

EMAND  
NB

# SCOPE

olidays



**LEO**  
July 21-Aug 21

The postman has some good advice for you this month. Ignore him. The man is an imbecile. A strange dream will confirm your suspicions about a matter involving your landlord and some olive oil. A strange fat person wearing a red suit with lots of white hair actually wants to fondle your walnuts. Call the police. You appear to be involved in an accident involving a moose on a sled hotly pursued by a number of spaniels dressed in off the rack three piece suits. An engineer will attempt to talk to you. Try not to laugh, he might have some money.

US  
May 20



**VIRGO**  
Aug 22-Sep 22

A sense of well-being turns to one of horror when you realise that all those bottles of free beer that you have been drinking at a Christmas party were actually filled up in the men's washroom. You appear to be taking a trip sometime towards the end of the year but I think those green ones are actually smarties so don't pay too much for them. Being a Virgo and invariably stoned up the wall, be on special guard for Taureans who are still a bit upset about being stuck on a green thing. Make sure the turkey is actually dead this year. A friend suggests a hairpiece but quite frankly your armpits look better as they are.

June 20



**LIBRA**  
Sep 23-Oct 22

A man from the immigration board asks to search your broom closet for Englishmen. Don't trust him, it is actually a severely but rightfully abused tall dark stranger looking for sympathy. With Mercury jumping up and down like a buffoon in your sector, watch out for low flying goats with bad caes of flatulence. A relative has some good news about a neighbour that has recently been throwing used dental floss over the garden fence in protest over the 15 foot snow-phallus you have constructed in the vegetable patch. Money problems are quickly resolved when you get rich extremely quick because you discover that your dog can whistle a selection of Gershwin tunes through his teeth.

ER  
July 20



**SCORPIO**  
Oct 23-Nov 22

Jupiter is swinging right before doing a doe-si-doe past Orion which can only mean one thing: that bastard roommate of yours has eaten the last of the shreddies again. Love will be in favour for you this week but be warned: false emotions may be expressed before it is realised that your partner has confused you with someone in the Guinness book of records. Don't be fooled when you get thrown into a vat of porridge by a favourite uncle. He really doesn't like you. A man with pieces of turf in his ears looks likely to walk into your life with tales of distant lands. It's the milkman again wanting to take your budgie for a walk.



## BRYAN FERRY - Bete Noire

With heavy anticipation I have waited for this album since 1985 when Bryan Ferry brought us Boys and Girls. Ferry's latest release "Bete Noire" comes to us on the Virgin - Nymph Inc. label.

When someone says the name Bryan Ferry the first thing that comes to mind should be the name Roxy Music. Ferry was the singer, song writer and driving force behind the band that Rolling Stone named the most progressive rock band of the 70's and 80's.

Ferry's latest release sounds quite different than Boys and Girls but the style from his last release is still there. The main difference is that he has picked up the tempo which makes this album much more danceable.

Look out for this album at the record shop. Top forty teeny boppers would not like this album, therefore don't get it for your little brothers or sisters for xmas. But for any serious music lover it is a good buy. For any serious music lover get Bryan Ferry's "Boys and Girls", it is a must for any collection.

## STEPHEN

### H.M.S. DUB Dis Dub Disarm (4 song demo)

H.M.S. dub is Bart Stoutenburg and Walter Yarwood hailing from Toronto. This is their second cassette release and it's no letdown from their first. H.M.S. dub is precisely what the name says - dub music. Admittedly, I'm not familiar with dub but hey!, - I like it. It's best described as electronic music with the groove of reggae and the spaciousness and sound effects of techno-pop. There is little in the form of vocals but the catchy rhythm and lead riffs are quite enough to keep anyone happy; not that I'm caught up on lyrics or anything mind you. This tape is highly recommended to anyone tired of that old time rock and roll drivel. Here's something interesting for a change.

