

## Nominations Now Open.

Candidates Needed to Run for the Collective Body for Arts Students (CBAS) Board.

Nomination Packages can be downloaded at:  
**www.ualberta.ca/~cbforas**



**CBAS will be holding its Annual General Meeting and Board Member By-Elections on Wednesday, October 4th from 4-6pm in HC L2. Come out to run for a position or find out about the new Faculty of Arts Undergraduate Association.**

\*Student Representatives are still needed to sit on Faculty of Arts Committees. Deadline extended.

Check [www.ualberta.ca/~cbas](http://www.ualberta.ca/~cbas) for more info



## albumreview

### Sunset Rubdown

*Random Spirit Lover*  
Jagjaguwar

**BRODY IRVINE**  
Arts & Entertainment Writer

Spencer Krug is easily one of the busiest men in the indie-rock scene these days. Not only does he front Sunset Rubdown, but also plays in Wolf Parade and Swan Lake, two groups that also showcase some of the best musical talent that Canada has to offer.

*Random Spirit Lover* is the second album that Mr Krug has found the time to put out under the moniker of Sunset Rubdown, and it proves that, despite his multiple collaborations, his train of talent shows

no signs of slowing down.

*Random Spirit Lover* begins with "Mending of the Gown," which sets up the album-spanning story of the relationship between two characters, Sam and Maggie. It's the standard tale of love and heartbreak, but when told through the twisting voice of Krug, it reaches a new, more thought-provoking level.

"Magic vs Midas" comes at you next with powerful lines like "I don't close my eyes / when I'm



## albumreview

### Trigger Effect

*Dare to Ride the Heliocraft*  
Force

**JORDAN ABEL**  
Arts & Entertainment Writer

The Montreal music scene, a rich breeding ground for talented musicians, is home to many great bands including, The Arcade Fire, The Unicorns, and The Lovely Feathers. But with all of those amazing bands roaming the back streets of alt-rock, there has to be at least one unimpressive, untalented band to make the others look better. That band is Trigger Effect.

Trigger Effect's album, *Dare to Ride*

*the Heliocraft*, is only 21 minutes long, but they still only have enough creativity to fill three of those minutes. Each song on the album is somewhere between one and a half and two minutes, a respectable length for a punk-metal song if it's innovative, or offers a piercing glimpse of musical ingenuity, or an incomprehensible time signature.

But Trigger Effect just offers us the same static notes and vocal style

over eleven indistinguishable and insufferable songs.

*Dare to Ride the Heliocraft* was apparently written over two furious nights, and the amount of effort put into it shows. The guitar swings from basic power chord to power chord, and the bass follows suit. In "Drugs for Breakfast," the lead singer proclaims that he "won't live by your set of useless rules," a hypocritical stance for a band that follows in the footsteps of every mainstream metal band from the last ten years. "Angry Morons," the following track, is the exact same song, except there are some odd outbursts of distorted talking.

Trigger Effect doesn't offer much in the way of originality or entertainment, and even if you like metal, it's in your best interest to discourage this band from producing more mediocre crap.



## albumreview

### Valle Venia

*I'm The Queen*  
Valle Venia

**TOM REIKIE**  
Arts & Entertainment Writer

For those of you that love self-indulgent, over-produced, and excessively putrid music, *I'm the Queen* is the album for you. I'm assuming that since its release, it has become a mainstay in Guantanamo Bay as a new form of torture.

Although the separate members of Valle Venia (Jessica Rhaye, Leo Philipp Schmidt, John Campbelljohn, and Kaleb Simmonds), have all

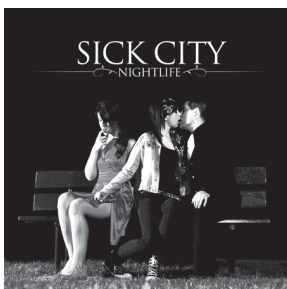
achieved some basic level of success individually, their collaboration on *I'm the Queen* is a total flop. None of the individual strands of talent that these musicians possess show through the album's dull, monotonous soundscapes.

*I'm the Queen* starts off with really bad spoken-word poetry offset to some synthesized beats, seemingly belonging to an early-'90s PC

game. Then, as if this wasn't already enough, wailing guitar solos straight off some rejected White Snake track layer what little space the awful lyrics and annoying beats don't fill.

