

## Medicines live all around us

### JOANNA WONG GETS PRESCRIBED SOME CURES NEAR THE CONCRETE

**H**ungover? Smoking like a Chinese factory? Gotta puke?

Forget that crusty bottle of Pepto-Bismol, or the stash of expired Tylenol 3. There may be a cure for what ails you growing down the street.

"Medicines live all around us," says Cease Wyss, a healer from the Squamish village of Ela7an in North Vancouver. "If we all took more time to heal ourselves, we wouldn't need to be so dependent on pharmaceuticals."

Wyss, currently a coordinator at the Vancouver Native Health Society, has always known she would be a healer. Her traditional name, T'uy'tanat, translates roughly to "Woman that travels by canoe to give medicines to all people."

"What a name, talk about pressure!" She jokes.

But as a long-time health activist in the Downtown Eastside, Wyss lives up to the hype. She does, in fact, give medicine to all kinds of people—but mostly from behind the wheel of her classic aqua-blue muscle car.


Wyss, who is also a media artist, brings an urban perspective to traditional health practices. She's currently working with the Vancouver Community Agriculture Network (VCAN) to establish a healing plant garden at the corner of Keefer and Gore.

The garden is named Luk'Luki in honour of the First Nation village that once stood there, and will be a place where the community can grow their own medicines and learn about alternative healing practices. "It's something Vancouver has needed for a long time," Wyss says.

Luk'Luki will start taking shape early next year, and anyone can get involved. In the meantime, Wyss suggests medicine-gathering around East Van. Areas like Strathcona, Mount Pleasant, and the Drive, which all have community gardens, make for especially good foraging.

"When you are first learning about medicinal plants, it can be so overwhelming," she says. "Then a healer I met named Kayendres told me that we only need seven medicines in our whole life to keep us strong and healthy. Seven plants—now that's not so bad."

So, here are Wyss' top seven medicinal, West Coast plants that you can find in urban areas. Please identify them carefully. Not a whole lot of poisonous things grow in Vancouver, but the D in Deadly Nightshade does not stand for Delicious.



**CIVIL CITY,  
BINNER BIKES,  
MODAFINIL & FLAPJACKS!  
SHOPPING FOR YOUR GEEK,  
DANCE CALCULATOR,  
2055 CLARK STREET  
AND BAD, BAD NOISES ON THE  
HIGH SEAS**

**CONTINUED ON PAGE 6**

# Tooth and Dagger

VANCOUVER'S BEST NEWSPRINT

November 27, 2007

Tooth and Dagger will henceforth be distributed on the third Tuesday of the month, to better serve you.

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# Breakdown on the Road to Civil City

by Michael LaPointe

ON NOVEMBER 13TH, ALMOST A year after Mayor Sam Sullivan and City Councillor Kim Capri announced Project Civil City, project commissioner Geoff Plant submitted his first progress report.

In November of 2006, Project Civil City was given \$300,000 to achieve a 50% reduction in homelessness, aggressive panhandling and the open drug market by 2010. In May of 2007, Plant was appointed to manage the project and establish four benchmarks that would allow progress in these areas to be charted.

The progress report, however, fails to offer a benchmark in any field except homelessness. Plant places Vancouver's homeless population at roughly 2,000, a 50% increase since 2005.

Many on City Council were critical of the report's lack of progress, and questioned the value of Project Civil City altogether. Though 67% of those polled by the project feel that "City Council must take immediate action to address the [three] problems," after a year in operation, practically no significant action has been taken. Plant himself is skeptical of a 50% reduction in homelessness by 2010.

The report particularly shows weaknesses in the field of drug abuse. Released in March of 2007, prior to Plant's

appointment, Project Civil City's action plan praised successful drug abuse programs such as the Safe Injection Site (SIS). Indeed, that original plan called to "extend the current SIS project, add to existing capacity in Vancouver, and to implement other SISs in appropriate cities in the Lower Mainland" within one year. In 2-3 years, the action plan wanted to "expand SIS services to other cities in Canada."

Such ambition was absent from Plant's progress report, which took no definitive stance on the issue of drug abuse. Because the original goal to expand SIS operation depended on the participation of the federal government, the progress report points out that "for every dollar of tax collected in Canada, just 8 cents goes to the Municipal Government." The report claims that "the increase in homelessness can be viewed as a consequence of specific decisions... undertaken by senior levels of government."

Though Mayor Sullivan praised the insights provided by the report, Councillor Raymond Louie did not accept federal resistance as an excuse for the City's lack of progress. He called council's attention to the many programs in Vancouver that are underfunded on a municipal level.

The dominant criticism of the report was that it failed to identify new civil problems. While Plant suggested that the recent civil strike was a cause for delay, councillors pointed out that the fundamental tenets of the report have been public knowledge for years. Councillor Louie said that, rather than studying further, "[We should be] putting the resources necessary to the initiatives that are underway currently... and enable those programs to have some success."

Some claim that the progress report postures increased law enforcement as the solution. According to the project's survey, "there was significant feedback on the need for additional enforcement and the role of the police. In many cases, respondents indicated a need to take a strong stand on aggressive panhandling, petty crime and open drug use." Because the Project Civil City survey was conducted online, the diversity of this sample group is dubious.

Regardless of the criticism, council voted to accept the report. Plant promised to further acquaint himself with Vancouver's problems, and council will receive his official one year report in the Spring of 2008.



—SEAN ORR—

## These Days

Vancouver's news for the month.

### How many Polaks does it take to disband the RCMP?

The Internet world is abuzz with the death video of Polish immigrant Robert Dziekanski who was tasered at the Vancouver Airport. Finally, world class status. Who needs the Olympics when we can embarrass ourselves with one little video? We can save so much money! Obviously, deporting Maher Arar to be tortured in Syria was not enough.

### How many Indians... Oh never mind

Meanwhile, a public inquiry into the VPD's handling of Frank Paul, whom they left in an alley to freeze to death, has begun. They probably should've just tasered him, that way there would be no public inquiry, and it would be covered in the VPD's recent blanket apology to the residents of the DTES.

### Plant Life

Civil City commissioner Geoff Plant defends his job at city council. Yeah dude, we totally need to do more research on homelessness. Take your time,

I mean we're only paying you 300,000. What's that? You count 2,000 homeless? Up from 680 in 2002? Totally unrelated to the massive cuts to welfare, right? Hmmm, I wonder what we should do? We obviously can't afford to build housing, what with a billion dollar surplus and all, we gotta spend that money on a convention centre that may or may not actually be used.



### Thug Life

The War on Drugs hits home with a spate of shootings in otherwise idyllic Vancouver. Solution? Step up the War on Drugs of course! Unless you're some crazy hippy coroner who has seen more drug overdoses than a Keith Richards biography. Meanwhile the aforementioned Civil City report recommends something called positive ticketing. Like if you make sure

you have the safety activated on your glock, you get a free swim. Seriously.

### What exactly is City Hall for, then?

Another reason why the DTES will remain a ghetto, despite visits from Bill Clinton, Dan Rather, and a special UN envoy: "In court documents, the city states it has "no legal duty on which a cause of action [lawsuit] can be based to inspect buildings, to order repairs or to ensure that buildings comply with city bylaws." So next time you get a parking ticket, just be sure to mention this little ditty.

### Survey Says

Sullivan bypasses council on Millennium Line Survey just like CAST and EcoDensity. Maybe it will be the Sullivan Line, completely independent of Translink that will go ahead even when if he loses the next election. Next stop: private donations.

