

Skinny Puppy (Nettwerk)

Puppy lovers, you won't be disappointed. Rabies, the latest release from this most excellent of Canadian bands, follows the traditional nastiness you've come to expect: samples, beats, and vocal treatments that warp, gash, mutilate, and implode your mind. Shred, Shred!! The first cut, Rodent, at first listen appears overly sample-reliant but, on further persual, evolves itself into a blistering diatribe of lyrical wickedness...

Older fans (pre-"Mind" era) will enjoy the driving beat of Facist Jock Itch; a skull-resonater "a la Ministry" style. The noticable Ministry influences throughout the album are understandable: Ministry's AI (Alien) Jourgenson not only sang vocals for *Facist*, he produced the album, and, in some places, performed on it as well.

Rain is a treat for those poor souls driven into listening to commercial drivel (a certain "see high") all day long: eighty seconds of distilled audio-tronically hellish sounds, reminiscent of the shredded bodies of murdered clowns slowly grinding themselves into hamburger patties... This one's a must for that special, deprived child in your life. Heavy!

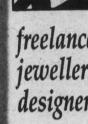
Gothic-sounding choirs surround me as I delve, close-eyed, into the mysterious world of *Chloralone*, my flight accompanied by a Satanic, dis-embodied voice narrating really scary stuff to me. As I/we glide over the shadowy crags of Hades, I can make out grossly stunted trees and stagnant pools of red-tinged toxic waste. Subtle voices and over-stressed metal noises sinuously twist their devious ways into the background of this album's most disturbing cut... (shiver)

The best speed-drums ("tchk-a-tchk-atchk-a..." with machine gun back-ups) I've heard for a long time can be found on Tin Omen; serious comparison between the events that occured in Tiananmen Square and Kent State in Ohio (circa 1968). Listen and learn; enjoy it or die...

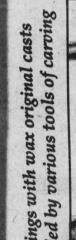
Overall, this album is diverse enough for every(alternative)-body to enjoy, "music for the soul" comes to the forefront of the cerebral cortex. The more you hear, the better it gets" (that cliche is suffocating under its own moronitute, but I'll use it anyway). Ranging from noise-medlys to pancreas-squeezing thrash-O-beats to the heavenly-hellish artistic movie sampling, "Rabies" sucks out the freakishly mutated base-instincts in people everywhere. Get it or "Ha, ha, ha! The joke's on you ... ",

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