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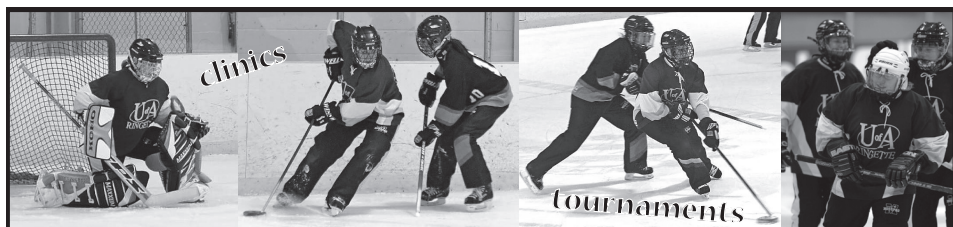
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The Dudes

Brain Heart Guitar
Load Music
www.thedudes.ca

CARLA KAVINTA

Arts & Entertainment Writer

After countless practice sessions in grungy, dilapidated basements and incessant touring gigs across the country, The Dudes have finally ascended from obscurity. Well, sort of. Although many may be unfamiliar with the Calgarian indie-rock quartet, these four talented musicians are quickly becoming a

must-see band.

Appropriately titled, their most recent album, *Brain Heart Guitar*, successfully draws in the music junkie with its feel-good melodies and sincere lyrics. With undeniably catchy songs like "Mendoza Line (Whoa Caroline)" pitted against the honest emotion of "Love is Dangerous," The Dudes skillfully balance the comedic with the serious.

Lyrics like "Don't talk while we're making love" prove that these dudes don't take life too seriously, while lines like "If you've got to leave me / baby let me go" portray a sort of innocence and vulnerability. But don't be fooled by the romanticism and heartfelt vocals; loud electric-guitar riffs are interjected throughout many of the songs, creating a heavier texture, all the while adding a touch of '90s nostalgia.

It's safe to say that these boys are a refreshing departure from the usual Nickelback-esque bands emerging from Alberta, even though many of their better songs are the products of past work, like their *Beepuncher EP* or *This Guy's The Limit*. But still, if I had to complain about something, it's that they just had to be from Calgary.



Ours To Destroy

Ours To Destroy
IndiePool
www.ourstodestroy.com

NICK WIEBE

Arts & Entertainment Staff

As stated on their website, Ours To Destroy classifies their sound as "folk music twisted in

a blender," an awkward metaphor that nevertheless accurately captures the failings of their debut, self-titled album.

Ours To Destroy isn't unlistenable in the least, but it never really develops any presence, either. Although there are some exceptions, particularly the songs "Unglued" and "Skipping Rope of Daisies," there aren't many tracks that can actively hold a listener's attention.

Perhaps the problem is that Dave Morely, the lead vocalist, has a thin, quavering, Dylan-esque voice that simply fails to support the album. That said, after a few listens I found myself enjoying some of the more eccentric songs and arrangements featuring—among other things—snatches of Native American chants and a sound bite from a George W Bush speech.

Overall, *Ours To Destroy* isn't a bad album, but the group might need a little extra something to make themselves stand out in the future.



The Matadors

Horrorbilly 9000
Stereo Dynamite
www.thematadors.net

ARIELLE SABOV

Arts & Entertainment Writer

If the psychobilly genre has the capacity to be formulaic, then The Matadors have captured this

ability in *Horrorbilly 9000*.

For those who aren't too familiar with psychobilly, it's a term used for music that's not easily describable—it's kind of like "Elvis meets punk." *Horrorbilly 9000's* lyrical content fixates on horror films and lewd exploitation, and this band does not let you forget it. Track after track, lead vocalist Hooch Parkins wails on about the "Walking Dead," "Demon Riders," "Teenage Zombie Sluts" and his "Bad Mojo" when the only real "bad" thing this singer/guitarist has got going for him is his miraculous ability to generate cheesy song titles.

Even giving this album a once-over is somewhat strenuous. Musically, *Horrorbilly 9000* is inoffensive, but the creative life behind the songs is just somewhat lacking. Admittedly, The Matadors have an awesome reputation for wicked live shows including stage effects and high energy, but unfortunately, it seems that without the booze and fireworks, this particular set is a dud.



G Love

Lemonade
Brushfire Records
www.philadelphonic.com

RENATO PAGNANI

Arts & Entertainment Writer

Lemonade sounds suspiciously similar to what Jack Johnson seems to be doing nowadays—just bluesier with salient hip-hop influences. But then again, the two are friends, and G Love (born Garrett Dutton) is signed to Johnson's Brushfire imprint. The folk sounds of Philadelphia

are definitely apparent in Dutton's songs, which speak of predictable subject matter like the pitfalls of touring, living life well and stymied love. However, on his own, one can tell that G Love's songs groove as one would expect, without too much of Johnson's influences and with a textured backdrop that allows him the freedom of a Dave Matthews-like troubadour.

Lemonade hits its stride in the places where the guests show up. Tristan Prettyman lends her smoky vocals to "Beautiful," and Ben Harper joins G on "Let the Music Play." Jack Johnson even makes an appearance (big surprise) on "Rainbow," a harmonica-fueled ditty about parting friends.

Despite those complimentary appearances, though, guests like Blackalicious and Lateef outclass G on the misnomer that is "Banger," which doesn't snap necks so much as cause minor whiplash. Chief Xcel's drum programming highlights G's pedestrian emceeing, and while Gift of Gab and Lateef weave cursive flows, G struggles to keep up. In all honesty, G Love really should leave rapping to the pros, but after listening to *Lemonade*, it's hard to hate G Love's half-sung, half-rapped melodies.