### All your base are belong to us

Speaking of which, Sullivan dodges questions about campaign finance reform, launches smear campaign against Vision. Of course, when the Westside rewards you for making sure the city didn't go to a ward style election system, and for making sure the RAV Line went down Cambie and not Arbutus, of course you're going to deflect.

### The Working Poor

B.C. government says no to increase in minimum wage. Obviously, it would totally get in the way of their Thatcherite social engineering campaign. Do you really think they want you to live in a Coal Harbour condo? Nope, they want you to move to Surrey, buy a house at a particularly un-Surrey price, fall massively into debt, blame it on immigrants, read the Province, complain about gas prices, get wasted every Friday night, then forget why you were mad in the first place and do it all over again starting on Monday.



### You mean Translink wasn't already private?

And just to make sure you keep driving, Translink is going to raise fares in January despite an additional \$17 million surplus. After all, they need to pay for not one but two bridges across the Fraser so they can keep cashing in on gasoline taxes. Oh, and because they know some people will get upset, they're going to 'overhaul' translink to make it even less democratic and one step closer to full-tilt privatisation. Woot!

illustrations Edén Veaudry

## The last day for Duffin's

### Farewell, sugar-coated friend.

This Friday, November 23rd, a Main Street institution closed its doors. And while Duffin's Donuts has another, swankier location at 41st and Knight (with Chinese food!), it lacks the rough charm of 33rd and Main. We'll miss the delicious donuts, the fading, yellowing signage, the sketchy looking card games out front and the faint scent of stale cigarette smoke inside. Another one bites the dust.



photo Duncan M. McHugh

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James Starblanket prefers the UBU to a shopping cart, cuz the cops can't steal it. Photo James Stiedle.

## Binner's Best Friend

by James Stiedle

JAMES STARBLANKET WAS NEARING THE end of a 40-kilometer trip from Surrey to the Downtown Eastside. The trip took 4 hours, and he was planning on heading back to Surrey as soon as he sold a stereo he'd found. The approaching darkness did not concern him. He had his sleeping bag, a tarp, and an air mattress. He could set up camp when he needed to.

This remarkable degree of mobility and freedom doesn't rely on motorization. It is made possible by the Urban Binning Unit, or UBU, a collapsible, metal-framed trailer with two wheels that hitches to the back of Starblanket's mountain bike. Lightweight and sturdy, it has enough capacity for \$36 dollars worth of bottles (bottle dollars apparently being a standard unit of size amongst urban recyclers).

Michael Strutt, an Emily Carr industrial design student, developed the UBU as part of his research project in 2005. Working with United We Can founder Ken Lyotier, the duo constructed a small batch of UBUs and tested them. With an improved design, the team fabricated 40 carts this spring and put them into service all across the Lower Mainland.

Andy Wilkinson, a community development worker with United We Can, explained how the project works.

"Bidders interested in purchasing the cart pay \$172. I go with them and collect those recyclables [used to pay off the \$172]. At the end of the process they get to own the cart. We run a little workshop above the bottle depot where the units are fabricated—it gives them a working knowledge of how they work so they can maintain them."

To those who have acquired one of the trailers, the program has already been a great success. "It makes life a hell of a lot easier," Starblanket told me as he looked fondly at his UBU. "It carries everything, a 40 inch TV if you want." He uncovered the cart to show me the stereo, pointing out, should I have cared, that it had a 'free' sign on it. He

told me he found it in an alley out in the suburbs somewhere along his extensive trapline.

"I used to use a Safeway cart, but the cops could steal the cart. Happened lots. I lost six shopping carts and everything in them," he tells me, pointing out that it will get worse as 2010 approaches. "The police can charge you with possession of stolen property [with a shopping cart]. Not with this."

The UBU may also become more desirable if the Downtown Business Improvement Association's dumpster-free alleyway program goes through. If successful, downtown dumpsters will be a thing of the past and in their place smaller bags of trash that will be picked up more often. This could push binning out of the Downtown and into the suburbs. The UBU would become a necessity for covering these greater distances.

For now they remain a relative rarity. Starblanket's was the first I'd seen when I flagged him down on Main Street outside the Ivanhoe. "I'm the only one from Surrey with one of these," he told me. "I've been advertising them all over the place."

Part of the reason is their cost. At \$400 apiece, and with bidders paying only \$172 for them, they require a subsidy to produce. One way of covering the UBU's full cost is to sell advertising space on the side of the carts for \$650 per year. So far a construction company, ICC, and an organic food delivery company, SPUD, have signed up. Other potential advertisers include H-Mart, an Asian supermarket. United We Can also seeks sponsors to help out with costs.

"Part of the UBU program is about the stigma of binning being shed and [fostering] more understanding between bidders and the community and businesses," says the UBU designer Michael Strutt. "The cart is a way of improving the look of binning, of making bidder services more legitimate looking."

## A BRUNCH REVIEW



The one in Kits.

## Sunday Morning Chowdown

JOE'S GRILL  
2061 WEST 4TH AVE  
604.736.6588

DUNCAN M. MCHUGH

*Lately, I've had a tremendous* desire to eat pancakes. Maybe it's the cooling weather, maybe it's my increasingly lumberjack appearance now that I've begun my winter beard. Whatever it was, it felt to me like it was high time for a big fluffy stack of flapjacks.

While the Dutch Wooden Shoe Café has variety on their side, I've never really gotten the hang of pannenkoek. The pancakes I crave aren't savoury, they're just grilled batter, begging for a drenching in syrup. And given that the nearest IHOP is an hour away in Richmond, what I needed was a greasy spoon. Joe's Grill fit the bill.

There are a couple of Joe's Grills in the West End, but I went to the one in Kits. Owing to the fact that it's on the westside, Joe's isn't your typical greasy spoon. It's a bit nicer and its prices are "subject to the 'westside tax'," as my recent brunch companion put it so succinctly. This means that your classic \$3 breakfast ends up \$5 on the bill. But given what the rent must be up to on West 4th, it's forgivable. And given its chichi (read: yuppie scum) neighbours, Joe's is admirably humble.

We had a moderate wait, although it can get pretty bad on weekends. The service was prompt and business-like, as it should be, although it did take a while to get a coffee refill after the food had arrived.

And how were the pancakes? Fantastic. As fluffy as sponge and perfect for soaking up syrup, I had to stop after two—totally stuffed. I gave my third pancake to my brunchmates who ordered the more modest (but perfectly fine) eggs/toast/hashbrowns. They tore into it happily.

My meal also came with bacon and sausage, though I opted for all bacon, and I splurged the \$1.25 for eggs. This was a bit of mistake, on the one hand because there was way too much food to begin with, but also because the eggs (ordered scrambled) were cooked on a too hot grill and ended up dry and a little crispy instead of moist and soft. Crispy works well for bacon though, and thankfully the pig was cooked just right.

It was a great start to the day, leaving me totally satisfied, full in the belly and barely able to ride my bike. Now I'm ready to begin hibernation.

PRICE (including coffee and tip): \$11

LINEUP: 10 minutes

VEGETARIAN OPTIONS: A few

SOY MILK? No

# Sarah Chase, Human Kinetic Calculator

A DANCE IN VANCOUVER REPORT

by Reanna Alder

I've always thought that dance could make itself more useful. You know, like apple peelers and mechanical engineering. Most choreography these days is a lot of arms and legs waving around for nothing. That's why they put dancers on empty stages: so they won't get in anybody's way.

