Throat songs, stuff, Replacements redux

From the throat

Tanya Tagaq Gillis is not about to be put in the "spiritual aboriginal" box. Asked if she believes in astral projection—after all, her website says she "virtually 'leaves her body'" during performances—she replies with a quote from *Ghostbusters*: "I believe in whatever will pay me." Gillis, who goes by the stage name Tagaq, is reached at home in Yellowknife, in the midst of looking at pictures of her daughter's birthday. "I made a cake for it," she says. "Cooking is the one thing I'm not modest about." The down-to-earth Gillis has reason to be immodest about her musical talent as well—her traditional Inuk throat-singing has resulted in collaborations with Bjork, the Kronos Quartet and Mike Patton. Live, she is unlike anything we've seen before: her Biltmore show a few months ago held us spellbound with the unbelievable sounds coming out of her. "It doesn't always happen like it did at the Biltmore," says Gillis. "That was a very strong performance." No matter. If you want to see, and hear, something extraordinary, see Gillis at Heritage Hall, in support of her latest album *Auk/Blood*, Oct. 23. Call 604-684-2787 for tickets.

No, not the Replacements—but a reasonable facsimile. China Syndrome plays *Let it Be* at Pat's Pub Oct. 24.

Palin for prez

Hey, how about this American election, huh? Does anyone else think Sarah Palin would make, like, a totally excellent leader of the free world? Anyway, in this whole economy thing, everyone seems to have forgotten about a little place called Iraq; all the more reason to see *Stuff Happens*. The Firehall Arts Centre presents the David Hare play, which chronicles the march to the American invasion that's cost thousands of lives and spawned lots of tough talk from George W., Oct. 22 to Nov. 8. Using direct quotes from interviews and public appearances by key figures (not including Sheryl Crow), Hare dramatizes the events into an all-too-likely historical narrative. Call 604-689-0926 for tickets.

Feeling bad for Téa

A signed copy of a book by Crispin Glover. A piece of art by Douglas Copeland. A night for you and 190 friends at the movies, including popcorn. The robe and moccasins worn by David Duchovny during his recent stay at a sex addiction rehab clinic. These are just some of the exciting silent auction items that will be up for bid at Scene, the first annual fundraising event for Pacific Cinémathèque Oct. 23 at Canvas Gallery. Cocktails, canapés, film projections and hosts Jacqueline Samuda (*The L Word*) and the *Courier*'s Fred Lee are part of the fun. Call 604-688-8202 for tickets. (We're kidding about the Duchovny items, by the way. Just our sick attempt at humour. Sex addiction is no laughing matter. We apologize to all our sex-addicted readers out there. Really.)

Prepare to be floored: Tanya Tagaq Gillis performs at Heritage Hall Oct. 23.

Let it Be, again

For a certain demographic of music fan, the Replacements are regarded with as much, if not more, fondness as the Pixies, Nirvana or REM. Albums like *Pleased to Meet Me* and *Tim* regularly make top album lists, while the group's shows were notoriously sloppy, and featured barely remembered cover songs, barely remembered originals, and their own lyrics awkwardly pasted onto '60s and '70s pop and rock hits. The Minneapolis foursome's raucous live shows were also were fuelled by, shall we say, a loosening amount of alcohol. On Oct. 24, at Pat's Pub, Vancouver group China Syndrome will recreate the Replacements' *Let It Be* in its entirety, but the Vancouver band will stop short of getting tanked before the show. "Maybe after," says vocalist Tim Chan. Of the songs on the Replacements' 1984 classic, Chan says the mostly instrumental MTV-bashing "Seen Your Video" has proven the most challenging. "It's tricky," he says. "And some of the songs seem simple on the surface, but once you get into them you realize, 'Oh, that's one bar short of what it should be.' They can be admirably sloppy so the timings are a little off." Cover charge in effect.

kudos & **kvetches**

Clip this out

There have been plenty of ugly and dire consequences to the recent worldwide economic crisis. Foreclosures, bankruptcies, unemployment, CEOs taking shorter vacations in Bora Bora as part of their multi-million-dollar buy-out packages. But for our money, or lack thereof, one of the most painful results of the financial apocalypse has been the subsequent "how to save money" tips regularly issued by TV, radio and newspaper reporters and pundits with all the glee and insight of a special needs teacher discussing how to work a toaster. That's how we felt after enduring a segment on CBC Radio One's *Early Edition* last week, in which listeners learned that coupons can save them money on purchases at the grocery store. You heard that right. Coupons will save you money at the grocery store. Not only that, but buying no-name brands is often cheaper than buying leading name brands. Apparently there's also this newfangled technology at the grocery store that scans the prices when you bring items to the cashier. It's like magic.

And it's not just the dimwits at CBC issuing dumb-as-poo nuggets of wisdom. We've seen, heard and read countless "experts" lately telling consumers how to penny pinch with the kind of mashed-up-banana advice most pre-schoolers with metal plates in their heads understand.

Just because the economy is going down the tube doesn't mean the media should be bankrupt of ideas. How about they teach us how to make money. Not earn it, but actually reproduce it in our basement, so we can buy whatever we want without coupons. Man, if that happened, we'd buy so many pairs of nylon track pants it would be wicked. Totally wicked. We'd even have enough to move to Marpole.

Our time to shine... and read

Even though a number of us here at K&K ain't be good at no reading, we're huge fans of books. Not only do they look cool on coffee tables, they make us look more intelligent just by standing in close proximity to them. More than that, we're huge fans of books about imaginary creatures created solely as a tool to market the Olympics and indoctrinate our children. So you can understand how stoked we were when we learned Olympic organizers and Whitecap Books recently struck a deal to publish an illustrated children's book telling the story of the 2010 Olympic mascots Miga, Quatchi and Sumi. What fun.

K&K received an anonymous pirated copy of the book, so we're not sure how accurate it is, but from what we've "read," we can tell you it's a page turner filled with corruption, lies and coercion—and that's just how Vancouver won the bid. We particularly liked the part where promises of low-income housing and anticipated social benefits to Vancouver's downtrodden fail to materialize because of budget overruns, a downturn in the economy and any remaining surplus spent on underground cockfighting. Then there's the chapter where Sumi, Miga and Quatchi are forced to share a bedbug-infested hotel room on the Downtown Eastside—once the Olympics are over, of course, since all the single occupancy rooms were rented out at higher rates to tourists during the Games.

No word yet on a sequel, but how could there not be with all those unanswered questions in the first book. Will Quatchi finally kick his meth habit? Who is the father of Miga's baby? And what kind of animal is Sumi, anyway?