There is the occasional nice slide guitar riff courtesy of Campbelljohn; however, for at least 98 per cent of the album, you're too preoccupied trying not to gouge your ears out with a spoon to really notice.

Outside of the guitars, Enya-like wails possess the background of the music. This is the kind of album that an aesthetician (one skilled in giving facials, manicures, pedicures, and other beauty treatments) would describe as "powerful" or "very moving." Rest assured, *I'm the Queen* will be a big, faux-sexy contender for the soundtrack to Pamela Anderson's next film.



## albumreview

### Sick City

*Nightlife*  
TrustKill/Smallman

**KEVIN CHARLTON**  
Arts & Entertainment Writer

"Sick City" sounds like a stereotypical emo band, and this is regrettably the case for this Winnipeg-based quintet.

Their new release, *Nightlife*, offers nothing new to the land of pop-rock emo music, filled to the brim with pre-existing emo flag-bearers like Fall Out Boy and My Chemical Romance. It's more of the same, tired brand of songs, full of teen angst with identical, wounded guitar progressions.

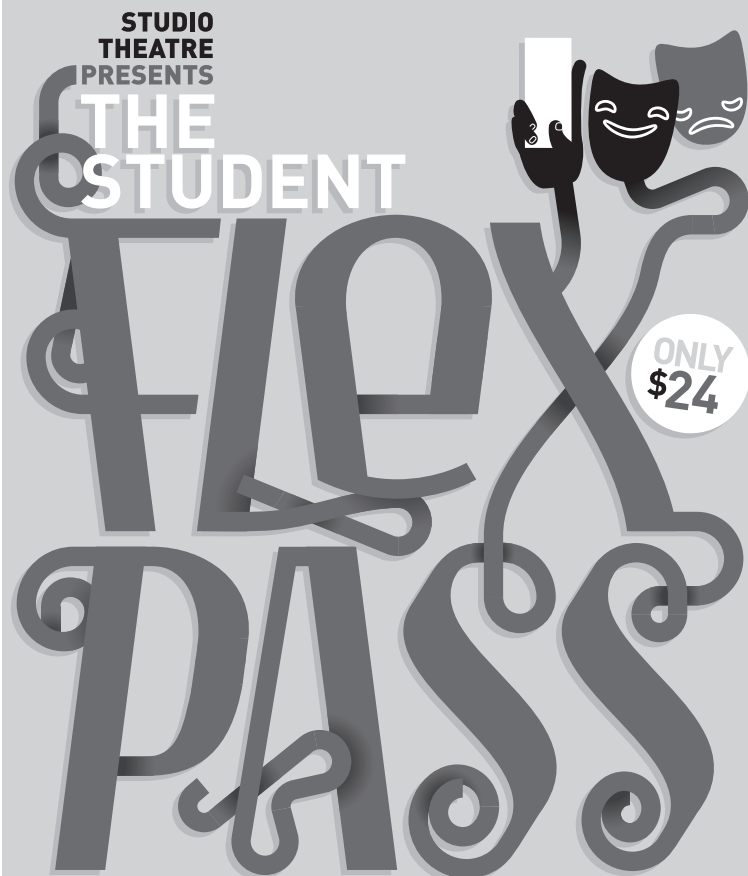
Sick City needs to note that screaming angrily into the microphone doesn't constitute singing, such as on "Tora, Tora, My Dear Tora." It's not pleasing on the ears; really, it just makes them sound like they're throwing a tantrum. Perhaps the band really is that angry, but isn't it better to express anger with words rather than lame, incomprehensible shouts and wails?

There are two songs on *Nightlife*

that offer pleasant surprises. On the instrumental track "Nightlife," the band put together a wonderful string melody that sounds very unique on an otherwise very bland album.

"City Lights" is by far the best track. It's pleasing on the ears—unlike the majority of Sick City's songs—with some decent piano work and vocal stylings far better than anything else found on the album.

*Nightlife* is mediocre and mostly filled with generic emo tracks that try to be My Chemical Romance but fail miserably. The album's made all the more frustrating since you can tell that a few times on *Nightlife*, Sick City actually touch upon something great. It's just a damn shame that they didn't have the gall or creativity write a whole album like that.



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