THE SCOPE | ST. JOHN'S ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE | DECEMBER 2013 & JANUARY 2014 | VOLUME 9, NUMBER 10 | ISSUE 146 | WWW.THESCOPE.CA

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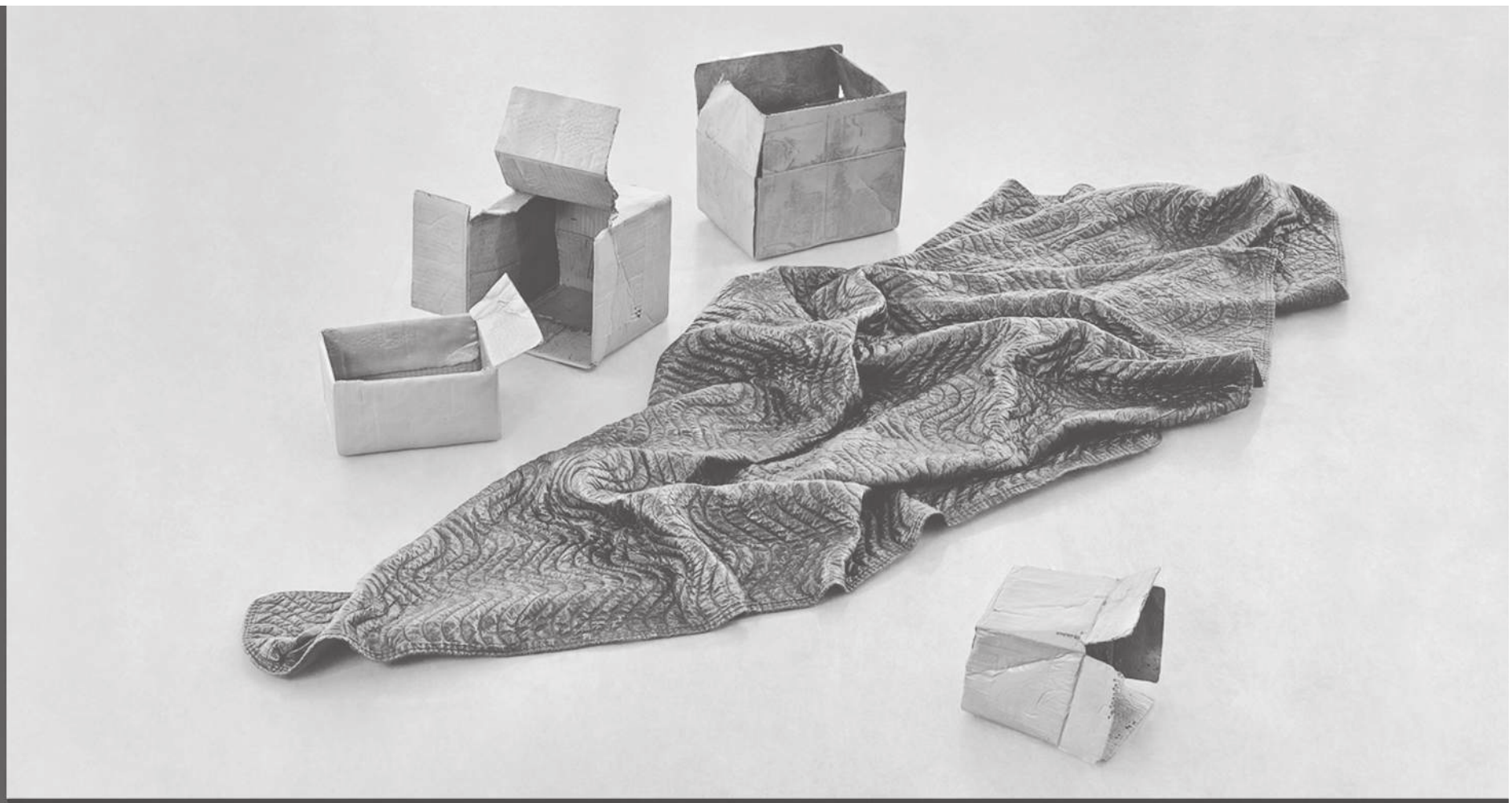
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Zeke Moores. Moving Blanket (2013), cast aluminum. Bronze Boxes (2012), cast bronze. Dimensions variable.

PUBLIC RECEPTION

Thursday, December 19, 7:30 pm

DECEMBER 20, 2013 – APRIL 20, 2014

ZEKE MOORES: DISPOSE

Organized in partnership with the Art Gallery of Windsor
With support of Ontario Arts Council

Moores reclaims discarded and forgotten objects as the cultural artifacts of our time, recreating them as bronze and aluminum sculptures to highlight their beauty and potential.

MIKE GOUGH: RETRACE

Gough's paintings explore the materiality of memory, alluding to personal subject matter that exists just below the surface. The exhibition presents a new body of work created as part of the *Elbow Room Residency Series*.

JENNY HOLZER: TRUISMS

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I saw you compliment your kids in the grocery store on how they were being so well behaved and that you really appreciated it. You were right and I'm sure it comes from having such positive reinforcement that you provided. Made me smile, good Mom!

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Online: www.thescope.ca • **E-mail:** inbox@thescope.ca • **Listings**: listings@thescope.ca • **Mail:** PO Box 1044, St. John's, NL, A1C 5M3 • **Phone:** 709-726-8466 **Publisher:** Bryhanna Greenough *publisher@thescope.ca* • **Editor:** Elling Lien *editor@thescope.ca* • **Listings Editor:** Linda Browne *listings@thescope.ca* • **Production Assistant:** Kyle Bustin *production@thescope.ca* • **Advertising Sales:** Elaine Pond (709) 699-7299 elaine@thescope.ca • **Advertising Sales:** Rowen Warrilow (709) 693-5028 rowen@thescope.ca • **Other contributors for this issue:** Adam Clarke, Andreae Callanan, Andrew Harvey, Andrew Wickens, Bryan Melanson, Curtis Kilfoy, Dan Savage, Darrell Edwards, Drew Brown, Ed Riche, Emily Martin, Jennifer Barrett, Jonathan Adams, José González, Kelly Bastow, Kira Sheppard, Lauren Power, Linda Browne, Marelle Reid, Mark Bennett, Michael Butler, Morgan Murray, Ricky King, Rob Brezsny, Sarah Smellie, Tara Fleming, and Taryn Sheppard. The Scope is St. John's arts and entertainment newspaper, published by Scope Media Inc. 30,000 copies of The Scope were printed this issue and distributed throughout the metro area. The Scope seeks to publish a newspaper that will entertain, inform, and foster cultural development in the St. John's metropolitan area. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the dutch elm spanworm infestation or any similar grody natural wonder. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the low quality of the movie you just downloaded. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the allusion – unintended though it might be – to illicit substances made in the title "Home Grown Dope Jam". We really have no idea what the name means, and neither should you. For more on this, wait for our upcoming book on the subject, entitled "If We Smoked It". The Scope claims no responsibility for your unruly behaviour this New Year's Eve, and we're all really quite shocked you would do something like that. Really. Dude. Like, woah. (Although that thing you did with the balloon was pretty cool.) The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for overpriced local cucumbers. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the murder of Julius Caesar, especially since he was totally warned in advance. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for your flu, even if we gave it to you. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for your kitten scratches, hairballs, or litterbox mishaps. You brought it on yourself, so love it. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the Globe and Mail's redesign, even though we think it's kind of cute. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the length of time it took Christopher Tolkien to edit his father's novel–30 years! At least it's not bad. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the people who wear t-shirts and shorts who complain about the cold. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for faces.com. Really. We had nothing to do with it. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the arrest of Michael Sloan for graffiti-related mischief, who may or may not be the same guy who has the website www.drawger.com/msloan/. Probably not—but his comics sure are funny! The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the actions of the Blanket Liberation Front, the international organization of activists who engage in direct action on behalf of garbage-covering blankets in captivity. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the White Stripes' one-note show on Monday, but would claim responsibility for the band's knowledge of local flag politics if it had indeed been us. And we must say, everyone looked pretty damn good at the show later that night. Damn! Why can't every night be White Stripes night? The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the people offering to feed DDT to Mayor Wells following his comment at a city council meeting that it was safe enough to eat. Nor are we responsible for tropical storm Chantal. Or those moths. Or the late delivery of your pizza. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the sun blotted out by the sky by fog and the weather returning to its normal, clammy, snail-ridden state. (But if it happens to get sunny again, we claim absolutely no responsibility for the high price of sunscreen.) The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the invasion of the Green Crab [People], nor for their attempts to take over planet Earth by changing changing men into metrosexuals. Even though this is completely ridiculous. What? The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the reappearance of the Mars rovers after that big dust storm, nor do we find it a strange coincidence that the green crab were discovered at roughly the same time. These aren't the droids you're looking for! The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for that annoying buzzing sound in your head—it's probably all the coffee you've been drinking. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the candy you bought this Halloween "for the neighbourhood kids" which you subsequently ate. Or the costumeless trick-or-treaters who toilet papered your house after you refused to give them anything. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for Google Zeitgeist Canada ranking "sheep" as one of last month's top gaining search queries (www.tinyurl.com/242wyw). WTF. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for how simultaneously delicious, addictive, and disturbing buffalo wings are. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the power outage that almost fried your MacBook. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the early Christmas shopper who bought Aqua Dots before the recall and had way too much fun. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for you not winning the category of Best St. John's Citizen – sorry you spent all that money on the campaign, but democracy kinda sucks. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for that call we made to Premier Williams' cell phone. We had no idea he was driving at the time! Honest! The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for your sinus congestion and generally cranky nature. February is almost over, bitches! The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for your soggy socks causing you to slip and spill your smoothie everywhere and you hating the universe. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the helium balloons we saw floating in the sky on the morning of March 9, nor for the tears shed over said balloons. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the Oxford comma. We've seen those English dramas too, they're cruel. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for putting your mp3 player through the washer. What are you doing downloading music from the internet anyway, you freeloader? Jeez. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for that video you put up on the internet with you dancing with your underwear on your head, nor for the negative comments you received from username IMgirly88, nor for the low star rating on said video. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for "Sweet Transvestite", "Rapper's Delight", "Tainted Love", "Nothing Compares 2 U", "Evil Ways", "Rock and Roll Hoochie Coo", or any other song that contains cowbell. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for throwing that shoe at the lead singer of Queens of the Stone Age and totally killing the mood at that free show. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the outcome of the St. John's municipal byelection, nor for drawing moustaches on any of the candidates' photos on their election signs. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for your gum losing its flavour even though it wasn't suppose to lose its flavour. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the nagging feeling that you are wrong. You probably are indeed wrong. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the rash of pot busts in the province recently—they told us those seeds were gourmet friggin' oregano, bro. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the power outage which occurred on Tuesday. We had absolutely nothing to do with it. It's actually true. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the fog, rain, or cold. It was you who wished it away when it got hot for a few days back in July, admit it. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the cloned puppies in Korea, the folding of Playgirl magazine, or the Hockey Night in Canada theme song contest. God help us all. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the fact that your mom and my mom reads this part of the paper religiously. There's nothing wrong with that. Your mom and my mom are totally awesome. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for crashing into your car in Gander during the Targa thing. What are you doing with a car anyway? Don't you all fly airplanes in Gander? The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the outcome of the Canadian federal election. Democracy says it's your own damn fault. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for you having the Batman theme stuck in your head. You may have passed on, Neal Hefti, but your earworm lingers on. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the whole cloning from frozen dead animals thing. But don't take Whiskers out of the freezer just yet, Ted Williams is first in line. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for your lack of Google-Fu. Not everybody knows advanced operators like inurl or location or allinanchor. It's okay. Chill out. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the New Year's fireworks show being moved away from the harbour this year. Methane is a flammable gas, remember. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for you getting jellyfish in your stocking. Santa might be trying to tell you something. We're not sure what that is. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for your hatred of cold, snow, ice, and slush, nor for the pain and it brings you. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the frost forming on the inside of your windows. You may want to consider putting some plastic on there or something. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the soul of the mouse we killed in our kitchen the other day. You little bastard, you should have stopped eating holes in our bags of rice when we moved everything to the top shelf. You couldn't take the hint, could you?? The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the record number of UFO sightings reported in Canada last year. Maybe you should all get outside during the day and absorb a little more vitamin D. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for you being late for work ever since the time changed. Stop thinking in the past! We'll get that hour back someday. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for Sheila's Brush, which brought us snow in mid-March, nor for Francis de Laporte de Castelnau's Brush, which is due to give us raining fish in late July. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the article in The Telegram on April 4 by Mount Pearl mayor Randy Simms wherein he proclaims his love of idling cars, plastic bags and chucking compostables in the landfill. Happy Earth Day, mayor Simms! The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the explosion of Ceti Alpha VI 300 years from now, which will leave Ceti Alpha V a barren wasteland. We do, however, claim partial responsibility for mispelling "Khan" two weeks ago. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the swine flu, AIDS, Lassa fever, Gerstmann–Sträussler–Scheinker syndrome, Rabies, African trypanosomiasis, Viral meningitis, or Yellow fever. We're not absolutely sure we have nothing to do with SARS or Marburg Hemorrhagic Fever though. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the shortage of text in this issue. ...Or, well, I guess that is totally our fault. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for your neighbour's cat Smookums digging up your geraniums and pooping in your chrysanthemums. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for your negativity. We don't need that kind of pessimism and crap coming out of your mouth in the morning, I can tell you right now. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the new Tim Hortons location in Times Square, nor for the fact that it is one of the top news stories at CBC.ca right now. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the shortage of oregano, basil, rosemary or any other herb in the city. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for you picking all morning classes. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for anything. Especially political things. We've decided it's all your fault. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for some dude breaking into our office and choosing to steal a camera, laptop and digital projector instead of, say, our electric paper shredder. Paper shredders have feelings too you know. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the fact that you had to turn on the heat the other day. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for you forgetting to blame the November 1 time change when you are late for work on November 2. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the chanterelles you picked which you later discovered were not chanterelles and you died. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for George Lucas' Star Wars, 2009's Bride Wars, Gwynne Dyer's Climate Wars, Activision's Quake Wars, or the local Blog Wars between Geoff Meeker and Peter Whittle. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for that picture of you naked in your front window on Google Street View (now available in St. John's!) The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for your resolutions failing before the new year even hit. How did you manage that, anyway? The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for any Lady Gaga songs you may think you hear pumping out of our office stereo right now, because we would never do such a thing. It's all in your head. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for any penguins which may have been kicked following the announcement of Colby Chipman's new rule: "No kicking penguins." (Paul McCartney was not available for comment.) The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for you forgetting to submit a valentine to us and getting in trouble for it. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for spelling contributor Martin Connelly's last name completely wrong last issue. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for your April Foolery, nor for your March Malarchy. Arrr! The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for your Chatroulette post-traumatic stress disorder. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for any volcano eruptions delaying your plane, boat, car, train, bicycle, stage-coach, mule, or ice cream truck. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the smell of sausage sticking to your hands for days even though you've washed them repeatedly. Perhaps you shouldn't be eating so much sausage. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the non-existence of spring in St. John's, nor for the tomfoolery you get up to on the May 2-4 weekend in an effort to exorcize your winter demons. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for chip bag litter, what president Obama described as "the greatest environmental disasters of its kind in our history." The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for burning that police car in Toronto. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for finding those new species 3000 metres deep off the coast of Newfoundland, nor for frying them up with butter and drizzling them with a white wine sauce. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the tame names given to hurricanes this year. Earl? Really? The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the devastation caused by our Hurricane Igor drinking game. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for ensuring that our Big Ideas are safe. If you accidentally light yourself on fire following our advice, it's your own fault for listening to us. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for Muammar Gaddafi not coming to Newfoundland last year. According to Wikileak, it was because he was afraid of flying over water: bit.ly/f0VF7T. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the quality of the year 2011. Contents may have settled during shipping. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for any RPM Challenge songs written about WikiLeaks. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for any lyin' that happens because of too much Lambs this March. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the lameness of this no responsibility blurb. It's been a long day. Writing these funny things isn't easy, okay?? Hey, come to think of it, the word "blurb" is pretty funny. Blurb, blurb, blurb. Blurb. Heh. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for Comic Sans, nor for the pretentious term "Sequential Art", but boy do we like those funny strips! The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for that sunburn you got after drinking and passing out on your deck a few days ago. We encourage all our readers to wear sunscrean whenever you consume alcohol. Indoors, outdoors, winter, summer—whenever. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the destruction of The Overpass, nor for any future difficulty discerning the differences between townies and baymen. Has Audubon published a field guide yet? The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the destruction of the city at the hands of the giant, mutant dinosaur with atomic breath, Gojira. We had no idea he was lurking just off the nose of the Grand Banks. Sleeping. Waiting. Patiently. Hungry for townie flesh. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the City of St. John's plans to seek corporate sponsorship to help fund its school crossing guard program, nor for the inevitable appearance of video-screened safety vests commanding drivers to drink more Ovaltine. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the lack of free Cormorant helicopter transportation offered in any of the provincial election platforms. How am I supposed to get to the cabin in time for lobster dinner? Am I supposed to walk? Ride my friggin' bicycle? Who do you think I am?? The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the decision not to open provincial legislature until March 5, 2012, nor for the rumour that next year they are considering selling beer, smokes and pull tickets there and going 24-hours. (No hoodies. Please buzz to get in after 10.) The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for that ship that ripped a hole in the side of the Husky oil rig last month, nor for the fact that Transocean is rig operator. You know, Transocean? The same rig operator for Deepwater Horizon when that whole worst-oil-spill-ever thing went down in the Gulf of Mexico? The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for that puffin found on the streets of Montreal. What was it doing there? Someone didn't tell this puffin Newfoundland is a Have province now. Maybe the IceCaps brought the wrong Buddy on the tour bus or something. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for any relationships that are neglected because of overzealous RPM participation. But if you do break up over it, at least you'll have some good material for your own RPM Challenge album! The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for any wet socks, sniffles, and/or limbs lost to frostbite caused by partaking in any of the winter activities detailed, mentioned, alluded to, or hinted at in this issue. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility this National Poetry Month for any odes gone awry, sonnets gone sour, haiku gone to poo, ballads gone bad, blank verse gone blank, concrete gone soft, or epics gone on and on and on and on and on. Play safe with the free verse. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for global warming not happening when we needed it most—in 1912 to prevent the sinking of the Titanic. Curse you, iceberg menace! We'll melt every last one of you, if it's the last thing we do! The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the #newfoundlandbands storm that took over Twitter for 24 hours last month, nor for gold like "Counting Jonathan Crowes" (@paddyjoeboyle), "Cold Plate" (@melanieahelena) and "Gowan Heights" (@709gade). More at www.goo.gl/CN7y5. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the your fake tanning lotion not working out for you and making you look like you fell in a vat of Orange Crush. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for you not going out to pick any blueberries or chanterelles this year cuz there were bucketloads of 'em out there just waiting for you by da jaysus! The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for you being molested by one of the creepy robots at the Halloween superstore, nor for your inevitable stomach ache after you buy discounted bulk candy on November 1. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the effects of south of the border election envy. Sure, binders of women, horses, bayonets, and killer drones are way sexier than kittens, sweater vests, and bowl cuts, but they're only sexy from a safe distance. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the Mayan calendar myth thing being true and the whole world being reabsorbed into some giant's armpit on December 31. What can you really do about that? Nothing. Be nice to each other. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the rusty old Russian cruise ship the Lyubov Orlova breaking free from her towline and getting lost out in the North Atlantic only to eventually find her way back to St. John's Harbour months later like the cat and dogs from the movie Homeward Bound. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the Russian meteorite, and vehemently denies any connection between the disappearance of the Lyubov Orlova and said meteorite. It most definitely is not Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home coming true with Russian cruise ships in place of humpback whales! The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the unlikely coincidence that International Trombone Week, Earth Day, 4:20, and Record Store Day all happen in the same month and you just happen to be a trombone-playing pothead environmentalist who owns a record player. Woah, dude. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for the cat shit in your otherwise perfect flower box. Ah, St. John's spring! The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for your urge, the older you get, to dress like you wanted to when you were 10 (pink, orange, jewelry made out of Lego, sneakers with hidden rollerblades, and sun umbrellas with cartoon characters on them.) The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for anyone who unwittingly stumbles onto an impromptu nude beach this summer. (We suggest the Punchbowl.) The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for you thinking you want to compete in the annual Three-Day Novel Contest and submitting yourself to this special and terrible form of creative torture on Labour Day Weekend only to find you have run out of both steam and coffee by noon of the first day. Ah well. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for your terrible pun-related costume (One Night Stand, Kevin Bacon, etc.) not winning the Mardi Gras costume contest, nor for the fact that Mardi Gras actually takes place the day after Ash Wednesday everywhere else on the planet. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for you, instead of going for the standard "LOVE/HATE" knuckle tattoo, going for something like "BROC/COLI" or "FISH/CHIP" or "FOOD/POOP" and totally regretting the decision. The Scope claims absolutely no responsibility for these No Responsibilities. The Scope does, however, claim responsibility for The Scope. So long, and thanks for all the fish. Free issues of The Scope are still limited to one copy per reader.

