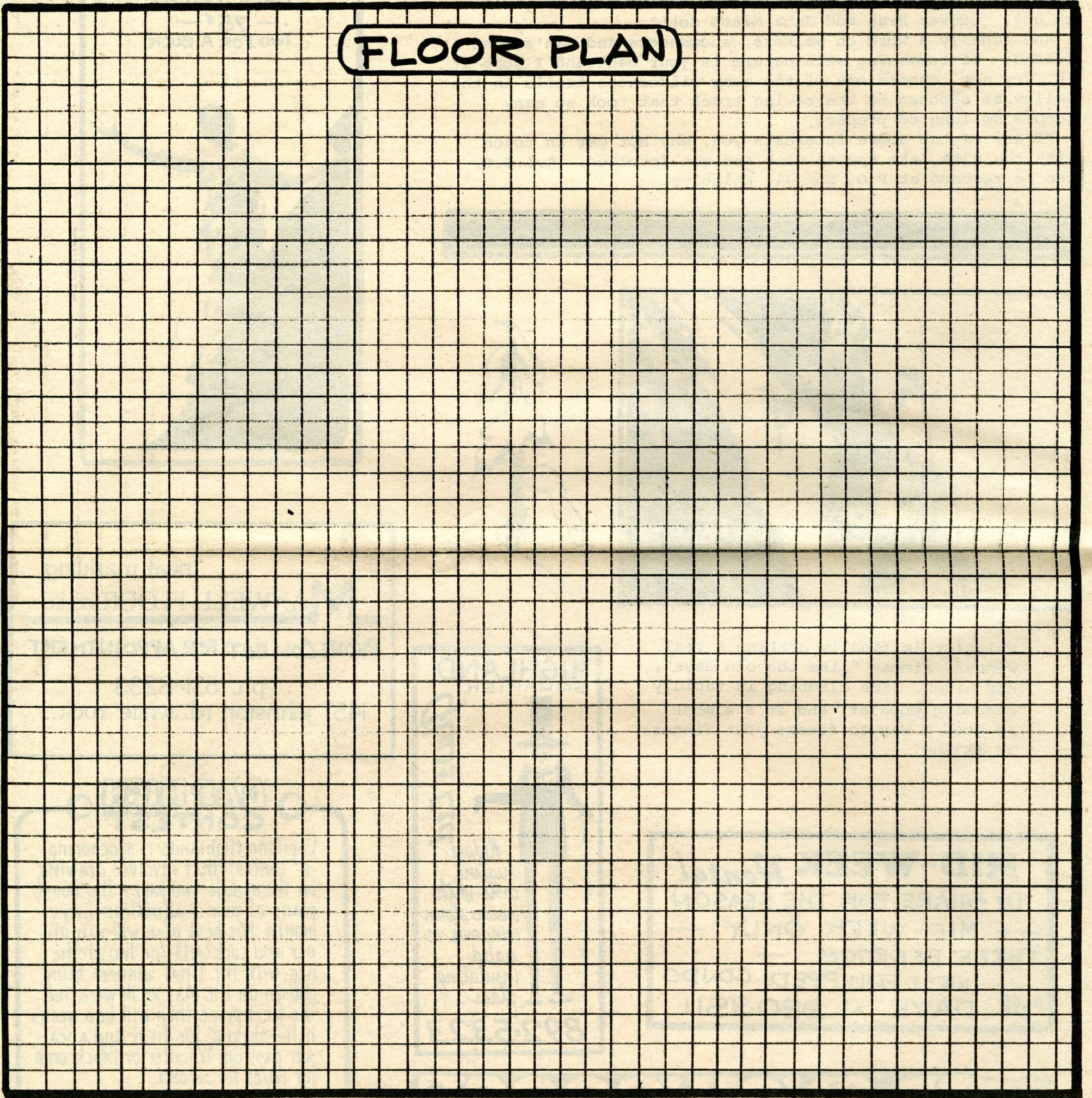
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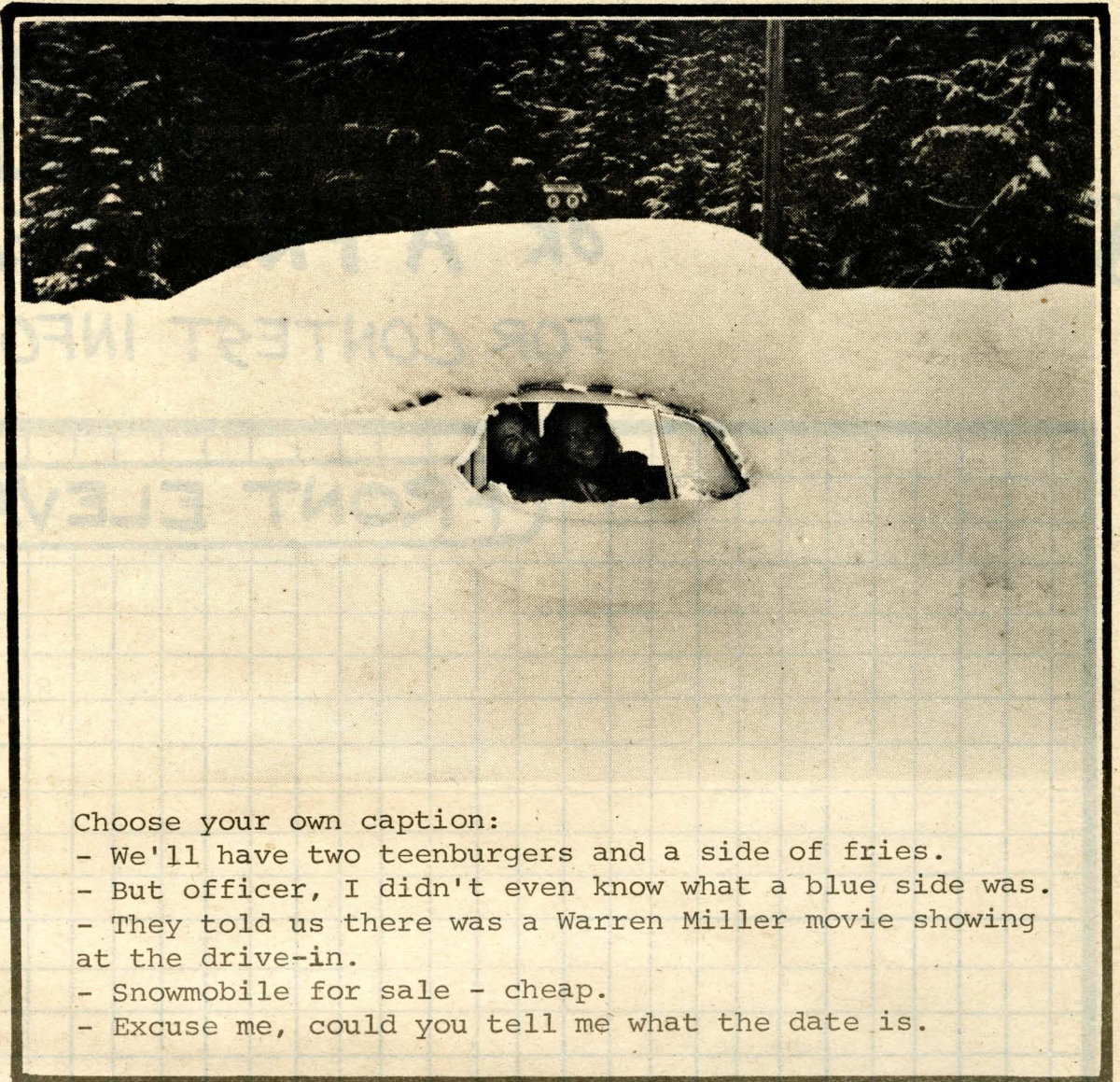
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ON AIR

