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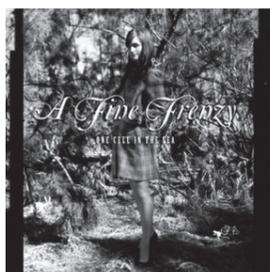
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### albumreview

**A Fine Frenzy**  
*One Cell in the Sea*  
Virgin

KRISTINA DE GUZMAN  
Arts & Entertainment Staff

It's nearly impossible to hear *One Cell in the Sea* and get over the fact that the woman responsible for the lyrics, music, and the piano-pounding of *A Fine Frenzy*, Alison Sudol, is only a tender 22-years-old. Yet somehow she creates and performs her music with a creative skill and a sense of maturity that most people her age can't do without the help of co-songwriters.

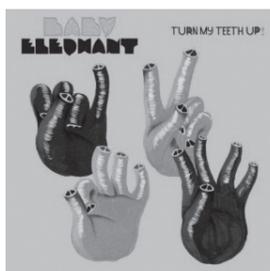
Some critics have described the album as "haunted," and this can

only be referring to the echo-filled track "Rangers." Epic would be a more fitting description for this record, however: *One Cell in the Sea's* lyrics are metaphorical and story-like—especially on "Minnow & the Trout"—and while the majority of the album's themes focus mostly on failed romance, it never becomes a tired idea. Sudol's voice delivers enough emotion to make you truly believe what she's saying, and she doesn't rely on diva-like

moments to capture your interest.

Sudol's voice goes from high to low in subtle ways, and adding inflections that resemble those of a much older, highly trained vocalist. Her songs also don't follow a strict formula but seem to change sounds and ideas as each goes on. At times, glimpses of Canadian pianist/singer-songwriter Chantal Kreviazuk come through, at least vocally—Kreviazuk doesn't use orchestral instruments to the same extent.

But Sudol is just difficult to compare to anyone. Listing her influences—Ella Fitzgerald, Keane, and Sigur Rós, to name a few—doesn't completely manage to sum up what her music is like, either. Not that an incomparable new artist is a bad thing. On the contrary, it's refreshing to see a young singer-songwriter seem like they actually know what they're doing on the first try.



### albumreview

**Baby Elephant**  
*Turn My Teeth Up!*  
Godforsaken Music Inc

BRYAN SAUNDERS  
Arts & Entertainment Staff

When a baby elephant is born, it hasn't started to grow its tusks, and because it lacks that valuable ivory, it's usually seen as worthless to poachers. The term "baby elephant," therefore, can be interpreted as meaning insignificant, and having nothing valuable to offer.

Oddly enough, Prince Paul, Bernie Worrel, and Newkirk, the three members of funk band Baby Elephant, seem to embrace this meaning. Their album, *Turn My Teeth Up!*, actually

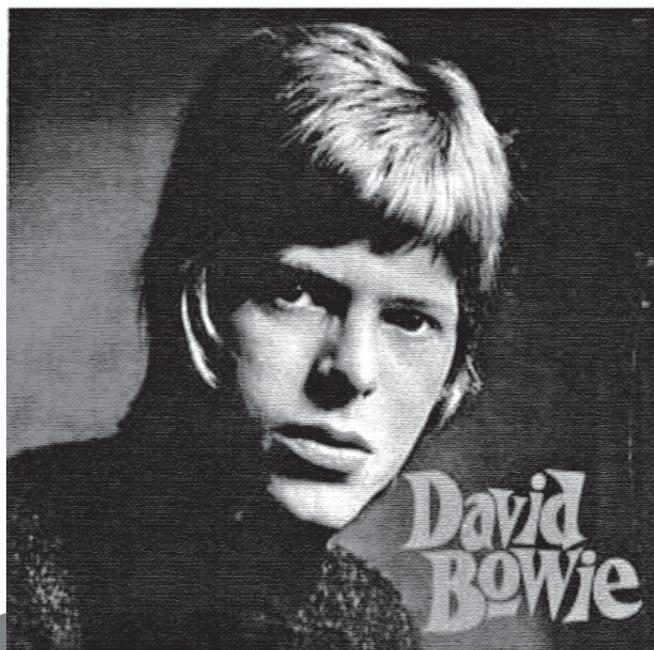
starts with a skit in the vein of *Indiana Jones* or *Relic Hunter*.

In the sketch, Prince and Newkirk are mere musical novices—baby elephants, so to speak—still searching high and low for "the way of the funk." The witty little skits continue intermittently throughout the album, and as they progress, "Master" Bernie teaches Prince and Newkirk that "funk is not learned—it's felt."