Imagine my delight, then, seeing Sarah Chase at the Dance Centre's recent Dance In Vancouver festival. Chase has developed a system by which she can pluck your Chinese astrological animal and corresponding element from the 60-year zodiac cycle by dancing from 1936 or so, up to your birth year.

Finally, dance that does something!

Chase generates her choreographic equations through a type of exercise known as cross patterning. Cross patterning refers to movement that intentionally challenges both hemispheres of the brain simultaneously.

You are likely familiar with the difficulty of patting your head at the same time as rubbing your belly.

This is like that, times ten.

In the case of the Chinese zodiac calculator, each of the 12 animals is represented by a gesture on Chase's left arm, and each of the five elements is a position on her right. Then she does them both, at the same time. Since  $12 \times 5 = 60$ , no animal will be paired with the same element for 60 years—or 60 counts in Chase's choreography.

Chase's Dance In Vancouver performance—her first on a Vancouver stage since moving back to B.C. after 22 years in Toronto—was an excerpt from a work in progress entitled Number Theory, to be performed with two other women at next year's Montreal Danse.

Chase now lives on Hornby Island, and attributes her recent obsession with math, in part, to the natural pull of her new surroundings.

"I started by renting studio space, renting the community hall, and then my desire to rent the hall just kind of petered away." She began to dance on the Island's abundant stretches of beach. "I thought, wouldn't it be great if you could calculate the tides choreographically? Which you could, if you haven't figured that out. But I thought, 'Well I better do something a little simpler first.' That's when I started doing the Chinese astrology calculator. Once I could do that, I thought, 'What's the next

step of this?' The latest thing I'm doing is an 11 on one side, a 13 on the other, and a seven in the legs.  $11 \times 13 \times 7 = 1001$ . It takes an hour to go through the whole variation."

Practicing on the beach, Chase says, "I'd be concentrating so hard and I'd think, 'Oh it doesn't matter, anyone who walks by will think I'm doing Tai Chi,' and that's what happens, nobody looks at me. Until one day I was in the middle of doing it and I finally look up and there is this old Chinese man looking at me going, 'What the hell are you doing?'"

Her movements may not be as slow as Tai Chi, but they have a similar methodical quality. As Chase puts it, "You need to have a really relaxed way of keeping focused with moving, and at the same time keeping your intent with speaking."

That's right, speaking.

On top of the kinetic brain tease, Chase tells stories. In fact, it was her desire to speak while dancing that got her into cross patterning in the first place.

"I'm always really interested in [people's] internal lives, and their biographies, their

**I look up and there is this old Chinese man looking at me going, 'What the hell are you doing?'**

life stories," Chase says. "I started to embark on this whole solo career where I was talking and moving at the same time. I was touring all over Europe at very high stakes festivals, and I realized that my traditional dance warmup wasn't actually preparing me for the coordination I needed. I started to do some basic cross patterning things I'd been taught over the years, and I found it really helpful. I'd do better."

"There's so much that hasn't been researched and explored in terms of motion and how that affects the brain, and how that affects memory and emotion," says Chase. "When I'm doing a workshop I'll get someone to set up a movement loop and then I'll say, 'Okay now start speaking through that loop.' Often they'll say, 'Oh no I can't.' But they can, and when they start to speak through it, all this amazing stuff comes up. They become suddenly eloquent



illustration Karlene Harvey

when they weren't eloquent before."

On stage, Chase's layering of movement, story and even singing, suggest a kind of folk mnemonic practice, like the rhyme schemes built into epic poems. And indeed, Chase avoids scripting her performances. "I know the stories I want to tell, but I try to speak them in my own words in the moment on stage."

Memory and rhythm work on the audience as well as the performer: "People are really talented narrative watchers," says Chase. "When you're talking about a doorway and you're making a certain movement, a person watching will instantly think that that's a doorway. Maybe a couple minutes later you'll repeat the same movement, but speaking about a waterfall, and all of a sudden the person will completely identify that movement with a waterfall. [The movement] can become layered with emotional context [through the narrative], so that by the end of the performance you can be doing the most simple movement but for the audience, and for the mover, it's so loaded."

When so many of the traditional functions of memory are administered by technologies—everything from the phone numbers in our cell phones to the photographs in our cameras—and frankly, with the ubiquity of the calculator, why tell simple stories about people, or do math with your body?

"I think to have the possibility to slow people down and to simplify—when someone gives me that experience I feel so much clearer. I feel it to be a bit of a gift. I think the theatre is becoming this really—in some ways it's a magical thing going on in this day and age, because it's the one place now where you're expected to turn off your cell phone, and you turn off the lights, and you're all together doing this focused concentrated thing together for a period of time."

So perhaps this is why we put dancers alone on the stage: not so they'll stay out of the way of our busy productivity, but so they'll clear a little space for us. As Chase says, "I just think so much intense pleasure can come from that."

# Streetside Medicine

>> CONTINUED FROM COVER

## Cease Wyss's seven plants to keep us strong and healthy

by Joanna Wong

### 1. PLANTAIN FIRST AID KIT

"Plantain is your first aid kit on the ground," says Wyss. "You can use it internally to deal with coughs and colds, and it's great for cirrhosis and liver damage from hepatitis. It is also a strong lung medication and can help you quit smoking. Externally, it can be used for psoriasis and eczema, or bee stings and bug bites."

**IDENTIFICATION:** Plantain is everywhere. There's probably some within a meter or so of you right now. Go look. It's got leaves that have obvious parallel veins, and usually grows low and in clumps.

**PREPARATION:** For internal use, brew two or three leaves, or about one teaspoon per cup. Drink as needed, five days on, five days off. For topical use, mash the leaves (or, if you feel tough, chew them up) and hold to the affected area. Alternately, throw some plantain leaves in your bath and steep yourself like tea.

### 2. STRAWBERRY LEAF DIARRHEA FIX

"Berries are blood-building. Blood is red and white, and in strawberries you visually see these colours so it's a clue," says Wyss. "The seeds in berries scrub your colon and cleanse your whole system. And then if you eat too many, the leaves help if you have diarrhea." Damn, mother nature thinks of everything.

**IDENTIFICATION:** Come on, you know what a strawberry looks like. Remember we're talking little hairy coastal strawberries and not the fat steroid ones from California.

**PREPARATION:** For internal use, brew two or three leaves to a cup and no more. Drink as long as the diarrhea persists. It should clear within a few days.

### 3. RASPBERRY LEAF PMS BUSTER

"When you have your period it is a missed pregnancy, so your body goes through what it would when you are giving birth," explains Wyss. "Raspberry leaf is a great uterine tonic and muscle strengthener. It makes your uterine muscles contract less, so it reduces cramps and helps with PMS. I drank it during my labor, and it helped so much my midwives were just freaking out. Some women barely notice their contractions."

**IDENTIFICATION:** Raspberry leaves are much different than strawberry leaves. To tell them apart, think beard versus moustache. Strawberry leaves are always touching, like the full-face beard on a bush man. Raspberry leaves are always separate, like the well-trimmed 'stache on a metrosexual.

**PREPARATION:** For internal use, brew 2-3 leaves per cup. Drink through the whole period as needed.



Plantain



Yarrow  
Achillea  
millefolium



Rasp  
Gau



Coastal Strawberry  
*fragaria chiloensis*



Kinnikinnick  
*Arctostaphylos uva-ursi*  
Common Bearberry



Raspberry Leaf



Field Mint  
*mentha arvensis*

Salal  
*Utheria*  
hallon

illustration **Nicole Ondre**  
colour **Karlene Harvey**

#### 4. MINT HANGOVER CURE

Mint was originally a sexy nymph who pissed off the Greek goddess Persephone by flirting with her man Hades. As punishment, she was turned into a plant. Next time you are nursing a hangover and blush at last night's tomfoolery, drink a little mint tea.

