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Urban Pie

Comfort Food For Your Brain



Vol 1, Issue 21 | February 24, 2011

It's Caba Radio!!

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SEEN | HEARD | READ | DRANK | TASTED | WORN

Q&A By Tristan Risk, Story By Alan Forsythe

It's a plane, it's a giant hand, it's 10,000 dwarves doing the polka -

It's CabaRadio!!

Remember that old time radio, the gossip shows, movie stars, comedians and singing sensations? Neither do we. But something about the golden age of radio captures our imagination, it seemed like it was a time that meshed the truly glamorous with the truly bizarre. It was a wild time that saw people tune in every week to their favourite program with near religious devotion and it was largely because they didn't know what to expect, but they knew it would be interesting. Not reality TV, let's see what sort of train wreck will happen this week interesting, but wow that was funny, hilarious, sexy, super entertaining, head scratching new knowledge interesting.

Fortunately in a Vancouver that in recent years seems to be exploding

with creative talent it was only a matter of time before someone took up the torch and brought old time variety radio (with an updated edge) back to local airwaves. That person is Dj Teddy Smooth and trusty sidekick Eric 'ERoc' Carbery.

"There's definitely a lot of live performers coming out of Vancouver, I think there's a collective spirit to end the mantra of 'no fun city' says Smooth.

Below last issues cover girl, Tristan Risk, sits down with Teddy Smooth and finds out more what CabaRadio's all about.

Urban Pie: When did you first come up with the idea of CabaRadio? What was the inspiration?

Teddy Smooth: The very first idea for a show like CabaRadio came from a man named Sky Powers. He dreamed of putting together a radio show that was fun, sassy and represented the burlesque and cabaret community. He put together a team of Watermelon, Shioban Macarthy, Crystal Precious and myself. Unfortunately this show only lasted 9 months on another radio station and due to artistic differences that show disbanded and went off the air. After about 5-6 months I decided to re-imagine CabaRadio and new vision emerged. My vision was to create an ultimate radio variety show. A show that would

bring the listener something new every week and from all walks of the arts. Cabaret means variety to me and on the radio, CabaRadio would be just that. After pitching the idea to CITR, CabaRadio with Teddy Smooth was accepted and we premiered in 2009.

UP: How long has CabaRadio been running now?

TS: CabaRadio with Teddy Smooth premiered April 7th 2009 and It has been running on CITR 101.9fm for almost 2 years. Our 2nd Anniversary will be April 5th this year.

UP: CabaRadio has always had Teddy Smooth as a host, but it has seen its share of past cohorts. Who are some of Eroc's progenitors?

TS: On the show CabaRadio with Teddy Smooth on CITR there has been no other co-host but Eroc. He has been my right hand man from the beginning and there is nobody I'd rather do the show with!

UP: CabaRadio adheres to a variety show type of format. What are some of the most memorable guests and experiences you have had on the show?

TS: Some of our favourite moments include: Winning 3rd place (two years in a row) in the Georgia Straights "Best of" category for "Best late night radio DJs It's an amazing feat considering we are up against major radio stations and we are only on once a week! Gotta thank the fans for voting. Plus this year we finished behind Alice Cooper! We never thought we'd be put in the same category as the

prince of darkness. Of course the one year anniversary special was amazing, we were broadcasting from two different rooms and our entertainment included musicians, a stand-up comic, spoken word and live DJing by DJ KTel. Other special moments include our Halloween Spooktacular, The Holiday Explosion Show, CabaRadio presents CabaRodeo, our western show. And many of the other specialty shows we've produced intros and radio plays for. Some of our most memorable guests include Suzy Shameless of the Terminal City Roller Girls, Warless, premiering the band the Gastown Royals, the crooning of Rick Valient, plus live sexual lube tasting. And of course, all of our "You pick the playlist" guest DJs, who all brought a unique and fun mix of music to our show.

UP: Have you noticed a cross pollination in the local entertainment community in part to CabaRadio?

TS: Yes, because of the variety type format of our show we introduce listeners and other artists to all different types of art. For example, we had a show where the first part of the show was the vaudevillian, geek folk band the Creaking Planks and the second half was a DJ playing Dubsteb. People loved the jump in music, especially since it was all performed live. Or an other example is one of our favourite guests Rick Valiant (Songs of Sinatra) who met rock group, Drohan on the show. They hit it off and next thing you know, Rick is singing at Bryce Dohan's wedding. In the past two years since CabaRadio has been on the



air, the variety shows and cabaret shows in Vancouver have all seen a significant jump in growth and prosperity...has CabaRadio had a small part in that? Absolutely. Introducing artists of one genre to another genre is one of our favourite things about CabaRadio.

UP: Cabaradio seems to be fostering a tangible growth in the city for assorted acts. What role do you see it play in keeping live entertainment alive?

TS: Live artistic endeavors are the grass root backbone of any burgeoning arts scene and CabaRadio feels compelled to help keep that alive. From supporting roller derby, to sideshow acts, to sexy and funny women in the Burlesque scene CabaRadio searches out unique and colourful guests. Some friends have complained that we don't go after "big" acts but truthfully a lot of those acts have management and marketing to help out their careers and we enjoy giving the up and comers or the wacky and weird a shot on the mic. It's not like we'd turn down a performance from a "big" act, if fact we'd welcome it with open arms, but we prefer to pursue the local and the fresh on

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Alan Forsythe



Born and raised in Vancouver and a journalist for over 12 years, Forsythe begins his fourth publishing venture with Urban Pie. His other endeavors include filmmaking, fiction writing, playwright and lion taming. He hopes with Urban Pie to create a publication that entertains and informs as well as one that challenges the bland homogeneity of corporate media. He believes that independent newspapers need to take a bigger bite of the media pie.

Jody Iverson



When she's not out causing havoc with Pal, the infamous three-legged vegetarian dog, Jody can usually be found sitting at the south end of the bar designing the night away on her MacBookPro.

Her favourite pie at the moment is Urban Pie. However, her mother's home made pumpkin pie is a close second.

Dave Buzzard



An award winning professional photojournalist for more than 20-years. David has worked at newspapers though out the Lower Mainland and Whistler areas, and spent from 1994 to 1996 covering the transition to democracy in South Africa. Urban Pie is David's 13th newspaper, and the third one he's helped to launch. See more of his work at www.davidbuzzard.com. He is partial to his wife's Apple pie.

Micheal Donnellan



Michéal Donnellan is a Writer from Ireland. Having lived in Vancouver since September '09. Before moving to to Vancouver, he spent a lot of time travelling, trying to populate his blog and not miss calls for writing breaks that never came, at least not yet. Working for the Garibaldi Times in Squamish ultimately led to working for Urban Pie. He has an M.A. in Writing and a couple of unpublished novels under his belt. Some success in Poetry

and Drama too. His favourite pie is sweet potato

Tristan Risk



Tristan Risk (aka Little Miss Risk) is not so much a Vancouver bar star but more a downtown courtesan. She has toured extensively as a burlesque dancer and does all her own stunts. When she's not away she likes to cause trouble, practice magic tricks and refine her baking skills.

Sara Bynoe



Sara Bynoe is a writer, actor, host and impresario of fun. She's a graduate of Studio 58 and holds an MA in Creative and Life Writing from Goldsmiths University. She produces Say Wha?! Readings of Deliciously Rotten. Her alarm clock sound is 'Pump Up The Jam' by Technotronic. More at sarabynoe.com

Dale Raven North



Dale is a Vancouver lawyer, writer, world traveler, cigar aficionado and theatre enthusiast. Her second favorite pie is bumbleberry.

Jackson Maxwell



The scion of an old plantation family from Louisiana, Maxwell fled to Paris to escape the suffocating gentility of the Old South. In Paris he turned to writing to ease the heartbreak of a torrid affair with a Russian ballerina that ended badly. He also became addicted to Absinthe and eventually had to return to Louisiana to escape the clutches of the green jinni. He now resides in New Orleans and writes several columns for Urban Pie.

Ken Hegan



Ken is a TV writer/director and travel writer. In his Self-Helped column in The National Post, Ken is fixing his flawed life by studying self-help gurus around the world. Ken is also a billionaire playboy who solves baffling crimes in his spare time.

Favourite pie? Pumpkin. There is no other.

Visit www.kenhegan.com

Dana-Marie Battaglia



A singer-songwriter and performer by trade and an administrator for our paper by brute force and empathy, Urban Pie's silent partner Dana-Marie Battaglia is excited to see the publication increase exposure and awareness to local arts and culture.

