

WHISTLER ANSWER



50¢

**BOARDSAILING
TOAD BOOGIE
SKI TOURING**

JULY 1980



WHISTLER ANSWER

EST. 1977

BRITISH COLUMBIA
WHISTLER MOUNTAIN

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COVER PHOTO

Andrew Stoner cruising on Alta Lake with Wedge Mountain peaking above.

Photo by Greg Griffith

Back Cover Photo; by Greg Griffith

Green Lake, Wedge Mtn., Armchair viewed from high in Alpine Meadows

EDITORIAL PAGE

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On June 11th the Whistler Answer office was issued a search warrant for "Cannabis Plants" by the local constabulary and in the process of a 2 hour search, out there in the garden, right between the peas and the beans, officers Hansen and Rybka found six, three inch plants alleged to be marijuana.

We found this somewhat odd in light of the current political situation in Canada. Prime Minister Trudeau's second priority, after raising benefits to senior citizens was to decriminalize certain marijuana related offences such as growing your own pot for personal use. This is one of the few proposals for which the Prime Minister had unanimous support from the other major political parties. I mean this is 1980!

Considering the magnitude of the event we were left no choice but to put our hottest investigative reporting team, Colebrook and Bissnette on the case. What follows on page three is the unabridged result of their "investigation."

* * *

Well it seems everyone's bitching about the weather these days. Even going so far as to blame it on St Helens and predicting no end of gloom. Our weather office however tells us that this is, in fact, a perfectly normal June. Actually we've even had one more sunny day recorded this June that last. So don't let your memory fool you, summer doesn't really begin till the June-Monsoon's are over.

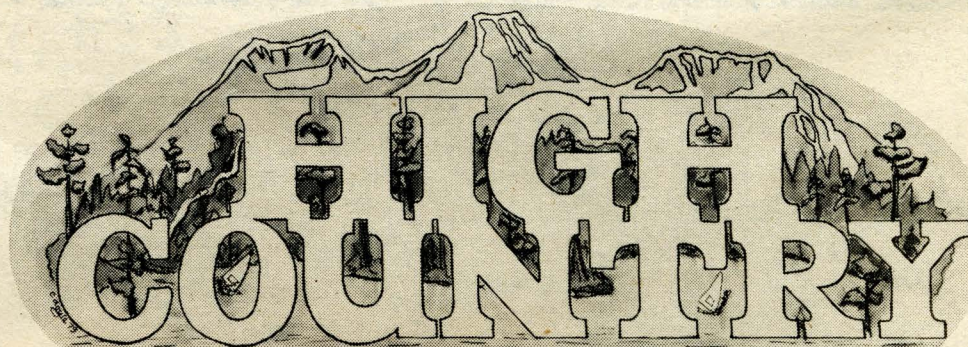
* * *

Stephen Leacock shows us that nothing much has changed in 50 years when describing his hobby farm in Orillia, "used to lose a few dollars a year, but by dint of hard work and modernization I have contrived to turn that into a loss of thousands." Sound Familiar?

* * *

The 20th of July will see a Boardsailing competition held on Alta Lake. Organizers expect at least 50 boards for the event which will feature five triangle races and a freestyle and slalom competition. Participants will be local as well as from the Vancouver area, Victoria, Seattle and as far away as Invermere in the interior. Prizes are to be donated by various sponsors. This event should give many local sailors their first opportunity to taste competition, as well as give our seasoned racers the chance to re-affirm their dominance.

* * *

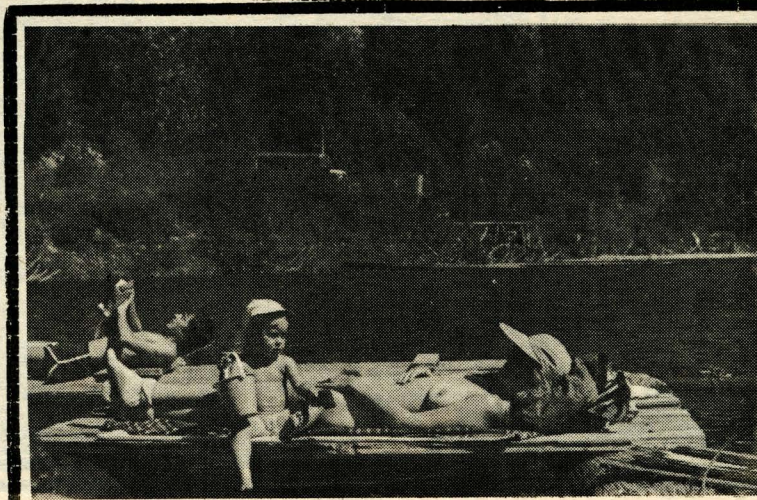


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TWO FOR A BUCK



Plantation Raided!

Whistler RCMP swooped down recently on the offices of High Country Communications in an operation that was termed a 'massive' narcotics bust by an RCMP spokesman.

The RCMP, armed with a search warrant probably issued by a senile judge, netted six 3-inch plants alleged to be cannabis, from the grounds in front of the publishing firm. An extensive two hour search of the building itself failed to turn up any additional plants although it is well known that they are cultivatable in guitar cases and behind shelved books.

The street value of the seized drugs are nil but the RCMP expressed concern that if the plants had been allowed to mature they would have yielded 'almost an ounce.' The RCMP have yet to master the difficult metric system.

The reason for the raid by the local RCMP, some of whom are actually high school graduates, is the fact that they are taught in their two week training course that musicians, writers and artists are usually heroin addicts and that newspapers are more often than not fronts for organized crime and other underworld activity.

Although no drugs were found inside the newspaper office the narcotics officers found various drug paraphernalia. "We found rolling papers, a Jimi Hendrix album, underground newspapers and what appeared to be a psychedelic poster," the leader of the operation told reporters at an ensuing press conference. "We found a razor blade on the sink, a Trac 11, and a mirror on the wall in the bathroom. These are trademarks of the cocaine user."

Doctor Doyle, publisher of The Whistler Answer, was not present during the search but when contacted in Lima, Peru, stated, "This is certainly going to set back my glaucoma research."

The sole occupant of the office during the raid was Michael Leierer as the rest of the staff was off celebrating the birthday of Timothy Leary. Leierer was concerned that the bust could lead to his conviction as an habitual criminal. He has had a long history of run-ins with the law ranging from jay-walking to spitting on the sidewalk. Local police are still trying to get revenge upon him after his precedent setting parking infraction acquittal.

"I don't know what they expect to find in here," he said, "except cobwebs, lint, dust and the odd hypo."

Celebrated local musician Rocco Bonito added, "Paul McCartney gets busted in Japan and now suddenly 'the menace' thinks that everyone who owns a guitar is some kind of junkie."

The RCMP, who named the operation The Whistler Answer Connection, used the detachments drug sniffing horse Yukon to aid in the search even though it had considerable trouble negotiating the stairs.

The six seized, stunted plants will be sent to Vancouver for incineration, presumably by a Bic lighter.

A spokesman for Whistler town council complimented the RCMP on their operation and stated, "the Resort Municipality of Whistler can sleep sound tonight as a result of this brave RCMP raid, secure in the knowledge that responsible members of the community are working in concert to eradicate reefer and May Day Madness."