THE CINNAMON KID

by JIM MONAHAN

The dog days and a windswept rainy night in the West End. He puffed at a soggy cigarette and watched a red and green neon sign reflect across the pavement. Rooms upside down and backwards disappeared in the wake of a street car. He reached into the trench coat for a quarter and glided up the three steps.

"Evening Gus," he said to the conductor. "Evening Lefty," said the driver with a toothless grin and slapped the drive pedal to the floor. He spun off the back of a seat and landed a spot beside the heater. He opened a newspaper and read the help wanted ads all the way downtown until he stepped back into the night and ankled the last two blocks to the studio.

Up a deserted staircase with that musky smell of a West Coast building and he hung the fedora and trenchcoat on a rack by the door. He put more coins into a machine and punched a button that read CREAM and SUGAR, then took the steaming mug into a silent room, pulled up a swivel chair, and sat down behind a microphone.

From behind a glass window the sound man counted down the seconds as he cleared his throat and picked up the script. The ON AIR light flashed a brilliant colour and the sound man lifted a lead weight from the center of a disk, set up the turntable:

"Wagon wheels, wagon wheels, keep on rollin'...and now COOR's Lonesome Trails Theatre presents another thrilling adventure from the old west. Tonight's episode: "The Cinnamon Kid." Wagon wheels, wagon wheels, the harmonica fading, the sound man picked up a set of spoons and beat out a steady clip clop clip clop. He leaned forward and began in a deep laconic tone:

"You must be gettin' mighty thirsty by now pawdner."

"Thunderin' tarnation! Ridin' four days and four nights and you askin' if I'se thirsty. Thirsty why I bin bit by rattlesnakes, near scalped by Injuns, wrassled a grizzly bear and am developin' a serious case of metallic rheumatism."

"Well now," drawled the kid, "wouldn't touch that line with a ten foot pole."

"Well that's when the iron in your blood turns to lead and settles in your arse," gruffed the old-timer.

"Let's ride."

The hoofbeats hastened and a great cloud of dust swirled up on the trail. Along the high ridges puffs of smoke appeared and a lone redskin sat straight up on a pony watching them. He was painted up like a bridesmaid at a Ukranian wedding: a hundred feather spear and across his deer skin shield in yellow ochre - Shahomie Lobo. Lone Wolf. Trouble was brewing.

They spurred their horses up through a draw and down a mesa to a small cluster of buildings that announced - New York is big but this is Biggar. The railroad was being built and the ball scores were coming in on the telegraph.

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Times were changing: main street was axel deep in mud and the saloon was packed to the rafters.

"Sasparilla," wheezed the old-timer stomping the dust from his boots.

"Whiskey," drawled the kid and reached for a tin from his shirt pocket.

The old-timer took a sip and let out a sigh of relief. 'Aaaahha.' The kid dusted a bit of cinnamon across his shot-glass and knocked'er back in one gulp. A poker chip fell in silence and a railroad man leaned over the table to his cronies.

"Dad gum," he whispered, "that's the Cinnamon Kid."

The necks craned for a better look; one player folding his cards in his hand spat out a wad of tobacco juice that missed a spitoon by a yard and a half.

"No sheet," he said wiping spittle on his sleeve.

A honky-tonk piano player banged out a few loose chords and the commotion began with the kid knocking back six or eight. The railway men poured in after work while in the smoke and dusty noise a jaded blonde began to warble: "Oh they say you are leaving this valley, do not hasten to bid me ado." The kid's eyes turned glossy and he fell straight back like a tall timber in the forest.

"Thunderin' tarnation," cried the old-timer, "let's ride."

"But remember the Red River Valley and the cowgirl that loved you so true."

Clipity Clop Clipity Clop

"There's Calgary ahead, ain't you feelin' any better?"

"Feel a damn sight better if'n you'd untie me," groaned the kid.

The kid was belly down across the saddle with his hands and boots tied beneath the cayuse. The old-timer stopped, climbed down and pulled a buck knife from his belt. He slashed the rope and the kid fell off in a heap amongst the sagebrush.

"Old-timer," he said, "never get off a horse on the right side."

"Can't help it," he wheezed, "I'm lefthanded."

The cowtown was a buzz of activity, the Stampede Rodeo was on and tipis decorated the hillsides. MacLeod Trail was awash with newsmen, carney hucksters, grifters, hustled and behatted ladies, and cowpokes from every corner of the range. They stepped through the swinging doors of a local hostelry.

The joint was jumpin' on the verge of all hell breakin' loose when the bartender slid their drinks down the bar. There was dust and noise, hollerin, and bellowin' when a husky throated blonde began to sing:

"Oh they say you are leaving this valley, do not hasten to bid me ado."

"Thunderin' tarnation," the old-timer banged his fist on the bar.

"Shoot the piano player," suggested the kid spicing his whiskey; and some did shoot, but missed by a good six feet only to bullseye the chandelier. "Swallow the chips, it's a raid," shouted a shopkeeper in the darkness. Ptwing! Ptwing! Bang! Zing! The stampede was for the door and they were knocked down, stepped on and turned around:

"Down the hatch," wheezed the old-timer, "uh uh uh."

"Blah," spit the kid, "sasparilla?"

They crashed out into the trough with the tides but the old-timer looked as if he'd stuck his head in a barrel of flour. "Jeeze kid," he gasped, "I think they got me."

"No, no don't," pleaded the kid.

"One last request," the old-timer pulled him closer, "bury me on the coast uh, uh," and his eyes snapped shut like a bank teller's window on a friday afternoon. The kid sighed mournfully: "Let's ride."

Clipity Clop Clipity Clop along.

Puffs of smoke rose from the high ridges. Ahoooo! Ahooo! That was no wild animal thought the kid. 'Lone Wolf' he muttered as his horse's hair stood up on end. He mopped his brow with a polka-dotted bandana. Trouble was brewing.

"You still kicking," said the kid.