In 2002, after achieving a diploma in Communications Media which she proudly displays on the walls of her Rubbermaid storage bins in her best friend's basement, Dana-Marie fled the torture of flogging her way up through the corrupted media industry by moving to BC and pursuing satisfying a career as a musician. Seemingly unable to avoid a calling to media arts, she has made a hobby of partnering with Alan on a number of independent publications.

Meita Winkler



Meita Winkler is (in no particular order) an artist, writer, and performer who has called Vancouver home since 1981. Wrote and voiced horoscopes for "The Guiding Line" from 2003 - 2005. Graphic designer for Vancouver Film Race, Hotshot Shorts contests and various Fringe Festival productions. Formerly one half of "Fornicast" astrology column in the long departed Terminal City's weekly paper. She has also written film and food reviews for Xtra West and Angles magazine."

Alex Tegart



Alex Tegart finds delight in sampling pies of non-animal filled variety, from around the world, whenever she can. When not subjected to the fine institution of post-secondary J school, she very much likes walks in nature, practicing yoga with trees and making pens dance on paper.

Pie Filling

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On The Cover

Iowna Beerwagon, Miss Fit, Susie Shamless, Teddy Smooth and E Roc put together another CaraRadio!

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Cover & Feature Photos by Dave Buzzard



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Find us on



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the scene. It's fun to give somebody, who's never been interviewed, the chance to shine.

UP: Why should people cancel their cable and support local radio and live performances?

TS: Listen. I love TV. I would never tell someone to get rid of it. It's an amazing format to watch something you love but these days you can download shows, you can record your favourite shows and you can stream your favourite shows anytime and anywhere you have a computer. A live show is different, it's in your face, it's in the moment and for most shows

it's for a limited time. Live magic happens at live shows and you can never truly capture that on video. To tell the truth, I hate seeing burlesque on tape. If all I saw was burlesque on tape, I wouldn't like burlesque. Feeling the emotions of everyone around you, sharing the live experience together is what we should all do a lot more of. Don't give up your TV, but find a better balance in supporting local and live acts. We have an amazing amount of talented artists in Vancouver and we need to support them by going to their shows.

On the night we shot the cover

shot for this story, we joined Teddy Smooth and ERoc live in the studio along with burlesque dancer/performer Miss Fit and Terminal City Roller Girls Suzy Shameless and Iowna Beerwagon.

After quick introductions in the lounge, tastefully decorated in retro mid-century furniture (purely by accident) Smooth and ERoc get done to business. ERoc manages a two page introduction in one breath and after a nod to the studio audience (completely fictional, but no less compelling) Smooth get's into the music.

Later they both admit their

number one priority in music programming these days is getting local talent on the air. "But I have to say after doing Kitty Nights I've really gotten into 50s crooners," says Smooth.

"One of the problems with Myspace and Youtube and some of the other social network sites and the access people have now to downloads is a lot of music gets thrown out there that shouldn't be," says ERoc. He expresses a preference for most things old school when it comes to his personal listening tastes.

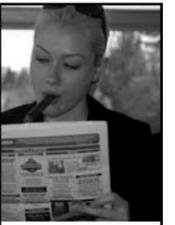
Teddy Smooth and ERoc have also launched several popular

websites, the most popular being HockeyGods.com, although to call it a website isn't entirely correct, it's more of multimedia homage to all that is hockey, definitely check it out.

Where to find DJ Teddy Smooth:
Live at Kitty Nights!
New York Style Cabaret
Every Sunday 9pm
Biltmore Cabaret 12th & Kingsway & Live on CabaRadio with Teddy Smooth
Every Tuesday at 11pm
101.9 fm or online at citr.ca
It's radio with Variety!

The Pensive Smoker

By Dale Raven North



No Smoking in New York

Earlier this month, the news broke that New York would be following the lead of other North American cities by banning smoking in many outdoor areas. New York is my favorite city and smoking is one of my favorite activities, so I did not welcome this news. The indignation that I had felt during Vancouver's passing of a similar ban returned and left me fuming and cursing Mayor Bloomberg with every puff of my Bolivar.

Several years ago, New York

passed a smoking by-law that forbade smoking in the city's restaurants and bars, although a few exemptions were permitted for cigar bars and retailers. I didn't like this restriction, but I was already used to it after having made the adjustment to similar smoking bans in Vancouver and Seattle. At least I could still light up at Nat Sherman and in the city's many parks and thoroughfares. The way some people enjoy a walk through Central Park with an ice cream sandwich or a latte, I enjoy it with a cigar – a Padron or Arturo Fuente or some similarly acceptable non-Cuban. Walking through Times Square after a Broadway show or sitting on a bench in Union Square, to me, is always better enjoyed with a smoke. But now, those outdoor cigars have been snuffed out by Mayor Bloomberg and the City Council.

The law, which comes into effect in late May, bans smoking in 1,700

city parks and 14 miles of beaches, as well as in pedestrian malls, boulevards, and plazas. I was unable to find the text of the bill online, so I am unsure of how they are defining "park", "boulevard", or "plaza", but I understand that the ban will extend to areas such as the plaza at Rockefeller Centre and the areas around Times Square.

The ban was not passed unanimously; several City Council members (non-smokers) felt it was an unreasonable infringement on civil liberties. The other City Council members claimed that the purpose of the ban was to protect the public health, citing vague medical evidence and questionable statistics.

Not surprisingly, this ban causes cartoon smoke to pour from my ears – much as it did when our ban was debated and passed in Vancouver. I am sorry if some people are upset or offended by catching a whiff of tobacco smoke on the wind when they are walking in a park, but I do not relish in the aroma created by your defecating dogs, or idling cars. We live in a city, therefore, we are confronted by smells, sights, and sounds that are not to our liking. The best thing to do is be considerate and tolerant. I try to be a considerate smoker – I don't litter, I wouldn't light up on a park bench next to a stranger without asking

them first if they were bothered by my smoking, and I wouldn't smoke near a child unless it was a very good cigar or a very ugly child.

I know what many will say however, which is that it isn't about preference, it is about health. Second hand smoke is so dangerous that if you don't hold your breath every time you pass a smoker on the street you will be immediately stricken with cancer and generations of your progeny will be born mutants. Seriously, an occasional breath of second hand smoke is not going to kill you any more than a trip to the dry cleaner or a walk down a street busy with traffic. Our cities are teeming with less-than-healthy substances in our air, water, and food and you cannot possibly avoid them. Even if second hand smoke is as bad for you as the health experts say, me walking by you in Times Square with a cigar is not going to kill you any more than your car exhaust is going to kill me. If we were really that concerned about what we were breathing, we would move to the country.

Reportedly, Mayor Bloomberg was not in favor of the New York ban until someone showed him a picture of a pile of cigarette butts on Coney Island, so apparently he was not sufficiently swayed by the public health issue, but rather it

was the litter that convinced him.

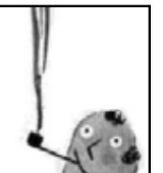
This same argument was made by Vancouverites in discussing our smoking ban. I too am bothered by litter, but cities have laws to punish litterbugs – they may not be enforced, but they exist. As well, littering is not a problem unique to smokers. People leave a lot of water bottles and coffee cups lying about, but we do not ban the consumption of liquids from disposable containers as a means of remedying the litter problem. I say, enforce the laws we already have; do not create new laws that will be similarly ignored.

That is one amusing thing about both the New York and Vancouver smoking bans: the laws are not really enforceable. The New York ban will be enforced through awareness and public pressure. Neither city has the resources to devote to ticketing rogue smokers and New York's police force is more concerned with looking for smoking guns than smoking Gauloises. So while the libertarian in me is outraged at this chipping away at personal freedom, the pragmatist in me is comforted by knowing that the worst that will happen to me if I light up in Times Square is a look of disapproval, and as a long time cigar smoker I am used to that.



Cocktails We Like

By Jackson Maxwell



The Sidecar

"...tell him to bring me a light breakfast – black coffee and a sidecar." Mame from the 1966 musical "Mame".

Ah, the Sidecar. What a fine trinity of sweetness, tart citrus, and booze. So smooth and delicious, you scarcely realize you're drunk before you realize you've misplaced your Bently. Most people today have heard of this drink, but few people I speak to have actually tried one. I aim to remedy that.

The Sidecar was invented just after the Great War and became popular during prohibition. The story of its invention is disputed, but the

variations go something like this: In their 1922 cocktail bibles, Harry McElhone and Robert Vermeire each attribute the Sidecar to Pat MacGarry (aka McGarry), the head bartender at the prestigious Buck's Club in London from 1919-1942. In a contrasting account, David Embury, in his 1948 book "The Fine Art of Mixing Drinks", cites an American Army captain in Paris during World War One, as the inventor of the drink, claiming that it was named after the motorcycle sidecar in which the captain was transported to and from the bar.