Write to (The Big Door, P.O. Box 469, Station C, Toronto, Ontario, M6J 3P5)

### STEVE STAPLES SKINNY PUPPY Cleanse Fold Manipulate (Network Records)

A long time ago when I was but a mere stripling in grade six, I can remember my kid brother rushing home rather excitedly with one of those 'Great Mysteries Of Our Times' type magazines where you get issue two free as well as some tacky gift. Of course I called him an idiot for buying it but, sure enough, when he was safely tucked in bed I snuck in and grabbed the free gift. Why? It was a flexi-disc thing (ie. one of those records printed on cellophane that occasionally pop up in periodicals everywhere) that purported to contain messages 'from beyond the grave' recorded from some special area of the short wave radio band. This I couldn't resist - what a bloody laugh! Captured souls indeed! So I put the object in question on the turntable of my little mono player and proceeded to listen dumb-stuck to

what amounted to something like...  
....crackle ..... crackle ....  
SKREEARGHI .... SKREEARGHI .... ER-  
RYEEKI .... etc.

Strangely enough I nearly shit myself in total terror. It was obviously fake but sounded really evil.

So it was this little vignette that immediately flashed across my mind after listening to the latest opus from self confessed necrophiles, Skinny Puppy. Rather than carefully collecting a range of sound effects to spice up dour walling synths and ultra static percussion it seems as if after some fetid deal with Old Nick, the pups have been allowed to tune into the exclusive wavelengths of suffering and pain. Of course the monotone commentary is supplied by one of the lads themselves but he does a remarkable good impression of some rank and defiled pus slaving fiend exhumed from the vilest pit in hell. (Hire him! - Ed.)

To be quite frank however, it is starting to get a little boring. Most of the songs use exactly the same format as the preceding work and it is almost impossible to listen to the whole record without developing a dull ache at the base of one's skull. For me though the terrible twins shine on the cinematic evocation of *Driving Faces* and *The Mourning*, instrumental pieces that are custom made for those of us that like creeping around with a walkman on in the grave-yard. Honestly! Just walking up University Avenue I kept wanting to make the sign of the cross at the grey and leering winter sky; lest I be suddenly swept away by giant black insectoid creatures with ripped and scab-encrusted leathery wings. (The Campus Police perhaps? - Ed.)

## STEFAN GREER

### MOD (METHOD OF DESTRUCTION) - "USA for M.O.D." (Megaforce Records)

Hardcore and speedmetal band. I'd love to tell you this is pure crap, but unfortunately, I can't. They play well together, know how to handle their instruments, and the album has good sound quality. Heavy on guitars and bass. That's where any form of praise stops. If I believed in record-burning, this album would be the first on the pile. Assuming all of the band men contributed to the lyrics, I can safely say these fellows are socially underdeveloped idiots. I didn't think this type of mentality still existed, eg. From "Aren't You Hungry". "America" has its own problems, that's what should come first, so fuck those nigger's charity, and let them die of thirst". Or from "A.I.D.S." - "That's what you get for having a penis up your ass".

This album really makes me angry. I give it 0.1 out of 5 (the .1 for their musical ability).

### MICHELE AGE OF CHANCE 1000 Years of Trouble (Virgin)

Plagiarism is the name of the disease in Blighty at the moment - steal it, lift it, rip it off ... call it what you want it's going on at a tremendous rate. The crowning glory of this particular art form was eventually manifested just recently by a massive number one smash in the form of *Pump Up The Volume* by MARRS (4 AD Records) which was a collection of about 15 separate dance records hit with a sledgehammer and mixed together with a stumbling electrobeat - the kids loved it. Witness also the Scottish yolks the Justified Ancients of Mu-Mu who on their album 1987 - What

the Fuck is Going On? pinch huge great sections of records such as Abba's *Dancing Queen*, the Beatles' *Let It Be*, etc. and paste them into scrapbook of aural depravation. Abba have actually demanded that all copies be recalled and destroyed (- what sour bastards they are-Ed.) or face HUGE legal consequences. From Leeds in England the Age of Chance are just one of the number of the clever-pending-to-the-left young herberts that have taken this brand of musical statement to heart and a pretty good example of my last little blurb can be found in *1000 Years of Trouble*.