"Be kicking a damn sight more you don't untie me," groaned the old-timer. The kid stopped to climb down and the stirrup creaked, "whoa, whoa, easy boy, steady big fellow." Slash, the old-timer fell into a cactus bush like a rigor mortis victim. "Ahoooo," he hollered. But then: "Thunderin' tarnation, look at all them Injuns!"

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They cascaded down the hillsides and ridges by the thousands. They kept coming and coming and circling and they rode round and round with bullets flying. Zing! Zing! arrows and spears Thssssh! Thsssh! Bang! Pop! The kid and the old-timer, back to back, circling with their carbines belching fire.

"Kid we gotta stop and go the other way."

"The Indians will go twice as fast that way."

"Yes but so will we," like a stagecoach wheel in a Randolph Scott movie.

Until down to their last ammunition with the grim notion of hand to hand combat: the iron horse. The savages fled into the high mountain passes.

Whooo Whooo Who Whooo

"What's that," drawled the kid.

"Why," stammered the old-timer, "why it's the railway." (wagon wheels, wagon wheels the sound man began the theme again)

"Why they're buildin' west to east too," holstering a six-shooter.

"Never thought i'd..." drawled the kid, "times are changing."

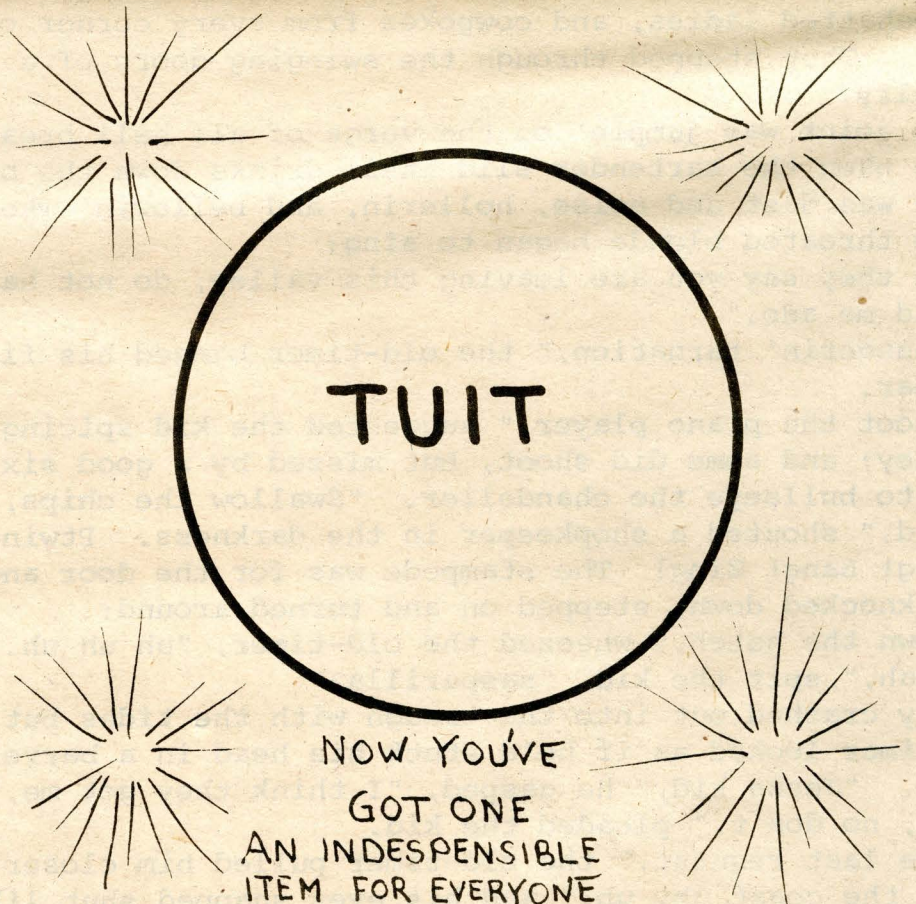
"Say, what's in that there cinnamon you're usin'," demanded the old-timer with a suspicious look.

"Why er, ain't nothin' short o' sasparilla," grinned the kid.

Wagon wheels, wagon wheels, keep on rollin'... picked up the harmonica. The sound man counted down with his fingers and the ON AIR light snapped a dull grey. Lefty Henderson pushed back the swivel chair, stood and walked out. He pulled down the fedora, turned up the collar on his coat and lit a cigarette in the rain.

He passed a group of people looking in a shop window at a black and white television set strobing ghost-like commercials into the street. He climbed aboard a streetcar, sat by the heater, opened a paper to the want ads and shunted off down Robson Street.

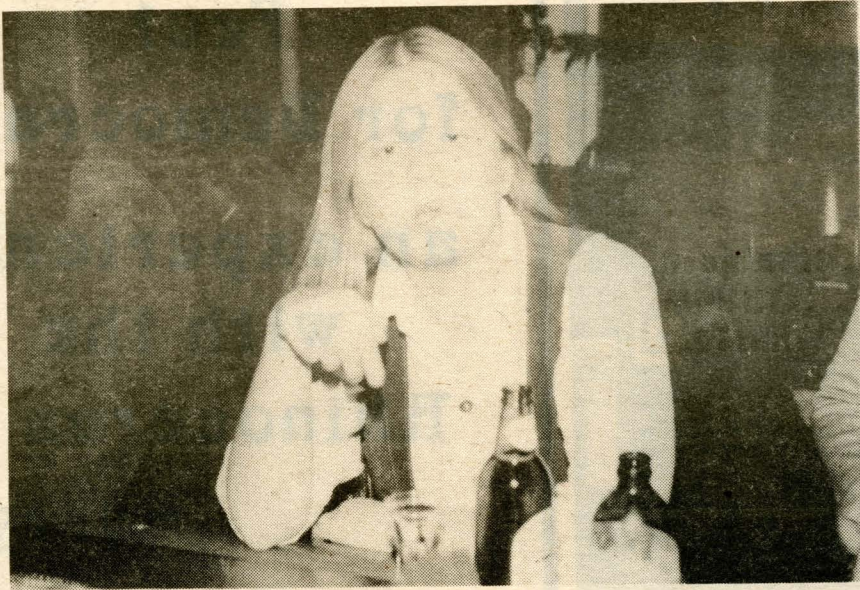
In the publishing world the following item is referred to as 'filler'.



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 "I'LL DO IT AS SOON AS I GET A
 "ROUND TUIT!"

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 HAVE NO MORE TROUBLE GETTING
 ALL THOSE EXTRA JOBS DONE
 FOR FINALLY YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF
 A "ROUND TUIT"

PHOTO OF THE MONTH



Bob Colebrook wired photo

"That's easy for you to say," mumbles Laura Nedelak to anyone within range at the Cheakamus bar. Laura's mouth has been permanently shaped, after many drinking bouts, to fit perfectly around the top of a Heineken bottle.