Not only does the cocktail have

two origin stories, it has two different styles of recipe – the English and the French. I prefer the English version myself, although if you wish to try it comme les Français, simply mix the same ingredients in three equal parts. Another variation uses three parts cognac, two parts Cointreau, and one part lemon juice. Feel free to experiment to find your preferred potion, but here's how I do it:

Rub the rim of a chilled cocktail glass with lemon juice and sugar.

¾ oz Cointreau (or Grand Marnier or other triple sec)

¾ oz fresh lemon juice (under no

circumstances should you ever use anything but fresh juice, and never ever use sweet and sour mix)

1 ½ oz cognac (your favorite or the best you can afford)

Shake vigorously over ice and serve.

This drink was particularly popular with Hemingway and his circle – although, let's face it, what booze didn't Hemmingway enjoy? Light up an unapologetic cigar or cigarette, throw some classic jazz and keep drinking until you can dance the Charleston without inhibition.



Digitally Speaking

By Meita Winkler



Who can resist a sunny day at Spanish Banks? My gorgeous friend, a recent transplant to Toronto was visiting her old stomping grounds and hosting a barbecue on the beach. It wasn't long before I noticed a good-looking guy standing off to the side, away from us revelers. His face was glued to an iPhone (or maybe it was a Smart Phone; in any case, a magical black box). I watched as he fiddled with the thing, caressing it at times and holding it to one side of his head, then the other. When the bikini curves of my Toronto friend had clearly failed to get his attention, I marched over and demanded to know why he had bothered coming at all. Turns out he's A.G. Forsythe, Publisher of Urban Pie. Even the masthead photo has him on the phone.

Never underestimate the weight of virtual reality. Online dating, Second Life, Twitter and Facebook. They appeal to us because there is so little emotional risk involved.

Communication on an intellectual level can't hurt us the way a real life person can. In 1984, writer William Gibson coined the phrase 'cyberspace' and offered a seductive description: "A consensual hallucination experienced daily by billions of legitimate operators, in every nation, by children being taught mathematical concepts.... Lines of light ranged in the nonspace of the mind, clusters and constellations of data. Like city lights, receding." (Thanks MDD)

A decade later filmmaker Wim Wenders shot the unbearably long and jumbled "Until the End of the World." However, in the last half of the film a woman stumbles upon a device that records and translates brain activity into visual images. She becomes addicted to watching her dreams. The digital world eclipses her ability to reason, express emotion, or show any desire for human connection. The invention becomes hugely popular, despite its destructive ramifications.

Jump ahead to 1999. Another high concept film, "The Matrix" posits reality as a digital projection designed by clever machines to keep humans distracted and enslaved. Even though we believe that the truth can set us free, most of us appear willing to settle for the illusion - as long as it feels/tastes/smells/sounds or looks good. Even if they know it's simply an illusion. As the saying goes, "Ignorance is bliss."

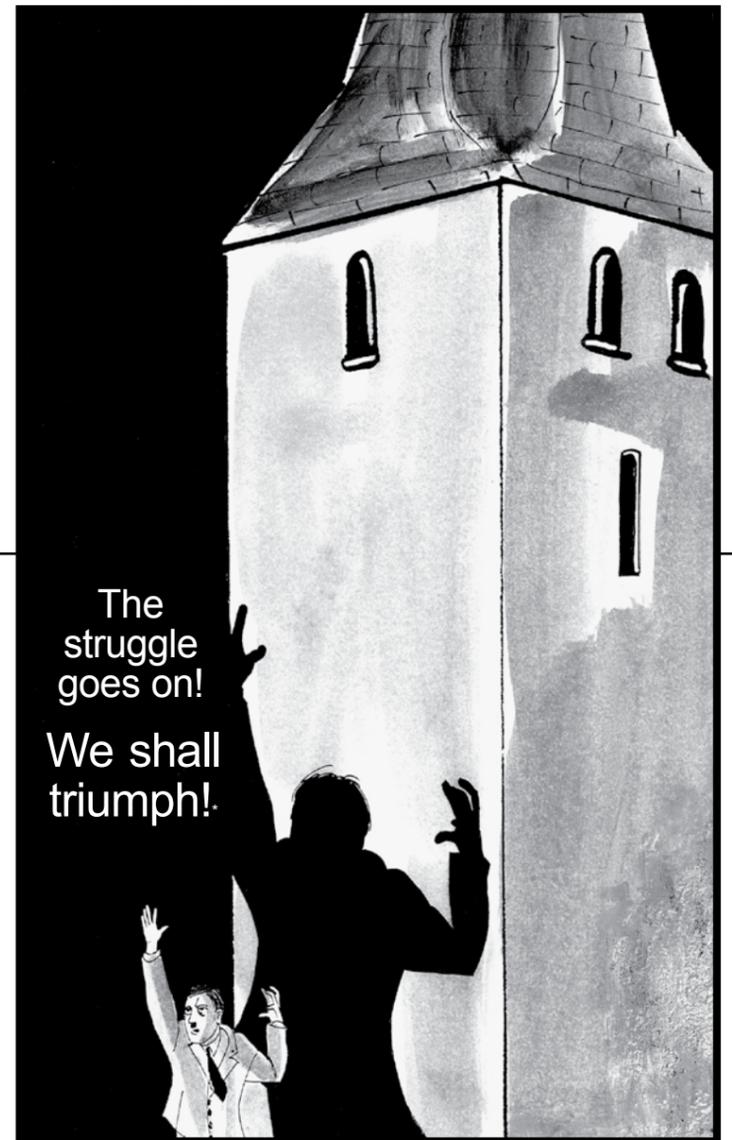
In a digital world, speed and size are the arbiters of technology. Our society has the means to answer every question at the touch of a button. Fingers are flicking, stabbing, poking and tapping ceaselessly. Our brains are programmed to respond to stimuli instantly, leaving no room for scrutiny or time for doubt. If the world leaders are making decisions in this way (and why not - they probably possess the most sophisticated data retrieval methods imaginable in an effort

to finish first) everything starts to make sense.

Once upon a time, people thought the earth was flat. People thought bathing could kill you. Then they said it was impossible to walk on the moon. Talking to someone halfway around the world would cost a fortune. Everyone knew that a camera without film was useless. If you had a telephone, it had to be plugged into the wall to work. No

one would argue that computers were far too big to carry in your pocket. There is no such thing as an Internet for Robots. Your credit and debit cards will never be replaced with a microchip in your wrist. And so it goes. Technology advances and we adapt ourselves accordingly. Goodbye, sweet bikini curves...

HITLER at a night-time rally in Lipperode...



*direct quote

The Listener

By David Lester

A graphic novel

The Listener combines the fictional stories of a Cambodian refugee; a disillusioned artist and the true story of the last free election to take place in Germany before the Nazis gained power. For the first time anywhere, this little known election is brought to the forefront as a cautionary tale of electoral democracy and complacency. The outcome of this vote shaped the course of history. Had individuals acted differently, Nazi Germany might never have come to be and 62 million people might not have died. THE LISTENER reveals one of the world's most tragic acts of

spin doctoring while weaving a tale of complacency, art, power, and murder. Spin doctoring didn't start with "weapons of mass destruction" to justify an invasion of Iraq. One of the original spin doctors was Adolf Hitler, who turned a narrow electoral win into a "massive victory" that paved the way to power and world war.

THE LISTENER contrasts the true story of a 1933 election with the fiction of a political death in 2010. 1933: In a small, snowy, sleepy German state, the last democratic election is about to take place before a failed artist named Hitler

seizes power.

The election is Hitler's final chance to manipulate events that will lead to the death of millions. How did this happen?

NOW: A man falls to his death during a political act inspired by a work of art. The woman who created the art flees to Europe to escape her guilt over the death. A chance meeting results in the artist discovering the true story of the 1933 election. The past becomes pivotal as the artist decides the course of her future.

The Listener will be published by Arbieter Ring this April

The Future's So Bright I Have To Wear (3D) Shades - Or Do I?

By Tristan Risk



I will be the first to tell you that I am something of a throwback - as much as I enjoy looking towards the future, I also like things that have withstood the test of time. I live in an older building, many of my appliances come from the 50's, as does my furniture. It finds a happy place between the laptops, the iPod docks and the other contemporary tech bric-a-brac (although the laptops are both antique PC and vintage Mac, respectively). With my inclination towards combining the vintage with the current, you would think that I would be the one by the box office at the crack of dawn, giddy with anticipation to see the "new" 3D movies but strangely enough, I was just apprehensive.