Only the attentive Scope reader will really know what this is all about, but here are all of the No Responsibility blurbs we've ever printed, from earliest to latest. Halifax alternative paper The Coast was a huge source of excellent (stolen!) ideas for The Scope, including livetweeting city council meetings and this gag.



HEY, YOU!

THANKS FOR READING.

Thanks to our freelancers and our staff. Thanks to our advertisers. Thanks to our readers. Thanks to our families and friends. Thanks to everyone who cheered The Scope on during its seven year run.

Here's to the past, and here's to the future.

High fives,

PHOTO BY DARRELL EDWARDS

Stuff her stocking with just the thing... *Sprout Money*



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We are so grateful to The Scope for uniting all of St. John's in our love for the arts scene. You will be missed!

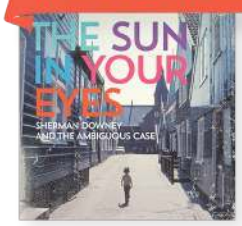


I saw you little duck crossing Allandale Road at the Confederation Building lights this morning. You even waited until the lights turned red before crossing on the crosswalk! You made my day!

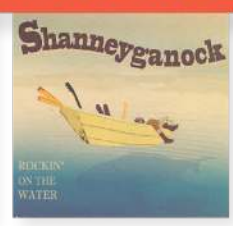
Greetings, gentle fine-print reader! Welcome to the Editor's commentary of this, the final print edition of The Scope. Thank you for purchasing this special edition DVD. My name is Elling Lien and I've been the Editor and co-owner of The Scope alt-weekly-fortnightly-monthly newspaper website magazine rag thing ever since myself and Bryhanna Greenough founded it back when St. John's had a mayor named Andy Wells, spanworms were a thing, and sidewalk snowplowing was just something mean kids did to each other in the winter months. The good old days! Follow along the bottom line for commentary and historical tidbits relating to the object you hold in your sweaty hands.

fred's HERE COMES SANTA

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS



SHERMAN DOWNEY
The Sun In Your Eyes



SHANNEYGANOCK
Rockin' on the Water



DUANE ANDREWS
CRAIG YOUNG
Charlie's Boogie



JOHN CURRAN
Unconditional



THE ONCE
This is a Christmas Album



AARON COLLIS
EMILIA BARTELLAS
Of The Dardanelles



DU-CATS
45 RPMs



TIM NORMAN
Grass Roots
The Voice of Dead Reckoning

THE BEATLES!



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Brand New Archival Recordings On CD & Triple Vinyl Set!

Live at BBC Vol. 1
First Time on Vinyl!

VINYL ALSO ON CD



ARCADE FIRE
Reflektor



BLUE RODEO
In Our Nature



NEIL YOUNG
1970: Live at Massey Hall



THE HEAD & THE HEART
Let's Be Still



BLACK BAGS



JIMI HENDRIX
Miami Pop Festival



MUMFORD & SONS
Singles Collection



VAMPIRE WEEKEND
Modern Vampires of the City

HUGE CHRISTMAS SELECTION



ENNIS SISTERS
It's Christmas



IL VOLO
Buom Natale

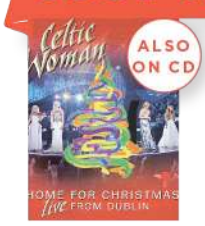


JOSHUA BELL
Musical Gifts

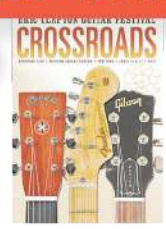


SUSAN BOYLE
Home For Christmas

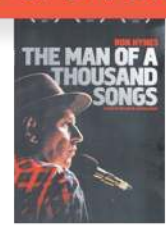
COOL BLU-RAYS & DVDS



CELTIC WOMAN
Home For Christmas Live From Dublin



ERIC CLAPTON
Crossroads 2013 2 DVD Set Also on CD



RON HYNES
Man of a Thousand Songs



ROLLING STONES
Sweet Summer Sun - Hyde Park Live



JOE BONOMASSA
Tour De Force Live in London 4 Shows/4DVDs

HOT NEW RELEASES



PEARL JAM
Lightning Bolt



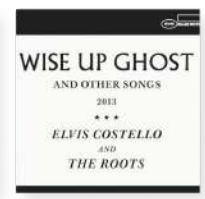
BASIA BULAT
Tall Tall Shadow



KINGS OF LEON
Mechanical Bull



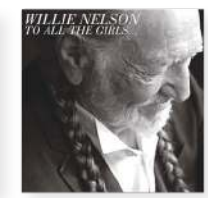
STING
Last Ship



ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ROOTS
Wise Up Ghost



BILLY JOE & NORAH JONES
Foreverly



WILLIE NELSON
To All The Girls Duets



GLEN HANSARD
Drive All Night



RY COODER
Corridos Famosos



HUGH LAURIE
Didn't It Rain



DESTROYER
Five Spanish Songs



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AVETT BROS.
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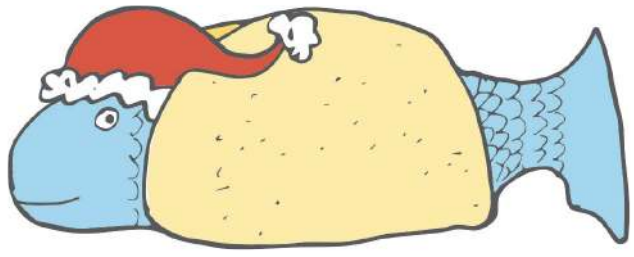




I saw you, actually I heard you tell me 'well I' m not going to put you up in a hotel if that' s what you think' when I called the women' s shelter for emergency services. Luckily that was ten years ago and at that moment the sixteen year old me decided to become a social worker because of you and your condescending attitude to a youth with no where to go.

I don't know why, but I've always liked page 7 a lot. I really don't know why.