GREAT DANCERS COMING TO WHISTLER

Whistler residents that are culturally bankrupt and those that have had to seek their artistic experiences in Vancouver will be pleased to hear that the Paula Ross Dance Company will be performing at The Myrtle Phillip Elementary School on February 10.

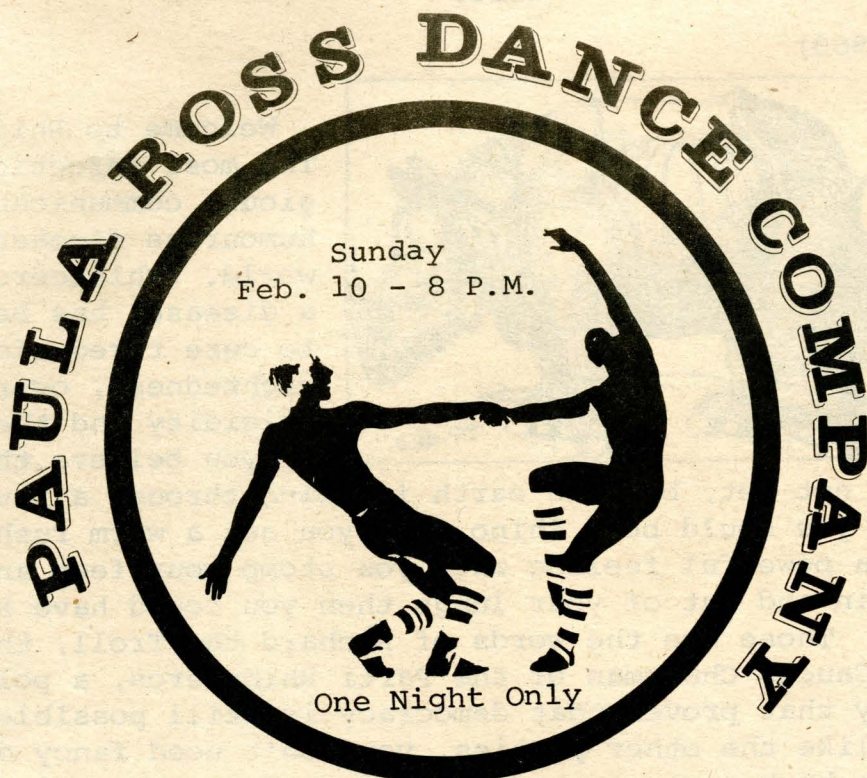
Terms used to describe the show presented by this company are exciting, joyful, powerful, mesmerizing, funny and dynamic.

Paula Ross's company have performed right across the nation and have received rave reviews and ovations wherever they have played. All the members of the company are experienced in dance, mime and comedy. Their commitment to entertainment is realized in the excitement and feeling which they generate and their powerful communications leave audiences breathless.

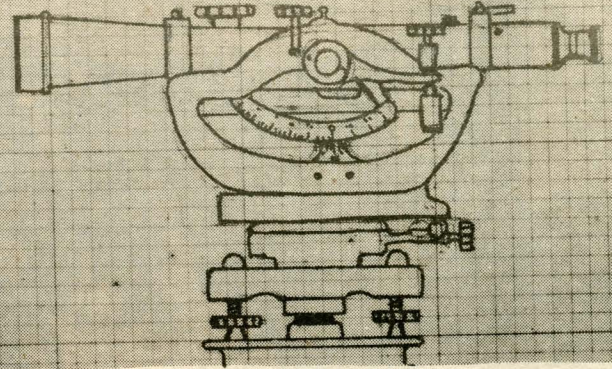
Ms. Ross's works have become an important part of dance in Canada; her satires have enlivened audiences and whoops, cheers, angers and fears are some of the emotions expressed and projected.

This highly entertaining company of contemporary dancers will be performing February 10, at 8:00 PM at the Myrtle Phillip Elementary School and they are truly worth anyone's time.

Tickets for this rare performance are available at the door or from Pebbles Hatley, 932-3260. Admission for adults is \$5.00 and students and old age pensioners will be charged \$3.50.



6 PAGE NINETEEN 6



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Stomping Your Feet for Democracy an experience with the Rhinoceros Party

by R. Colebrook

Dudard: What could be more natural than a rhinoceros?

Berenger: Yes, but for a man to turn into a rhinoceros is abnormal beyond question.

Dudard: Well, of course, that's a matter of opinion...

Berenger: It is beyond question, absolutely beyond question!

Dudard: You seem very sure of yourself. Who can say where the normal stops and the abnormal begins? Can you personally define these conceptions of normality and abnormality? Nobody has solved this problem yet, either medically or philosophically. You ought to know that.

Berenger: The problem may not be resolved philosophically - but in practice it's simple. They may prove there's no such thing as movement ... and then you start walking ... and you go on walking, and you say to yourself, like Galileo, "E pur si muove" ...

Dudard: You're getting things all mixed up! Don't confuse the issue. In Galileo's case it was the opposite: theoretic and scientific thought proving itself superior to mass opinion and dogmatism.

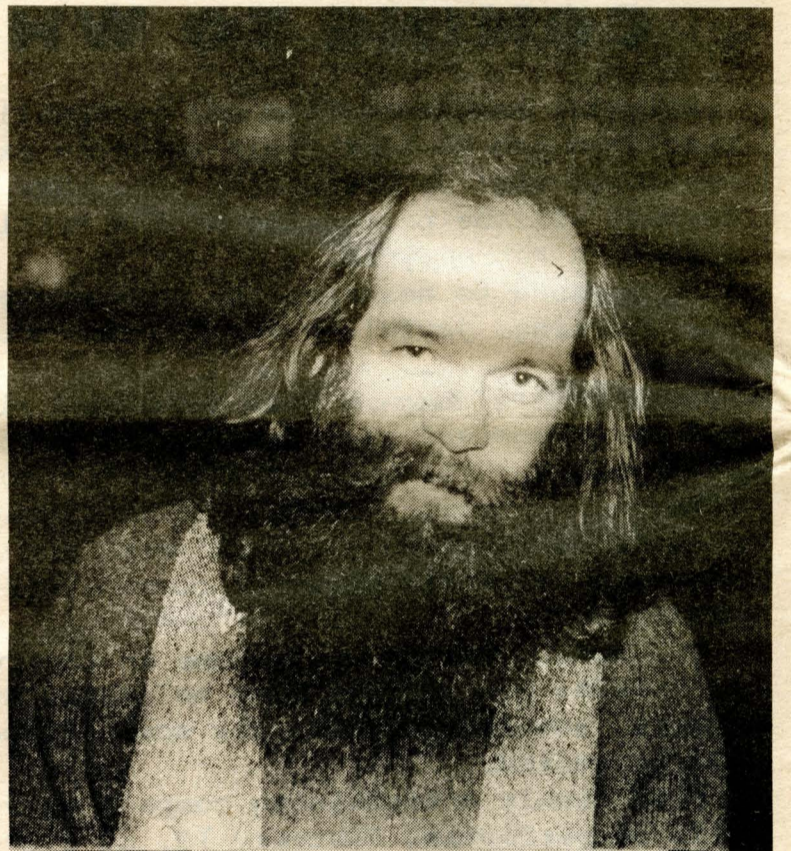
Berenger: (quite lost) What does all that mean? Mass opinion, dogmatism - they're just words! I may be mixing everything up in my head but you're losing yours. You don't care what's normal and what isn't anymore. I couldn't care less about Galileo ... I don't give a damn about Galileo.