Just as the skits explore what constitutes funk, so do the tracks on

*Turn My Teeth Up!* "Plainfield" is a slow-paced rap track flirting with the genre of jazz; meanwhile, the track "Cool Runnings" is heavily reggae-inspired. The song most likely to get some radio play and most worth checking out, however, is "How Does the Brainwave?" Featuring David Byrne of the Talking Heads, it's a head-bobbing, toe-tapping, and almost hypnotic mid-tempo dance track.

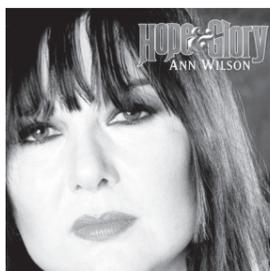
Despite this wide variation in styles, there is a consistent, underlying element of funk throughout the album. As Master Bernie reveals to Prince and Newkirk in one of the later skits, funk manifests itself in all musical styles. With all these important lessons learned, it doesn't seem that Baby Elephant will be an infant for long. In fact, judging from *Turn My Teeth Up!*, they may already be sporting a pair of tusks.



In 1967, David Bowie released his self-titled debut album, which was only the beginning of the greatest career in musical history. It wasn't an immediate smash hit, but if he hadn't taken that first step, who knows where he would have ended up?

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### albumreview

**Ann Wilson**  
*Hope & Glory*  
Zoë

KATHERINE BELL  
Arts & Entertainment Writer

Remember Heart? You know, those lovely ladies who created "Barracuda" and "Crazy on You," leading to many a rock & roll-induced neck sprain? Well, frontwoman Ann Wilson is back, solo, and has decided to lend her distinctive growl to some of the best songs ever written. From Led Zeppelin's "Immigrant Song" to John Lennon's "Isolation," the list of songs Wilson has set out to conquer is a challenge.

Considering the songs themselves are beyond reproach, the question becomes whether or not Wilson's covers add anything to pop's ongoing musical conversation. While the tracks are clearly compiled as an *au courrant* warning of the pains of war, Wilson herself doesn't add much to the mix. Some of the songs are a little country-ified—CCR's "Bad Moon Rising" gets a boost with the addition of a twangy

fiddle and some honky-tonk knee slappin'. None of the songs have the rockin' kick you'd expect from an ex-Heart member. But Wilson notes in her blog that this isn't a Heart album, and she's completely correct.

Regardless, it is Ann Wilson singing, and her naturally big, brash, round vocals seem incongruous with the sparse, earthy sentiments that Neil Young's "War of Man" or Bob Dylan's "A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall" convey.

The novelty of having a version of "that girl from Heart" doing Zeppelin might be worth a purchase for some, not to mention the extra incentive added by the list of musical guests on the album—including Sir Elton John, Alison Krauss, and Gretchen Wilson. But really, it's just karaoke night at Ann Wilson's house, and everyone's invited.



### albumreview

**Boys Night Out**  
*Boys Night Out*  
Ferret Records

KELSEY TANASIUK  
Arts & Entertainment Staff

If finding yourself singing along uncontrollably within the first minute of the first track is a good sign to you, then consider *Boys Night Out's* self-titled album to be pure gold. On the other hand, something might be wrong with an album if you can master the lyrics in that short of a timespan. This is all that can really be said for the first four tracks on the album—very catchy, but also dangerously repetitious.

After these four good-but-tiresome

tracks, the album truly picks up. "The Heirs of Error" and "Let Me Be Your Swear Word" hit your ears next: "Error" exhibits the tight songcraft that *Boys Night Out* fans have grown accustomed to, and with just enough screaming to remove any doubt from your mind that this is a Rock album with a capital "R." "Swear Word" experiments, slowing the band's assault down for a moment before bringing you right back up to your previous head-bopping state.

As a band compiled from members

pulled from other groups, *Boys Night Out* combines the talent of well-tested musicians who do what they do well and are experienced enough to know what works and what doesn't. As a result, they experiment, but nothing is ever so radical it makes your ears bleed.

A traditional hymn unexpectedly collides with their music on the track "Fall Of The Drinker;" there, *Boys Night Out* blend the New Year's staple "Auld Lang Syne" into a round of bad-boy cheers. Elsewhere, songs like "Apartment 4" show that the band really can be creative with lyrics when they try.

Overall, *Boys Night Out* could have put a tad more time into creating this album—it feels like a rushed effort—but what they did do certainly stands on its own. It's catchy to the point that it could be sold on street corners as cocaine for your ears, and it's certainly money well spent for those looking to rock.