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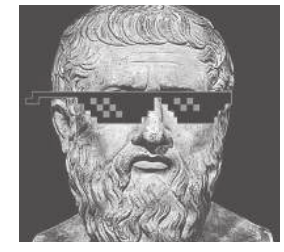
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FLASHBACKS

Drew Brown looks back at the past month in news and politics.

Well, all good things must come to an end. But don't worry: God never closes a popular alternative newsweekly without opening a void in everybody's heart. **At least we'll always have the VOCM Friday Night Sex Show.**

Towards the end of *The Republic*, Plato's timeless work of political philosophy/homoerotic fanfiction, the philosopher warns us about the coming of Democratic Man. Democratic Man, he says, values his personal freedom and enjoyment so highly that he will shun even the slightest restriction on his behaviour—not only the laws of his society, but even the basic discipline of common sense. Here, the greatest degree of freedom—the unfettered pursuit of any and all desires, no matter how crude or self-destructive—slips into the greatest degree of slavery. Democratic Man is a slave to his own stupid self, and he contains the embryo of absolute Tyranny. **It should go without saying, Plato adds, that putting him in charge would be a pretty good way to ruin a city.**



Democracy: Deal with it

Fast forward 2500 years, and this is a pretty accurate picture of the surreal spectacle that is His Worshipful Robert B. Ford, "Mayor" of Toronto.

Where to begin? Rob Ford is a crack-smoking, drunk-driving, racist, sexist, homophobic piece of crap. He's also a liar. There are hundreds of pages of police surveillance documenting him exchanging mysterious packages with criminals, urinating in public spaces, and chugging vodka in the woods behind a high school—all during working hours. Most of the people in the 'crack photo' with him are either dead or in prison, and the *Toronto Star* has a video of him stomping around his living room, blitzed out of his mind, yelling about either murdering someone or wrestling them in his underwear (which is, arguably, a fate worse than death). In one of the eight million awkward press conferences he's held to defend himself, he deflected accusations of sexually harassing an associate with a terrible one-liner about eating out his wife. In the middle of the council meeting to strip him of his mayoral powers, he compared himself to Kuwait and the Toronto City Council to Saddam; he then got into a screaming match with the public gallery and pushed a woman to the floor. There will probably be more by the time you read this sentence. **It's like they set a season of the Trailer Park Boys inside Toronto's city hall.**



His Worship The Mayor of Toronto

Best of all, there is nothing anyone can do about any of this. Rob Ford refuses to resign and, because no one ever anticipated that a bumbling idiot without a functioning sense of shame would ever become the mayor of the largest city in Canada, there is no impeachment process. In fact, Rob Ford's popularity has actually gone up since he first copped to smoking crack. Improbably, the over-privileged son of a provincial politician who seems to live to flout the law has become a beloved symbol of "tough on crime" suburban conservatives—you know, the exact people who, if given the chance, would institute the death penalty for anyone caught smoking a joint within 50 miles of a school zone. The same day Rob Ford threw his wife under the public-relations bus, SUN News gave him a prime time television slot **where Ezra Levant, in total sincerity, compared him to Princess Diana**. The show was cancelled immediately, but for a very large subset of people (maybe enough to get him re-elected), Rob Ford is a folk hero standing up for the little guy against a vast left-wing conspiracy.



"And it seems to me you lived your life like a candle in the wind."

How did it come to this? Throughout this whole ordeal Ford has kept thumping his chest that, in lieu of God, only the voters can judge him. **He is the culmination of a thirty year counter-revolution in Canadian democracy, initiated by the Reform party, to make an angry mob the final arbiter of political truth.** He is a monster of Conservatism's own making, a Nickelback album translated into political power. He even told FOX News that he wants to be Prime Minister, and given that the locus of power in Canada has shifted from the Centre to the West and from the city to the suburbs, "Ford Nation" might be the future of this country. And who knows? Maybe it wouldn't be so bad. It's not like crooks and liars don't already hold all the levers of power in Canada lately. **Putting someone like Rob Ford in the Prime Minister's Office might actually be the most honest thing to do.**



Ther terk er jerbs!
Thertrkerjerrrrbs!

But maybe the wildest outcome of the Rob Ford saga is that politics in Newfoundland and Labrador looks positively sane by comparison. The Liberals wrapped up a surprisingly civil leadership contest in November, and **long-time interim leader Dwight Ball came out on top.** Supporters gave a resounding thumbs-down to both St. John's oligarchs vying for the top spot, proving in Cathy Bennett's case that you can't just crash the Liberal party after working on the government's agenda and expect to buy the leadership—especially if the core of your platform is 'I love the thing your party hates.' **In fact, the leadership went so well (and their partisan opponents are doing so badly) that the Liberals actually look like a viable political party for the first time in over a decade.** If they can finally clean up their financial mess, we might end up with a pretty ballsy premier come 2015.

Drew Brown was designed and built by scientists at NASA to be the smartest, funniest man in the universe covering Newfoundland and Labrador politics in a monthly newspaper column. Unfortunately, science failed us. At least until renowned political commentator Ray Guy passed away earlier this year.

We got a taste of this provincial sea change the other night in the Carbonear-Harbour Grace by-election. Liberal Sam Slade trounced PC Jack Harrington in the contest over Jerome Kennedy's empty seat, taking it with a margin of victory higher than the NDP candidate's total vote count. This is great for the Liberals, but it's not exactly earth-shattering, considering that they carried momentum out of a leadership and were able to shift those campaign machines directly into the ground war. **The real story here is the Tories—this district was one of their biggest blowouts in the 2011 election, so this loss cements the steady death spiral they've been in for the last eighteen months.** The writing is on the wall: what they're doing isn't working. But can they turn the ship around? Given Kathy Dunderdale's rather incredulous response to the results—suggesting a genuine inability to see how they'd done anything wrong—I'm not holding my breath. And as for the NDP, the party's embarrassing showing that day may have proved Dale Kirby and Chris Mitchelmore right when they diagnosed the problems with Lorraine Michael's leadership, but it also underscored that their cure might have been worse than the disease.

So, there you go. I guess the last piece of news I have for you is **that this is where we part ways.** It's been a slice, St. John's. If at any point along the way I made you smile or think, then this has all been worth it. **Our country might be f***ed, but if there was ever a time to mobilize that sublime and abiding sense of humour Newfoundlanders and Labradorians carry in their bones, this is it.** These are the days that we will talk about. So keep your eyes peeled and your heart open, because a better world is calling. Catch you on the flip side.

I saw you kind old couple in the beige ford focus wagon, as you stopped and offered a handicapped man a ride home while he struggled with a cane in one hand and a violin case in the other; thank you, for being a beacon of light in this foggy weather.

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The ACFSJ offers a range of activities and services in French at the Centre des Grands-Vents : choir, badminton, french library, concerts, movies, and much more! To become a member or to learn more about ACFSJ's activities, please contact us!

L'ACFSJ offre une gamme d'activités en français au Centre des Grands-Vents : chorale, activités sportives, spectacles, projections de films, accès à la bibliothèque des Grands-Vents, et bien d'autres! Pour devenir membre ou en savoir plus sur les activités de l'ACFSJ, contactez-nous!

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Learn French this Winter



Night Classes

The Francophone Association offers night classes in French for all levels. Register before **January 17th**. Classes will begin the week of **January 20th** – 1.5 hours per week. Course fees vary from $200 to $245 (ACFSJ members and students benefit from a rebate). For more information or to register, visit our web site or give us a call!

We also offer yoga classes in french for all levels, relax while practising your French!!



Cours du soir

L'Association communautaire francophone offre des cours de français de tout niveau. Inscrivez-vous avant le **17 janvier**. Les classes débuteront la semaine du **20 janvier** – une heure et demie par semaine. Les frais de scolarité varient de 200$ à 245$ (les membres de l'ACFSJ et les étudiants ont un rabais). Pour de plus amples renseignements ou pour vous inscrire, visitez notre site Web ou téléphonez-nous!

Nous offrons également des cours de yoga en français, détendez-vous et pratiquez votre français!

www.acfsj.ca/education · 726-4900

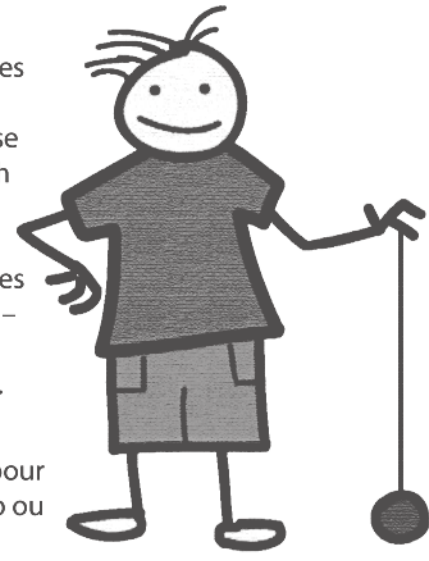
Children's Activities in French

Le Club du samedi

Le Club du samedi offre des activités amusantes et éducatives en français pour les enfants de 5 à 14 ans (sports, théâtre, musique, sorties éducatives, etc). Le Club se rencontre les samedis matins de 9 h à 11 h 45.

La prochaine session commencera en **février** et s'échelonnera sur 10 semaines. Les frais d'inscription sont de 100$ par enfant – seulement 10 $ par semaine ! (Rabais disponible pour les membres de l'ACFSJ).

Pour de plus amples renseignements ou pour inscrire votre enfant, visitez notre site Web ou téléphonez-nous :



The Club du samedi provides fun-filled and educational activities in French for children aged 5-14 (sports, theatre, music, etc.). The Club meets on Saturday mornings from 9-11:45 a.m.

The next session begins in **February** and runs for a total of 10 weeks. Registration fees are $100 per child – only $10 per week! (Rebate available for ACFSJ members).

For more information or to register your child, visit our website or give us a call:

www.acfsj.ca/club · 726-4900

Seriously though, even though neither of us had ever met him in person, both Drew and I shed tears when we heard Ray Guy passed away earlier this year. Back at the beginning of The Scope I really wanted to make a paper Ray would appreciate: something fun, saucy, and more than a little weird. Never making an opportunity to talk to him about it is one of my deepest regrets.





Publisher's Index

By Bryhanna Greenough

Date first issue hit the street: July 6, 2006
Lifespan of The Scope print edition: 7 years, 7 months, 2 days
Time as a weekly publication: July 2006 to November 2006
As a biweekly publication: December 2006 to May 2010
As a monthly publication: June 2010 to June 2012
As 10 issues per year: July 2012 to December 2013
Number of pages in first issue: 8
Number of pages in this issue: 44
Number of companies in St. John's equipped to print The Scope in 2006: 2
Number of companies in St. John's equipped to print The Scope in 2013: 1
Maximum number of pages possible in a single print run: 32
Maximum number of colour pages possible in a single print run: 16
Maximum number of colour pages in a single print run prior to June 2012 : 8
Total ad sales in first issue: $625
Ad sales in smallest single-month/single-run issue of 2013 (April): $20,900
Ad sales in largest single-month/single-run issue of 2013 (September): $32,281
Amount of revenue generated by advertising sales: 100 per cent
Revenue generated by national advertising in September 2013 issue: 7 per cent
Revenue generated by national advertising at time of Great Recession in September 2008: 23 per cent
Industry standard maximum density of advertising: 60 per cent
Number of 2013 issues that required two print runs: 2 of 10
Number of 2013 issues on the brink of requiring two print runs: 4 of 10
Estimated number of 2014 issues that would require two print runs (ie. way more money): 6 of 10
Revenue spent on printing & distribution for April 2013 issue: 31 per cent
Revenue spent on payroll & freelance (not incl. owners' pay) for April 2013 issue: 38 per cent
Revenue spent on printing & distribution for September 2013 issue: 27 per cent
Revenue spent on payroll & freelance (not incl. owners' pay) for September 2013 issue: 37 per cent
Percentage of business owned by Elling (Editor): 49 per cent
Percentage of business owned by Bryhanna (Publisher): 51 per cent
Number of Scope bank loans: 0
Number of Scope credit cards: 3
Amount awarded by NLOWE start up training grant: $1,200
Number of years operating without any insurance: 4
Number of offices occupied in seven years: 2
Number of break-ins: 3
Number of employees for our first issue: 0
Number employees for this issue: 4, part-time (2 Ad Sales Reps, 1 Prod Assistant, 1 Listings Editor)
Ratio of women to men currently on payroll: 2:1
Ratio of women to men on payroll historically: 4:3
Number of production assistants that were women: 0
Number of ad sales reps that were men: 0
Circulation of first issue (weekly): 6,000
Circulation of this issue (two-months): 30,000
Number of distribution spots for the first issue: About 100
Number of distribution spots for this issue: 221
Population of St. John's Metro Area in 2011: 196,966
Population of Halifax Regional Municipality in 2011: 390,096
Pick ups in downtown St. John's: 23 per cent
Pick ups in East End, West End and Central St. John's: 63 per cent
Pick ups in Mount Pearl: 7 per cent
Pick ups in CBS & Paradise: 7 per cent
Pick ups at grocery stores: 33 per cent
Pick ups at university and other college campuses: 10 per cent
Number of human hours it takes to distribute The Scope: 24 hours (+ restocking)
Number of racks lost due to fire: 3
Number of issues Elling distributed: 102
Number of issues Bryhanna distributed: 114
Number of struts cracked from hauling papers in Bryhanna's car: 2
Number of times a winter storm delayed distribution: 1
Total number of freelancers (past and present): 159
Smallest cheque ever written: $4 (To Andrew Wickens for Scruffy Buddies)
Number of syndicated columns in this issue: 2
Number of Best Of St. John's parties hosted: 5
Number of Atlantis Music Prize showcases hosted: 4
Total number of albums from NL produced as part of the RPM Challenge: 565
Number of Scopemaker booze cruises with DeeJay Charters: 3
Number of applicants for a Listings Editor position this Fall: 43
Number of listings e-mail reminder recipients 1,263
Number of times we lost power on a production night: 1
Number of times Elling has pulled all-nighters on production night: 146
Number of Scope cats: 3 (RIP, Shmoo)
Number of Scope fish: 4 (RIP, Mr. Dingles)
Hardest working piece of office equipment: Beastmaster (laser printer)
Date Beastmaster was purchased: 06/06/2006
Approximate number of calls per week received at our office looking for Scope Industrial: 3
Last day this issue of The Scope will be on the street: January 28, 2014

Owning your own business can be beautiful and weird and intense and heartbreaking and exhilarating and amazing—sometimes all at once. Neither Bryh or I ever thought we'd end up running our own business one day, but it was really a means to an end. I remember in Journalism school I was coming up with the business plan for The Scope. In a presentation I said it would be "a heaven and hell of our own creation." Definitely true. Heh.