Dudard: You brought him up in the first place and raised the whole question, saying that practice always had the last word. Maybe it does, but only when it proceeds from theory! The history of thought and science proves that.

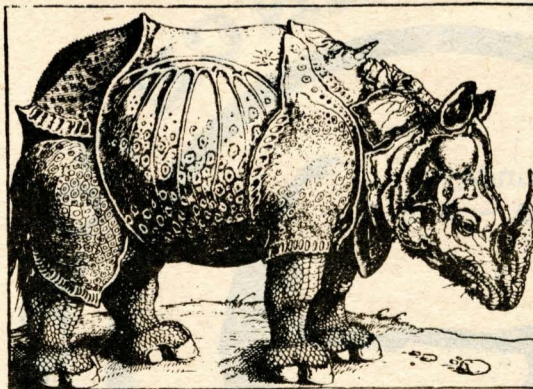
Berenger: (more and more furious) It doesn't prove anything of the sort! It's all gibberish, utter lunacy!

Dudard: There again we need to define exactly what we mean by lunacy ...

From the play Rhinoceros by Eugene Ionesco (1960)



The Parti Rhinoceros pose outside their store/headquarters (upper left). (Above) Richard the Troll practises his victory smile while Angela Nuttal, party worker, giggles away at lower left.



Welcome to Rhinocerosism. The most infectious, contagious, communicable and humorous disease in the world. Rhinocerosism, as a disease, has been known to cure tired blood, short-sightedness, overweight, frigidity and the droop. If you believe that the sun does not set, but the earth is going through a revolution, then you could be a Rhino. If you get a warm rush of blood and a powerful feeling when you stomp your feet and force air in and out of your lungs then you could have Rhinocerosism. Those are the words of Richard the Troll, the Western Caucus Chairman of the Parti Rhinoceros, a political party that proves that democracy is still possible.

Unlike the other parties, you don't need fancy duds, a large bank account, business ties or a membership card.

To be a Rhino all you have to do is to believe in the four major planks in their campaign platform:

- 1) keep your feet on the ground
- 2) world peace
- 3) complete banishment of nuclear technology
- 4) the liberation of marijuana

Finally, a political party we can relate to.

The Parti Rhinoceros was formed in Quebec originally, by a physician named Jacques Ferron, who ran in the 1963 federal election in Mount Royal. From a regional party it spread into a national party when Charles Michael MacKenzie brought it out west. The 1979 election saw no Rhino's elected but promise was shown when they pulled down over sixty thousand votes nationally. And that was without contesting over half the ridings! Their strongest showing was in the Montreal Laurier riding where they managed 3,233 votes, exceeding the Conservatives, the Social Credit and the New Democratic Party.

The headquarters for the western Rhinoceri is located in the back of Richard the Troll's small counterculture shop at 73 Lonsdale in North Vancouver. This command centre is clearly the hub of action for this party of political bombast. The establishment media brand Richard as a hash pipe maker but that's like saying Woodward's is a shoe store. Available in the shop are clothes, exotica, antiques, knick-knacks and rolling papers. Not to mention bumper stickers that read 'We want to wipe out disco in your lifetime' and 'Wilderness-Wildlife sex and bondage kit'.

The backroom boys were planning strategy when the Answer called. It was not your typical smoke filled room scene as smoking, cigarettes anyway, is strictly forbidden. Present was Richard the Troll, a candidate himself in the Capilano riding, Albert 'the cad' Courchene, running in Surrey-White Rock, and Angela Nuttal, the cad's buxom public relations agent who giggled through the press conference like a huddle of sub-teenagers watching a sex education film.

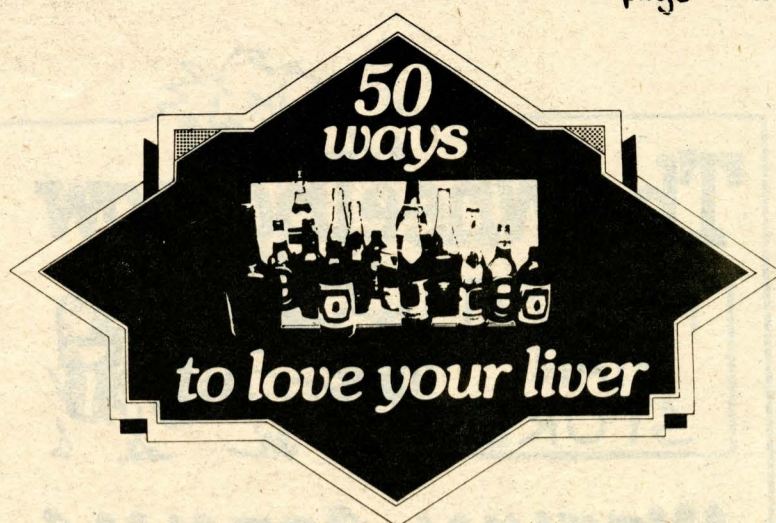
Albert the cad, when not pursuing public office, is a Kimographic engineer which, he is quick to explain, means that he is a movie projectionist. He believes that having seen countless movies is an excellent qualification for becoming a member of parliament. The cad has gained a following in Surrey-White Rock for his proposal that Vancouver's new stadium be built in Point Roberts. Seeing that Point Roberts is technically a part of Washington he would move towards negotiations with Washington Governor Dixie Lee Ray to trade Point Roberts for 100 Mile House, where many Washingtonians like to hunt. He strongly supports the national party's policy of repealing the law of gravity.

When asked why he is running he explains that he believes in democracy, thinks he can serve the nation, and likes the pay, should he get elected. The cad, at a mere 27 years of age, clearly has a long and bright career ahead of him in the Canadian political culture.