"Mint is good for digestion," says Wyss. "There's a lot of different varieties. Catnip is a mint, so watch out. It calms the stomach but makes a cat crazy."

IDENTIFICATION: You could look for "lance-shaped oval leaves" or "white to pale purple flowers." Or you could, you know, smell it.

PREPARATION: Drink as you feel like drinking, whenever.

#### 5. YARROW WOMEN'S MEDICINE

"Yarrow's life cycle follows a woman's life cycle," says Wyss. "In the early stages it is good for girls as they are becoming young women and softens the symptoms of puberty. In the next stage, when it's leafy and before it gets a tall stalk, it helps women regulate their menstrual cycles and deal with PMS. In menopause, it helps alleviate hot flashes."

IDENTIFICATION: Yarrow's leaves look like baby ferns and its flowers are white, pink or reddish.

PREPARATION: Use about one teaspoon of new shoots for girls, one or two hand-sized leaves for women, and one teaspoon of flowers for menopause. Drink one cup a day for five days.

#### 6. KINNIKINNICK BLADDER WARRIOR

If you know what the letters UTI stand for and your fridge is full of cranberry juice, you probably need some Kinnikinnick. "It heals the uterine tract and is good for bladder infections," says Wyss. "It makes you urinate, but unlike medication, it doesn't burn and you can empty your bladder without any pain." Kinnikinnick is also an Algonquian term for "smoking mixture," and can be used to make an herbal tobacco blend.

IDENTIFICATION: Kinnikinnick has leathery dark-green oval leaves that are a bit shiny. Flowers are pinky white and berries are bright red, like miniature apples. Alternately, go to the health store and ask for kinnikinnick by its other name, uva-ursi.

PREPARATION: For bladder infections, brew 1 tsp of leaves per a cup. Drink 3 cups a day for 10 days. If it recurs, do it again.

#### 7. SALAL DIET PARADISE

"Salal berries are edible and when they get more sunshine they are sweeter. They are always juicy," says Wyss. "The leaves can be chewed, but don't swallow. You ingest the saliva and it is a survival method to help stave off hunger. So even if there are no berries you can still use the plant. Any of the berries help increase iron levels, it's one way to help anemia."

IDENTIFICATION: Salal leaves are evergreen and leathery, with dark purple or blue berries and white flowers. It is a low plant when young, but grows into a large shrub. You probably won't find this one streetside, but have a look around the seawall walk and Stanley Park, on your way to the snack stand.

PREPARATION: Chew, chew, chew. Delicious.

For more information about the Luk'Luki medicinal garden or the Vancouver Community Agriculture Network and its partners, visit [vcan.ca](http://vcan.ca).



CHRIS ENG

*And so the shopping season* sneaks up on us again. You'd think that we would have been ready for it this year, what with the writer's strike and a lack of quality TV to distract us, but we quickly plugged that gap with Halo 3, just like I plugged that friggin' Guilty Spark with my Spartan Laser ("I'll show you whose ring that is, you whiny, floating bastard!"). But, since it'll be down to the wire by the time we all put down our various videogame controllers and make the trip to try and find those few, perfect presents, here's some advice to hopefully make that journey a little bit less stressful.

DVD purchases couldn't be easier: buy Metacocalypse: Season 1. I don't care if it's for your brother, your mom, your six year-old cousin Brad or your Great Aunt Enid who's visiting from a nunnery—the horribly violent antics of Dethklok are appropriate for

## Shopping For Your GEEK!

everyone, as is their music, which is easily some of the best metal that's been heard in the past decade.

If you live with other people and you want a nice gift that will discourage everyone from hiding out in their rooms like monks from the Holy Church of Naruto who have taken a vow of silence (and not bathing), board games are always a good option. Settlers of Catan and Carcassonne are perennial favourites and will likely spark house-wide game nights, but for people who desire less empire building and more evil Germans and living dead, there is Last Night on Earth (zombies) and Tannhäuser (Nazi occultists). And while not a board game, Guitar Hero III is available for every system under the sun and is a good way to promote house unity through having classic rock anthems stuck in everyone's heads for weeks at a time.

## DVDs, Board Games, Art Books, Comics, and Hardware.

As usual, Chronicle has trotted out some nice artbooks for those who want to impress. At the top of the "Ooooooh List" is To Infinity and Beyond, the extremely comprehensive and liberally illustrated story of Pixar. Not far behind is The Art of Beowulf, which is essential for anyone who enjoyed the movie or simply likes pretty, pseudo-Viking era pictures. Because Vikings are the new pirates. Well, actually, they're the really old pirates, but, er, anyway...

Graphic novels are a nice, intermediate range present... unless you're buying someone the whole run of Sandman or something... that might get pricey. But generally, one will run you somewhere in the \$15-25 range, which is appropriate for both pretty good friends as well as family members you don't like much and have no idea what to buy for. This year's hot book is Scott Pilgrim 4, and while Scott Pilgrims 1-3 are pretty much essential to understand why Scott is trying to defeat his girlfriend's ex-boyfriends, the book is scarce and you're being considerate and thoughtful by getting the lucky recipient the rare volume now.

Younger readers are sometimes hard to buy for ("What do you mean Neal Stephenson is too dense for an eight year-old?"),

but luckily there are choices. Larklight by Philip Reeve is a rollicking Victorian steampunk adventure novel for kids, and its sequel Starcross has just been released. Also, Tintin and Asterix are coming back into vogue, so make sure you stock up—all the cool kids will be wanting to show them off on Boxing Day, ("Okay, I'm Captain Haddock and you be Unhygenix!"). If you want to get the one you love a nice piece of hardware, steer clear of Amazon's ebook reader, the Kindle, which is chock full of DRM. You can check out obligatory hardware picks like any of the iPods or the Xbox 360 (which now comes bundled with Marvel Ultimate Alliance and Forza Motorsport 2—both of which are swell), but showing you really care this season will come in the form of a Wii. And the message the Wii sends is simple: "I know you've been coveting one of these but you've been paying off your English Lit. degree and couldn't afford the meagre price tag. Well, price is no object and even though they're sold out all over the city, I managed to track one down on the black market and all it cost me was a kidney and an eye. Say, you don't need both kidneys to play Guitar Hero III, do you? Because you're about to get pwned 'Holiday in Cambodia'-style. Merry Christmas, sweetie."

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## Book Review

## Postsingular

Nerds will be first against the wall when the nanobot revolution comes, if the nanobots know what's good for them.

by Jordie Yow

"I thought it was amusing to destroy the Earth in the second chapter," says Rudy Rucker of his new novel, *Postsingular*.

Released under a Creative Commons license, Rucker believes this novel approach to distribution has already helped the book's sales. "I've had people telling me that they read the book at work... and that they were going to buy a copy of the book for their wife," Rucker said.

Such innovative ideas make up the fictional future of *Postsingular*.

Rucker's novel shows us an Earth in which nanotechnology is greatly advanced, where microscopic computers are controlled by artificial intelligences, the first incarnation of which is capable of grinding up planets to turn them into vast, linked, parallel computers.

They set about doing exactly this, to the earth.