A conflicting viewpoint was forwarded by Beluga Bear, omniscient expert on everything but windsurfing. "If the RCMP haven't got anything better to do than make fools of themselves in follies of this nature," he emphasized, "then maybe they should learn how to play cribbage."

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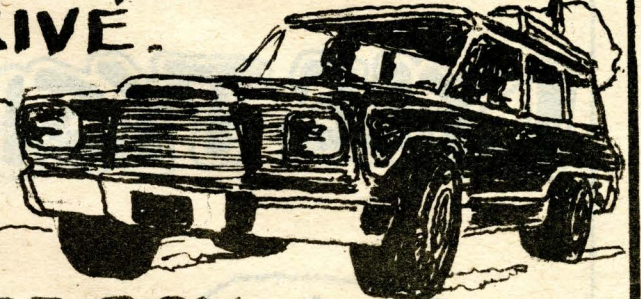
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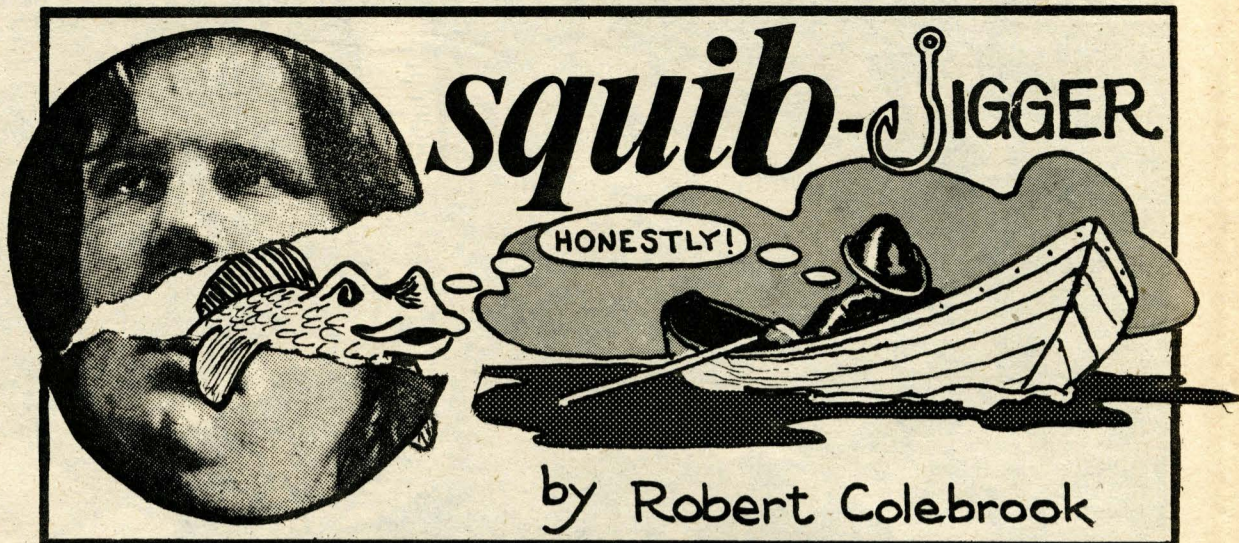
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The current trend at journalism schools is towards 'investigative' reporting. All aspiring journalists feel it is their duty to uncover and expose, to set the president of the U.S. chucked out of office if necessary. Dredging the muddy waters of public figures' past is now vocation and not sport.

Also in vogue in today's society is the champion of minority rights, the agent of the downtrodden and discriminated against. The object of these freelance justice seekers is to compete with Bob Hope for television time and with Pat McGeer for newspaper headlines.

In order to appear in style I am now jumping on both band-wagons. I hope they are travelling in the same direction.

Before we set into this expose I should inform readers that I am not a card carrying member of any minority. Unless they've just formed a group for the recognition of civil rights for overweight people with nine toes, I stand alone. But of course being a person not represented by an interest group or minority organization places one in a minority position, for the majority of people belong to a minority of some type. Don't feel bad if you have to read the last sentence a couple of times — I'm sure you're good at other things.

This matter that I am dealing with started about a month ago. While driving around the Vancouver area and up to Whistler I couldn't help noticing the extraordinary amount of roadwork being done. You can't go anywhere without running into the modern unisex "Crew at Work" sign.

Very seldom are they ever actually at work, but that is an entirely different matter.

What really caught my eye in all these alterations, repavings, and general "improvements" was the fact that the people given the important responsibility for flagging are 99% female. Not only are they female, they are beautiful females in the bargain.

So, the Highways Department is sexist in their hiring policy. But not only do they favor women in their hiring, they operate almost exclusively with dynamite chicks. There are two forms of overt discrimination at work here. Plain Janes and Ugly Ursulas don't stand a chance of being hired to be a flagperson! Men, after all, do the hiring.

But by bringing this to light I would be irresponsible and muck raking if I didn't supply documentation or proof. Following is adequate documentation, but don't expect me to reveal my sources, it goes against the tradition to do so. Suffice to say that one of my sources has the intellectual capacity of a lobotomized Gracie Allen.

My source placed into my sweaty hands the following document. I reproduce it here:

Bryon Oslethorpe
 Director of Clandestine Affairs, Highways Dept.
 Clitoria, B.C.
 April 5, 1980

To all personnel managers!

Please be aware that the following requirements be met in all hiring of flagspeople for road crews this summer.

a. All hired employees shall be of the female sex or reasonable facsimile.

b. They must be between the age of 16 and 30 and be physically attractive. For the purpose of definition physically attractive means either a 9 or a 10. An 8 may be hired only if she is a relative of a foreman or other senior personnel.

c. The department will supply uniforms for these employees which will consist of a bikini top and tennis shorts two sizes too small.

d. All new employees will be instructed on the usage of the standard hand sign. Special attention should be payed to the difference between STOP and SLOW.

e. Acne or superfluous hair is not to be tolerated. A zit or visible stubble is grounds for dismissal.

The preceding regulations must be strictly enforced for the following reasons!

1) The Ministry of Tourism is trying to disspell the notion that this province is home to packs of hags, particularly in the Whistler area.

2) The executive of the Shovel Leaners Union has threatened that if top quality flaggirls are not hired they will slack off, although it is the opinion of this office that this is an impossibility.

3) The only effective way to set motorists to slow down at work sites is to have semi-nude vixens standing on the raod.

4) I am a lecher.

To ensure that quality control is maintained, I will be making periodical inspections of all the employees.

Truly yours,
Byron Oslethorpe

★ ★ ★

As you can see, this is a very revealing letter. Hugh Hefner is not as choosy in his hiring Playboy bunnies.

But I did not leave it at that; a good investigative journalist follows up on his leads and aided by top-notch private investigator Dan Bissonette I procured the following tape recording. It was secretly taped in the local Highways hiring office on April 20, 1980. It opens with the two men in charge of hiring, Mr. Fred Titman and Mr. Tom Assman, talking about highways business.

Titman: We got a call this morning from the RCMP. It seems that the real bad corner in the canyon has been the site of three near disasters this week. Three different cars took the corner too fast and hit the guard rail. They almost plunged over the cliff!