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Thursday, January 9
10 am – 3 pm

MUN – R. Gushue Dining Hall
Tuesday, January 14
1- 3 pm & 4:30- 7:30 pm

MUN – University Centre - The Landing
Friday, January 17
9:30 am – 1:30 pm

Health Sciences Centre – Lecture Theatre D
Monday, January 27
10 am – 2 pm

College of the North Atlantic – Gym
Thursday, January 30
11 am – 3 pm

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**Includes 1 and 2 unit classes only*

DECEMBER SCHEDULE

MONDAY	CLASSES
8:30 - 9:15 am	T.Ryder.X
9:30 - 10:15 am	Pilates Pure Mat
10:15 - 11:00 am	T.Reformer.X
12:15 - 1:00 pm	Beautiful Barre
5:30 - 6:15 pm	Barre Blast
5:45 - 7:00 pm	Detox Warm Yoga
6:30 - 7:15 pm	Bounce It Off!
7:15 - 8:45 pm	Happy Hatha Yoga
7:30 - 8:15 pm	Soakin' Wet

TUESDAY	CLASSES
9:15 - 10:00 am	Pilat-Ease Your Way (Warm Basic Mat Pilates)
10:15 - 11:00 am	Reformer Flow
12:00 - 12:45 pm	Pilates off the Wall
12:15 - 1:00 pm	Bring the Bliss Yoga
4:30 - 5:15 pm	Beginner Ryder + Reformer
5:30 - 6:15 pm	Pilah-TRX
6:00 - 7:00 pm	Fun Funky Flow Yoga
6:30 - 7:15 pm	Zumba

WEDNESDAY	CLASSES
9:00 - 10:15 am	Yay for Yin! Yoga
12:30 - 1:00 pm	Cinched
4:30 - 5:15 pm	Pilates Chair
5:30 - 6:15 pm	Barre Blast
5:30 - 6:15 pm	Reformer Abs and Butt
6:00 - 7:00 pm	Body Glo Hot Yoga

THURSDAY	CLASSES
9:00 - 10:15 am	Happy Hips Yoga
12:15 - 1:00 pm	Jump It Off
4:30 - 5:15 pm	TRX Fix
5:30 - 6:15 pm	R2V2
6:00 - 7:15 pm	Detox Warm Yoga
7:00 - 7:45 pm	POUND™

FRIDAY	CLASSES
9:30 - 10:15 am	The Practice
10:15 - 11:00 am	R2V2
5:30 - 6:30 pm	Happy Hour Heated Hatha (Hot Yoga)

SATURDAY	CLASSES
9:15 - 10:00 am	Reformer Practice
10:15 - 11:00 am	Pilates Pure Mat
11:15 - 12:00 pm	T.Ryder.X
12:15 - 1:30 pm	Yay for Yin! Yoga

HOLIDAY SCHEDULE
DEC. 22 - JAN. 5

BRAND NEW SCHEDULE
JAN. 13 - JUNE 1

(changes may occur) | Please see live schedule online

JANUARY SCHEDULE *(starts Jan. 13)*

MONDAY	CLASSES
9:30 - 10:15 am	Pilates Pure Mat
10:15 - 11:00 am	T.Reformer.X
4:30 - 5:15 pm	R2V2
5:30 - 6:15 pm	Pilates with BIG Props
5:45 - 7:00 pm	Detox Warm Yoga
7:15 - 8:45 pm	Happy Hatha Yoga

TUESDAY	CLASSES
9:15 - 10:00 am	Pilat-Ease Your Way (Warm Basic Mat Pilates)
10:15 - 11:00 am	Reformer Flow
12:00 - 12:45 pm	Pilates off the Wall
12:15 - 1:00 pm	Bring the Bliss Yoga
12:15 - 1:00 pm	Pilates off the Wall
1:30 - 2:30 pm	Yoga Momma Buddha Baby
3:30 - 4:15 pm	Nourish Your Pilates Practice
4:30 - 5:15 pm	Beginner Ryder + Reformer
5:30 - 6:15 pm	Pilah-TRX
6:00 - 7:00 pm	Fun Funky Flow Yoga
7:30 - 8:15 pm	Zumba

WEDNESDAY	CLASSES
9:00 - 10:15 am	Yay for Yin! Yoga
12:00 - 12:30pm	Armed and Dangerous
12:30 - 1:00 pm	Cinched
4:30 - 5:15 pm	Zenga
5:30 - 6:15 pm	Barre Blast
5:30 - 6:15 pm	Reformer Abs and Butt
6:00 - 7:00 pm	Body Glo Hot Yoga
7:30 - 8:30 pm	Pre-Natal Yoga
7:30 - 8:15 pm	Soakin' Wet

THURSDAY	CLASSES
9:00 - 10:00 am	Happy Hips Yoga
12:15 - 1:00 pm	J.I.T. (Jump Interval Training)
3:30 - 4:15 pm	Nourish Your Pilates Practice
4:30 - 5:15 pm	TRX Fix
5:30 - 6:15 pm	Weight Loss Circuit Training
6:00 - 7:15 pm	Detox Warm Yoga
7:30 - 8:15 pm	POUND™

FRIDAY	CLASSES
9:30 - 10:15 am	Pilates Practice
10:15 - 11:00 am	R2V2
12:15 - 1:00 pm	Beautiful Barre
5:30 - 6:30 pm	Happy Hour Heated Hatha (Hot Yoga)

SATURDAY	CLASSES
9:15 - 10:00 am	Pre-Natal Yoga
9:15 - 10:00 am	Reformer Practice
10:15 - 11:00 am	Warm Pilates Pure Mat
11:15 - 12:00 pm	T.Ryder.X
12:15 - 1:30 pm	Yay for Yin! Yoga

SUNDAY	CLASSES
11:30 - 12:30 pm	Detox Yoga (Warm Class)
1:30 - 2:15 pm	POUND™



WEEK OF JANUARY 6 = 101 WEEK
Several classes will be taught at a fundamental level for first timers or those who want to work on their technique. (See online schedule)

10 - 20 - 30: BODY TRANSFORMATION
- Afternoon session from 1 - 2
- Evening session times between 6 - 7:30
- Begins Jan. 13
- Runs Sunday - Thursday for 6 weeks

PRE-NATAL YOGA
- Starts Jan. 13
- $80 per month
- See January schedule above for Days and Times

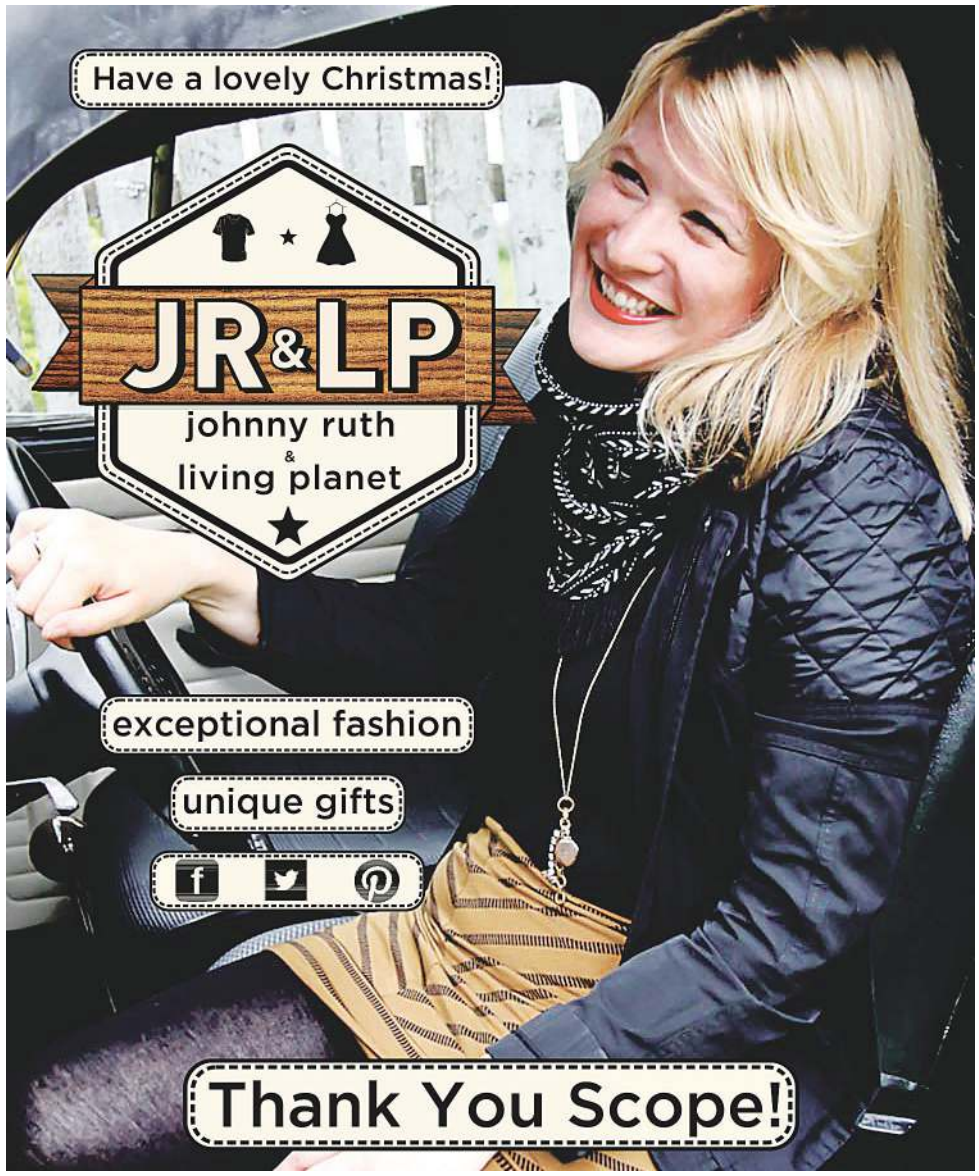
YOGA MOMMA & BUDDHA BABY
- $80 per month
- See January schedule above for Days and Times

JUNGLE KIDS IS BACK
- Starting Jan. 13, register January - June
- Two days per week
- Ages 3 - 6 in the morning
- Ages 7 - 9 in the afternoon
- $40 per week

NOURISH YOUR PILATES MAT PRACTICE
- 3:30 - 4:15, Tuesdays & Thursdays
- Register for 6 weeks - only $180

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Sign up deadline for Pre-Registered Programs is Dec. 17. Classes require a minimum # of participants to run. Call the studio for details.





FOOD NERD

Andreae Callanan is a turkey tease.

As we were eating dinner the other evening, my husband, Mark, asked me, "If you were to tell people how to make one essential thing, what would it be?"

"Um... cheesecake?"

"*Wrong!* Turkey!"

If Mark could have one meal, and only one, day in and day out until he breathed his last breath, it would be turkey dinner. Followed in close second by hot turkey sandwiches. He lives in fear that one of our children might grow up to be a raw-foods vegan, and I can't say what might happen if such a tragedy should occur.

There have been times when I've felt a little bit creatively stifled by the back-to-back turkey roastery we engage in here, where the bones of Thanksgiving's bird have just been boiled clean when we turn around and do the whole damn thing again for our yuletide festivities, but I commit to it anyway. Mind you, there's nothing saying you have to do turkey for both days, or for either. Except tradition. Which can be a pretty strong force, especially for those family-oriented holidays.



ANDREAE CALLANAN
dreae@thescope.ca

And what's wrong with that? There's something to be said for innovation, of course, but there's also much to commend the cozily comforting, the predictable—especially in these dark days of winter. A turkey dinner is a sure thing, and it's also far less complicated than many people would have you believe. Roasting a turkey is pretty much the most stress-free endeavour of the holiday season, provided you take a few minutes to plan it out and don't get yourself worked into a frenzy over it.

Roasting a turkey is pretty much the most stress-free endeavour of the holiday season, provided you take a few minutes to plan it out and don't get yourself worked into a frenzy over it.

I can't even really give you a recipe. I just kind of take the turkey and fling it (lovingly) in a pan, put it in the oven, then some hours later I eat it. I don't even cover it unless it looks like it's getting too brown too fast, in which case I casually tuck a bit of foil over the top. Is my way the only way? Certainly not. Is it the best way? Who knows? I appreciate the fancy stuff —brining and spicing and whatnot—but I just want to keep things as simple as possible during the bustling season.

If you can snag a fresh, local turkey, then by all means do it; our farmers are our friends, so give them your money if you can. If your budget requires that you pick from the frozen offerings at the grocery store, that's cool, too. If you have a decent-sized freezer you can grab a turkey when they're on sale, which happens pretty often. I would advise against the pre-stuffed, pre-basted, buttered-up ones; injecting turkeys with industrial moisture-retaining solutions makes them taste kind of weird.