So, yes, the Earth is destroyed, but then it's saved, and the story continues. It's best not to spoil how, but I will (the nanites are sneakily defeated by a programmer and his autistic son). The nanobots regroup, but this time they're programmed to form a microscopic networked mesh that covers everything. This allows the people of Earth complete and instant access to powerful computers and all the information contained therein.

That's when the real story gets going. The world is presented with new ways to think and communicate. The only problem is that we don't really know what to do with the technology.

Sound familiar?

Rucker believes that science fiction should be written to reflect the present. "Having the Internet in your head isn't really that different from a PDA or a laptop," says Rucker. His book chronicles the new problems that humanity must face and the solutions it will find as it goes along.

For example, part of the novel centres around homeless grifters who use the newly-formed super-intelligent network to live outside society. They live off the waste of others in an upgraded version of the Craigslist free stuff page.

The characters in *Postsingular* can increase their brainpower by "linking in" and allowing the machines to aid their thinking, but as soon as they break the connection they forget everything they've learned because their brains don't have the capacity of the supercomputers that help them think.

Rucker's story is heavy on ideas and light on character development, which can be good or bad, depending on your interest. While it is hard to empathize with the heroes of the story, it isn't difficult to appreciate the ideas Rucker presents. And there are a lot of them—As soon as Rucker gets an idea on paper (or, screen if that's what you like) he moves on to the next.

Whether Rucker's storytelling is problematic is a matter of taste. Go to Rudy Rucker's website to check out *Postsingular* for yourself: [rudyrucker.com/postsingular](http://rudyrucker.com/postsingular)

This is the third in a series of dispatches from Mike Anderson, who is sailing south down the Pacific Coast with his mate Jon Brown aboard their 26-footer, *Argo*. These missives weave events from two voyages: one, begun in September 2003, ended in disaster a mere 72-hours after departure from Victoria, BC. The second attempt began in September of this year and is presently underway.

## Sailorisms

by Mike Anderson

**On our first trip, Jon** and I sighted a humpback whale and took it as a sign to continue sailing offshore despite large waves, contrary winds and seasickness. At the time, it was the only whale I had ever seen, except for a few orcas once from a ferry.

Four days ago, while sailing around the point of land that separates Southern California's warm waters from the rest of the Northern Pacific, I had my second sighting. Jon counted 25 whales in total, so many that they occasionally boxed in our boat. Also boiling through the water were dozens of dolphins and schools of sea-lions, both jumping with surprising grace. All this was framed against the sun setting behind rows of offshore oil platforms and a huge military base.

Unlike a few years ago, we did not take it as a sign—just a lot of marine life. I have since learned that in sailing, "signs" come with a crash. That first night offshore, back in 2003, we were down below trying to sleep. The sounds a small boat makes in large waves are deafening. Every few swells, *Argo* would crest with sufficient speed to launch out of the water. These lurches and subsequent slams would shake me from my bunk and send me sprawling into Jon, who had the downslope side of the boat to himself.

Amid this chaos, a crash sounded out of time with the pounding swell. Jon cried out, "What was that?"

"Nothing man, go back to sleep." I willed reality with my reassurance.

"No. That was different." He got up, an incredible feat, and looked backwards out the hatch. "Holy shit," he muttered. Then with greater volume and panic: "We broke our backstay!"

A vessel like ours has a mast supported by a series of stainless steel cables. The base of the mast rests on deck, kept from sliding off the boat by a small ridge and the downward tension of the rigging cables. A backstay holds the mast from falling forwards.

I jumped from my bunk and looked out. The backstay was hanging limp. Jon knelt down beside his bunk, digging under it for the large pair of bolt cutters we keep there. For the first time in twelve hours, we were both upright without puking.

"The backstay is still hanging, so it's not broken," I reasoned.

Jon had liberated the cutters, but stopped moving as he processed this. A mast, fallen in the water but still connected to the boat by rigging, acts as a battering ram in the swell, often punching holes in the hull as it and the boat slam together. Hence the cutters.

My reasoning was correct: the backstay was fine. However, a stainless fitting we had deemed too expensive to replace had snapped in half, severing the forstay, which holds the mast forwards. We ran on deck, cutters in hand, and decided to wait before demasting ourselves.

We turned the boat stern to the wind with the main sail full out, so that the wind was pushing the mast



illustration Erin Green

forward, and tied it securely with some line we had run to the masthead as an afterthought. The motion of the boat stabilized. Jets of green water sprayed to the sides as we raced along. The wind was pushing us back north, and our mast remained balanced, though it wobbled like the over-sized head of a drunken baby. We had to hand steer; Jon took the first shift, and I went down below to go back to bed.

This past September I left California, and our boat, to return to Canada, where I waited out the Mexican hurricane season, wondering why Jon and I chose to sail, an activity he finds terrifying and I usually find a little dull.

We left our inflatable dingy, a very nice model we borrowed from some sailing friends, to get to and from shore, with a man we call "the linguistics professor." We returned to his property a week ago, laden with alcoholic gifts, exhausted from Greyhound buses and bewildered to be back on the voyage.

As we walked up to the house we heard the professor say, "I don't know, two rich Canadians. Didn't file a flight plan you know. See them again, who knows? Like taking the duke for a ride when it's huge. Too big. No flight plan at all."

Which is why we call him the linguistics professor.

It was convenient that he was talking about us as we walked up, since he didn't know who we were. We had only met him once on the way to the surf, and through his eventually intelligible babble we discerned that he was a boatbuilder/surfer and asked if we could leave our dingy, then dropped it in his yard in a mad dash to catch the bus home to Canada.

What is strange, besides the professor himself, is that he continued to call us "the rich Canadians" through subsequent interactions, even after he learned which boat we lived on, that we had to paddle our zodiac like a canoe, that every system on board was built from scrap or bought used, and that we ride the Greyhound. He even insisted we do certain requisite California activities because we were "clean cut, and could afford the dinner-ticket price."

The world of sailing has a surprisingly wide class spectrum. Compared to what I call the "False Creek style" of boating, Jon and I are maharajahs. But the vast majority of boaters are a different thing entirely: yachties.

When we limped back to port with a broken forstay, we were lucky enough to have some yachtie acquaintances who were still in port, though intending to head South the next day. We had made 60 miles with the perilous mast still upright. I was proud to steam to safety under our own power, knowing that I had not needed to call the coastguard for rescue. When the yachties realized what had happened, they invited us for dinner. I love yachtie dinner. Unfortunately, it was this dinner that led to the calling out of a full search party on our behalf, and to an encounter with another class of seaman altogether: the drunken fisherman.

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE >>

Vancouver Inexplicable Presents

# 2055 CLARK STREET, AND HOW IT DOES NOT EXIST



Theatre, anyone?

text and photos Sarah Buchanan

**YOU HAVE LIKELY NEVER NOTICED** the strange Stonehenge-like structure at the corner of Clark and 4th Ave, because it does not exist. It is not a monument, nor a sculpture, nor a park. There are only two ways to describe it:

1. A non-place.
2. A thing.

This "thing" is lovingly hemmed-in by two major traffic arteries and a SkyTrain station. Recent inspection of the site revealed a circle of concrete pillars, a podium with a plaque reading "October 11th, 1986," a half-eaten tube of salami, a small pile of surgical gloves and a bag of garbage, cleverly hidden behind a shrub.

It is well camouflaged from all but the sharpest pedestrians, yet people seem to know, somehow, that it's there. "Oh yeah... that thing. What is that?"

