



featuredalbum

Kamera
Resurrection
Nettwerk

GARY ALLEN
Arts & Entertainment Writer

It's easy to be envious of the Swedish. It seems as though every Benny, Bjorn, and Agnetha is born with music on the mind and an A&R man awaiting them in the delivery room. It's from this fertile land of pop mythology that Kamera spring, looking to take on the world with a mix of '80s-inspired music, fashion, and hair. On *Resurrection*, their sophomore album that follows the loss of two band members and a major label contract with Sony, Kamera look to segue from modest success at home

to cinching the Holy Grail: breaking America and its record-buying masses. To be fair, *Resurrection* is very listenable; it's a good pop-rock album. But therein lies the problem: *Resurrection* is never great. Kamera attempt to walk a line between the rock and pop genres that are so prolific in their native Stockholm, but capture neither the raw essence of the former or the guilty fun of the latter. *Resurrection* also lacks the immediacy that defines great pop

music—the kind that attacks your ears and changes your world, even if only for a few listens. The high points of the album come back to back: “Fragile” finally manages to harness some of Kamera's energy with a pulsing synth beat and driving guitar riffs, and “I'm Gonna Be Your Lover” adds a sweeping string section to the mix that elevates the song above the rest of the slower fare. Kamera made a name for themselves playing to sold-out crowds across Sweden, and while *Resurrection* is well produced, one gets a sense that this is a band best enjoyed live. Being inspired by the '80s might be a fun gimmick, but sometimes you can't help but feel that you've heard it all before. To listen to samples from Kamera's *Resurrection*, go to www.thegatewayonline.ca and click on the editors' playlist.



albumreview

That 1 Guy
The Moon is Disgusting
Jezebel Records Inc

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Arts & Entertainment Writer

In a world where sample-based hip hop and generic bands like Nickelback dominate the airwaves, it's rare to hear something that is truly unique. For all of you that are bored with mediocrity, That 1 Guy has come to the rescue. This one-man band is the brainchild of jazz bassist Mike Silverman and is probably different than anything you have ever heard. Frustrated with the limitations of his instrument, Silverman set out to invent something that could reproduce all the sounds in

his head. The resulting instrument is the Magic Pipe, a system of electronically wired metal pipes with one bass string running along it and featuring drums attached to foot pedals and a nearby musical saw. The only way to truly visualize the Magic Pipe is to watch it being played (seriously, look it up on YouTube), but essentially, it's played like a hybrid of tribal percussion instruments and slide guitar. *The Moon is Disgusting* is his second album and, with its funky,

industrial grooves and frenetic percussion, defies classification. The album's just as bizarre in vocals as it is in every other aspect: Silverman's gravelly baritone sounds like Isaac Brock at his most spastic, and the recurring lyrical themes are tropical fruit and a moon made of cheese. But despite this ingenuity, sometimes *The Moon is Disgusting* just gets too weird. To paraphrase a line from the surprisingly great track “Buttmachine”: “Just because it's modern doesn't mean it sounds good.” Some tracks, such as the 14-minute psychedelic closer “Rainbow,” are too creative for their own good, but hey, it's always better to try something interesting and fail than to be generic and mediocre. Silverman's boundless creativity creates a fun, zany album that, overall, is both refreshing and invigorating.



albumreview


Kristilyn Robertson
The Bee Tree
Independent

KELSEY TANASIUK
Arts & Entertainment Staff

It's hard to know what to expect when an artist sends a MySpace-style headshot along with her album. My first assumption was that she isn't actually very good and was trying to compensate by saying “Look how pretty I am!” In the case of Kristilyn Robertson, however, the picture was entirely unnecessary: she's certainly

not a singer/songwriter that needs to fall back on her looks, as cute as they may be. By the second track of her album, “Little Earth,” you'll already be blown away by her delicate, playful, and beautiful handling of the piano and vocals. Her lyrics and music are creative and whimsical in a manner that

would remind some of the band Eisley, without being a copycat. One might also be tempted to measure her against pop singer/songwriters like Vanessa Carlton, until you realize you can't because Robertson is better than that. Songs like “Your Lovely Bones” just tip the scale in Kristilyn's favour, exhibiting her artful lyrics and lovely vocals in a manner that should make everyone stop and notice. Overall, *The Bee Tree* is an album that you just can't sing enough praise about. It will take over your brain for a time and leave the goal of seeing Kristilyn Robertson live very high on your priority list. *The Bee Tree* leaves you wanting more in all the best ways.



albumreview

Thunderwood
Turn It Up
Thunderwood Records

SARAH SCOTT
Arts & Entertainment Writer

You know that old joke that you've heard one too many times? The one that your dad still finds funny, but every time you hear it, it makes you gag. That's sort of how I feel about '80s glam rock: it was a joke of an era that would best be forgotten. But here comes Calgary's Thunderwood, a band of old men that are trying to rock like it's 1986. Thunderwood tread no new


ground on *Turn It Up*, and end up only redoing what's been done before—far better and by much more talented artists. They do acknowledge the achievements of other old metal groups like Poison and Motley Crue, and you really have to respect them for trying. But the tracks on *Turn It Up*, like “Sandman” and “The Legacy of Warrior” are rough,

gravelly, and similar to each other, with minimal lyrics and grinding guitar solos. A look at the album art reveals far more grey hair than any rock album should feature, but hey—these old guys are living out their dreams. They've passed their prime (that is, assuming they ever had a prime), but they're giving it a shot. And after all, at least they have an album to show their kids, even if it's mediocre. With generic metal motifs such as “Thunder on the Mountain” and “Grim Reaper,” Thunderwood may not inspire a following of their own, but they showcase a pure respect for those before them and do a decent enough job trying to keep glam rock alive.

David Bowie has made the jump from flesh and blood to cartoon.

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