Assman: I'll send a crew there right away. I think if we lower the barricade nine inches . . .

Titman: How about a foot?

Assman: Sure, that'll really show those suckers!

Titman: What did you think about that girl who applied for a flag job this morning?

Assman: She wasn't particularly clever, was she?

Titman: That doesn't enter into it. How smart do you have to be to hold a STOP-SLOW sign?

Assman: You'd be surprisd at how many don't know the difference!

Titman: I think she was only about a 3. She had a face like a festered can of worms.

Assman: Yeah, forget her. She had a profile not unlike one of the larger birds of prey.

Titman: What was her name again?

Assman: It was (tape unintelligible), what a dog!

Titman: Any guy involved with a broad like that should have his head examined.

Assman: And his eyes. (Loud guffaws)

Assman: Maybe we should hire her just to make the other girls look that much better?

Titman: Don't be crazy. The other girl would just make her look that much uglier. Besides, one of our machines would probably mistake her for a large pile of gravel and try to flatten her.

(Knock on door and new flaggirl applicant enters)

Titman: Sit down. So you want to be a flaggirl do you? You're not a feminist are you?

Applicant: No not at all. I'm a Taurus.

Assman: Well, you've just passed the intelligence test.

Titman: It says here on your application that you're a 36-24-36. You seem to have the credentials.

Assman: I hope you know that for this job you have to have a good firm grip and be well practised orally?

Applicant: Are you nuts? I do enough of that stuff on my off-hours. I don't want to set into that at work too!


Titman: You misunderstand us. You have to have a good grip for holding the sign and you have to be well versed in oral communication as well sometimes ask our employees to use walkie-talkies.

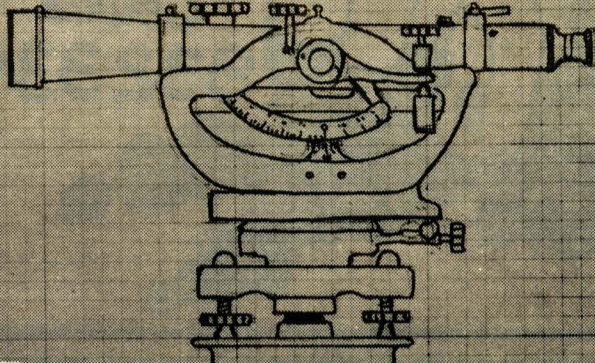
Applicant: Oh well, in that case, sure.

Assman: I see on your form here that you are a former Miss Universe. What year was that?

Applicant: 1976


continued on page 14


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WAITING for the BUS

-malcolm-

They had to make room for the old lady. She was being prodded and pushed by a twenty year old boy. The two pushed right up to the front of the line.

"Scuze," the boy called.

"Ooohh," the old lady lamented, and everyone stepped awkwardly aside.

It was seven thirty two in the morning and the bus was late. The two coins rolling in Mr. Tardly's hand fell back into his pocket. He looked around for signs. He looked at his watch. He looked at the position of the sun.

A man in green flannel kept swinging his black and battered lunch pail. He was new for the seven thirty morning bus stop. Mrs. Lauton, who worked in the stationary shop, eyed this man suspiciously. She bunched her black and white dress close to the front of her knees to avoid the swinging lunch box.

One hundred eighty three dollars and seventy two cents sat in the purse of Lily Hunton. Lily quit school and moved into a modest apartment, low to the ground and one block from the bus stop. Lily found a job working in a pharmacy. She had to sort out bottles and boxes on shelves.

"Here comes the bus!!" yelled Mr. Tardly.

Everyone turned down the street to see. Lily searched through her purse for fifty cents. She discovered a letter from Tom. She thought she would pull it out and read it on the bus.

"That's not the bus," said Mrs. Lauton. "That's a boat."

"It's got to be the bus," said Mr. Tardly, he began fidgeting and had to loosen his collar.

Lily found two quarters. When she saw it was a boat coming, she hesitated. "Will it stop here?" she asked.

"It's not going to stop," the twenty year old boy said.

"If it's a bus it'll stop." Mr. Tardly warned.

"It's not a bus," Mrs. Lauton snapped.

The boat came nearer. It was a big boat standing high up off the asphalt. It stopped right in front of the bus waiting crowd.

"Oh," said Lily. "Is it still fifty cents?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Lauton.

"I'm not getting on," said Mr. Tardly. "I'm not getting on no boat. The bus will come. I'm waiting for the bus. It'll come, won't it?"

"No," said the man in green flannel. "I think the bus won't come today. The boat's here now," and he climbed right up on to the boat. The crowd watched him with awe and amazement. He reappeared over the top of the rail. He yelled down, "It's only fifty cents."

"Good," said Lily, and she started climbing up the side.

"You're nuts," called Mr. Tardly. "This is a boat. I'm waiting for the bus."

"Shutup!" screamed Mrs. Lauton. She was uneasy. She looked frantically about with ununderstanding eyes. "Maybe this is a bus," she said and bit her fingernails.

Lily climbed over the top. She looked down.

"Are you coming? It's going to leave. We can't wait forever."

"Wait!" screamed Mrs. Lauton.

"I'm not going. No way." Mr. Tardly said impatiently.

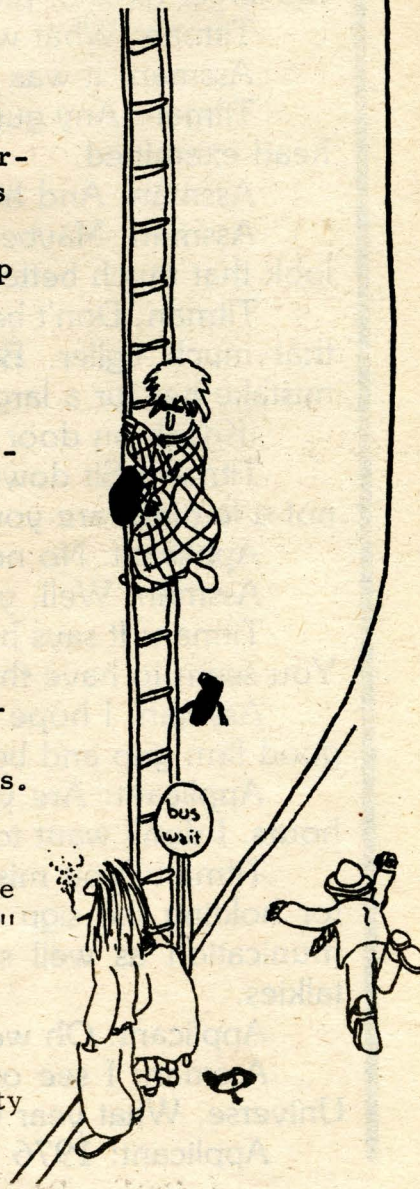
The boat started moving. "Stop! Stop!" Mrs. Lauton shrieked. She raised one arm. The boat stopped. "Oh no," she said. "I can't decide."

"You better decide," Lily calmly said from the deck of the boat. "Are you coming or aren't you?"

"Oh! I don't know," Mrs. Lauton cried, "nothing like this has ever happened before, should I go?"