Maybe I'm a little gun-shy here, but it has been my experience that every time we re-release something of which I have a fond childhood memory it winds up falling short of childhood expectations and ruining the au courant along with my childhood recollection. As a child of the 80's, I remember loving the 'new technology' that was the subject of many cartoons (MASK, COPS, Jem and the Holograms, Inspector Gadget, etc) that was so integral to my formative years. Yet film versions of Transformers, Tron, and pretty much all of the X-Men movies weren't up to snuff. There wasn't anything wrong with them, just they weren't what I had built them up in my mind to be. I

fear the same thing with modern 3D movies. Back in what I will refer to as The Golden Age Of The 80's, which also happens to be the golden age of myself, I got to have some great 3D experiences: Free glasses in the cereal that allowed you to read a Ghostbusters comic on the back of the box, Captain EO if you went to Disneyland (and trust me, everyone should have gone to Disneyland in the 80s just to see Minnie Mouse dressed like Madonna from the "Borderline" video) and Jaws 3D. It wasn't until I saw a trailer for Jaws 3D recently on YouTube that it all kind of hit home as to why this is all so popular.

As much of a marketing ploy

as it is, 3D is kind of a collective consciousness that spans the decades. The first 3D movies that were popularized were in the 50's, many of them being drive-in type films.

For people who didn't grow up in that time, there was a kind of romantic nostalgia for 3D - and so it poked its head up again in the late 70's/ early 80's, and dove back into the waters of relative obscurity. It wasn't until at our own Expo '86 in Vancouver when Imax 3D format was introduced and the world saw "Transitions" that a new cracking in the dawn of film viewing era would start to rise. Now with movies out like Avatar and Piranha 3D, we see what was

once costly to shoot can now be rendered more easily shooting on digital as opposed to film. So maybe I should give the new 3D a better chance. My love with old school 3D was great, but maybe I shouldn't drag my emotional film-baggage into this fresh start with the new 3D. Sorry Captain EO, what we had in 1988 was lovely, but Avatar is waiting to see me and has asked that I keep the glasses on in the dark. It's time to see if I can rekindle a new love affair with the 3D screen from the ashes of the old. Besides which, practically anything has to be better than Jaws 3D.

A non-exhaustive list of coming events that we're excited about.

POST NO BILLS: SELECTIONS FROM THE VANCOUVER PUNK COLLECTION

26 January – 26 February at the Museum of Vancouver (1100 Chestnut St)

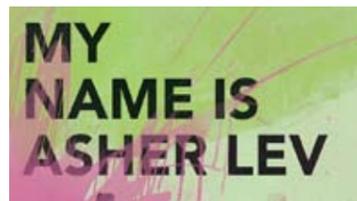
The Vancouver Museum, SFU Special Collections, and the producers of Hard Core Logo present an exhibit of posters, lps, periodicals and random ephemera from the Vancouver punk scene. Located in the Public Community Exhibition Space. Free during museum hours. www.museumofvancouver.ca

MY NAME IS ASHER LEV

28 January – 26 February at Pacific Theatre (1440 W. 12th Ave.)

A heartbreaking and triumphant drama about a young, Jewish prodigy who paints the Brooklyn crucifixions.

Tickets \$11.50-\$29.50 through www.pacifictheatre.org



AUGUST: OSAGE COUNTY

27 January – 27 February at the Stanley Industrial Alliance Stage

The Arts Club presents the Canadian premiere of Tracy Letts' Pulitzer Prize winning drama about a dysfunctional family in crisis.

Tickets through www.artsclub.com



CHUTZPAH!

9 – 27 February at various locations

The annual Chutzpah! Festival returns to showcase Jewish performing arts in dance, film, theatre, music and literature.

Tickets and information through www.chutzpahfestival.com



WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

10 February – 12 March at the Arts Club Theatre's Granville Island Stage

Blackbird Theatre presents their take on Edward Albee's hilarious and painfully cruel play about two couples engaged in a late night, booze-soaked power struggle.

Tickets from \$29 through www.artsclub.com

DEATH OF A SALESMAN

12 February – 5 March at the Vancouver Playhouse (Hamilton St at Dunsmuir St)

The Playhouse presents Arthur Miller's American tragedy about ill-fated salesman Willy Loman.

Tickets and info through www.vancouverplayhouse.com



THE LIEUTENANT OF INISHMORE

15 – 26 February at The Cultch Culture Lab (1895 Venables St)

Fighting Chance Productions presents Martin McDonagh's multiple Tony Award winning, Irish black comedy. Featuring gun shots, violence, "extreme swearing", and dead cats.

Tickets \$17-\$27 through www.vecc.bc.ca

[TITLE OF SHOW]

15 – 26 February at the Revue Stage (on Granville Island)

The recipient of a 2009 Tony Award for best book of a musical, [Title of Show] is the story of friends attempting to write a musical for a festival which is weeks away. Directed by Mike McKenzie, choreography by Sara-Jeanne Hosie and Shane Snow. Starring Greg Armstrong-Morris, Lauren Bowler, Meghan Gardiner, and Shawn MacDonald.

Tickets \$25 through www.vancouveritx.com

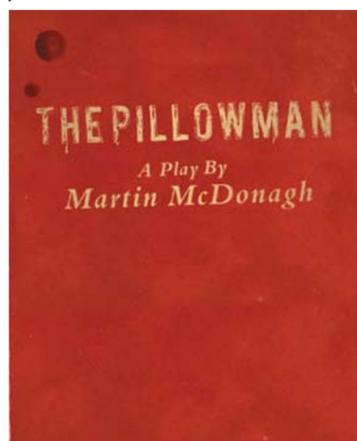


THE PILLOWMAN

17 February – 6 March at the Jericho Arts Centre (1675 Discovery Street)

Martin McDonagh's play, The Pillowman, is set in an unnamed totalitarian dictatorship. A writer is taken into custody for writing stories that bear an uncanny similarity to a series of brutal, real-life killings. A gritty, dark comedy. Presented by Wild Geese Equity Co-op.

Tickets \$12-\$20 through jerichoartscentre.com/



THE HARD TIMES HIT PARADE

24 February – 18 March at The Russian Hall (600 Campbell Ave.)

The Dusty Flowerpot Cabaret presents this theatrical cabaret featuring 1930s style swing dance marathons, puppets, and live music. Tickets \$20/\$25 through www.dustyflowerpot.org, Highlife, Red Cat, and Zulu Records.



LEGALLY BLONDE

1-6 March at Queen Elizabeth Theatre (600 Hamilton St)

The touring production of the Broadway hit finally comes to Vancouver to delight audiences with its perky, musical charms.

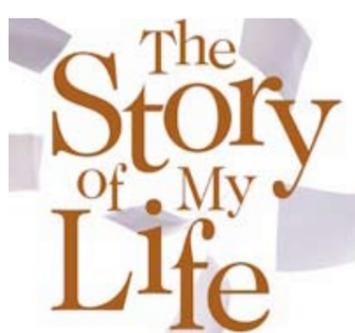
Tickets are available through www.ticketmaster.ca

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

2-19 March at the Arts Club Revue Stage (Granville Island)

The Story of My Life is a tale of a lifelong friendship of Thomas Weaver who is a best-selling, award-winning author and Alvin Kelby who was his best friend for thirty years. But time had tested their bond of friendship. As he show begins, Thomas comes to praise his longtime pal, Alvin in a eulogy. Being a much-honored writer, he is of course at a loss for words, so the ghost of the dearly departed Alvin materializes to prod him into a proper eulogy, and both their lives pass in review.

Tickets available at Vancouveritx.com or call box office at 604-629-8849



MUNSCHA MIA

5-27 March at The Waterfront Theatre (1412 Cartwright Street, Granville Island)

Based on the books by Robert Munsch and adapted by Debbie Patterson. A sensational high-octane play with music based on five Robert Munsch stories including old favourites like Stephanie's Ponytail, Jonathan Cleaned Up-Then He Heard a Sound and Aaron's Hair, and new ones like Down the Drain and The Sandcastle Contest. This spectacle will charm audiences, young and old, and have them singing along! For ages 3+ (no babes in arms).

Tickets: adults \$29, students/seniors \$25 youths/preschoolers \$15. Various matinees throughout spring break, contact Carousel Theatre box office for show times 604-669-3410 or online at www.carouseltheatre.ca

CALIFORNIA WINE FAIR

9-16 March at various locations

The Arts Club Theatre Company's annual fundraising event returns with wine tasting fun for the novice and oenophile alike. The California Winery Dinner at Seasons in the park is on the 9th, and Wine 101 is at the Petley Jones Gallery on the 16th, but the main event is the Wine Fair itself, which is at the Vancouver Trade & Convention Centre in the 11th. Drink wine and support the arts!