Whatever you buy, make sure it's fully thawed—and, if possible, close to room-temperature—before you start.

For cooking times, I save myself the second-guessing and check the chart from the Turkey Farmers of Canada (www.goo.gl/e3VKs0), because if they don't know, who will? Don't break your brain trying to work out equations on Christmas morning, just check the chart and err on the side of more time rather than less. If the bird is done early, remember that a foil-tented turkey can sit on the counter for a good 45 minutes before it starts to lose too much heat. That crispy skin locks the heat inside like a toasty jacket. Even if you're rushing and people are looking like they might eat the tablecloth you should let the bird sit for at least fifteen minutes before carving so it will be at optimal juiciness.

So you've got your turkey. You've got your oven preheated to 325˚F. You've got your timing worked out, knowing that once your turkey comes out of the oven you still have to let it rest for fifteen minutes, make gravy, and carve the meat (I allot half an hour or so for all that, but if you're not feeling like a kitchen ninja, give yourself a few more minutes.)

Want to stuff it? Stuff it. Don't want to stuff it? Cut an onion in half and stick both pieces in the cavity of the turkey with a couple lengths of carrot and celery and some fresh herbs (I favour sage and thyme); the aromatics will add a lovely flavour with pretty much no effort. Truss if you want to (you can do it like this: www.goo.gl/KfTm8I), but I don't bother.

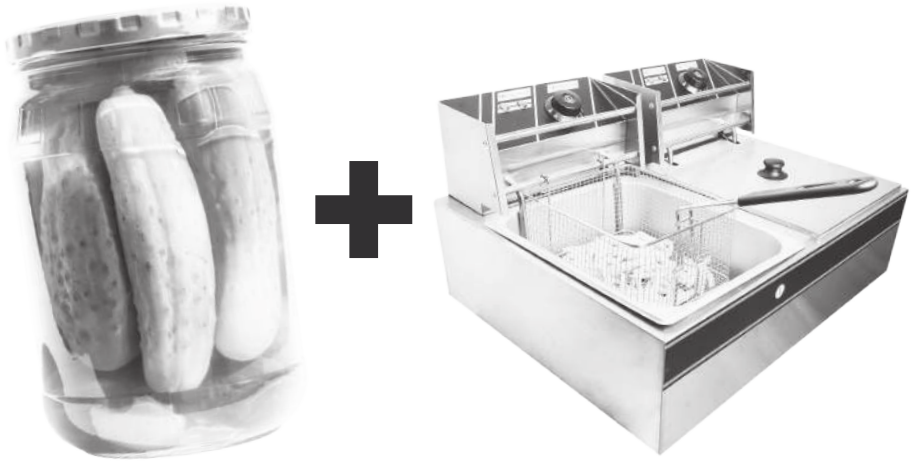
If you don't have a roasting pan large enough, those aluminum ones at the grocery store will do fine, but you might want to double them up, because they can be pretty flimsy. If you have a rack you can put the turkey on inside the pan, use it; if not, it will still be fine.

Salt and pepper the outside of the turkey generously. I like to brush on a whack of softened butter for extra awesomeness. I baste the turkey once or twice toward the end of the roasting time too, and I'm not convinced it makes a difference but it's customary. I don't have a baster, so I just use a big spoon, and it truly isn't Christmas until I have accidentally burnt my arm trying to reach into the oven to baste the bird with the improper implement.

A turkey is cooked when the internal temperature is 180˚F (measured in the thigh). If the turkey is stuffed, the stuffing should be 165˚F. If you're a thermometer-shunning daredevil, you can cut into the thigh joint and if it immediately comes loose and there's no sign of blood, you're good to go. That said, daredevil, thermometers are cheap and you can get them at the grocery store, so if you don't want to have to worry about poisoning your loved ones, pick one up.

Now. I've imparted all my knowledge on to you, and my husband can sleep easy knowing that there are more people out there who aren't afraid to roast a turkey. Happy holidays, friends! May your turkeys be moist and your leftovers be plentiful.

Andreae was one of the first people we approached when we were starting The Scope back in 2006. She and I went to high school together and I've always been in awe of her writing skills. I've also always been in awe of her cooking skills, so I pitched a food column her way. "How about you write something like a sex column, except instead of sex you'd write about food," I said. I'm still not sure what I meant (uhhh... vivid description? Relationship conflicts? Acronyms?), but Dreae ran with the idea and quickly made it her own. Food Nerd was our flagship column until Dreae she retired the column in 2010. The Scope owes a lot of its early success to her friendly, straight-talk style and I'm super happy to print one last print column here.



ST. JOHN'S DEEP-FRIED PICKLE ROUNDUP

Originating in the American South, deep-fried pickles are about as American as Guy Fieri drag-racing Paula Deen in a car made out of butter. They were popularized by Bernell "Fatman" Austin in 1963 at the Duchess Drive-In, located in Atkins, Arkansas (the pickle capital of Arkansas!), conveniently across a dusty highway from the local pickle packing plant. Though sometimes referred to as "frickles", they are the counterpoint to frou-frou trendy foods like gourmet cupcakes or cronuts. We've spotted these golden gherkins on more and more menus in the city, and now deep fried pickles can be found at wing joints, irish pubs and man caves throughout the continent.

Lauren Power dipped into the fry basket and immersed himself in the hot bubbling mysteries of these briny snacks.

THE WORKS
36 GEORGE ST

NAME: Crispy Dills
PRICE: $9.68
COUNT: 8 per order ($1.21 per pickle)
MENU DESCRIPTION: "Breaded dills, deep fried to a crisp."
ON THE SIDE: "Served with your choice of dip." Three ounces of one of The Works' fifteen secret recipe sauces. Accompanied by two lettuce leaves.
ARRANGEMENT: Teepee stack (not a log cabin).

THE GUV'NOR PUB
389 ELIZABETH AVE

NAME: Deep Fried Dill Pickles
PRICE: $7.99
COUNT: 6 per order ($1.33 per pickle)
MENU DESCRIPTION: "Dill pickle spears."
ON THE SIDE: Ranch or blue cheese dressing
ARRANGEMENT: On a plate with newspaper, which is just how they served deep-fried pickles back in turn-of-the-century England.

WING N' IT
5 BATES HILL OR 394 KENMOUNT RD

NAME: Deep Fried Dill Pickle Spears
PRICE: $7.29
COUNT: 6 per order ($1.22 per pickle)
MENU DESCRIPTION: "Lightly breaded and fried pickle spears."
ON THE SIDE: Buttermilk dill dressing
ARRANGEMENT: In a basket. Wing N' It remains the #1 place in the city to eat food out of a basket.

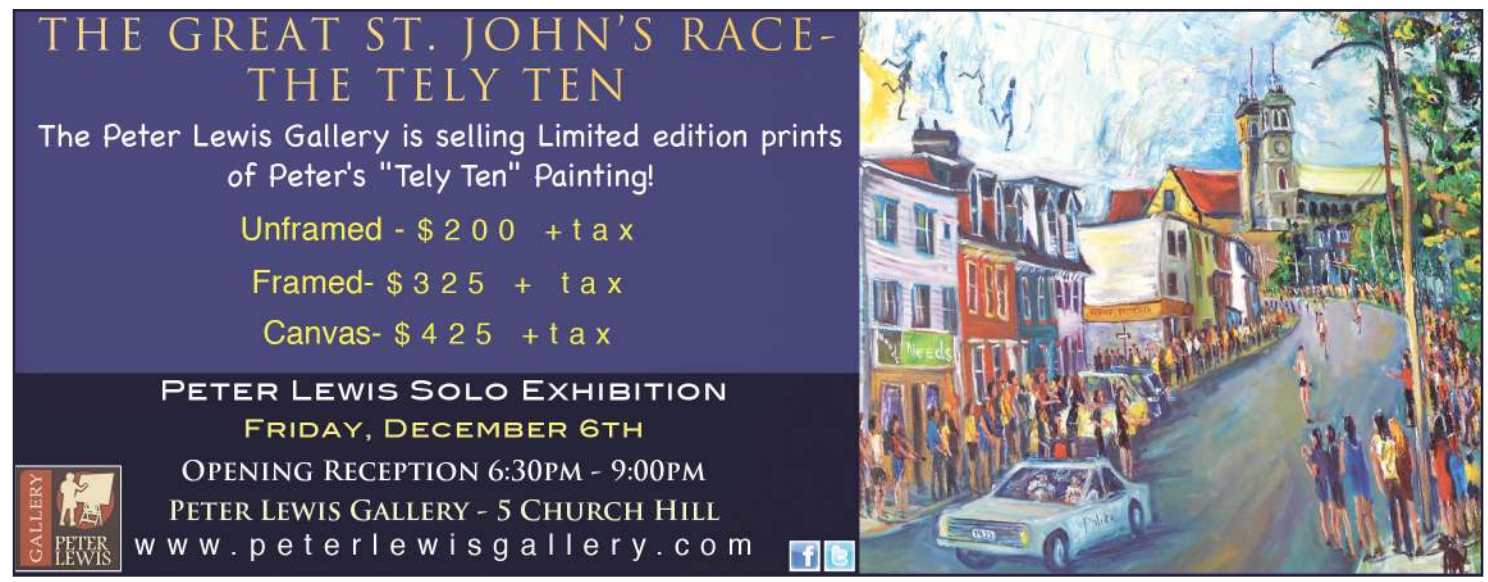
MONTANA'S
13 STAVANGER DR OR 80 KENMOUNT RD

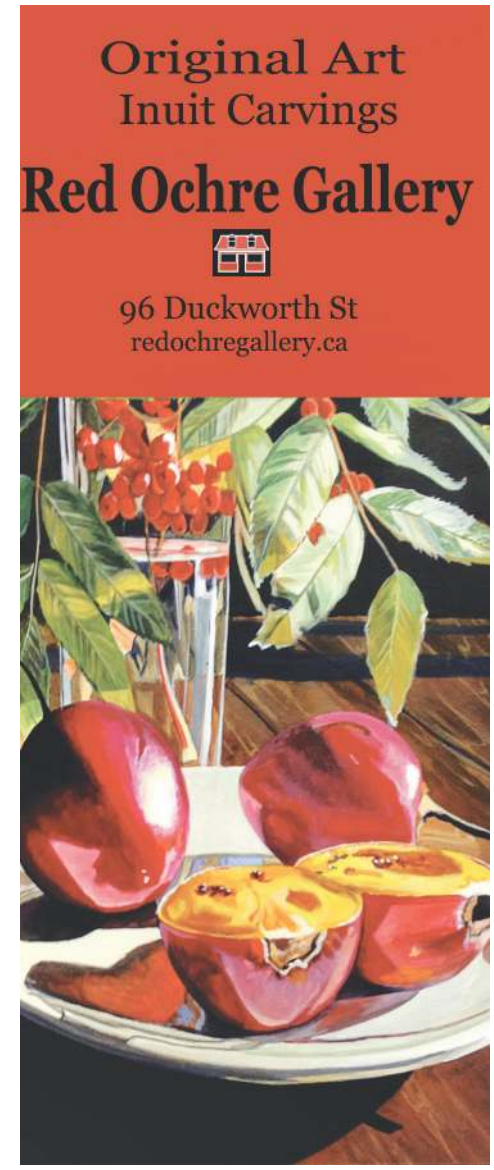
NAME: Deep Fried Pickles
PRICE: $5.99
COUNT: 6 per order (99 cents per pickle)
MENU DESCRIPTION: "The pickle gods would be pleased."
ON THE SIDE: Spicy ranch-horseradish dip.
ARRANGEMENT: Skillet. So rustic!

SAL'S PIZZA
GEORGE STREET

NAME: Deep Fried Dill Pickles
PRICE: $4.44
COUNT: 1 bag
MENU DESCRIPTION: A handwritten sign in the window.
ARRANGEMENT: In a bag







I saw you quitting drinking after all these years. myself and all your friends are so proud of you. :)

Well, we knew no other local publication was going to do a deep-fried pickle roundup any time soon, so why close The Scope and leave this important gap in public awareness? Lauren Power is friggin' dedicated to his craft: he absolutely despises deep-fried pickles but as soon as I pitched this idea he was like, "sure, what's the deadline?" Attention editors: Hire this man.