"Sure," Lily said, "but hurry up."

Mrs. Lauton passed the old lady and the twenty year old boy and started climbing up the boat, but then she stopped.



"Oh this is silly," she said but stayed right where she was.

"Are you coming?" asked Lily.

"I'm not going. That's no bus. I'm here for a bus, I'm not going," said Mr. Tardly.

"I know you're not going!!!!" Mrs. Lauton snapped.

"Then why'd you ask me?"

"The boat's going to go." Lily bellowed down.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Lauton, she hung on the side of the boat thinking, "does it go downtown?" she wondered.

"Just a minute. I'm sure it does. Wait right here." Lily said and disappeared.

"It's a boat, you know," Mr. Tardly said. "Boat, boat, not a bus. Bus!"

"I know it's a Boat!!" Mrs. Lauton said looking over her shoulders. "I can see it's a boat. All you need is two eyes and you can tell it's a boat."

"It is a boat."

"But if the boat goes downtown, and it does only cost fifty cents, I'm going to take it."

"Boat, boat, boat," barked Mr. Tardly.

Lily popped back over the deck railing. "Yes, it goes downtown but it's going now.

"Okay, I'm coming," Mrs. Lauton said and began quickly hauling herself up the side of the boat.

"Be careful," Lily warned.

Mrs. Lauton tried climbing up while holding the billowing dress close to her calves. Suddenly she almost slipped.

"Watch out," Lily shrieked.

"I can't do it," sobbed Mrs. Lauton.

"Ha, ha!" Mr. Tardly said.

"Yes you can," Lily prompted. "Hurry up."

"I can't do it, I can't."

"Kick off your shoes."

Mrs. Lauton had high heel black plastic shoes. She looked down at them. Below her the twenty year old boy and the old lady stared fixedly at the bottom side of the boat. Mr. Tardly was lying on his stomach on the ground.

"Kick off your shoes!" Lily encouraged again. Mrs. Lauton did and one shoe fell just behind the old lady. The other landed way to the right. "Come on!" Lily said impatiently.

"I'm coming now. Yes. It's easier without the shoes," and she climbed again. Her dress billowed out like a parachute and Mrs. Lauton cried.

"Come on. No one's looking," Lily said, "you're almost here."

"I shouldn't have come," Mrs. Lauton said.

"Boat" Mr. Tardly snapped sarcastically.

Mrs. Lauton finally made it to the top. She clambered over the edge peculiarly. "No one else?" asked Lily.

"Boat, ha, boat, boat, boat," Mr. Tardly bellowed. He laughed sadistically, foamed at the mouth and rolled over and over on the grass on the other side of the sidewalk.

The old lady and the twenty year old boy did not move and showed no sign of moving.

"Okay, that's it." Lily shouted and the boat started slowly and then gathered speed. The road went down a hill and it did not take long before the boat disappeared.

Mr. Tardly sat up. He had grass sticking out of his mouth and he had dirt caked on his chin and on his cheeks. He stared at the back of the lady and the boy. He got up and walked over to them. "Is the bus here yet?" he asked.

"No," the boy said.

"Oh" Mr. Tardly said. He looked around for signs. He looked at his watch. The bus was now fifteen minutes late which meant that he was fifteen minutes late. He stepped back. He looked at the number seven bus stop sign. He looked back at his watch. He began licking his lips and biting his tongue.

"What about the boat?" he asked.

"Bus?" the boy said.

"Bus? Bus? What did I say?"

"You said boat"

"What about a boat?!" Mr. Tardly said becoming extremely angry.

The boy looked at Mr. Tardly. The boy did not like Mr. Tardly. He turned around and said nothing.

Mr. Tardly stared at the boy's back. Then he screamed. He fell to his knees and beat his fists on the sidewalk.

"I'm not waiting any longer!! I'm not!!" he began sobbing.

Cont. bottom of page 8



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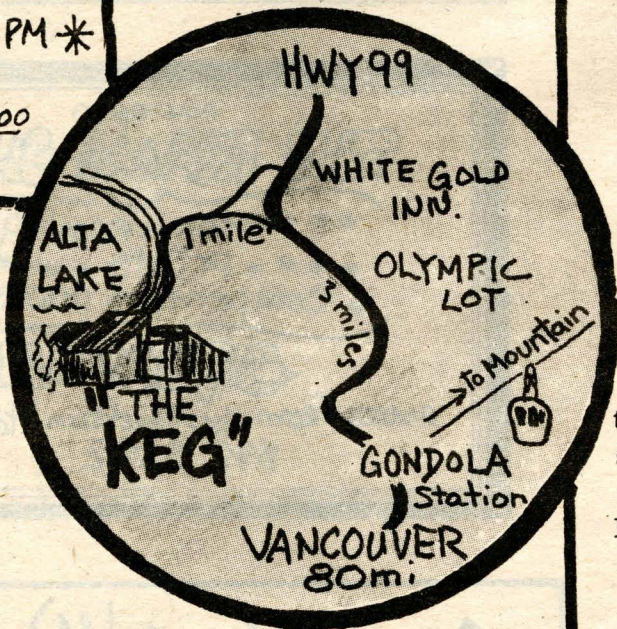
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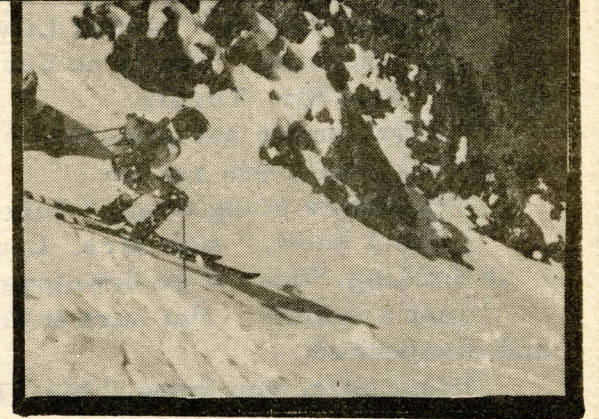


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Spring Skiing's Hot



For most people the ski season ends, reluctantly, when the lifts grind to halt in May. But the snow doesn't disappear with the same abruptness. The snow pack melts slowly and fresh snow can occur on the peaks of this area in virtually any month of the year.

So why quit skiing? All that's needed is some manner of transportation to the snow line and a little energy output to the peaks and one can enjoy a form of skiing that far surpasses ski resorts in it's awesome beauty, it's solitude and it's thrills. June is the best month for ski exploring in the Coastals. The climate has lost a lot of it's severity (but, be prepared for anything!). The access routes are easier due to the lack of snow and theoretically one should be in good shape from a long winter of skiing.

Several areas, close by, offer excellent June skiing for all caliber of skier. The Black Tusk area offers superb cross country skiing in the meadows with good downhill on the shoulders of the Tusk. Rainbow has great skiing on several facets. The Spearhead range offers excellent skiing on several north facing glaciers, while the Wedge massif e offers challenge to the skier searching for something more extreme.

Early starts are a requisite for late season skiing as the snow breaks down quickly under the summer sun. Early morning finds the night's ice crystals in mid transformation to water and we have one of natures greatest gifts to the skier, CORNSNOW. It's ball bearing quick with an inch or so of depth for perfect edge control. Great for the steep stuff! Shaded, north facing slopes even offer the occasional enclave of powder.