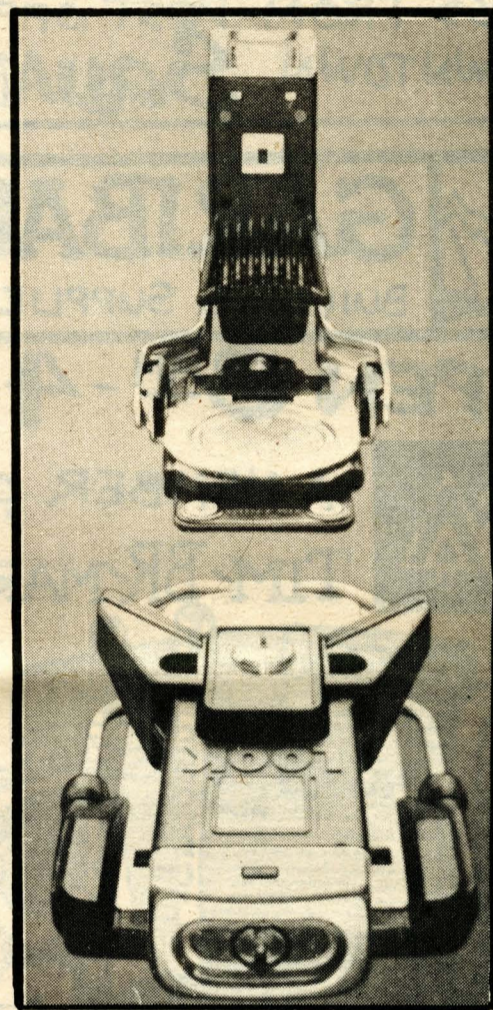
Richard the Troll, when not oiling the party's campaign machinery, is a bit of an innovator in the policy department also. If the Parti Rhinoceros were elected he would give a grant of one hundred dollars to all eligible women as he feels they are discriminated against because they have to purchase birth control pills, tampons, etc. And as the party is not burdened by an excess of capital, he plans to recycle other candidates meetings and rallies.

The Rhino Party is not without its luminaries either. The Canadian President of NORML has announced his candidacy in an Ottawa riding and local journalist, author, chef James Barber is reported to be ready to throw his hat into the ring in the Vancouver Centre riding, where Art Phillips, Pat Carney and Ron Johnston are expected to have a battle of the same magnitude as the one they fought in 1979.

Should the party form the next government of Canada we can all look forward to a better life. The Troll says that everyone's economic future will look better by a staggering 300% in the first year of a Rhino government. To accomplish this amazing feat a Rhino government would simply lower Loto Canada ticket prices to \$3.33. This is from



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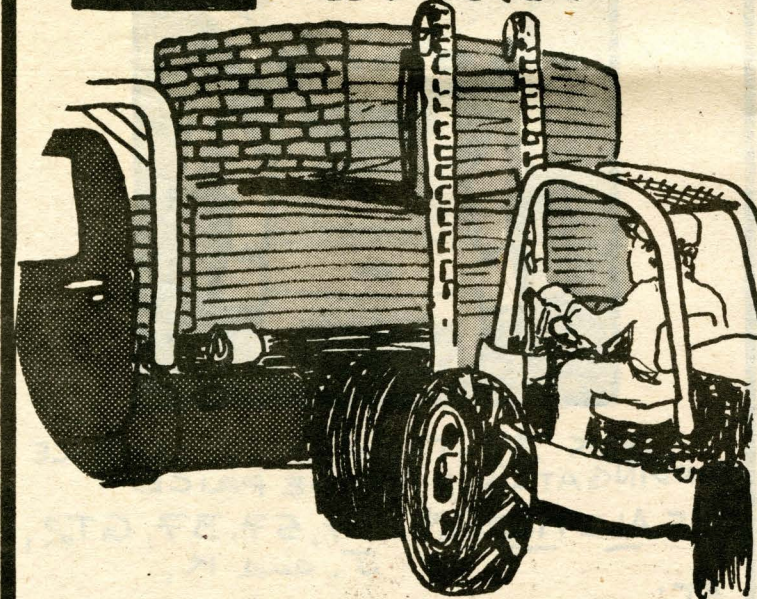


Albert 'the cad' Courchene ponderously drinks his coffee while contemplating the February 18 federal election.

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the party that is on record as stating that Petro-can will be bottled and sold in grocery stores.

The economy is where the Parti Rhinoceros clearly shine like a coal miner's helmet. In order to pay for duplication of services in the public sector they advocate additional postage rates for all mail being opened by the RCMP. And those citizens currently enjoying the peace and security of electronic surveillance by the RCMP will be charged an additional 2¢ a word on their phone bills.

To sum up their policy, the Parti Rhinoceros looks forward to forming this nation's most incompetent administration as we stumble into a great 'era of indecision'. They are essentially a political party that doesn't call a spade a small garden implement for soil excavation. They call it simply a spade.

So if you aren't totally apathetic to the election on February 18 and decide to show up at the polls, think Rhino. And if there's no Rhino candidate in your riding: spoil the ballot.

Anyone wishing to aid the miniscule Rhino coffers are invited to send \$2 to party headquarters at 73 Lonsdale in North Vancouver for their official Parti Rhinoceros button.

Untitled Ski Poem

When you have waked and seen the glistening snow
 That wraps the valley and the mountain crest,
 Tugged on your ski boots, yearning to contest
 The untracked powder on the slopes below
 Snapped on your skis, and felt your body flow
 Up, down, around, with this ballet obsessed,
 And sinking, lifting, sailing your Everest
 To etch your ski tracks on that white tableau,
 When soaring across a ridge your skis descend,
 You've sliced and checked through powder midst the trees,
 Then schussed down canyons with the whistling wind,
 And landed in the dell on flying skis
 You'll know that with no man need you contend
 And you have heard the mountains sing my friend.

Scott Van De Mark (1979)

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 OF THE
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COMMON SENSE

Da Voice of da Woikin Class

"Hey! Are you the bus driver?"
"What's a matter - don't I look like a bus driver?"

Let's get one thing straight; I'm a man and I drive a bus. Driving a big long 44 passenger bus is a man's job. A Big Mans Job. There is no room for whimps and Timmies (or women either). There are plenty of other jobs whimps and Timmies could do, like being a waiter, a waitress, a writer, a photographer, a back hoe operator, a chorus line dancer, or even a security dick.

Speaking of which - Whsitlet will never be a safe place again unless we run those Fascists out of town. Why do we need some weirdo lurking about in the dark of night, long after the bars have closed and everyone has gone home to bed. How can we feel secure knowing that some transient type, who failed the Pinkerton entrance exam, is prowling the valley alone in the night, his German Shepard in the back of his 4X4 truck, instilling fear where there was none before. His annoying approach to drumming up business by subtle intimidation is disgusting. Before you know it they'll be telling us that they require guns to carry out their duties.

Maybe I'll talk about bus driving some other time, but I doubt it. The holidays have just finished and I'm fried. I may never be the same. Suffering from fatigue, losing weight, morning sickness ...