ON DISPLAY

VISUAL ART MUSEUMS

GALLERIES

OPENINGS

CHRISTMAS EXHIBITION: Small works plus a selection from Gerald Squires' Mary series, Gerald Squires Gallery-52 Prescott St 229-7578 (Sun Dec from 8 to Dec 22 from 2pm to 5pm)

COLOUR & LIGHT: A fine art exhibition featuring new works by gallery artists, Red Ochre Gallery-96 Duckworth St 726-6422

DECK THE WALLS: Exhibition and sale of artistic wall hangings and other small quilted items from the Eastern Edge Quilters Guild, Field Centre-MUN Botanical Garden-306 Mt Scio Rd 864-7669 (Wed Dec 4 to Tues Dec 17 from 10am to 4pm)

HUMANITARIAN PHOTO EXHIBIT: Local photographer Chris Boyd showcases photos taken around the world for various humanitarian organizations, Free, Newfoundland Canvas-3 Cashin Ave (Sat Dec 14 from 7pm to 10pm; Sun Dec 15 from 2pm to 8pm)

JENNY HOLZER TRUISMS: An exhibition consisting of reprints of posters that launched the American conceptual and installation artist onto the international stage in the 1970s, The Rooms 757-8000 (Opens Fri Dec 20)

MIKE GOUGH RETRACE: Gough's paintings explore the materiality of memory, alluding to personal subject matter that exists just below the surface, The Rooms 757-8000 (Opens Fri Dec 20)

MUSIC & EXHIBITION: Steve Cowan and guests present an evening of classical guitar music to accompany an art exhibit of the works of Chang Ling, $8, Fixed Coffee & Baking-183 Duckworth St (Sat Dec 28 at 8pm)

OPEN HOUSE: Art & refreshments, Ultramarine Fine Art Studio-100 Duckworth St (Thu Dec 5 & Sat Dec 14 starting at 12pm)

RURAL PALETTE: Peter Lewis solo exhibition, Peter Lewis Gallery-5 Church Hill 722-6009 (Opening reception Fri Dec 6 from 6:30pm to 9pm; Ends Dec 22)

ZEKE MOORES DISPOSE: Moores reclaims discarded and forgotten objects, recreating them in bronze and aluminum to highlight their beauty and potential, The Rooms 757-8000 (Opens Fri Dec 20)

ONGOING

THE GOAT WHO STOLE CHRISTMAS T'REE: Exhibition and sale by artists Cara Kansala & Pam Dorey featuring oil paintings, sculptures and Christmas pieces, Heritage Art Gallery-309 Water St, 2nd fl 739-7994

CULTURAL TIES: An exhibit of 20 specially-designed neckties designed by notable artists, that originated as a fundraiser for UNICEF in 2008, The Rooms 757-8000

FROM THIS PLACE: Our Lives On Land and Sea: Stories of how the original peoples of the province connected and how they are connected now, The Rooms 757-8000

HERE WE MADE A HOME: Exploration of the rich and distinctive culture of Newfoundland and Labrador and its evolution over time, The Rooms 757-8000

INNER WORKS: Anne Meredith Barry, Peter Bell, David Blackwood, Chris Pratt, Mary Pratt, a Parsons Shepherd, Reginald Shepherd, Gerald Squires & Don Wright, The Rooms 757-8000

IT'S A DOG'S LIFE: Exhibition of images and textual materials highlight the dogs played an integral role in Newfoundland and Labrador throughout the 20th century, The Rooms 757-8000

WORKING ON HISTORY: Watching Our Stories Unfold: An exhibition of artifacts reflecting life in NL from the 1700s to present day, The Rooms 757-8000

LAST CHANCE

ANNUAL CHRISTMAS SHOW: New works by Iakov Afanassiev, Jennifer Barrett, Brent Coffin, Michael Connolly, Tia Connolly, Malin Enström, Bonnie Leyton, John MacCallum, and others, Leyton Gallery-Clift's-Baird's Cove 722-7177 (Ends Dec 24)

COMFORT & JOY: An annual holiday exhibition of finely crafted objects, Craft Council-59 Duckworth St 753-2749 (Ends Dec 18)

LYNNE COHEN FALSE CLUES: An exhibition of the renowned photographer's work on interior spaces that nudge the surreal, The Rooms 757-8000 (Ends Dec 8)

NATURAL SELECTION: Significant works spanning the history of landscape painting in Canada, including work by A.Y. Jackson, Pegi Nicol MacLeod, and more, The Rooms 757-8000

NORTH: An exhibition of works featuring artists who call the North their home and artists inspired by the North, Craft Council-59 Duckworth St 753-2749 (Ends Dec 18)

MUSEUMS

ADMIRALTY HOUSE MUSEUM: 1915 navy wireless station now communications museum, 23 Old Placentia Rd-Mt Pearl 748-1124

CONNECTIONS: This Place and Its Early Peoples: Polar bears, carnivorous plants, sea birds and mammals plus the people who made their lives here, The Rooms 757-8000

EARLY PRINTERS' MARKS: Examples of brand development and trademarks from the 16th and 17th centuries, First Space Gallery- QEII Library (Ends Dec 23)

FIGHTING SAIL: Two warship models from the Napoleonic wars of 1803 to 1816, The Rooms 757-8000

GEO CENTRE: See Signal Hill's 550 million year old geology and rock and mineral specimens, 175 Signal Hill Rd 737-7880

GOTCHA! Carnivorous Plants Chow Down: An interactive exhibition focusing on the province's diversity of curious carnivorous plants, from the pitcher plant to the bladderwort, The Rooms 757-8000



Give yourself a gift this year and check out the Christmas exhibition of small works at the Gerald Squires Gallery from December 8 to 22. Credit: Ferryland Downs Continued Series, Gerald Squires

LIFELINE TO VICTORY: Naval presence in Newfoundland from 1939 to 1945 and its role in the wartime, The Rooms 757-8000

MAGIC LANTERN SHOW: See Alice in Wonderland and Peter Pan as told by Victorian lantern slides, narrated using original scripts,The Rooms 757-8000

NEWFOUNDLAND SEALING DISASTER: Documents from the 1914 tragedy in which 78 sealers perished on the ice, The Rooms 757-8000

RAILWAY COASTAL MUSEUM: Model ships, shipbuilding and dockyard history plus the story of Newfoundland's railway boat service, 495 Water St W 724-5929

SECRET: SS Eagle and MV Trepassey Antarctic Missions, 1944 to 1947, The Rooms 757-8000

SILVER - A NOBLE METAL: An exhibition examining silver, a sought-after commodity for centuries, and its uses and markings, and its production within the province, The Rooms 757-8000

THE FLUVARIUM: A panoramic view under the surface of Nagle's Hill Brook. Fish, insects and plants in natural habitat plus interactive exhibits, 5 Nagle's Place 754-3474

WIND-SHIPS: Cargo Vessels in the Last Days of Sail: An exhibition of ships' portraits from the 1800s, The Rooms 757-8000 (Opens Jan 15)

WORKING ON HISTORY: Watching Our Stories Unfold: An exhibition of artifacts reflecting life in NL from the 1700s to present day, The Rooms 757-8000



FLOWCHART BY ELLING LIEN

I'M A PRO AND DON'T WANT TO MAKE AN ALBUM IN A HURRY

WHY NOT START A NEW BAND WITH FRIENDS FOR FUN?

NAH

SURE

USE A PSEUDONYM SO NO ONE WILL KNOW IT'S YOU

FAIR ENOUGH, BUT...

CAN YOU SING?

NO

YES

HOW ABOUT RAP?

NO

YES

HOW DOES THE WORD 'ACAPPELLA' SOUND TO YOU?

EW!

FUN

KNOW ANY FOLKS WHO CAN HELP YOU WITH THE MUSIC?

NO

YES

ASK AROUND AT OUR WEBSITE OR AT A KICKOFF

WANT TO WRITE STORIES, POETRY, JOKES OR SKITS?

NO

YES

WHO SAID THE ALBUM HAD TO BE A MUSIC ALBUM?

DO YOU LIKE TO SCREAM RANDOMLY AND HIT THINGS?

NO

YES

YOU WILL START A NOISE BAND

RPM IS A GREAT EXCUSE TO TRY AND LEARN NEW STUFF

HAVE ANY OTHER EXCUSES?

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO PLAY AN INSTRUMENT

GET OUT OF MY FLOWCHART!

I DON'T LIKE MUSIC

I'VE NEVER WRITTEN MY OWN MUSIC BEFORE

I HAVE TO MAKE A SANDWICH

FOUR WORDS: FIELD RECORDING AS FILLER

PS: IF IT MAKES YOU FEEL BETTER, 2012 IS A LEAP YEAR

IT CAN BE EITHER 35 MINS OR 10 TRACKS *OF ANY LENGTH*

35 MINUTES IS TOO LONG

DO YOU HAVE BREAD AND CHEESE?

NO

YES

GO GET SOME

MAKE A SANDWICH

YES

NO

WHY AREN'T YOU TAKING THE RPM CHALLENGE?

I'M AFRAID OF FAILURE

ARE YOU BUILDING THIS UP TO BE A BIG DEAL?

YEP

YES

THE GOAL ISN'T TO MAKE *THE* ALBUM, JUST *AN* ALBUM

THE ONLY WAY TO REALLY FAIL IS TO NOT TRY AT ALL

I DON'T THINK I CAN DO IT ON MY OWN

I DON'T HAVE TIME

CAN YOU SET ASIDE YOUR WEEKENDS?

NO

YES

HOW ABOUT 30 MINUTES EVERY EVENING?

NO

YES

HOW ABOUT JUST 35 MINUTES, TOTAL?

YES

NO

HAVE ANY OTHER EXCUSES?

I DON'T HAVE 10 SONGS

WHAT? YOU HAVE A SONG WRITTEN ALREADY?

YES

NO

YOU'RE DOING GREAT

JOIN THE CLUB!

I DON'T HAVE THE FAINTEST IDEA HOW TO RECORD

ARE YOU A FAN OF DANIEL JOHNSON'S *HI, HOW ARE YOU*?

YA!

BUY A PLAYSKOOL TAPE RECORDER AT THE THRIFT STORE

NO

YOU'RE IN LUCK! 35 MINUTES IS JUST ENOUGH FOR A JAM

IT'S ALREADY 11:25PM ON FEBRUARY 28

CAN YOU AFFORD TO PAY A PRO TO RECORD YOU?

YES

NO

HAVE A FRIEND WHO CAN HELP FOR CHEAP/FREE?

YES

NO

I CAN'T AFFORD A RECORDING STUDIO

DO YOU HAVE A COMPUTER WITH A DECENT MIC?

NO

YES

YOU HAVE $100 FOR A GOOD DIGITAL RECORDER?

NO

YES

THIS IS THE CHALLENGE

Record an album in 28 days, just because you can. 10 tracks or 35 minutes of original material recorded during the month of February 2014.

It's not a contest, and there is no fee. It's for fun.

Details at **thescope.ca/rpm**

WELCOME!

You won't regret it, we promise.

To find out more and to sign up visit **thescope.ca/rpm**

RPM 2014 Kick-off Party
Friday, January 31 from 7-9pm
Fixed Coffee & Baking
183 Duckworth Street

I saw you, nice boys/men of St. John's, giving girls the eye but never approaching them! Why is it only cocky (ie. drunk) douchebags who are brave enough to talk to girls? Ladies are tired of having to be the ones to initiate things. Pursue us please. We know you want to.

I am so ridiculously proud of how big a role The Scope has played in bringing the RPM Challenge to the province. It's such a pure, honestly good thing we've been able to do. No one loses, we all win. The Scope may be no more, but here's to a bright future for the RPM.

The Sound Symposium would like to thank everyone at The Scope for 7 years of invaluable service to the arts community of St. John's!

Sound Symposium and The Arts and Culture Centre present

The Scruncheons New Year's Concert

A celebration of drumming and fun!
Join the Scruncheons percussion ensemble for a FREE kid-friendly show full of surprises.

· Sunday Dec. 29, 3:00pm ·
Arts and Culture Centre, Upper Concourse

sound symposium xvii
July 4 - 12, 2014

celebrating new music and performance
soundsymposium.com • facebook.com/soundsymposium

The Finer Things

Wine tastings with Tom Beckett

Specialty cheeses

Songs, Scenes and Speeches from Shakespeare chosen and directed by Paul Rowe, performed by the finest Festival alumni

AN EVENING OF WINES, CHEESES AND THEATRE

in support of the
Shakespeare by the Sea Festival

December 20th & 21st at 8pm

Newman Wine Vaults, Provincial Historic Site
436 Water Street

Tickets $50 per person in limited quantities
shakespearebytheseafestival.com

ON SCREEN



Adam Clarke illustration by Mark Bennett, reproduced from The Scope's 2009 Comics Issue.

AND ANOTHER THING

Adam Clarke bids adieu to yieu and yieu and yieu.

It's taken all of my strength not to title this last On Screen column "Goodbye. Farewell. Amen". Unlike that final *M*A*S*H* episode, I promise I won't be too long or too self-indulgent. I will, however, be posing just outside The Scope offices with "On Screen" spelled out in the snow this Christmas. How else can I commemorate the five years I've been writing for this paper?

Five years? Yikes.

I always thought this paper would outlive me and of course when your second review earns you a death threat it's easy to think your days are numbered. Being told to be careful lest I be subjected to a real-life re-enactment of *Funny Games* back in 2008 wasn't the only time I got harassed while writing this column. Other highlights include an e-mail in poison pen from one of the producers of *When Animals Attack*, a disgruntled artist asking for my home address on his Facebook page, and legal threats showing up in my inbox following a piece I wrote mocking the notoriously litigious Harlan Ellison.

I won't rehash the details of those or other incidents here. You'll have to wait until I finish my autobiography, *Straight To Video: The Adam Clarke Story*. Yes, angering dumb people is indeed a joy for any critic and I take these occurrences as badges of honour, yet, if trolling were the only thing in this for me I wouldn't have contributed to *The Scope* for so long.

Earlier this year, when Shadi Mitchell's *The Disappeared* was released in cinemas, I got a message from a friend of mine urging me to look at the film's Facebook page. My review was shared on the page, and what the administrator wrote caught my attention: they said I gave *The Disappeared* a glowing review (which I did), but more important was the qualifier that an endorsement from me is hard-earned.

I liked being considered hard to win over. All I was doing was writing about a subject I was passionate about.

I liked being considered hard to win over. All I was doing was writing about a subject I was passionate about.

When a movie's come out, the filmmaker's statement is done. If we're to talk about entertainment or, heaven help us, art in any way, it's the critic's job to keep the conversation going.