There are mountaineering huts at three of the areas close to Whistler to provide shelter from the schizophrenic Coastal weather as well as to lighten the load on those already too heavy packs. Shelters exist at Russet Lake near Singing Pass, At Wedgemount Lake and at the Taylor Camp in the Black Tusk Meadows. Although the accomodations are spartan they are dry and are all within a short distance of good spring skiing.

So don't put the boards into mothballs quite yet. The lakes are too cold for swimming and the rocks are too wet for climbing so head to the high country and make that ski season last a bit longer.

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con't from page seven.

The bus turned into view and drove up in front of the old lady and the boy. The doors opened and the boy helped the old lady up the stairs.

"Sorry I'm late, Mrs. Sheen." the bus driver shouted into the old lady's good ear.

"That's okay, we don't mind," the boy said, "Do we?"

"What?" the old lady asked.

The boy put in seventy five cents for both of them and found a seat right at the front.

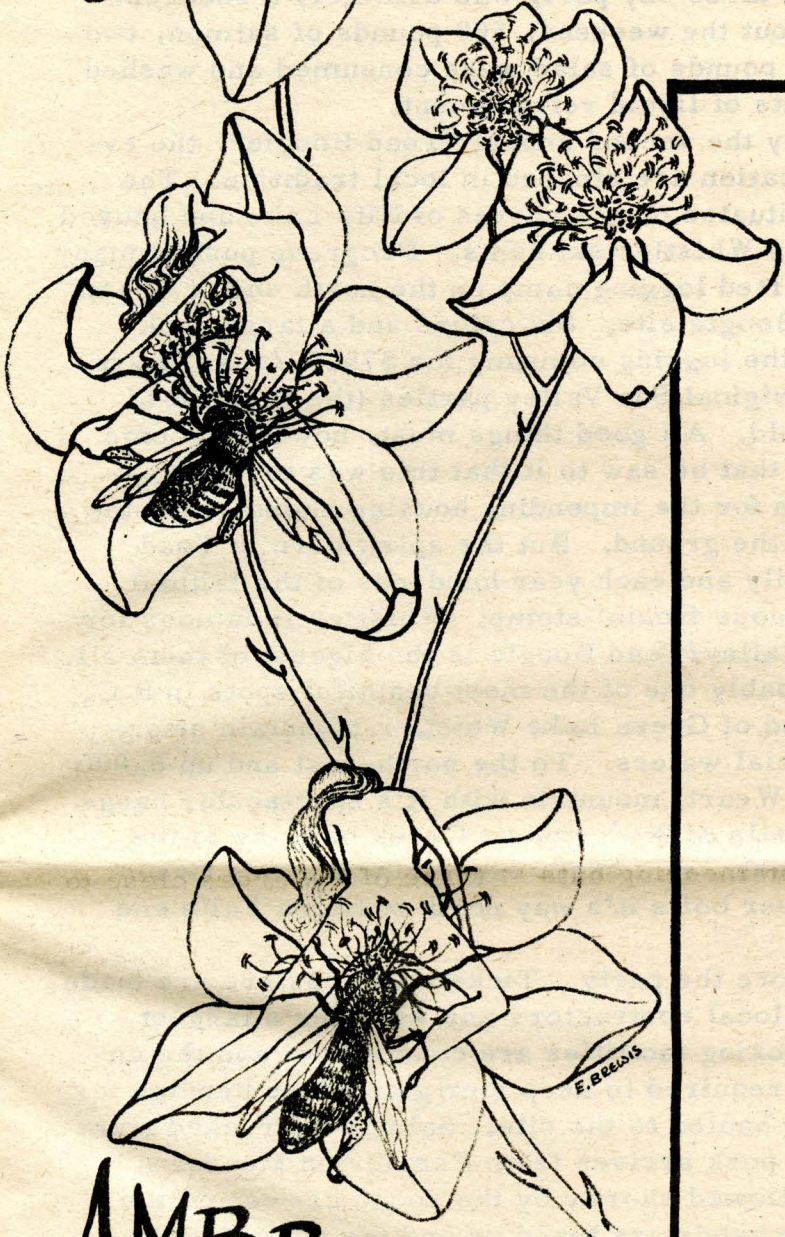
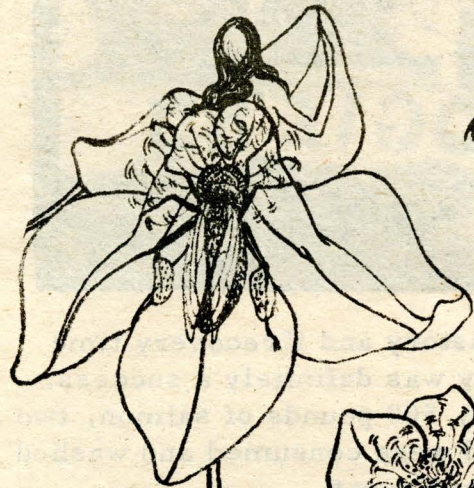
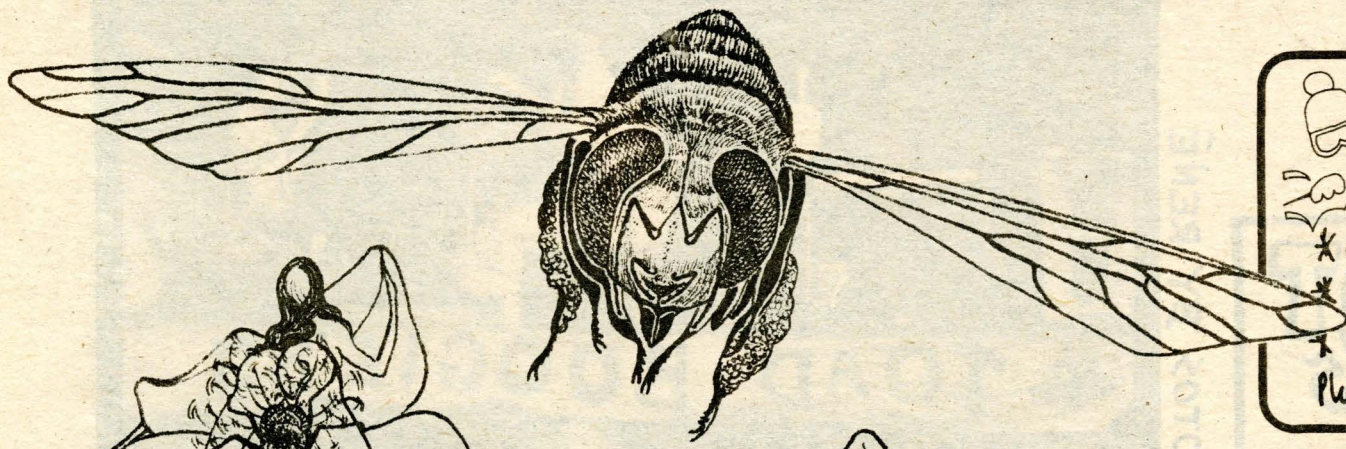
"Not many people today," the boy said looking at the many empty seats.