Let's get back to women bus drivers, alright? Now don't get me wrong. I ain't got nothin' against womens lib and all that crap. But, women bus drivers. Ah come on eh! I mean "really". Now someone will have to design a 'driving bra'. What if some large breasted lady driver with sensitive nipples gets all worked up doing some frantic crossovers in the 'S' turns? What if she gets carried away fondling the joy stick? What if she blows her double clutch down shift; or gets pregnant; and then there's her 'monthly'. O.K. I admit it, I feel threatened. You would too, if you discovered that even a woman could do your job. Pretty soon the only manly jobs left will be the ones that women don't want. Children will have no heroes; no one left to look up to or respect.

Wolfgang here, saying take care and get a job. Don't be a ski bum all your life.
We drink scotch. 'Glen Livet'



WHAT'S A MATTER - DON'T I LOOK LIKE A BUS DRIVER!



9 10 13 14 17 18 21 22 25 26 29 30 33

SYD

YOUNGS TRAVEL IDEAS UNLIMITED

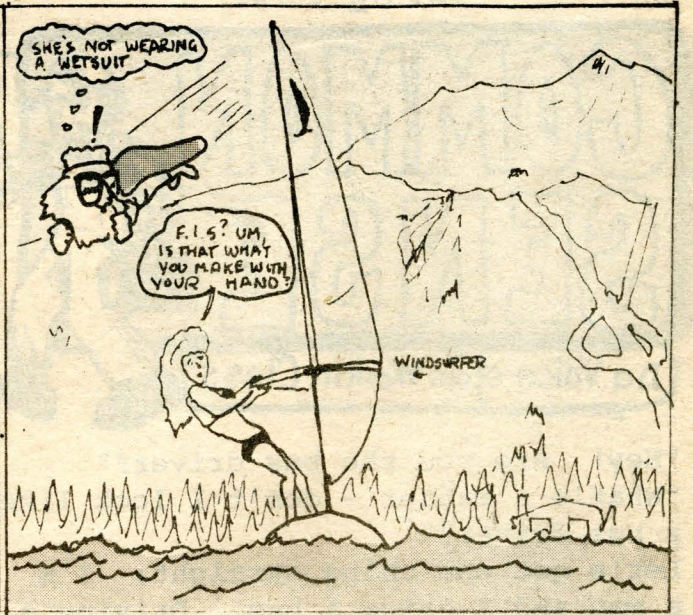
No.5 WHISTLER CENTRE, WHISTLER B.C. V0N1B0 PHONE 932-5757
RESIDENCE 932-5662
VANCOUVER 681-6627

LOCALMAN

PRODUCED BY THE VARNET SKI AND WINDSURFING TEAM

READ THIS COMIC, YOU DON'T HAVE TO WAIT IN LINE TO DO SO THIS ISH: THE MEN FROM "F.I.S."

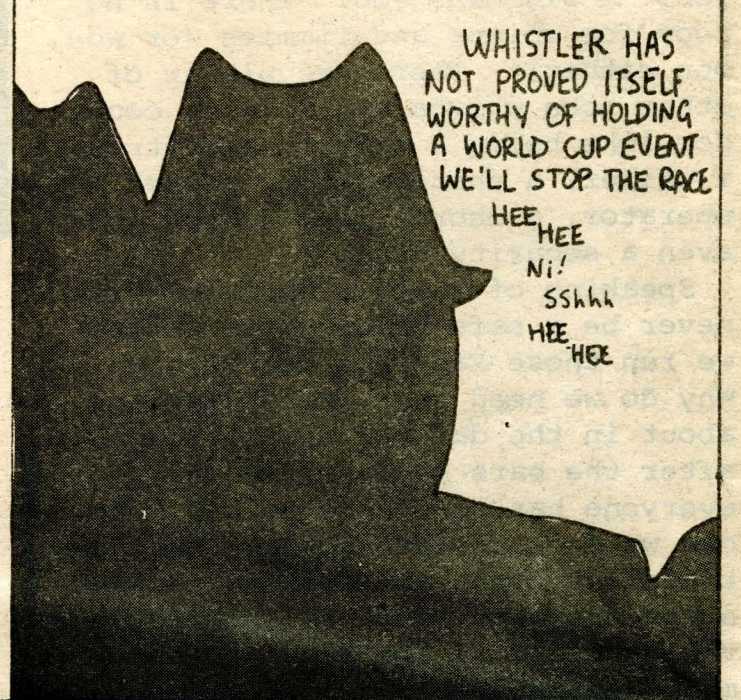
LAST ISSUE, LOCALMAN WAS GIVEN AN ASSIGNMENT BY MOLSON BREWERIES TO FIND OUT WHO "F.I.S." WAS, BUT SO FAR HIS EFFORTS HAVE MET WITH FAILURE....



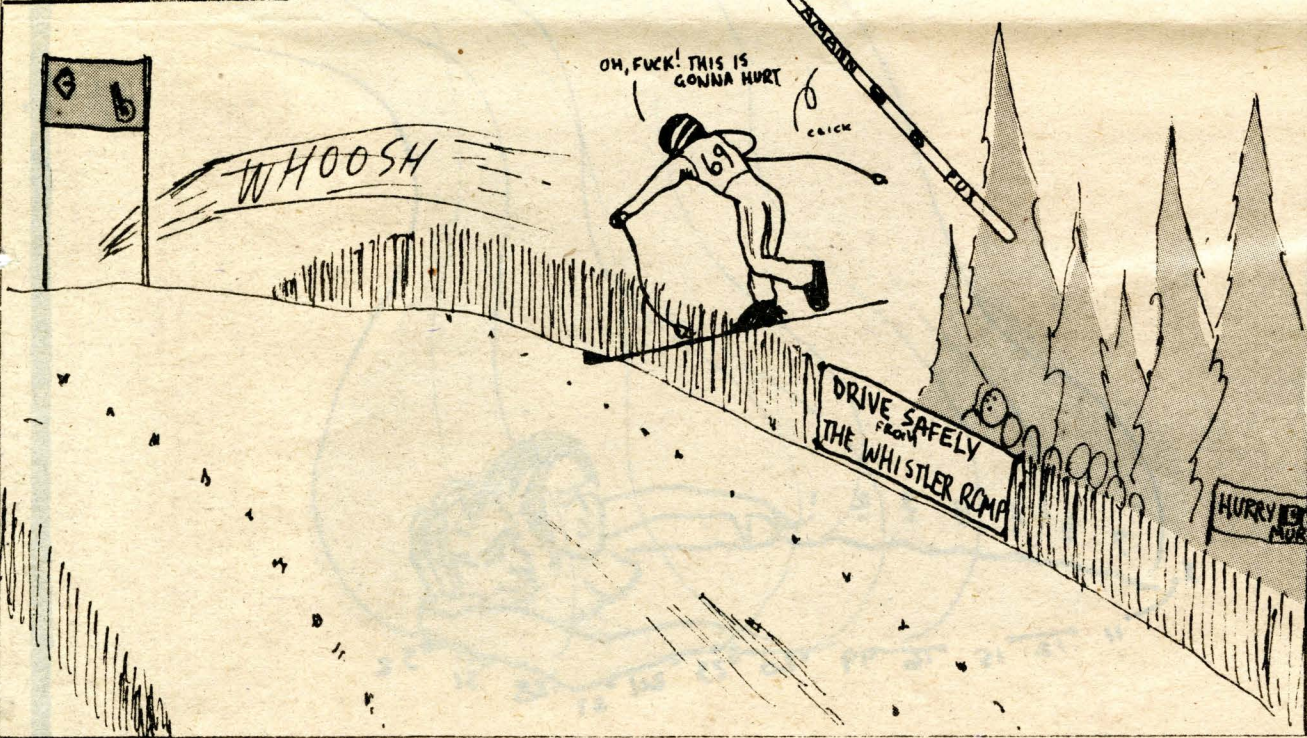
FINALLY, LOCALMAN GETS SOME UNNERVING RESULTS...