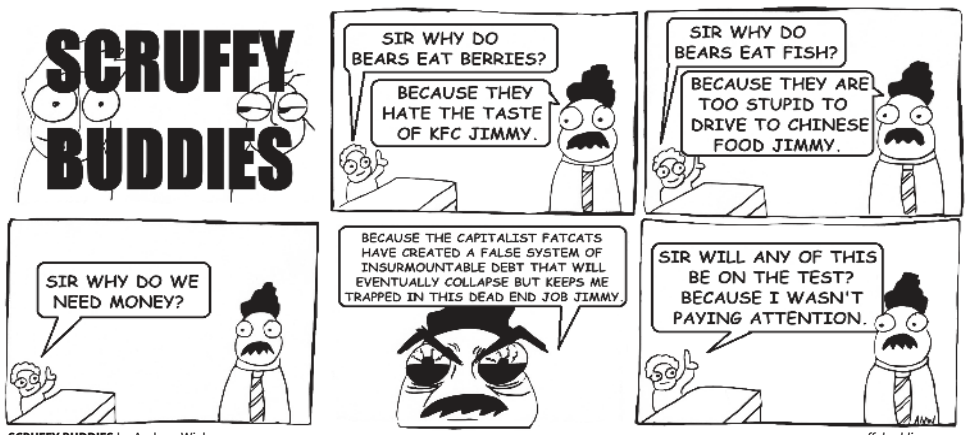
If you're going to write, you need to be passionate about your subject. I wrote reviews not because I had a strict formula about what worked in film or TV. I did it because I liked thinking, talking, and writing about film and TV all the damn time. I loved engaging people to talk about movies and TV, whether it be my fondness for Fellini's *Armarcord* or simply stating the finer points of movies with the words "Godzilla vs." in the title.

Whether you're miserly or generous with your praise, what's rewarding about this kind of work is to start a conversation about all those obsessions running around in your head like gremlins. If you can point your readers to an unjustly overlooked film or get someone to mull over a different point of view, then you're doing your job well. I hope more critics show up in St. John's.

The Scope allowed me to write about the things I love, in print and online, just about every week, and like a horde of plague rats I got to spread my obsessions to Scope readers over the last five years.

That odd e-mail or comment from a fellow pop culture lunatic who decided to watch a bunch of Donald Pleasence movies or *The Adventure of Faustus Bidgood* or *Exorcist III* or *The Prisoner* because of something I wrote? Best feeling in the world. That's why I write about my obsessions. That's why I'll miss writing for *The Scope*.

Adam's talent as a film critic really shines bright when he is letting loose on a really terrible movie. One of my favourite of Adam's reviews is for the 1977 *Jaws* rip-off, *Orca*. It was shot in Petty Harbour and is one of those movies that boomerangs so far into bad movie territory it actually ends up being an enjoyable movie-watching experience. From his review: "Orcas. Killer whales. They're in our waters. They're dominating our news. Maybe you don't think they're so bad. Think again, citizens. It's not just the minke whales these superficially cuddlesome, undersea pandas are after. Oh no. They want us. They want to feast on our flesh. And what's more, they want not just to take our lives, but our way of life." Read it at www.goo.gl/sNcy8d



SCRUFFY BUDDIES by Andrew Wickens

www.scruffybuddies.com



EVERYBODY CHEER UP by Bryan Melanson

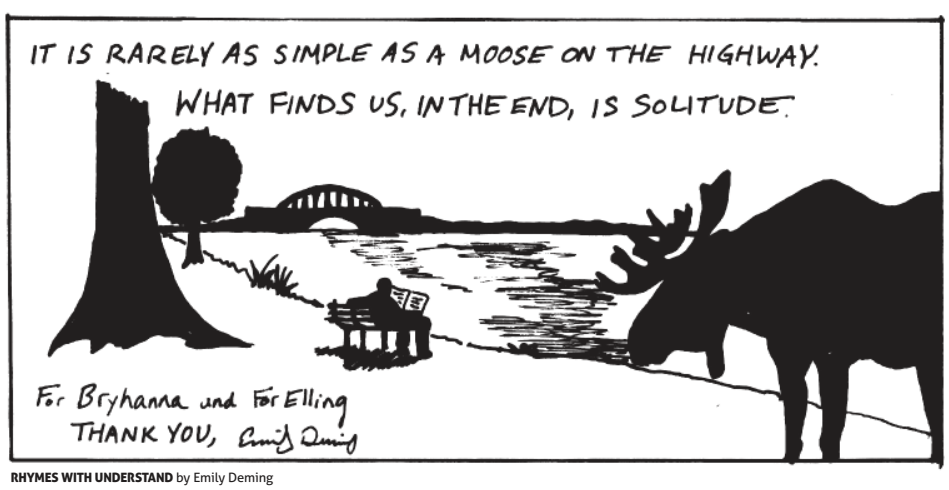


WEREBEARS AND ONLY CHILDREN by Jennifer Barrett

jbarrettart.com



(by Mo P)



RHYMES WITH UNDERSTAND by Emily Deming

I saw you adorable lesbian couple at the Aquarena. In fact I see you everywhere. You two are the Ellen and Portia of St. John's.

Newspapers without comics are a perversion of nature and must be eliminated. Yeah, I'm talkin' to you, *New York Times.*













SAVAGE LOVE

Miss Savage Love? Check out VOCM's **Friday Night Sex Show**, 8-10pm. Seriously. Like, woah.

I'M A HETEROSEXUAL GUY in my early 20s. I've been dating my girlfriend for about six months, and we've been having some fights recently. The problem: I have a high sex drive in comparison to hers. I want to be intimate on a weekly basis (at least!), and she's told me that she's more of a once-every-three-weeks-or-so person. I'm trying not to put pressure on her. I don't want her to feel uncomfortable—she's a virgin (no penetration), and the thought of the pain of that first time scares her a bit. That said, physical intimacy with her—developing that bond, even without intercourse—is important to me and a key part of what I believe is a healthy relationship. I do my best to be understanding, but I'm not sure how to bridge this gap.

— Love Is Building Intimacy During Outset



DAN SAVAGE
mail@savagelove.net

While it's great that you're understanding of your girlfriend's sensitivities, LIBIDO, and while it's commendable that you view nonpenetrative sex as fulfilling, you're running the risk of "understanding" her into a relationship that makes you both unhappy. Because someone who wants sex multiple times per week will eventually be made miserable by someone who wants sex far less than once a month (which is what the "or so" at the end of "once-every-three-weeks-or-so" means), and vice versa—being with you will make your girlfriend miserable in the long run, too.

I get e-mails daily from miserable people on both side of this divide, LIBIDO, from people with high libidos who married lows and from people with low libidos who married highs. The highs are miserable because years of sexual rejection have shredded their sexual self-esteem, or they feel like monsters after years of being "indulged" with going-through-the-motions sex by barely willing and clearly miserable partners. The lows are miserable because going through the motions makes them miserable or they're sick of constantly being pestered for sex and made to feel inadequate or broken when they pass.

You're young and straight, LIBIDO, and the culture tells the young and the straight that they must be monogamous (because sex is so important) and that they shouldn't take sexual compatibility into consideration when picking a partner (because sex is so unimportant). Other shit matters, too, of course—stuff like emotional compatibility, similar life goals, being on the same page about kids, etc. But basic sexual compatibility matters, too, and its absence will eventually undermine everything else.

By which I mean to say, LIBIDO: You've been dating this girl long enough to know that you're not a match—you're not sexually compatible—and that's reason enough to end this relationship.

LAST MONTH AT A HOUSE PARTY, my boyfriend accidentally burned my chin, neck, and cleavage during a clumsily executed volcano shot. I was literally on fire for a few seconds. Some doctor appointments, burn creams, bandages, and awkward scabbing later, I'm healing nicely. My problem is, our sex life has become much more complicated. Before the accident, we were having sex only every week or so. But now he stares sadly at my neck wound (which still has a red line going down it) every time he looks at me. It's very hard to feel sexy when you're constantly looked at with pity, regret, and concern, and the stress of being sexually frustrated is fueling other stresses. I just want a way out of this sad circle we've found ourselves in.

— Burned

Your boyfriend can't stare at a neck wound he can't see. So until you've fully recovered, B, turn off the lights or blindfold him or lace him into a leather hood—or all three—and have sex the way the good lord intended us to, i.e., in the dark with our pitiful/regretful/hooded boyfriends. And no more flaming/stunt drinks, ferf***sake!

MY BOYFRIEND AND I are in our mid/early 20s. We have been dating for a little over 10 months. We have a strong emotional bond and are always communicative and honest with anything and everything. We have an amazing and adventurous sex life, and we have been fantasizing about cuckolding for about two months. We are both extremely turned on by the idea, but I have reservations about doing this in such a young relationship. Unlike married couples who have years to lay an emotional foundation, my boyfriend and I have less to fall back on. I am excited by the idea of this, but I am scared I will end up feeling used. I am also afraid he will not be able to handle the reality of the humiliation. It turns him on to talk about it, but he has never done this. What happens if we are emotionally wrecked afterward? I'm afraid we're playing with fire. I love him and do not want to lose him, but this is something that excites both of us. What should we do?

— Young And Restless Duo

Cuckolding realities are a lot more challenging than cuckolding fantasies—emotionally and logistically. So you're right to be nervous, YARD. But relationship longevity doesn't guarantee cuckolding success. Good communication, mutual desire (so f***ing important with this fantasy!), and a commitment to take things slowly-bordering-on-glacially are far better predictors of success. And if you take it slow—if you limit your cuckolding play to dirty talk for 10 months at least—you'll have more of that experience/trust/security stuff to fall back on if and when you find the right bull/stud/lover.

I'M A 24-YEAR-OLD LESBIAN, and I have been with my girlfriend for almost three years. We have both been GGG about things to do with each other in the bedroom, and I'm generally happy with our sex life. Since I am e-mailing you, though, there is a "but." She is bi and has always wanted to have a threesome with a guy and another girl. I am all for that in theory, but I have a hard time emotionally. I have anxiety. I'm in therapy and on medication, and even still it's really difficult for me to wrap my head around sex with new people. I would spend the entire time silently freaking out. I am not sure how I feel about her getting f*ed by someone else, even if she's f***ing me at the same time. I really want to do this for her, but I don't want it to go poorly because of my issues. Do you have any advice for navigating something like this that your partner really wants but you don't? For how to get game not just in letter but in spirit?**

— Having Anxiety Raises Difficulties

I'm going to give you the same answer I gave YARD: Talk about it, fantasize about it, be open to it, but take it glacially. Guys who are interested in sexing two women aren't that difficult to find, HARD, so trust that the right guy—one who makes you comfortable, one who is unthreatening—will come into your lives at some point. If you're worried about how you might react to watching your girlfriend have sex with that special someone else, she shouldn't have intercourse with that special someone else the first time you get together. Make out, roll around, engage in a little mutual masturbation. If that feels good—if it doesn't make you anxious or freak you out—make a plan to get together again.

Check out Dan's weekly podcast, the Savage Lovecast at www.savagelovecast.com

mail@savagelove.net
@fakedansavage on Twitter

St. John's, you're sexy, but you're a bit of a prude. For the first little while we had a sex column written by a local and that didn't go over too well. Back in 2006 the folks at Coleman's were so offended by a particular article we ran on anal fisting that they chucked our floor stand in the dumpster. Eventually we started syndicating Dan Savage's column. Complaints weren't as frequent, but losing distribution spots wasn't uncommon. A few years ago we reached the point where we had to expand our distribution to grocery stores to survive and after talking with a few managers we made the tough decision to remove the sex column altogether. That was three years ago. I contacted Dan to see if The Scope could one last column in this issue and he let us run this one for free. Thanks, Dan.

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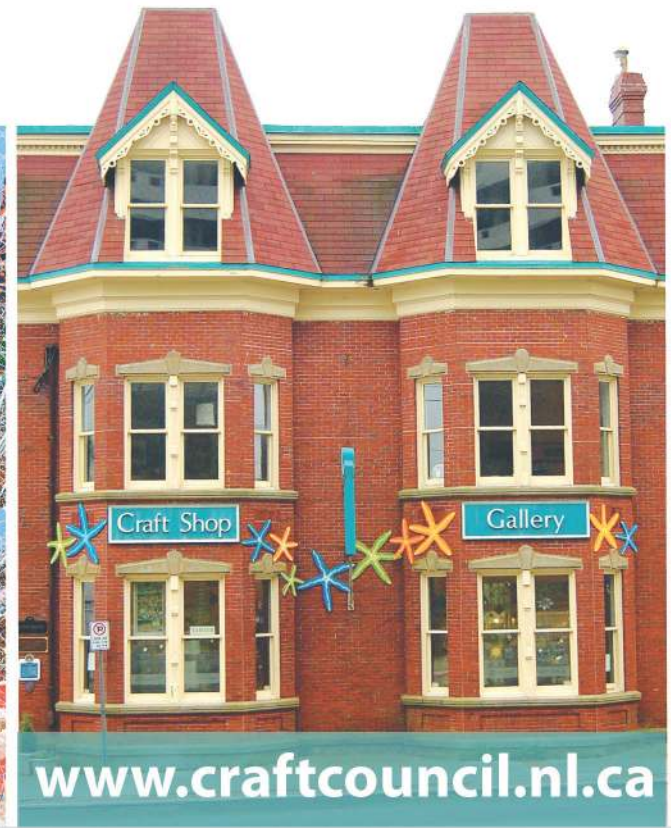
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I saw you, cyclist at the intersection of Allandale and Prince Phillip, waiting patiently in the turning lane behind a car, instead of just zipping by them. Thank you!