"A lot of people are impatient," the driver said pulling the handle to close the door.

"Yes, I guess that's it," the boy said, and the bus pulled away.

THE END





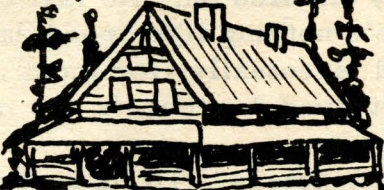
AMBROSIA
IN THE
MAKING

am-bro-sia (am brō'zha) n. [*<* Gr. *a-*, not + *brotos*, mortal] 1. Gr. & Rom. Myth. the food of the gods 2. anything that tastes or smells delicious

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WHISTLER BC

PHOTOS BY RENÉ



The second annual Toad Boogie is history and if recovery time is any indication, the the three day party was definitely a success. Six bands played throughout the weekend, 500 pounds of salmon, two young pigs and countless pounds of salad were consumed and washed down with copious amounts of liquid refreshment.

Although this was only the second annual "Toad Boogie", the event, the name and the location are steeped in local tradition. The original Toad Hall was situated on the shores of Nita Lake and housed a varying number of early Whistler ski bums. Progress pushed many of the originals to a deserted logging camp on the north end of Green Lake, the present Toad Boogie site. Six cabins and a large cook house were rented from the logging company for \$75.00/year and it was from here that the original Soo Valley parties (the grandad of the Toad Boogie) were held. All good things must, however, come to an end and the powers that be saw to it that this was to be no exception. With no concern for the impending housing shortage all the buildings were burned to the ground. But the spirit born in Toad Hall would not die so easily and each year hundreds of the faithful have gathered for a righteous fuckin' stomp. Whistler is famous for it's parties and the Soo Valley/Toad Boogie is the biggest of them all.

The party site is probably one of the most beautiful spots in B.C. To the south at the far end of Green Lake Whistler Mountain seemingly rises out of the glacial waters. To the north-east and up 6,000 feet looms Armchair (or Weart) mountain with it's spectacular hanging glacier. The water falls of Wedgemount Creek cascade to the valley. Fantasy Island beckons, a short canoe ride out into Green Lake while the Green River boils it's way north to Nairn Falls and eventually the Fraser.

Work begins days before the party. Tickets and posters are made. Lumber is kindly lent by local contractors and Whistler's largest stage is erected. The cooking facilities are constructed and the enormous amounts of wood required to keep four giant fires burning for three days and nights are hauled to the site. Salmon is trucked from Vancouver Island and the pork arrives from Pemberton Meadows. The generators arrive followed shortly by the sound crews and the bands. Fires are lit, the bands are tuned up and the parties on.



**SUNDAY WAS
 FOR PAINTING
 SMALL FACES
 BUT THE
 B.B.Q WENT
 FOR THREE
 DAYS**



The days begin mellow. Frisbees arc overhead and the music blends with the smell of pork roasting slowly over the alder cook fire. There's horsedrawn hay rides to Summit Lake. A few beers, a few tokes, a few friends and the energies build. With daylight and dinner behind, the affair begins to crank! The bands play on and in the early stages of the morning the party hits overdrive. Electric overdrive. Exceleation. The bands play on. And on. No last call here! Except mother nature's, and there's nothing like broad daylight to bring one to his or her senses and eventually, for most, to the horizontal. But the respite is short lived for there's two more days to go.

As with every event there are a few detractors. To those who sit drinking \$3.50 Monte Cristos, and complain about paying \$15.00 for three days of music and food, I can only say, "Try it next year, you'll like it!"

"Up River" FILMED AT WHISTLER

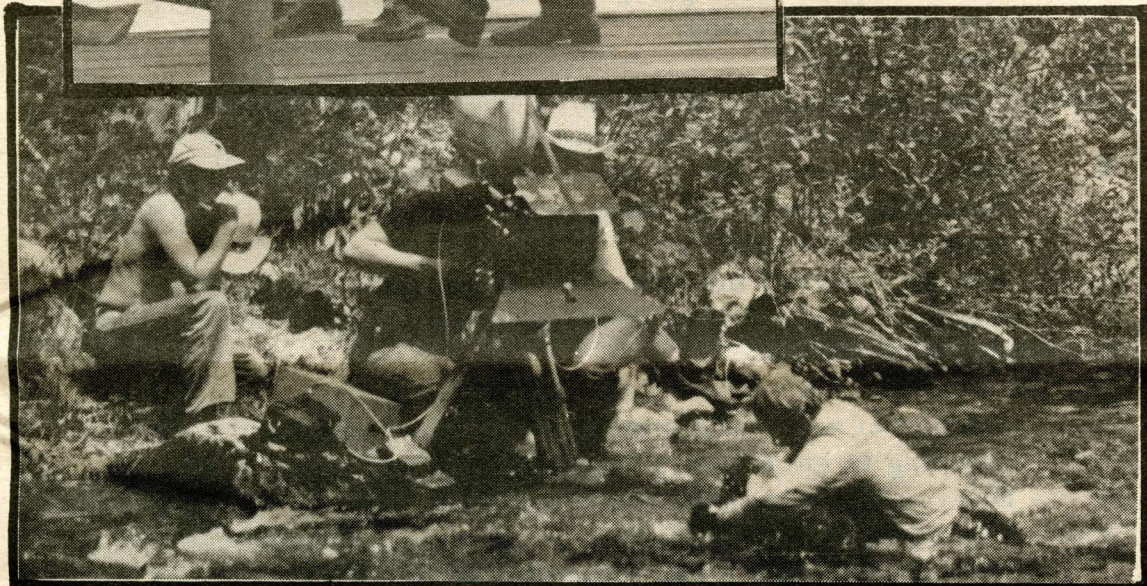
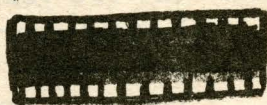
The 'Gold Key Entertainment' film, 'Up River', is the latest production to utilize the Whistler area for location shooting. The Hollywood company, using some Vancouver based crew, shot footage at Soo Valley (Toad Boogie Site), Green River, Brandywine Falls and Britannia Beach, Mount Currie and Heritage Village.

The film directed by Carl Kitt, at an approximate cost of \$750,000 was to be sold to ABC but producers are so pleased they are considering it for a major movie release. It's 'yer typical duster' in which the bad guys wear black hats and die in the last reel.

GREG GRIFFITH PHOTOS



THE BAD GUYS WEAR BLACK HATS AND DIE IN THE LAST REEL.

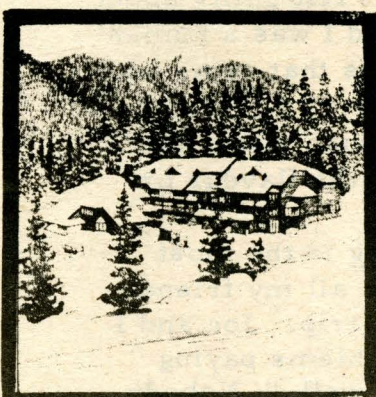


The Green River proved to be a little too much for the water fight as the actors were forced to concern themselves with staying afloat.