Of course it's basically a rock hard rhythm coloured with 'found' noises, phrases and sounds: a system employed primarily by the B-boys and Yo-kids off the streets of the Great American Metropolis armed only with a ghetto blaster, beat box and a shoulder full of sharp pointy chips. In this department Age of Chance, who are conspicuously pasty, employ the beat blooded talents of the Almighty Power Cut who wields, scratches, mixes and programmes remarkably well.

You have two choices of style on this album: a) songs that feature the massed ranks of the red army stomping up and down on your turntable while everybody shouts in the background and b) songs that attempt to be multi-textured hip hop songs while everybody shouts in the background. Taken one at a time the individual pieces can rest on their own laurels as noisy little buggars that tend to bite when excited. Favourites of mine include *Take It!* and *This is Crush Collision* which are real industrial rhythm pieces that make your groin ache rather violently. Unfortunately all tracks feature the intensely irritating nasal brat-whine of Steven E. Steven - take a break for a while and let somebody else have a go, alright?

Certainly far better than the last album (*Crush Collision*), this latest release might well be enjoyed by people that periodically enjoy locking themselves in the spin dryer with thirteen radios, various noisy kitchen appliances and a drum machine. Take it!

## Nancy Maxime

May I wish all my readers, and especially my contributors, a very happy holiday with health and prosperity for the new year.

### COLOR ME PSYCHO "Kiss Me, Then... Color Me Psycho" 10-Song Cassette (Old Shep Records and Filmworks)

This has been around for over a year but hasn't gotten the recognition it deserves. Color Me Psycho are from Calgary and play great, sixties-tinged rock 'n' roll, at times very reminiscent of the Doors: Tommy Esposito's vocals could pass for those of a less pretentious Jim Morrison, while the cheesy keyboards are as much their trademark as they were for the Doors.

Like a lot of retro bands, Colour Me Psycho sounds familiar. Unlike a lot of these bands, this familiarity never gets annoying. Besides, their hearts may belong to the sixties but their feet are planted firmly in the eighties. (Contact them at: 3907 23 Ave. SW, Calgary, AB, T3E 0J9)

Tom Stillwell

## DEPECHE MODE Music For The Masses (Mute Records)

In all honesty I don't think it's possible to dislike Depeche Mode. Here they come! Fresh-faced puppets dunked in the fountain of eternal youth, clambering out of their toybox emitting small squeaking noises from tiny little pianos strapped to their waists. But golly they're so serious looking for such pretty boys!

Depeche Mode are getting older and wiser it seems - no chirpy bouncy happiness here. Every single song has the same malevolent brooding aspect to it that says - be careful! However, there is still that toybox quality to the whole affair as hinted earlier but admittedly the sounds are getting a harder edge tacked onto them as the years pass by.

'Blasphemous Rumours' a real fave of Canadian modophiles rises from the ashes again as this current epic of puppy-woe in 'Little 15' and I'm surprised that the CHSR faithful haven't been playing it to death. 'I Want you Now' is an odd but simple little melody conspicuous if only because it is helped along by four minutes of heavy breathing. 'Never Let me Down' and 'Nothing' are about as lively as you are going to get on this album, but this is not a point of criticism. The barely noticeable tinge of sixth-form pretention is now almost gone on 'Music For the Masses' and I sincerely hope that this ensemble can stick together for at least another couple of years because the next few albums will be worth waiting for.

In all a good album that deserves to be played on a Monday Afternoon with a cup of tea, a biscuit and an Alan Stilltoe reader.

## STEFAN GREER

There was an attempt to make things a little different this year - if any offense was taken by any members of the community, I most certainly offer my sincerest apologies. Thank you.