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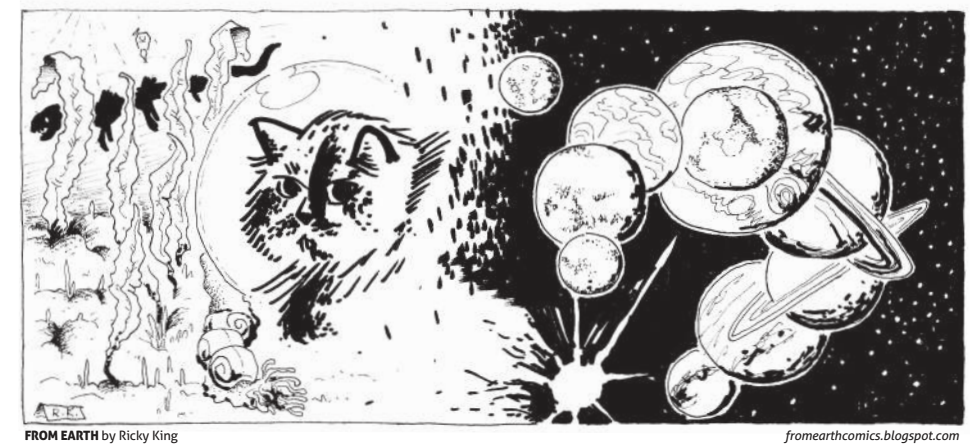
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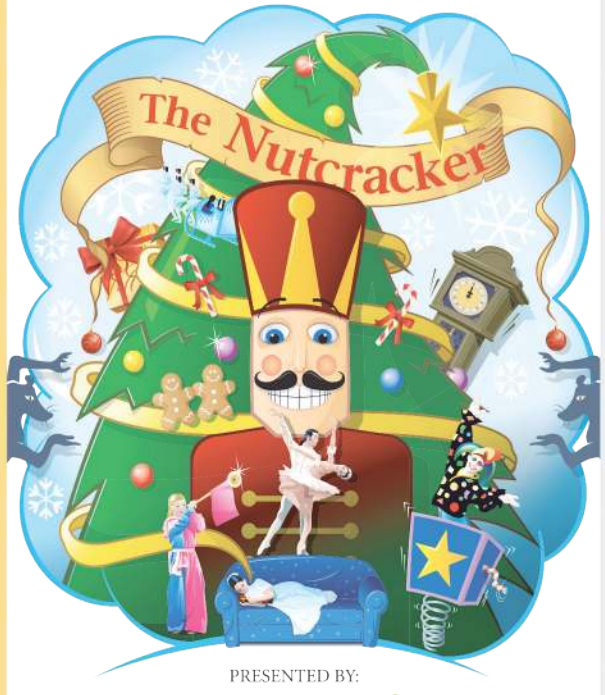


FROM EARTH by Ricky King — *fromearthcomics.blogspot.com*



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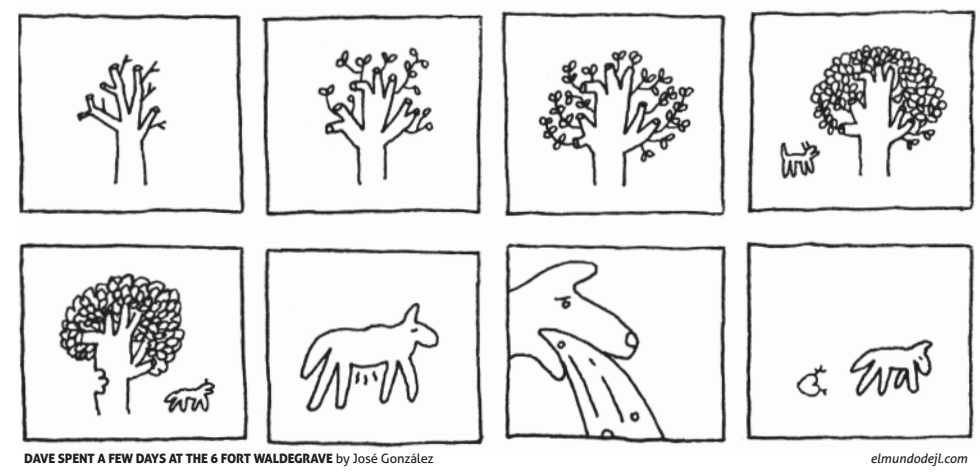
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PERFECT SUNDAY by Michael Butler — *localfavorite.blogspot.com*



DAVE SPENT A FEW DAYS AT THE 6 FORT WALDEGRAVE by José González — *elmundodejl.com*

I'm really proud of the set of strips the Scope has had for the past few years. At times hilarious, at times gorgeous, at times dark, sweet, complex, simple, twisted... These folks are not just some of my favourite cartoonists from Newfoundland, they are some of my favourite comic artists, period.

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- Stay at the Celtic Rendezvous cabins in Burnt Cove for the night

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- Drive to Bay Bulls for 0900 Kayak Tour by The Outfitters
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Draw date during Christmas week on Coast 101.1!

I saw you rearranging the wreaths in the war memorial after the wind blew them away, you seem nice.

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DECEMBER 2013

Hey Sagittarius, be true to yourself, keep sharp and never lose your edge.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov 22 – Dec 21)

Touted as a prime source of "kick-@ss spirituality," author Danielle LaPorte has advice that's good for you to hear. "You will always be too much of something for someone," she says, "too big, too loud, too soft, too edgy." But that's exactly as it should be, she adds. It would be a mistake to "round out your edges," because then you would "lose your edge." And I'm here to tell you that you need all of your edge right now, Sagittarius. It's time to ignore people's mediocre expectations and push past their limits. To be true to yourself, you will probably have to be too much of something for several someones.

CAPRICORN (Dec 22 – Jan 19)

Going into my spiritual mentoring session with the priestess, I had the intention of discovering truths about myself I didn't know before. That meant stirring up revelations about my ignorance as well as my potentials. I wanted assistance in facing my flaws as well as in tapping into my dormant powers. It worked. Her guidance was a potent catalyst. I was able to shed the debilitating nonsense stories I'd been telling myself about who I am. I awakened strengths that had been asleep. What I wish for you, Capricorn -- indeed, what I *predict* for you -- is a comparable experience. To expedite matters, go out in search of a person, adventure, or breakthrough that can help provide you with the kind of prod I received.

AQUARIUS (Jan 20 – Feb 18)

I bet people will be gossiping about you more than usual. Is there anything you can do to ensure that it's mostly benevolent gossip? Yes, there is. First, make sure that when you gossip about others, you are unfailingly positive in your comments. If you don't have anything good to say about someone, don't say it. Second, be on your best behavior. Communicate clearly and don't even think about taking unethical shortcuts. Finally, contribute more inspirational energy than usual to every group you're part of. Be an effervescent team player.

PISCES (Feb 19 – Mar 20)

Maybe your ego isn't big enough. I'm serious. Is it possible that you could benefit from being more proud of yourself? Would it be healthy for you to give yourself more credit for the struggles you have weathered and the skills you have mastered and the beauty you have managed to forge out of the chaotic raw materials that life has given you? I've got a good feeling about this, Pisces. I can imagine you summoning the playful courage you will need to express more confidence. I can even picture you beginning to fantasize about embarking on certain stirring adventures you've never believed you were strong enough to try before now.

ARIES (Mar 21 – Apr 19)

Thinking inside the box will be a crime against your nature in the coming weeks. The last place you want to be is in a pigeonhole. I advise you to stay far away from tight squeezes, claustrophobic "sanctuaries," and "convenient" confinements. If you're in a one-size-fits-all situation, you simply won't be able to access your highest intelligence. So then where should you be? I am rooting for you to wander into the wild frontiers where unsanctioned wonders and marvels await you. I'd love for you to find virgin terrain and uncharted territories where the boring old rules don't apply.

TAURUS (Apr 20 – May 20)

Mike Finnigan is a veteran keyboardist and blues vocalist who has toured with more than 20 major acts, including Jimi Hendrix, Etta James, Leonard Cohen, and Los Lonely Boys. There's a primal quality to his singing. It's gritty and fluid and tempestuous, almost feral at times. I understand perfectly why Bonnie Raitt has called him a "tall drink of bacon." The sound he makes with his voice is that lush and tasty. Can you guess his astrological sign? It's Taurus, of course. I'm naming him your patron saint this month because you yourself are as close as you have ever come to being a tall drink of bacon.

GEMINI (May 21 – Jun 20)

French painter Henri Matisse thought highly of his own work. He tended to ignore critics because he didn't think they understood his art well enough to produce intelligent critiques. There was one person whose opinion he was willing to heed, though; a single colleague who he said had earned to right to evaluate and assess his art: Pablo Picasso. I encourage you, Gemini, to come up with your own short list of people whose judgment you totally trust and respect. It's a good time to seek out their feedback on how you're doing.

CANCER (Jun 21 – Jul 22)

How is it possible that you have come so far and worked so diligently only to be resigned now to hanging out in limbo, waiting around for the lucky break that may or may not ever arrive? I'm here today to escort you out of this infernal place. If you resist, my assignment is to drag you out. Why am I so adamant? Because I am sure it's a mistake for you to be passive and hope for the best. You need to resume working diligently, focused for now on what's right in front of you without worrying too much about the big picture. In my opinion, that approach will lead you to unforeseen help -- and a clarification of the big picture.

LEO (Jul 23 – Aug 22)

Your levels of personal magic are high. The radiance beaming out of your eyes is extra sparkly. There's an artistry to the way you are expressing yourself. Without even trying, you're exuding natural charisma and animal magnetism. In light of all these advantages, I suspect you will have an elevated capacity for both giving and receiving pleasure. In fact, I predict that your ability to feel really good and make other people feel really good will be at a peak. I hereby designate this the Time of Supreme Bliss.

VIRGO (Aug 23 – Sep 22)

The BBC reported on an expert who combs Switzerland's Risoud Forest to find the spruce trees whose wood can be made into the highest quality violins. After years of experience, Lorenzo Pellegrini knows which few trees will produce instruments with the most resonant tones. They grow slowly and have few knots. They need to have had enough water to grow strong, but not so much water that they're mushy. Your task in the coming weeks, Virgo, has a certain resemblance to the master tree-picker's work. It's time for you to start selecting and gathering the raw materials you will use to craft your own lyrical story in 2014.

LIBRA (Sep 23 – Oct 22)

Here's the bad news: For all of us, including you, there is a gap between our intentions and our actual effects. Here's the good news: Now is your special time to narrow that gap. More bad news: All of us, you included, are periodically guilty of sending out mixed messages. We confuse people with our ambivalence; what we say is sometimes different from what we feel. More good news: Now is your special time to reduce your mixed messages to as close to zero as possible. One more taste of bad news: Like all of us, you are a bit hypocritical. You engage in behavior that you criticize in others. You don't practice what you preach. One last piece of good news: Now is your special time to work on being forthright, genuine, and consistent.

SCORPIO (Oct 23 - Nov 21)

"I am very fond of strawberries and cream," said author Dale Carnegie, "but I have found that for some strange reason, fish prefer worms. So when I went fishing, I didn't think about what I wanted. I thought about what they wanted. I didn't bait the hook with strawberries and cream. Rather, I dangled a worm or grasshopper in front of the fish." That's a good teaching story for you, Scorpio. In order to get your desires fulfilled by the people who have the power to do that, you should give them what they actually long for -- not what you long for, nor what you wish they would long for. This is always true, of course, but it's especially applicable to what's going on in your life right now.

HOMEWORK

What part of you is too tame? How can you inspire it to seek wilder ways of knowing? Write Freewillastrology.com.

We've been publishing Free Will Astrology since 2007, and I'm proud to do it even though I think astrology is ... °cough° ... a sham. Rob Brezsny is great though. He rarely descends into fortune cookie territory, he's clever, fun, and he gives good, human advice. If I ever get the chance to drop acid with Rob Brezsny I will not hesitate to do so.

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8:00 pm

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Sursaut presents *Boo!*

March 9, 2014

8:00pm

Sursaut Dance Company is devoted to the creation, production and dissemination of dance shows for young and family audiences. Boo! is made up of three dance pieces: Charlotte and Cyril, Penelope Topsy Turvy, and Study in the Round. Sursaut's joyful and touching creations thrill spectators young and old alike.



Colin James

March 20, 2014

8:00pm

When Colin James first hit the scene a quarter century ago, he became an instant rock guitar hero, mentored by the legendary Stevie Ray Vaughan. Since then, this iconic Canadian has topped the charts as a pop vocalist, recorded an acclaimed blues album and led the swing revival with his Little Big Band. He has performed for the Queen, sold multi-platinum many times over and continues to sell out shows coast to coast.



Gordon Lightfoot

April 25–26, 2014

8:00pm

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The ACC would like to bid a fond farewell to the Scope. Thank you for providing us with seven years of arts *and* culture – you will be missed!

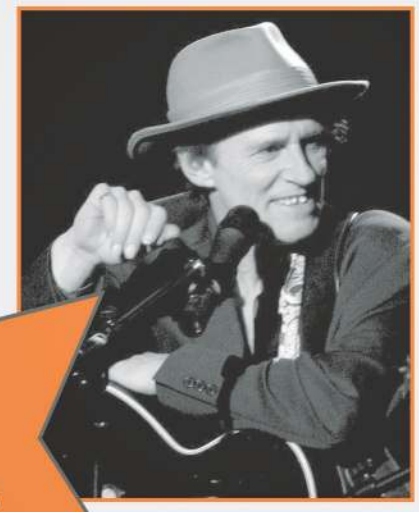
I saw you fleet of starlings, there were hundreds of you flying in synchronized patterns at dusk around Quidi Vidi, it was spectacular! Natures fireworks.

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