My first experience with 2055 Clark Street involved an open head wound: A friend and I stumbled upon the concrete oddity and climbed the podium to see if it held any secrets. It was hollow, and held no secrets. My hand slipped and my friend fell to the ground, smacking her head on concrete. We left quickly.

Theoretically, a non-place is a site totally disconnected from its cultural environment, a site which could potentially exist anywhere. For example, an airport. Or a SkyTrain station. Perhaps a highway. Or a piece of concrete sandwiched between a SkyTrain station and a highway, with a blank podium in the centre.

More importantly, I believe that our thing is a non-place because it actively resists any sort of "place" status.

Let me explain. The city's archivist has no record of the thing existing. However, he was quite sure of one thing: "It has an address. 2055 Clark Street."

He sounded proud, and tired. I pictured him thumbing through dusty Latin texts, decoding hidden messages, finally coming up with "2055 Clark Street."

A search for "2055 Clark" revealed that the address is claimed by a "C. Martino Auto Centre." But this thing is not an auto centre.

According to the False Creek Urban Heritage Trail Guidebook, "this monument is one of the city's small secrets

and certainly the most difficult Vancouver public space to gain safe access to in the midst of heavy truck traffic."

Inaccessible, and without address. I began to think of the thing as distinctively grumpy.

Wikipedia had answers the city librarian did not, explaining that the podium had once held a statue of Christopher Columbus, placed there in honour of Angelo Branca, a prominent Italian-Canadian judge and middle-weight boxing champion. It disappeared in 2000, resurfacing four months later in Hastings Park after an apparent "guerilla rescue" from his previous terrible location.

At Hastings Park, a friendly city gardener directed me to Columbus. I asked him about the statue's relocation.

"Stolen? Oh no, he was moved. Look at the shape he's in."

## My first experience with 2055 Clark Street involved an open head wound.

Sure enough, the statue looked perfectly at home, a boyish young Columbus dreaming into the distance. I decided that he had not been stolen, or moved by the city. He had arrived in the new world, found it to be a wasteland of concrete and exhaust, and moved out to the suburbs on his own steam.

But this story is not about the statue. It is about the thing. The city's Public Art department knew very little. "It's supposed to be kind of like a plaza. But it doesn't really seem like a plaza," explained Marcia Belluce, a planner for Cultural Services. "It seems more like an empty space."

I gave up on defining the thing as a place, or any sort of worldly physical being. I returned, badly shaken from my last visit and sat quietly on the concrete steps, waiting for something to happen. Nothing happened. Nobody entered or exited the monument. The five brave pedestrians struggling up Clark that morning all paused to ogle me inside the "plaza," no doubt wondering why anybody would sit there.



Christopher Columbus as a dead ringer for Peter Pan in Hastings Park.

I compiled a list of the thing's primary functions, which include:

- . scaring pedestrians
- . not fitting in
- . providing cover for activities involving surgical gloves,
- . attracting local druids

Anthropologist Marc Auge has described how non-places create individualized experiences of solitude. I thought about this while sitting on the steps in the rain, drawing in my damp notebook. I decided to make it a place.

I took my bicycle, and placed it in front of the podium,



Sarah Buchanan takes advantage of the City's "Make Your Own Monument" kit.

therefore making the thing a monument to my bicycle. I felt good about this. I took a picture.

I recommend trying this, perhaps with a person, a favorite pet, or a tea kettle. Send us a picture, and we will reclaim the thing. Extra points if you get your object on top. Watch out, it's hollow.

[inexplicable@toothanddagger.com](mailto:inexplicable@toothanddagger.com)

## Dancing With Myself About Architecture

*Enjoy the silence  
(or make the most of the noise)*

CURTIS WOLOSCHUK



**The U.K.'s ever-expanding No Music Day** movement comes courtesy of Bill Drummond, the Scottish conceptual artist/

musician partially responsible for late-80s/early-90s chart-toppers, The KLF (a.k.a. The Timelords). Now, this might be your cue to ask, "Why the hell should I pay attention to the guy behind 'Doctorin' the Tardis'?" Well, because he's a damn interesting fellow.

In 1988, Drummond and collaborator Jimmy Cauty wrote *The Manual (How to Have a Number One The Easy Way)*. Using that very same "Doctorin' the Tardis" as a case study, they laid out a step-by-step guide to scoring a hit single regardless of financial resources or musical chops. Since its publication, *The Manual* has been cited as a cog in the successful pop machines known as Chumbawamba (please hold your snickering until the end), The Pipettes and Klaxons (you may now guffaw).

Not that Drummond and Cauty were strictly motivated by fame and fortune. In fact, in 1994 (two years after they retired from music and deleted their back catalogue), they adjourned to the island of Juru and burned the remainder of their KLF royalties: £1,000,000. But that's another story and we're here to discuss No Music Day.

In 2005, Drummond decided that he needed a yearly one-day break from music in order to determine what he desired from the medium. In his words: "Not to blindly—or should that be deafly—consume what was on offer." Earmarking November 21 as his designated day, he invited others to join him for whatever reason might motivate them. This year, BBC Scotland took Drummond up on his offer and broadcast music-free to millions of listeners for a full twenty-four hours.

### I GOT MIXED UP CONFUSION

Now, I'm certainly not averse to lending some thought to my listening choices. Hell, once a month I even attempt to mould those musing into something fit for public consumption with this column. So, how did I spend

my No Music Day?

Listening to a whole lot of Bob Dylan.

That morning I had the opportunity to see Todd Haynes' latest film, *I'm Not There*. In bringing the music and "many lives" of Dylan to the screen, Haynes eschews typical biopic practices and fractures His Bobness into six distinct incarnations. This is hardly surprising considering Haynes previously told Karen Carpenter's story with Barbie dolls (*Superstar*) and reinterpreted David Bowie's Ziggy Stardust era as a fever-dreamt film à clef (*Velvet Goldmine*).

Some critics have derided Haynes' approach as "incoherent," "arrogant" and "impenetrable." Yet, seeing as Dylan himself has been scorned with the very same adjectives, it seems the filmmaker has selected the ideal tack for his subject matter. Throughout the film, Haynes presents Dylan as a series of multi-faceted inventions (perpetuated by both the artist and his rabid fans). In this respect, *I'm Not There* celebrates the lore surrounding the music rather than the mere mortal behind it.

While the aforementioned Drummond might appreciate Haynes' conceptual daring (it certainly left me gobsmacked), I suspect that he'd certainly admire the filmmaker's ability to make the film's music truly transcendent. Whereas *I'm Not There's* storytelling may be enigmatic, its soundtrack is astonishingly immedi-

ate. Take note of "Stuck Inside of Mobile With the Memphis Blues Again" which swirls through the opening sequence and the song, heard countless times before, is rendered newly rapturous and revelatory.

Haynes achieves this effect by refusing to relegate the music to simple accompaniment. Instead, he makes it a vital and intrinsic element of the narrative. In fact, Haynes elected to write the soundtrack directly into the screenplay, inextricably binding together the song lyrics, spoken dialogue and visuals. Consequently, the music is part of the very fabric of the film.

That, in part, is what I took away from my No Music Day (which just happened to be spent awash in song). All too often, the music in my life is left languishing in the background. It becomes little more than a pleasant drone that only commands my full interest every few tracks. Consequently, my new commitment—and one you're welcome to join me in—is to, once a day, let a song completely overwhelm me and likewise allow myself to become lost in the inherent mystery of the music.

The name of this aim is indulgence. I think it's what Messrs. Drummond, Haynes and Zimmerman would want me to do.

There's always next year.