Tickets and information at www.artsclub.com



SPIKE & MIKES' SICK & TWISTED FESTIVAL OF ANIMATION

10-23 March at the Rio Theatre (Broadway at Commercial Dr.)

See 24 of the funniest, weirdest, most artistic animated shorts from around the world in a 90 minute animated extravaganza. Among the films: "Bambi meets Godzilla" (Vancouver), "Bloody Date" (Japan), and "B/W Races" (Italy).

For tickets and info visit www.riotheatre.ca



WILD HONEY

17 – 26 March curtain at 7:30pm at the Frederick Wood Theatre (6354 Crescent Road, UBC)

The rarely produced Wild Honey tells the story of Platonov, who is, quite simply, cursed with being too attractive to women. Married women, single women, it doesn't matter they all just seem to fall in love with him. Wild Honey runs the gamut between comedy and melodrama, and hurtles like the train that runs through the village to its startling end.

Tickets \$22, seniors \$15, students \$10. Call box office 604-822-2678 or www.theatre.ubc.ca



TOWN PANTS

18 March, doors at 7:30pm, at the Commodore Ballroom (Granville Mall)

This homegrown Celtic folk/rock band will be back in Vancouver playing songs from their new album 'Shore Leave.' The quintet have developed a following across North America in recent years and are known for their high energy, foot stompin' shows.

Tickets at the door. thetownpants.com for more info.



THE GRAND BAZAAR

March 19 & 20 Bonsor Recreation Centre (6550 Bonsor Avenue, Burnaby, by Metrotown)

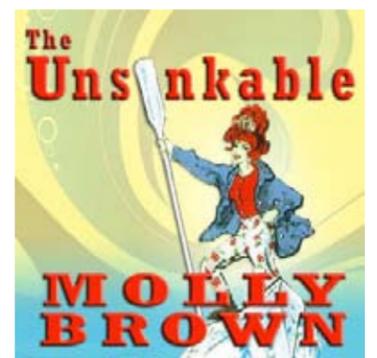
For over 30 years the Middle Eastern Dance Association has been promoting, teaching and dancing their way across the lower mainland. The weekend of March 19 and 20 MEDA will be hosting their Grande Bazaar with Performances, free Workshops, and a market full of jewelry, decor, costumes, street wear, and music to get your urban gypsy's hips shimmying and bellies dancing. Admission \$5 adults, children under 12 free

THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN

24-26 March at CBC Studio 700 (700 Hamilton St.)

Applause! Musicals in Concert presents a staged concert of the 1960 Broadway musical "The Unsinkable Molly Brown", which tells the real life story of a woman's rise and adventures between poverty and palaces.

Tickets \$15-\$25 through www.applausemusicals.com



WONDERLAND

24-27 March at The Centre for Performing Arts (Homer St at Robson St)

"Wonderland" is the Royal Winnipeg Ballet's whimsical and surreal re-imagining of the classic Lewis Carroll tale.

Visit www.rwb.org for more information. Tickets are available through www.ticketmaster.ca



...home to award winning ales!

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BREW PUB/ BREWERY TOURS/ ACCOMMODATION/ KEG SALES/ DELICIOUS FOOD

LIVE MUSIC FROM 9:30pm EVERY SATURDAY IN THE PUB NO COVER!!

this Sat Feb 26th... MANNY & the SKUNK CATS

original psychedelic rock

www.koolava.com

(Formerly the RIVERBED TRIO, JESS BEAULAC & his crew have expanded the band to four members!)

Sat Mar 5th... SHILOH LINDSEY

country/ folk/ Americana

www.shilohlindsey.com

www.myspace.com/shilohlindsey

Mon Mar 7th OPEN MIC MONDAY

with host CAM SALAY 8:30PM - EVERYONE WELCOME! SQUAMISH HAS GOT TALENT! *first monday of every month



Ales for Change

Howe Sound Brewing has a new program where our beers will assist fundraising activities in different communities.

ROCKFISH RED ALE

is the second in our series where \$1 from the sale of this ale supports the Canadian Parks & Wilderness Society. Protecting Canada's wild.

Help CPAWS keep Canada wild.

www.cpawsbc.org

Available at Howe Sound Brewing Co. & limited private Liquor Stores as of Feb 21st!



Thu March 17th Everybody's Irish on St. Patty's Day!!

Come in for a wee Pint or 2! Specials:

Irish Whiskey Shooters

Stout Pints take yer pick...

Megadestroyer Imperial Licorice Stout

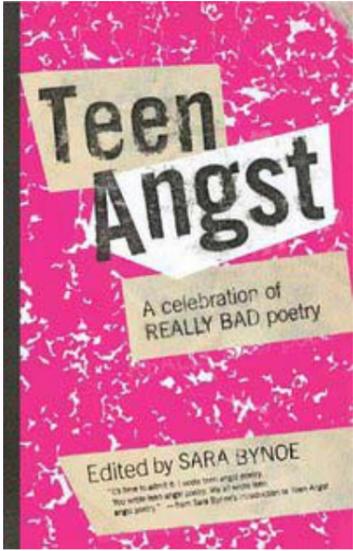
Pothole Filler Imperial Stout

Diamond Head Oatmeal Stout

facebook: Howe Sound Brewing / www.howesound.com / E: info@howesoundbrewing.com

TEEN ANGST – A CELEBRATION OF INADVERTENTLY HILARIOUS ADOLESCENT WRITING

29 March (8-10pm) at the Cottage Bistro (4470 Main)
 Enjoy a drink and listen as people read their most embarrassing or cringe-worthy teen diaries, journals, poems, and songs. Hosted by Sara Bynoe.
 Tickets \$10 at the door



WESTCOAST TATTOO CULTURE SHOW

15-17 April at the PNE Forum
 Three days of exhibits from international tattoo artists, vendors, and related events. Visiting artists include representatives from The Dutchman (Burnaby), Liquid Amber (Vancouver), Kings Cross Tattoo Parlour (UK), PzyDesign (Sweden). Events will include a Pin-Up Pageant, the Terminal City Roller

Girls, and a Graffiti Exhibition.
www.westcoasttattooshow.com



ONGOING EVENTS

ACTOR'S NIGHT at the Revue Stage (across from the Arts Club on Granville Island)

Every Thursday night beginning at 10pm, join actors, production, theatre workers and theatre enthusiasts in the newly renovated lobby bar at the Revue Stage for drink specials and good times. "There ain't no party like a theatre party!" (Or so they tell us.)

VANCOUVER POETRY SLAM MONDAY NIGHTS at Café Deux Soleils (2096 Commercial)

Every Monday night poets compete for praise and prizes as they perform their original poems for an audience (members of which will be judges). Tickets \$5-\$10 at the door. <http://vancouverpoetryhouse.com/vanslam/> for more information

THEATRESPORTS

Thursdays at 7:30, Fridays and Saturdays at 8:00 at The Improv Centre (Granville Island)

Two teams of improvisers match wits and use audience suggestions to create usually hilarious, improvised situations and scenes.
 Tickets \$10.50-\$13 through www.vtisl.com



OPEN MIC POETRY TUESDAY NIGHTS at Bukowski's Bar and Bistro (1447 Commercial Drive)

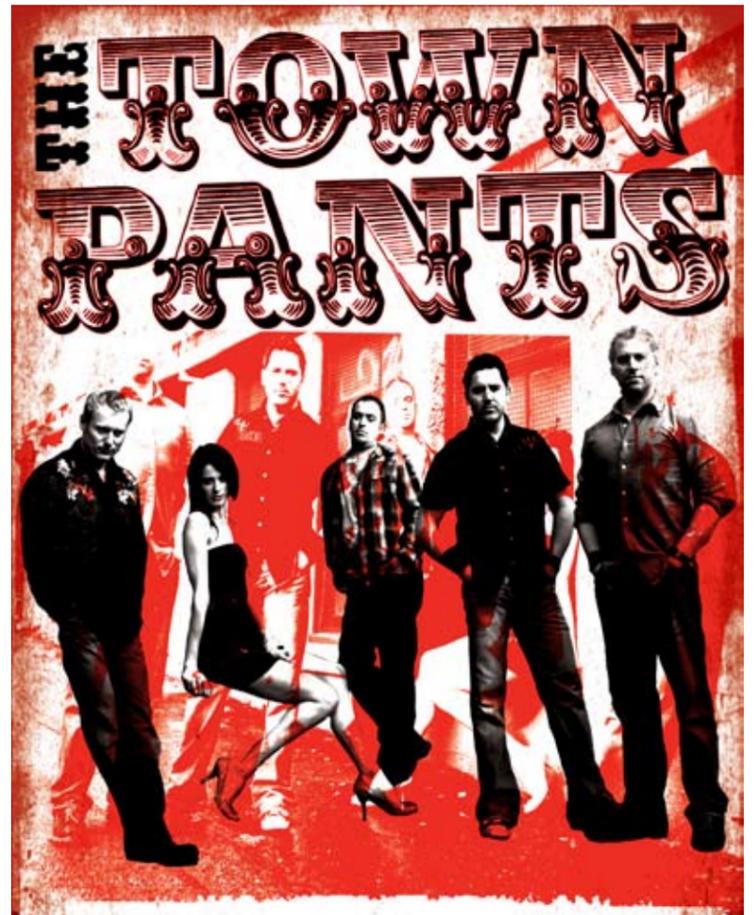
This three-tiered restaurant opens the floor to those with the gift of word. They also have live jazz Monday, Thursday and Saturday nights.
 Information 604.253.2777

POEMA FLAMENCO every Wednesday and Sunday nights at Kino Café. (3456 Cambie Street)

Enjoy saucy Spanish guitar with hypnotizing dance performance.
 For reservations (recommended) call (604) 875-1998

LIVE MUSIC AT TREES ORGANIC COFFEE HOUSE (450 Granville St.)