Vancouver and south western B.C. are becoming increasingly popular with major film companies for several reasons. Virtually any type of location can be found in southern B.C., from desert, to high mountains, to ocean shore. As well, Vancouver is a "fresh" city to the movie going public, unlike San Francisco or New York, that have been filmed since cinema's infancy. There are also tax and wage benefits to be had for Hollywood companies working in Canada.

My only question is if there's so damn many films being made films being made here how come I haven't been discovered yet.

Whistler Creek Lodge

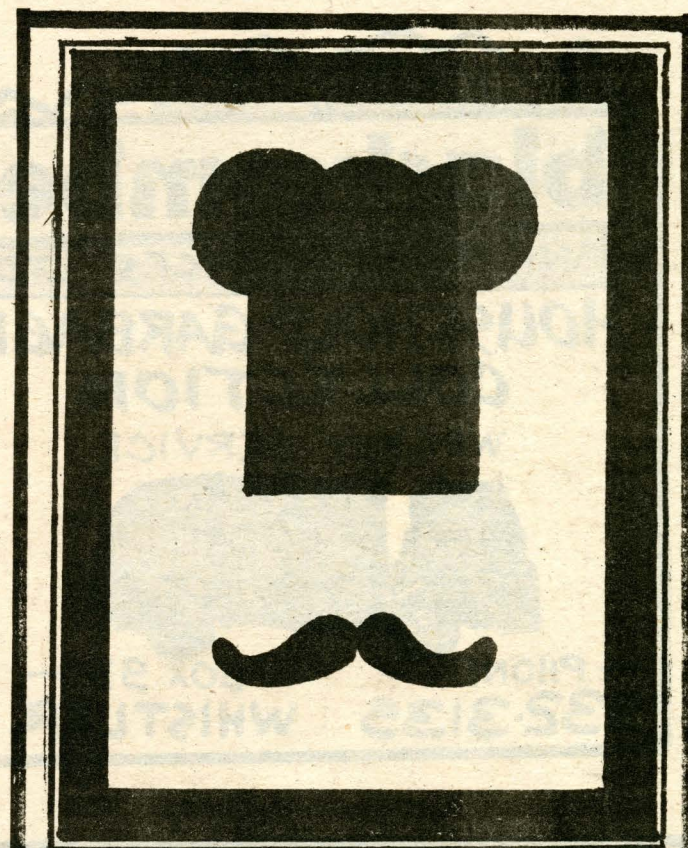


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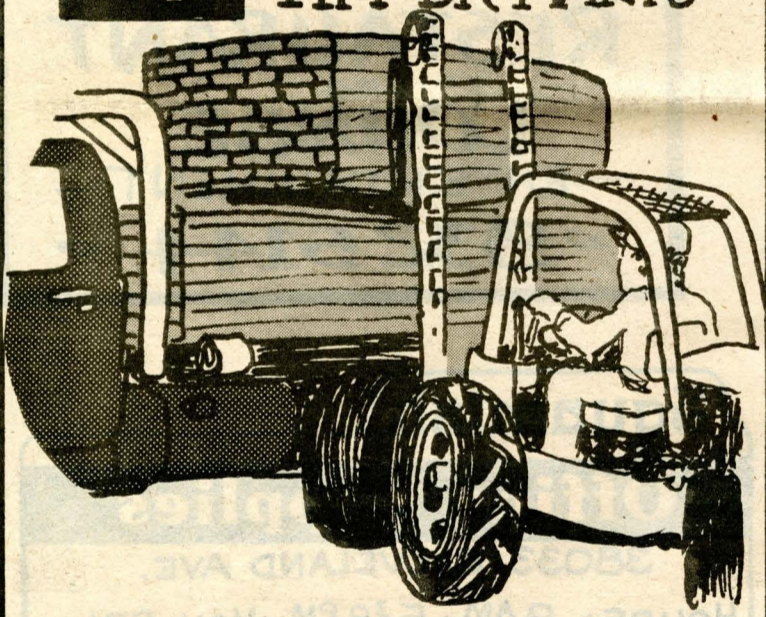


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**ANN MORTIFEE
IN WORDS
An Interview by
Robert Bishop**



This is the last part of a three part interview that Robert conducted in March of 1980. In it Ann discusses the profound effects that two years of travel in the war torn middle east and India had on her.



- R - How did your experiences in Lebanon affect you? You were under bombardment in Beirut.
- Ann - My two years in India and Beirut changed me more than I could ever tell anyone. It was the most profoundly painful and the most profoundly awakening experience I've ever gone through, particularly in Beirut because war is so frightening.
- R - And madness.
- Ann - Total madness. And the thing that is most frightening is that you realize that violence is in you, too.
- R - Did you begin to feel a sense of partisan with the Lebanese and Palestinian people by being under bombardment with them, from Israeli artillery?
- Ann - It wasn't always the Israelis. Sometimes it was the Syrians. It was crazy because nobody ever knew who was doing the shelling.
- But no, I didn't take sides. I couldn't because that's the essence of war. It's just points of view and people not listening to each other. There's no sense to it.
- R - Did you begin to understand why there are wars?
- Ann - I think war is an evolutionary problem. I think man has not yet reached a stage where he has evolved out of using brute force to make someone listen to him.
- R - Unfortunately, law remains the second most powerful force in the world. Military power is still the first. The strong right arm. It seems that man only has the mental energy to carry reason so far then he picks up his weapons.
- Ann - Being in Beirut, the hardest thing for me to realize was that war is something we can't do anything about until individuals begin to evolve. I'm basically a pacifist but when you see, for instance, a woman being beaten to death, there's an anger, a primitive rage that rises up in you and you could kill because you know that a killer of defenseless people shouldn't be here. You have to stop it. It was very frightening for me to realize that I have all that primitive aggression inside me, too.
- R - How long did it take you to come to terms with that side of human nature in yourself?
- Ann - I accepted it finally. It took awhile. I felt guilty about it for a very short time, then I realized I was a human being and those are part of the emotions that come with us.
- Ann - We have no idea. We are totally hot house plants and a tomato from a hot house does not have the flavour or nourishment of one grown in the open.
- When I came back to Canada after being in the most crucial area in the world, the Mideast all my friends said, "Well, it must have been quite a trip. Joe and I are having troubles and I'm having problems paying the rent and my career's not going so well." Nobody was even interested. And that absolutely disturbed me. It was a culture shock. But the intenseness does wear

off. It's easy to fall back into being a relaxed, west-coast, laid back, fat cat. And we can't lay guilt on ourselves because we really have no idea. We just don't know.

R - It doesn't touch us. Not now. But it will.

Ann - You know that, too.

R - It's fascinating what's going on in the world today, and very scary. We can have hope about our future but it's very difficult to be optimistic.

Ann - What I find most frightening about our world's future is that the aid for living necessities to underdeveloped countries is going down, while military sales to them is skyrocketing. Almost every third world country is in debt to an industrial country for military hardware.

R - And it's crazy just who is arming whom. It seems like the only reason for most arms sales is money. It's as if the military departments of most governments are run by packs of mercenary soldiers.

Ann - It's very frightening, much more frightening than we realize.