Visit [nomusicday.com](http://nomusicday.com) to learn about Bill Drummond's five-year plan.

## THE HIT

"Kiss Me"

by

Sixpence None the Richer

More than anything else, music criticism is a revisionist's playground. With that in mind, forget about "Kiss Me's" ubiquitous inclusion in every late-90s teen comedy, and join the (currently small) chorus of voices that are arguing for its inclusion in the very upper echelon of the pop pantheon. "Kiss Me" marks a stratospheric high point in a career that's otherwise painfully unremarkable, but Sixpence None the Richer's lone redeeming moment is the type of song that Rilo Kiley, the Shins,

and every other one of indie pop's supposed kings and queens wishes they would write every time they pick up a guitar or sit down behind a piano. It's tempting to point a finger at a deal with the devil, but that overlooks the fact that the angels who crafted this tune are a Christian band. Strangely – and also mercifully – this song is actually bereft of any uttering about Jesus, but there must have been some kind of divine intervention.

## Swallow

Tooth and Dagger asks:

"What are you taking and why?"

NAME: Bobby Cortez  
SEX: Male  
AGE: 25 years  
OCCUPATION: Law Student  
WHAT: Modafinil



Ever since playing Fallout and getting all of my characters hopelessly addicted to the "smart drug" Mentats, I've wanted to use chemistry to better my brain. Until recently, I've settled for coffee, which is nice, but only a mild boost to productivity. When I read about modafinil, I knew I wanted to try it. It's approved in Canada as an anti-narcolepsy drug, but its off-label uses are what really caught my attention: suppressing the need for sleep, treating ADHD, improving cognition, and even elevating mood and friendliness. Some studies are even showing it to have neuroprotective effects, slowing down brain aging. My Mentats had finally been invented, and best of all, they're non-addictive!

Though it's supposed to require a prescription, getting modafinil should be pretty easy. There are dozens of online pharmacies that sell it, and while my order was rejected at the border by Health Canada, the pharmacy promises that it will be re-sent. My roommate brought 200 pills back with her from a visit to the UK with no difficulty whatsoever.

I took my 200mg dose at 9am before going to school. By the time my first class started, I felt more alert, focused, and engaged than I ever remember feeling before, especially in a 9:30 seminar. I was more friendly and outgoing, yet eager to get down to work and get things done. The boost came along with a mild headache, but that was easily treated

with 200mg of ibuprofen. The effects lasted all day and well into the night: at three AM I was still engaged with my work. I could have easily pressed on, but instead I went to bed.

I had some trouble getting to sleep, as I was still thinking about my term paper. It wasn't a twitchy wakefulness like caffeine—I never got that horrible stimulant feeling of being mentally drained and useless but unable to sleep. I woke up a lot during the night, but it was because of noisy neighbours fighting rather than the effects of the drug.

I expected to feel miserable when my alarm went off, but instead I felt like I do any other morning. I had slept about 4 hours in total. I popped another 200mg dose, and an hour later was feeling as energized as the day before. Sleeping was easier this time, as I gave myself an hour to wind down before bed.

On day three the real problem became evident—I hadn't been eating. One of the side effects is appetite suppression, and I hadn't had a real meal in two days. I felt dizzy and weak, and I was decidedly unproductive. I didn't take another pill, opting to get myself back on track. I slept most of the day.

Today is day four. I didn't take a pill today either, opting for the old caffeine standby. Tomorrow I'll try modafinil again, this time swallowing a few meals to go along with the pill.

*Swallow is a completely unscientific ongoing study, arranged by Reanna Alder. Results will be presented in each issue of Tooth and Dagger. If you wish to submit the contents of your medicine cabinet, please email: [swallow@toothanddagger.com](mailto:swallow@toothanddagger.com)*

**=FILM=**

**FRI, DEC 7TH**

**Blingo Flix!**

Blim now has a bingo machine! Workshop prizes, refreshments, movies and more!!

This week featuring "Barbarella" [1968] In the 41st century, astronaut Barbarella (Jane Fonda) lands on the planet Lythion, where a new sin is invented every hour.

Blim (Main and 17th) 8-11pm  
\$5-10 sliding scale

**FRI DEC 14TH**

**Blingo Flix!**

Featuring: Black Batu Ritual and Black Gloves and Razors

Much as the titles imply, these films present a compilation of black glove & bladed weapon murder scenes collected from import Giallo-directed flicks. The black arts are depicted in the shorter "Batu Ritual". Looks horrific.

Blim (Main and 17th) 8-11pm

**=MUSIC=**

**SAT, DEC 1ST**

**Les Savy Fav**

Special guests The Dodo's, The Safety Show.

Richard's On Richards (1036 Richards) 9pm  
\$19.50 advance +s/c Ticketmaster, Zulu

**SAT, DEC 1ST**

**Cd Release W/ Better Friends Then**

**Lovers, Owl Drugs**

The Cobalt (917 Main)

Doors at 9pm

**FRI, DEC 7TH**

**Shout Out Out Out Out, My! Gay!**

**Husband!, Tyler Fedchuk, Tony X, and MC Curtis Santiago**

Richard's On Richards (1036 Richards)

\$14 advance +s/c

10:30pm - late show

**WINDOW SILLS: A WIND WHISTLES**

**CD RELEASE PARTY**

The Wind Whistles, Small Fame, Greenbelt Collective, Language-Arts, Steve Nelson, Fraser

W.I.S.E. Hall (1882 Adanac)

\$8 advance, \$10 at door

**SAT, DEC 8TH**

**Vancouver Children's Choir**

Just in time for the holidays.

Doors at 7pm

Christ Church Cathedral (690 Burrard St)

Adults \$20, Students/Seniors \$15, Children under twelve \$5.

**CHINA CREEPS, CORTEZ THE KILLER,**

**TAINT, MR. PLOW**

Local acoustic punk folk & friends.

Pub 340 (340 Cambie St)

**APOSTLE OF HUSTLE**

The Plaza (881 Granville) 8pm

\$15

**SUN, DEC 9TH**

**Sharon Jones and The Dap-Kings**

Well worth the price. The lady is phenomenal and the Dap Kings aren't bad either

The Commodore (868 Granville) 7pm

\$21.50, Ticketmaster, Zulu

**THU, DEC 13TH**

**Shonen Knife w/the Juliet Dagger and**

**Verona Grove**

Japanese garage punk born in '81 and still going strong.

Richard's on Richards (1036 Richards)

**THE BLAKES, THE PACK A.D., DE-**

**FEKTORS**

The Media Club (695 Cambie Street)

10pm

\$12.50

**THU, DEC 13TH - MON, DEC 31ST**

**My Fair Lady**

"Probably the greatest musical of all time!" raved the London Telegraph of the musical adaptation of George Bernard Shaw's classic tale of love and language. With lyrics by Jay Lerner and music by Frederick Loewe.

A romantic comedy set years before Harry met Sally.

Gateway Theatre (6500 Gilbert Road, Richmond)

604-270-1812.

Tickets \$24-36, limited seating at Dec 12 dress rehearsal for \$10.

**FRI, DEC 14TH**

**NOW Orchestra: Bug's Black Blood**

A fifteen-piece band of merry improvisers.

The Western Front (303 E.8th Ave) 8PM

Tickets \$12 General, \$10 WF Members, \$5 Students

**DATAROCK**

Official unofficial opening of this old new venue. Be on the lookout for more turntable oriented events to come.