Live music every Thursday and Friday at 8PM
 Admission by donation



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ACROSS

- Corridor
- Stalk
- Foundation
- Chocolate cookie
- Sea eagle
- Prefix indicating "Prior"
- Absorb written material
- Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome
- Pierces
- Risky
- Newspaper reporters
- S S S S
- A lofty bird's nest
- Male offspring
- Emotionally disturbs
- A climbing plant with purple flowers
- A small skullcap
- Smell
- A perfume from flowers
- Inactive
- Take an exam over
- Wicked person
- A member of an ascetic Jewish sect
- Emergency Care Unit
- A row of shrubs
- Saucy
- Small light boat
- Come out in the end
- French for "Love"
- A connecting point
- Metric unit of weight
- Increase in salary
- Anagram of "Seek"
- Rabbit
- Tear into little pieces
- Dispatched
- Not now

DOWN

- A vast multitude
- Territories
- Rests against
- Inn
- Scorch
- Threesome
- Give qualities to
- Untidy
- A Scottish wind instrument
- Previously mentioned
- Achy
- Angers
- Soap-frame bar
- Anagram of "Sees"
- An authoritative rule
- Gave a speech
- Egg of an insect
- Prefix indicating "Within"
- Thin slab of linoleum
- Fortune teller
- Was attired in
- Mid-month days
- Anagram of "Toss"
- Elevated playhouse
- Consumed
- Avenue (abbrev.)
- Smiled contemptuously
- Strong sexual desire
- Parts of a chromosome
- Call forth (emotions)
- A quantity of no importance
- Abraham's wife
- A long intense gaze
- Arabian country
- Automobiles
- Nursemaid
- French for "Black"
- Biblical garden
- Where a bird lives

Aries (Mar 20 - Apr 19)

So it's almost March Aries and have you kept any of your New Years resolutions? You have not and do you know why Aries? Because you're weak, weak, weak, lower your eyes in shame. Well that's how it might feel lately for you Aries, anxiety about not living up to yours or other's expectations, worried that life is sort of getting away from you. Hey don't sweat it, happens to the best of us, but buck up events that will ease your general sense of anxiety are about to unfold. Say more, you demand? No that would ruin the surprise, you'll just have to suffer through a few more sleepless nights waiting to find out...yes I know, I can be cruel.

Taurus (Apr 20 - May 20)

Hey what up Taurus, feeling pretty good these days are we, got lucky on St. Valentines day did we, significant other looking at you with a sense of awe are they? Tat's all well and good but your turn at the universal wheel of luck is coming to a close. It was a good run, hope you made the most of it because now comes the hard work. Oh don't pout, you'll get your turn again, in the mean time remember what might have been easy in the recent past will now require a little more diligence on your part.

Gemini (May 21 - June 20)

It's almost spring Gemini and that's good news for you! Springtime means everything will be coming up roses for you. But don't be like Taurus and waste your good fortune on weekend benders in Vegas. No apply yourself and see returns double, perhaps triple! See all of the exclamation points I used, I wouldn't do that for just anyone Gemini, so go ahead feel special your time has come.

Cancer (June 21 - July 22)

What's the dealio Cancer, why so down? It's those stupid Geminis isn't, bouncing around talking about spring just being around the corner and how life is good, annoying aren't they?

Unfortunately I can't offer much in the way of comfort Cancer, you're just going to have to fake it a bit for the next few weeks. Wear a padded bra, get a new haircut, buy some new shoes, say have a nice day to random strangers, none of that will necessarily help, especially if you're male, bald, crippled and mute, but it couldn't hurt; unless of course you're any or all of the above.

Leo (July 23 - Aug 22)

Cut loose Leo, I see vacation time ahead enjoy, you deserve it, but when I say you deserve it I don't mean tell everyone at work you deserve it and then bore them with details of your pending trip. Just take the time off, enjoy whatever it is you're going to do, because yes you do work hard, but then shut-up about it. Leo you would get even more credit for all of your hard work if you would apply a little modesty instead of constantly blowing your own horn about your accomplishments. Think about this while on vacation...no you won't you'll just say to yourself, 'what does he know,' and go right on being you, well then stop reading my horoscope Leo if you're not going to listen, man you're stubborn!... No I don't mean it, I can't stay mad at you, go ahead have your self-involved fun.

Virgo (Aug 23 - Sept 22)

What's the matter Virgo someone moved the salt shaker, the napkins aren't folded correctly? There's, gasp, lint on the blazer of the man in front of you on the bus and you so dearly wish you could pick it off without it seeming weird or anything. Well it

would be weird and so is obsessing about whether napkins are folded correctly, because you're weird Virgo, you're a weirdo. Most of the time it's a goofy, fun weird, people go, 'hey how about those Virgos?' 'Yeah weird right? But like fun weird.' See, as you can tell by that fictional exchange people genuinely like you, but to a point. Sure Virgo we all rely on you to tell us if our pants are creased or if our hemlines are too high, but sometimes we also want to scream, 'throw some toothpicks on the ground and forget about them!' The good news Virgo, or perhaps bad news, depending on how you see it, is that events beyond your control are about to take you wayyyyy out of your comfort zone. My advice to you is to just go with it and see where it takes you, rather than worry if, figuratively speaking, you packed enough underwear.

Libra (Sept 23 - Oct 23)

Life's good for you these days Libra. Most might feel the bitter sting of winter, but you already feel that spring is in the air. Nothing wrong with that, you're positive outlook will pay dividends in the weeks and months ahead. What? Not everyone gets an in-depth analysis.

Scorpio (Oct 24 - Nov 22)

If you've been having a bout of bad luck lately Scorpio you have my sympathies. A lot of the time when we run into a spate of misfortune we say 'why me, what did I do to deserve this?' If you're say Gordon Campbell, well the answer is, 'Dude you did plenty, so stop yer whining.' But Scorpio I feel for you because very likely that black cloud you've been carrying around has nothing to do with you, it's not bad karma, it's just, well bad luck. So hang in there, carry an umbrella and eventually, someday, the sun will shine again.

Sagittarius (Nov 23 - Dec 20)

Sometimes I weep for you Sagittarius, not like in a crybaby sort of way, but in a manly, noble sort of way. Why? Because you're such a basket case of denial. Did you keep touching the hot stove when you were a child, you did didn't you? And you've yet to learn that the suckers hot and you'll burn your little hand if you touch it. Okay Sagittarius here's what the stars have in store for you over the next several weeks...nothing, they got nothing for you. Know why, want to guess? No not because they're lazy and self-centered, that's you shifting blame again. No it's because they go together thought about what they could say to Sagittarians and they decided, what's the point, they never listen anyway, or they just pick arguments and we'd rather talk with Aquarians who are much easier to deal with. So there you go Sagittarius a little tough love from the stars, so now what are you going to do about it?

Capricorn (Dec 21 - Jan 19)

Well Capricorn the good news is that because the stars couldn't be bothered with Sagittarius this week they were able to spend a lot of time determining your fate. Their first piece of advice, don't date Sagittarians. You've got a tough road ahead Capricorn, but there is a payoff in your future if you can stick to your plan and not be distracted by wild partying Sagittarians. Sure it may look like they're having fun now, but do you really want to end up like them, abandoned by the fates? So suck it up Capricorn, things may suck in the short term, but there is a reward for those who keep the faith (that should be taken in the colloquial sense and not as some sort of quasi-religious reference).