R - We're so selfish. We think we're isolated from the rest of the world, that what happens in Africa, the Mideast, and Afghanistan does not really affect us here in North America.

Ann - I believe the Western world has to change. If we don't, we will be forced to change.

R - If we remain the way we are--weak, selfish, ununited and unco-operative--we're going to end up falling under a communist regime. Both of us have travelled in communist countries. There's just no comparison between our lives of liberty and their lives of oppression.

We bitch about our governments but what do they really want? They want a bite of our money and they cheat a little with our laws when it suits them. But a communist government demands your very heart and soul and mind. We have no idea what the alternative to democracy is.

Ann - We have no idea at all. We in the west have a choice of what we do with our lives. We have a choice to create our destinies. In communist and most Asian countries, there is no choice.

You know, there's all sorts of things we can do for people in underdeveloped countries. For instance, the Foster Parents Plan. Each one of us can afford to support a family overseas. It only costs \$228 a year. This will help feed, clothe, educate and provide medical services for people who really need it. That's one of the things we can share, a little of our money.

R - Was it this feeling of involvement that got you back into music?

Ann - Yes. I realized I could remain on the outside of everything all my life or I could try and get involved. After being in Beirut and India, the thing that got me back into music?

Ann - Yes. I realized I could remain on the outside of everything all my life or I could try and get involved. After being in Beirut and India, the thing that got me back into music was working in Calcutta with Mother Teresa's group, an incredible experience. I saw what one woman could do with her vision.

And there's no doubt in my mind that when Mother Teresa started out, she must have had days when she thought that if she fed two little mouths, how is that possibly going to change anything in a sea of starvation. Yet, she continued and now she has two or three thousand nuns and priests working with her. And now she's won a Nobel Peace Prize.

R - Finally!

Ann - Yes, finally, finally, which is a disgrace that they waited so long to give it to her but...

So, I realized from her example that you can have endless philosophies and talk forever but there comes a point in your life when you have to say, "I want to be involved." I don't know what I can do. The only gift I have is singing and writing; therefore, I've got to do that. I've got to get out there and say, "Here is one little entity who cares about all of us, who wants to make a contribution,"-- knowing that half the people will laugh and say, "Ya, right. Well, who's she?"

R - Your "One Woman Show" (of songs Ann wrote about her experiences in Asia) was very successful in making people aware of how privileged we are compared to most of the rest of humanity.

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Ann - There were people who really didn't like it, who really felt confronted. I had some hecklers in the back row one night who yelled out, "Aw, Fuck off, Mortifee, who the hell cares what you think?" (Ann laughs) And I said, "Well, I care. You don't have to care. This is me. This is my show. If you don't like it, write your own." (We laugh) But many people also said, "My God! Thank you. I'd forgotten how lucky we are." So, I get laughed at and appreciated, but ultimately, I can't do it for either of those reasons. After being in Beirut and seeing all the tragedy we can bring on ourselves and each other, I knew I wanted to be a part of our growth. It's like there's a cancer in the world and I wanted to be a healthy corpuscle fighting that cancer. So, I'm always trying to expand inwardly, to make myself stronger so I have more to give.

cont. from pg. 5.

Assman: That's a long time ago, I don't know if you could handle this job.

Applicant: I keep very good care of myself.

Titman: OK. We'll give you a chance. Report first thing tomorrow morning. And by the way, our inspector Oslethorpe is touring the area tomorrow so we have designated the day 'formal day'. Usually we like our staff to wear as little as possible but tomorrow we must insist on full make-up, spiked heels and maybe something backless, heavy on the cleavage.

Assman: And here is the card of the hairdresser that the Highways Department usually deals with.

Applicant: OK. Thanks. See you tomorrow. And by the way, I know that you're pulling your wires behind that desk.

Titman: Do you think we should see any more applicants today?

Assman: No. Besides, I think we're right out of Kleenex.

So there you have it folks; a well documented case of investigative reporting that uncovered one of the most discriminatory and debasing practises this reporter has ever seen. This is the story behind all those beautiful flaggirls and next time you drive by them you'll know why they all look so good.

Editor's note: As a result of Mr. Colebrook's work on this controversial subject the Provincial Government has chastised the Highways department and taken the job of hiring flaggirls away from them. They are now hired by the Blanche MacDonald Modelling Agency.

Watch for Mr. Colebrook's column next month when he investigates the rumour that there is sexual discrimination against women in the National Hockey League.

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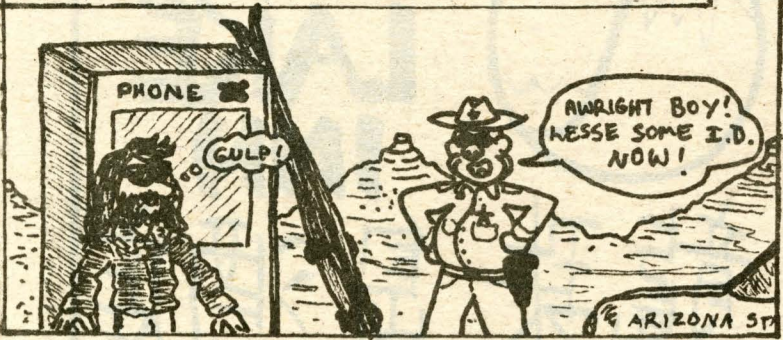
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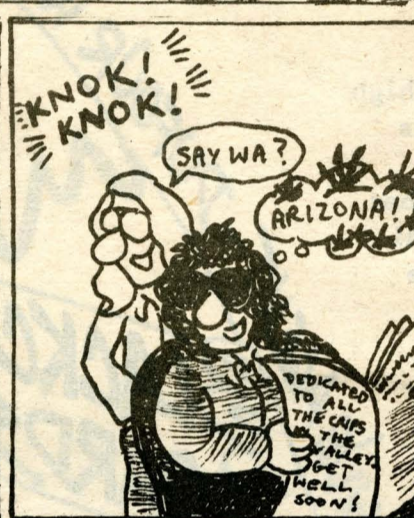
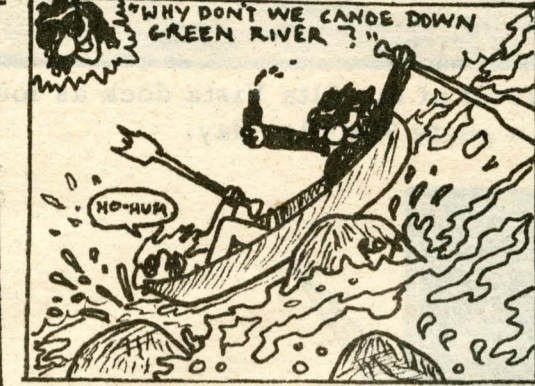
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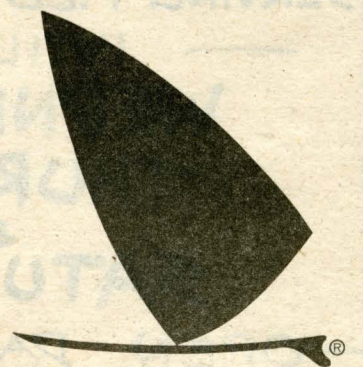
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