The Biltmore Cabaret (395 Kingsway)

**FOOD4MUSIC 2007 XMAS METAL**

**SHOWCASE**

CIVIL RUIN, Flood Of Fire, DEVIVED (members of Soulscar), Without Mercy

Pub 340 (340 Cambie St)

Doors at 8pm

\$10 door, \$7

**MINT RECORDS' JUST IN TIME FOR**

**XMAS PARTY!!**

Two night line up featuring all star lineup of local talent. Young & Sexy, The Buttless

**=BIKE RIDE=**

**SAT, DEC 1ST**

**Saturday Leisure Ride**

Let the Vancouver Bicycle Club lead you round the city. Meet at 10am at the coffee shop at 6th & Arbutus and average 15-20k/hour. Total 30-50km with a coffee break round the middle.

Contact Teresa at wyzoon@yahoo.com

Chaps, Immaculate Machine, Bella, The Pack A.D., DJ Bryce Dunn in the back lounge.

Railway Club (579 Dunsmuir)

Doors at 8, show at 9:30pm

Tickets at door

**SAT, DEC 15TH**

**Mint Records' Just in Time for Xmas Party!!**

Second night featuring: Carolyn Mark, The Ramblin' Ambassadors, The Awkward Stage, The Choir Practice, Vancougar, DJ Bryce Dunn

Railway Club (579 Dunsmuir)

Doors at 8, show at 9:30pm

[Tickets at door](#)

**PARTY!**  
They Shoot Horses, Don't They?, Mohawk Lodge, Greenbelt Collective, Japandroids  
The Ukrainian Hall (805 E. Pender)  
No minors, doors at 7pm  
\$8

**TUE, DEC 18TH**

**End of the Line Jam Session**

Sandy Bone & Double D

Take a load off those shoppin' feet.

Princeton Pub (1901 Powell) 8pm

Free!

**FRI, DEC 21ST**

**The SSRIs, Ok Vancouver Ok, Russian Words, Lala, Gr8-2000, Aaron Read**

Hoko Japanese House (All Ages)

All ages, doors at 7pm

\$5

**TUE, DEC 25TH**

**The Evil Bastard KARAOKE**

**Experience**

This event takes place every Tuesday at Pub 340. Even Christmas.

Pub 340 (340 Cambie)

No minors, doors at 9pm

FREE!

**FRI, DEC 28TH**

**Alien Nation, Painted Cities,**

**Slingshot, Resist the Right**

Hoko Japanese House (362 Powell)

All ages, doors 9pm

\$10

**=FESTIVALS=**

**NOVEMBER 30TH TO JANUARY 3RD**

**"Bright Nights" in Stanley Park**

The Vancouver Parks Board and the B.C. Professional Fire Fighters' Burn Fund have together created nights of magic and illumination in the middle of Stanley Park. Hot chocolate, popcorn, train rides...

604-257-8531

[www.vancouverparks.ca](http://www.vancouverparks.ca)

**DECEMBER 1ST - 23RD**

**Christmas Carol Ship Parade**

Boat owners from around Greater Vancouver decorate their vessels and cruise around the waters of Vancouver Harbour.

604-878-8999

[www.carolships.org](http://www.carolships.org) for sailing schedules

**DECEMBER 7TH TO JANUARY 1ST**

**VanDusen Botanical Gardens Festival of Lights**

The central acres of VanDusen Gardens are transformed into holiday magic with seasonal displays and over 20,000 twinkling lights. The evening would not be complete without Santa, magicians, or the 15 minute lightshow on Livingston Lake every half hour (all present for this year.)

VanDusen Botanical Gardens (5721 Oak St at 37th Ave)

4:30-9pm nightly, except Christmas Day

604-878-9274 or [vancouver.ca/parks](http://vancouver.ca/parks)

**DECEMBER 8 TO JANUARY 1**

**Christmas at Canada Place**

"Deck the Halls" in the heart of Vancouver's waterfront. Take a stroll down the Holiday Promenade and view the historic Woodward's Windows, thousands of twinkling lights and larger than life holiday décor. Post your fondest wishes to Santa in the world's largest mailbox. New this year is Breakfast with Santa Dec 8th & 16th - tickets sold in advance online.

[www.christmas.canadaplace.ca](http://www.christmas.canadaplace.ca)

Canada Place (999 Canada Place)

11am-8pm daily

**=WORKSHOPS=**

**THU, DEC 6TH**

**Basic Bike Repair Workshop**

Bring a bike & a snack. Info: 604-879-BIKE.

Our Community Bikes (3283 Main Street)

6:30-9:30pm

\$40 + tax



**=TIS YE SEASON=**

**Shop yr craft lovin fabric scrap of a heart out**

It's handmade, it's local, it's probably organic and made of unicorn hair. Support artists and enjoy shopping in an atmosphere most unlike the mall. The entries are juried, the quality is high and there's no shortage of places to go.

**FRI, DEC 1ST & SAT, DEC 2ND**

**Urban Artisans Craft Fair**

Live music, kids' craft table, & raffle draws.

Roundhouse Community Arts & Rec Centre

181 Roundhouse Mews (Davie & Pacific)

10-5pm, free!

**Heritage Hall Christmas Craft Fair**

Outstanding local artists. Proceeds to benefit special project at HH.

11:00 - 5:00pm

Heritage Hall (Main & 15th) \$2

**FRI, DEC 7TH & SAT, DEC 8TH**

**Anti Seam Social Ripper**

DJs & beer promised for Friday night shoppers, or go leisurely on Saturday afternoon. Hosted by Seamrippers & AntiSocial.

Fri 6-midnight, Sat. noon-6pm.

AntiSocial, (2425 Main St)

Admission by donation

**=READINGS=**

**FRI, DEC 7TH**

**Things They Wrote As Kids**

Bring your childhood poems, book reports, love-angst letters, report cards, essays. Inspired by Dan Misener's open-mic reading series in Toronto - you'll never laugh harder. Shore Club (688 Dunsmuir Street) 7pm  
RSVP required. <http://publicrelations.meetup.com/98/?gclid=Cj0KCQj1j8vBPCwKAR1S1818>

**SFU WRITER'S STUDIO READINGS**

An evening of fresh readings, wine, and munchies. This event is usually worth attending so get thee to the north shore. 32 Books Company (3185 Edgemont Boulevard, North Vancouver), 7 to 9 pm  
604-980-9032.

**MON, DEC 10TH**

**Storytelling, Poetry & More**

Fundraiser for Covenant House, a group that works with street kids and helps them off the streets. Storytelling, poetry, stand up comedy, burlesque, nonsense, and open mic. \$5  
Cafe Deux Soleils (2096 Commercial Dr)

**=WRITING=**

**SAT, DEC 1ST & SUN, DEC 16TH**

**Grind Cafe Writer's Group**

All ages, stages, genres, genders & orientations are welcome. Bring something to write with and on. Please RSVP before your first meeting or for more info: Margo at [wonderwords@shaw.ca](mailto:wonderwords@shaw.ca)  
Grind Gallery Café (4124 Main St at King Edward) 10 til noon.

**=ONGOING=**

**EVERY OTHER MONDAY**

**Vancouver Poetry Slam**

Slams Dec 3rd, 17th and New Year's  
Cafe Deux Soleils (2096 Commercial Dr)  
9pm, brief open mic at 8:45pm  
\$5-10 sliding scale

**EVERY TUESDAY**

**"Life-Drawing, Blim-Style"**

Still life & models provided. Bring sketchbook & something to draw with.  
Blim (#197 E. 17th at Main) 8-10pm  
\$5 drop-in fee



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