Aquarius (Jan 20 - Feb 18)

You are consumed with travel plans Aquarius, why, are you going someplace? Some of you may in fact be planning a big trip and in true Aquarian fashion figure the entire world just has to know about your fabulous upcoming trip. Or you may just be dreaming about taking a fantastic trip someplace exotic and in true Aquarian fashion figure the entire world wants to know your dreams about taking a fabulous trip someplace exotic. Either way, you should stop talking about fabulous you for a second or two and make sure you've covered the little details that sneak up on you in life. Be prepared for some unexpected pitfalls in the next few weeks Aquarius, but forewarned is forearmed so it shouldn't be anything to devastating as long as you're paying attention...hello? I said paying attention...sigh.

Pisces (Feb 19 - Mar 19)

Change is in the air for you Pisces, both expected change and unexpected change, both are good, taking you in new and positive directions. There might be a few rocky passages in the road but they're minor. Although this might not be the best time to introduce new responsibility into your life, like say a pet, they'll just get in the way, sleep on your laundry and wake you up in the middle of the night. If you already have a pet, maybe it's time you asked it, 'what is it you do around here and how about pulling your own weight for a change.' Go ahead, be confrontational, you'll feel better for doing it. Especially if it's a cat, if it's something bigger, say a Rottweiler or a humanoid bi-ped, be a tad more circumspect.

Fitness Corner

By Dominic Turgeon



Working With What You Have

Every "body" is different. What works for some may not work for others. All our bodies respond differently, depending upon our body type. One person's workout regime could have a dramatically different effect on someone else.

This is all because of body types. Understanding the different body types may alleviate some pressure we put on ourselves in pursuit of what's perceived as a better body. Not to mention giving us a better understanding of why some people will store his or her fat differently on the body.

There are three different body types that define the human structure. They are Mesomorph,

Endomorph, and Ectomorph. While we are not all 100% one or the other, there are definite characteristics which can help us determine which body type category we most fall into, what it means to how we work out, and problem areas we may need to keep in mind.

Following is a brief description of each body type.

Mesomorph.

Many people envy a true Mesomorph. This body type is muscular, and if you fall into this body type you seemingly look at a set of weights and your muscle starts to develop. Typically all the major muscles groups on a Mesomorph are well defined. Chest, shoulders, butt,

thighs and calves, are strong, tapered in by a taunt waistline and abdomen. Naturally athletic, with lots of energy, Mesomorphs have great strength and power. Having said all this, good cardio and flexibility are weak points for the Meso.

While a true Mesomorph has the ability to have a great shape, if they do get overweight, they will "carry their weight well". Meaning they will store their excess fat fairly evenly over the entire body.

Endomorph

Endomorphs are the more "curvy" body type of the three. Marilyn Monroe is one of the best examples of an endomorph. This body type tends to often be in combination with one of the

other two body types.

As an Endomorph, body fat has a tendency to settle in the lower abdomen, hips and thighs. Male and female Endomorphs may carry their excess weight differently. Female endomorphs (also known as gynoid) will often carry excess weight from the waist down while male endomorphs (android) from the waist up.

Ectomorph

Ectomorphs are most commonly seen on fashion runways. Usually they are taller than the other two body types. If you're an ectomorph, people roll their eyes at you when you're complaining about how hard it is to gain weight. Longer limbed, with more narrow

hips and pelvis, Ectomorphs often have less fat and muscle mass than Endomorphs and Mesomorphs. With a tall lanky stature one could consider Ectomorphs to be somewhat more frail, whose sporting activities are better suited to those related to endurance than power, strength, and agility.

Any one of these body types each has pros and cons. However, at the end of the day, does it really matter? We all have what we've been given and can only do the best with what we have. Accepting our body type and its physical limitations is part of life. Regardless of your body type, keeping fit and healthy is more the point.

History Nerd

By Jackson Maxwell



Ahmad Mahir Pasha

Not to take anything away from the ultra successful and inspiring protests in Egypt this month, but Egypt's culture of political turmoil is old news. On this day (24 February), 1945 (long before Facebook and Twitter) Egyptian Prime Minister Ahmad Mahir Pasha was assassinated in Parliament.

Dr. Ahmad Mahir Pasha (aka Ahmed Maher Pasha), described by Time Magazine as "portly and fun-loving" and "wisecracking,"

was appointed as Prime Minister in October 1944. Mahir's predecessor had been removed by King Farouk when they clashed over an attempt to limit royal power. Shortly after taking power, Mahir declared a fatwa against the Muslim Brotherhood and called for new elections, actively opposing the candidacies of any Muslim Brotherhood members. In the elections, which were considered grossly unfair, all "Mu-Bro" candidates were defeated, which did

not sit well with the Brotherhood and its supporters.

Sensing correctly that that second World War was drawing to a close, and drawing on the philosophy of 'better late than never', King Farouk and Mahir drafted and Mahir read a royal declaration of war on the Axis powers of Germany, Italy, and Japan. Mahir had hoped to gain some international political capital by cozying up to the winning team. What Mahir had not counted on

was that minutes after making this belated declaration of war in the Pharonic Hall of the Senate, he would be assassinated.

The assailant, Mustafa Essawy, dapperly dressed in a black shirt and red tie, drew a pistol and fired point blank at the Prime Minister as he shook hands with his supporters. As he sank to his knees, Mahir reportedly uttered the words "I'm finished" although the Arabic phrase he spoke can also be translated as

"motherfucker". The 26 year old Essawy, an Egyptian lawyer (who apparently had an unusual understanding of "due process"), reportedly proclaimed his pro-Nazi party sentiments to the police after the incident. As he was led away in handcuffs from the devastated crowd, Jack Ruby stepped forward and fired one fatal shot into Essawy's chest before returning to the shadows of history.

The Surly Drinker

By Michéal Donnellan



Interior. Wednesday night. Galway. Got a flat. Over looking a river. Candles on the mantelpiece. Music in the background. That effort. Burnt eyes, like glass stones. The tunes are light, fall across the tile floor like blankets of calm. The February night breeze faintly touching the windows. Back from a theatre class. Got a lift home from Sean. Used to be an alcoholic. Twenty six years dry. Talks about it sometimes. The old days. Reasons for drinking. Working on the building sites. Then the drugs. The fights. The bitterness. Sometimes it's with regret, others with nostalgia. He cleaned it up and now he's an actor. A good one too, and he's got a role in my show. Thing being, his role's for a drinker. A whisky swigging alky with a violent edge. Hoping he doesn't get too into the character. Start extra curricular research. The psycho-therapists call it rationalisation. Who knows. I was in his car because mine was cremated. What a day, what a show. It was a nice morning I was feeling positive. Sat in. A smell of car

seats and spilled coffee. The keys were cold. I put 'em in. It turned, but coughed in a way that made emphysema sound glamorous. I could tell the petrol was trying to get through, like blood through a blocked artery. It shuddered, spluttered, some light rain fell on the windscreen and then it roared to life, like a great gorilla set free from tremendous chains. People walked by, zombie types, lost types, morning walkers in tight tracksuits with big assess tryna kill a bored middle class hour. Nothing to do, nowhere to go, except look at me and this black smoke puking car and the loud screaming engine and the shaking exhaust. The cert on the front that says I haven't paid tax on it for over a year. And it hasn't got a roadworthy cert. And maybe it's a story for an afternoon coffee and croissant or a small memory to play like a movie later, when walking over the prom and waiting, just waiting for who knows what. A tsunami maybe, something to happen. Some epiphany to make it all worth while. The reverse was

tough. Felt like I was reversing up Mount Everest. Everything bounced and the engine roared and there was a smell of burning but the sweet silver Astra would not move without a mighty protest and something that felt the car was being destroyed somehow. Difficult to know how, just an instinct, a feeling that says - stop doing this. So I got all Irish and kept doing it. Somehow got it on to the road. Screams now, like it was a Boeing beauty about to take flight through the grey skies of Galway. Residential curtains dancing. The temperature flying up and some apocalyptic fumes. Driving ahead was torture, like trying to drag a planet. Traffic getting frustrated, over taking. Funny looks. Newer models. Folks going to work, thinking: I've seen it all now. I let them by, feeling like a canteen tale to Jane and a water cooler joke to Joe. But hey' we're living now, all she needs is a little motivation. Then it was over, simple as that, as a crows black wing, swift enough to block out the sun for a small quick second. The clutch was

gone. Too much pressure. Too much smoke. Too much of everything, she gave up the ghost and closed her eyes and let the world scream for all it was worth, but this car was never going to drive another foot. Sad state. We'd been through a lot. The guy in the recovery truck was called Dave and he was all full of advice and mechanical wisdom. Said: "She's fucked entirely." Went for a second opinion. Rang a garage. The guy was more diplomatic. Said: "No...I'm a bit busy to go at that today."