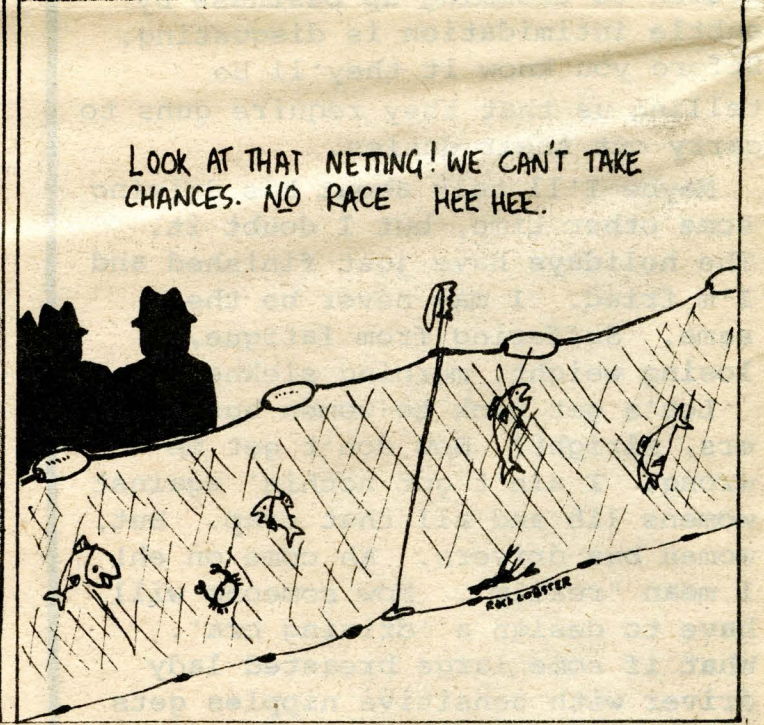
LOCALMAN'S BOLDNESS HAS NO EFFECT ON THE GOONS FROM F.I.S.



RACE DAY!



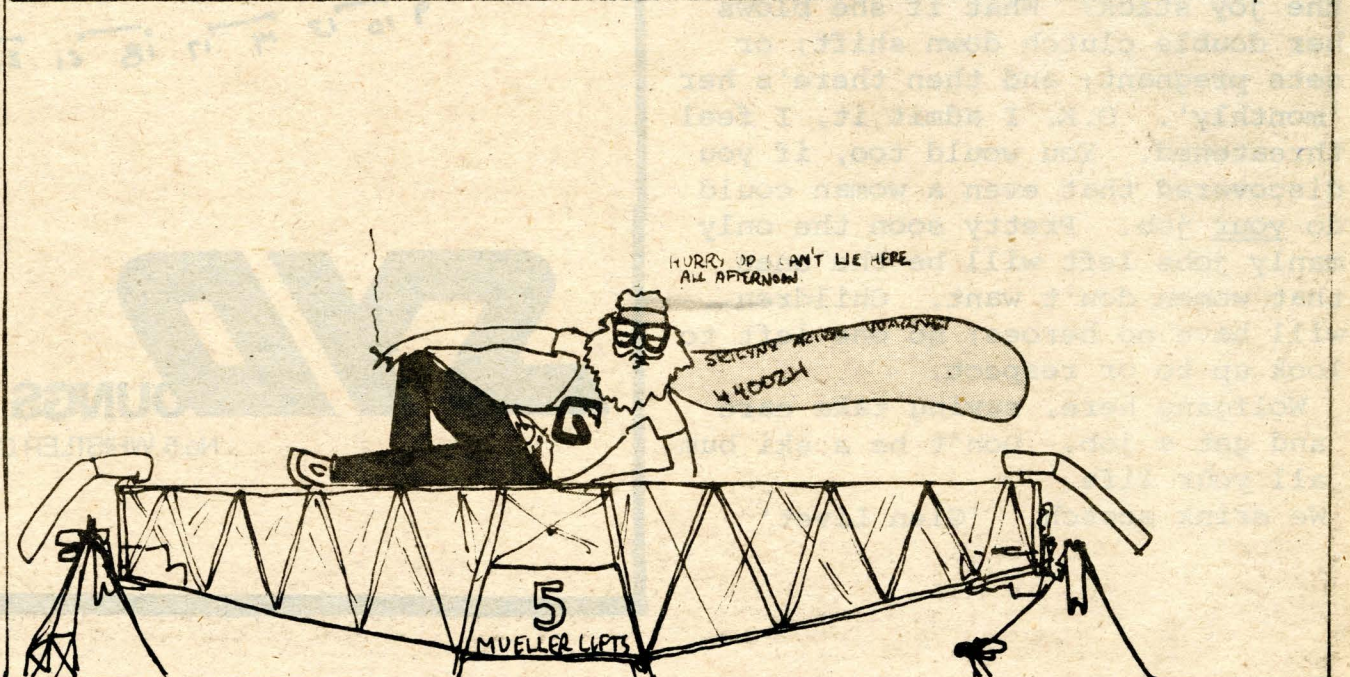
WORD SPREADS DOWN THE COURSE THAT THE RACE HAS BEEN CANCELLED DUE TO POOR NETTING.....



LOCALMAN SEEKS OUT THE CANADIAN TEAM AND TELLS THEM OF HIS PLAN TO DISCREDIT F.I.S....



SO READ MURRAY, FODBORSKI, AND IRWIN'S ANTICS ON THE RACE COURSE SET AN EXAMPLE FOR ALL THE OTHER RACERS TO FOLLOW. PLANCK, MUELLER, KLAMMER + CO. MADE FIS LOOK STUPID BY COPYING THE CANADIANS THANKS TO LOCALMAN WHISTLER'S REPUTATION WAS UNHARMED. SO FOR OUR HERO IT'S BACK TO KEEPING THE RESORT MUNICIPALITY OF WHISTLER PURE AND DRUG FREE. SPEAKING OF WHICH.....



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