Dave let the phone calls fly. Clicked his tongue at the traffic. The Astra mounted in the back like a knackered horse. The silence hit. There was nowhere to go. No garage wanted it. It wouldn't drive. What now. How bout a scrap yard? I don't know Dave, what's that mean? We'll give ya some money, maybe. That's how it flew. They offered fifty euro. I had no choice. I took it and hitched home. Feeling lost and half dead and the wind like a ghost of road trip memories and affections. Hitching home. I wanted a drink.

Cider maybe, or red wine, but had to wait for the fifty. The rain was heavy now. My hands were cold. My teeth hurt. Feeling like I lost a limb. A guy in a cement truck picked me up and I told him the story and he got all sad and then dropped me off at a cross roads about three miles out from my home town. Some kinda river had collapsed it and there was a flood on the road. The only dry patch was right in the middle and I had to run through cos there was a car coming. And I'd get drenched or hit or drowned or something stupid like that. So I started running. I felt invisible. Shimmering navy skies reflected from the saturated ground. My legs numb as glass. Water splashed. Sheep in the fields looking at me like I was crazy. A smell of cow dung and chlorophyll and lost hope for the brute edge of Europe. Leaking shoes and wet feet and some kinda roaring vehicle behind me. Where had I to go? Nowhere really, but it felt like I was in a hurry.

Oscar Time Agan Bitches!

By Alan Forsythe



I always love how people who claim to never watch something so soul destroying as the seat numbing six-hour presentation of the annual love in, fashion show, bad music and over-the-top ode to narcissism that is the Academy Awards, are still able to comment on who wore the worst dress, had the best hair etc the next day.

Well you're going to watch it, you hate yourself for it, but just like how you were going to stop drinking in January you're going to check out the Academy Awards in all of it's glitzoid crapulence. Of course just like sex is better with two or more people, you won't want to do this alone. Part of the 'fun' in watching the Oscars is making predictions, so you can feel some sort of know-it-all smugness if you're right. Alternatively if you're wrong, well so what it's the Oscars, not Jeopardy.

But just the same some of you

don't want to make predictions because, well cause you're big scaredy cats. So as a public service Urban Pie is going to disclose the surefire, take it to the bank winners of the 83rd Academy Awards.

Best Actor: Jeff Bridges, yeah I know everyone's going Colin Firths a shoo in for the King's Speech. But forget it, just like John Wayne before him, this could be Bridges last shot at an Oscar and look out if anyone gets in the way of the grizzled actor's chance at golden statuette, especially a marbled mouthed limey.

Best Supporting Actor: Geoffrey Rush, again, yeah we know everyone thinks it will be Christian Bale for the Fighter, but let's face it he's a douche and the Academy will feel bad about being intimidated by Jeff Bridges and snubbing Firth, so Rush will get the consolation prize.

Best Actress: Nicole Kidman for the Rabbit Hole, 'what!' you're all no doubt thinking, did anyone even see Rabbit Hole, has anyone even heard of Rabbit Hole for that matter? Not likely, but here's the deal Kidman has a blade and she knows how to use it, what's Natalie Portman going to do against that? Big doe eyes and trembling lower lips only take you so far. I'm even going to predict Kidman's acceptance speech, 'hey Portman, you just got schooled bitch!'

Best Supporting Actress: Amy Adams, again everyone thinks it will be Hailee Steinfeld for True Grit but it will be Adams for the same reason Rush wins Best Supporting Actor. That plus she's little, she can be pushed around.

Best Animated Feature: Who cares.

Best Art Direction: See above.

Best Cinematography: What are you, European or something?

Best Song: That thing in the animated film.

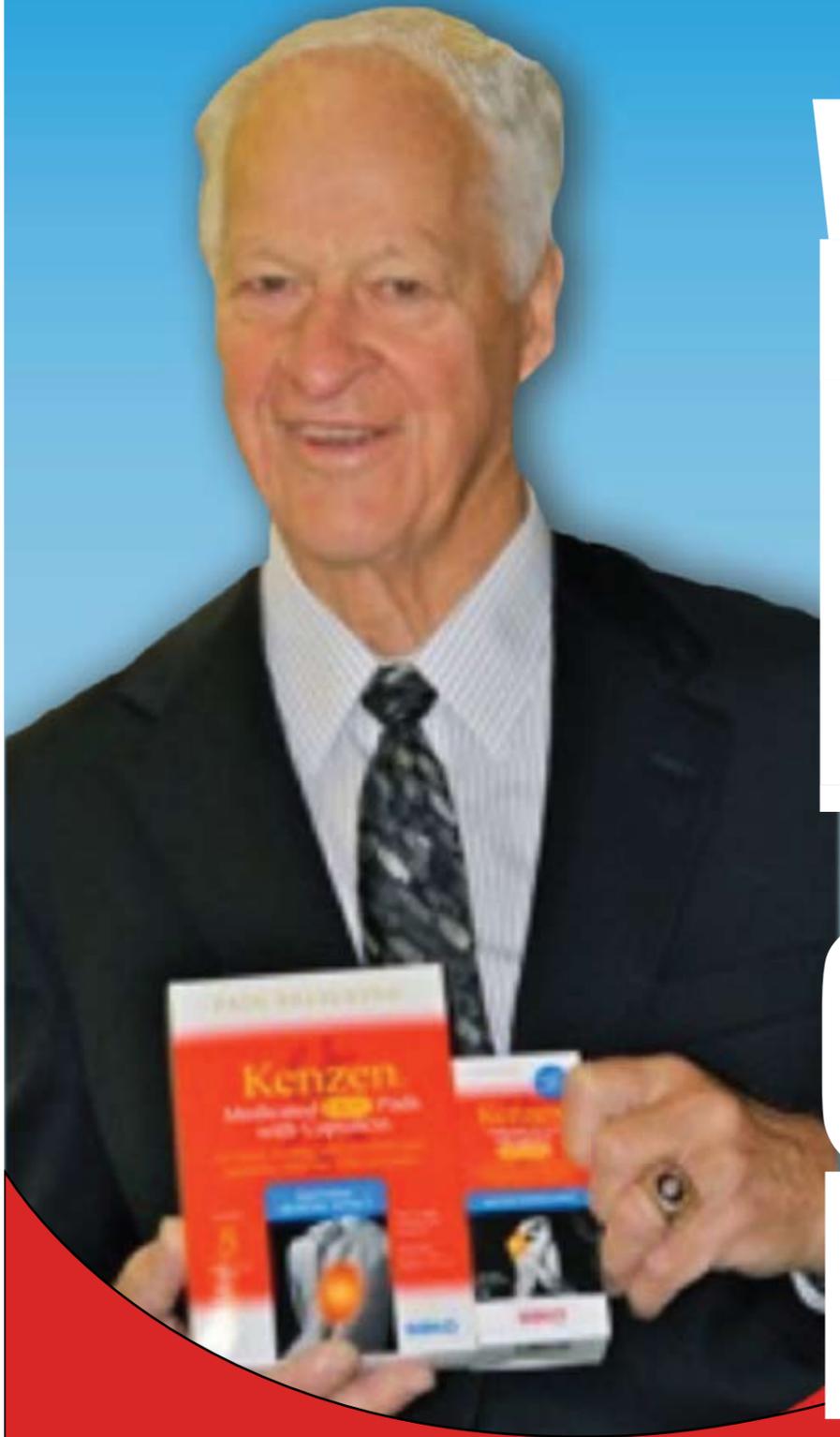
Adapted Screenplay: Some people will say Social Network, as if they would give it to that coke sniffing hasbeen Aaron Sorkin. Pick Toy Story 3 (yeah I know, adapted from what? Don't over think it.)

Best Original Screenplay: Inception, mainly because it had cool dream sequences, as opposed to some British monarch garbling into a microphone, King's Speech indeed!

Best Director: Joel and Ethan Cohen, sure they just won a couple of years back and Tom Hooper or Darren Aronofsky are considered

the favourites, but why do you think the Cohen brothers are so successful in Hollywood? Because their movies make so much money, no they don't. It's because they have the dirt on everyone. That's how they work, one directs and the other gets the dirt, a winning combination, don't bet against it.

Best Picture: So what do you think huh, King's Speech, Black Swan, The Fighter? Ha, so wrong and don't bet on True Grit either despite what I said above. No this year's winner will be none other than 127 Hours, that's right, the movie where James Franco gets stuck behind a rock and cuts his arm off. You think it's a long shot, but if you look at the history of the Academy movies featuring severed limbs are a shoo in, mortal lock, take it to the bank. You read it here first.



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