

Girlicious delivers nostalgia, apple bottom jeans

SARAH FARQUHAR
THE BRUNSWICKAN

Those unwilling to shell out \$34 for Girlicious this past Wednesday night were few and far between - if they were over the age of twelve.

When 9:00 p.m. rolled around and the girls were supposed to take the stage, the Student Union Building was full of middle-school aged girls (and their parents) who couldn't wait to see the fab four perform.

Unfortunately, the warm up act, DJ Nasty Naz, was forced to kill time for 47 minutes as the girls and their special guest Danny Fernandes failed to be seen. This did not affect the attitude of the crowd however, as

a group managed to hoist a comrade onto their shoulders in a short-lived crowd surfing effort. Unfortunately, the aforementioned comrade tumbled to the floor as he punched the air much like a Powerpuff Girl.

Danny Fernandes, a Torontonian, performed after this incident, and was a refreshingly good act; he and two male back-up dancers impressed the ladies to a feverous extent. At one point, the dancers mopped their sweaty brows with towels and tossed them to the crowd. In a wedding bouquet fever, the preteen demographic of Fredericton dove for these towels as their irritated boyfriends stood by. Surely, they must have regretted buying Tiffany or Jessica those tickets she begged for for their three and a half week anniversary.

Fernandes took time after

performing to invite the Brunswickan to the green room for an interview.

Fernandes told the Bruns that he was discovered on the internet by a German DJ. He chuckled, explaining that it was weird since Curious was out in 2003, being played in Germany.

Fernandes said that his crowd pleaser is Curious, as well as Private Dancer.

When asked, Fernandes stated that his hit, Private Dancer has nothing to do with Tina Turner. Those who grew up in the 1980s may get this reference.

Now rehearsing seven hours a day, Danny has come a long way since touring with Aaron Carter and being a back up dancer for his brother Shawn Desman. He stated that although he liked Girlicious, he doesn't exactly listen to them in his

spare time.

Speaking of them, Girlicious did not grace the SUB with their presence until 10:15, long after the median age in the room should have been asleep on a school night, dazzling the crowd with Let's Do Some Stupid Shh! and Like Me. Though the Gwen Stefani-esque finger-to-lips "SHH!" (Girlicious used this lyric to replace a word some of my friends might use to categorize their music) certainly pleased the parents present Wednesday night, some grim looks on mothers' faces told the story of a different reaction to the booty shorts that danced before them.

You could almost hear the eyes of anyone who had seen way too much Pimp My Ride roll simultaneously when one of the Girlicious girls announced "That song was so tight it was like a car on hydraulics!"

All sarcasm aside, the concert was an entertaining experience. Drink Smart was at the event, and even their staff joined the younger crowd for a few songs. While DJ Nasty Naz stalled with crowd pleaser go-tos such as AC/DC, Justin Timberlake and more Rihanna than a girl can stand, smiles were on everyone's faces. The catchy though repetitive (Oh yeah! I'm vicious! I'm delicious! Hey! Oh yeah!) music from the main act aimed to please even the cynics of the crowd. Between songs, as the girls had the audience excited as a junior high pep rally ("When I say girl, you say licious! Girl! Licious!") no one hesitated to scream shamelessly like the UNB generation once did at Nsync. A mic failure during Baby Doll even proved the girls were not lip-synching.

As the concert came to an end,

and the fluorescent lights flickered back on, it became very obvious how out of place the girls were that had previously been grinding and taking promiscuous pictures for Facebook in front of the stage.

Whatever happened to our values at our age? The boys who wore jeans that fit, and didn't have to worry about what colour their boxers were that day, because they were tucked securely behind a layer of denim? The girls, the ones who thought wearing a miniskirt made you a skank, and waited until high school before they even thought about cleavage? Are those times never to be seen again?

Girlicious reminds us of the state of popular culture, and makes us think of the good old days, when the Spice Girls promoted girl power and "Just Do It", the Nike slogan, contained no sexual innuendos at all.

Unfortunate stereotypes



POP
TART

Ashley
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Well, thank you, MSN.ca, for making my life just a little bit easier.

I logged on today with the intent of trying to avoid Madonna's divorce (over it) or anything Miley Cyrus (is she still only 15, or what?).

Usually, I check out the site for its surprisingly-addictive dose of witty satire and, of course, to read the ridiculousness of Melissa Rivers' fashion critiquing (she's miles less obnoxious than her

us gals for letting the romance ooze out of our relationships.

But, I decided to give MSN.ca the benefit of the doubt - it hasn't often steered me wrong before. I checked out the article.

It turns out it was a thinly-veiled advertisement for a self-help book, "The Sexually-Confident Wife," just ONE of MILLIONS of books sold from this ridiculous series flying under the flag "Every Woman's Battle."

Apparently, according to the author (and you may be shocked to learn that, allegedly, she has a vagina herself), we women feel "mystified" with what men want with sex. We are fighting feelings of neglect or abuse from our childhoods. And, straight up, we think we're "alone in our struggle to discover sexual fulfillment."

Um. I don't want to speak for Everywoman out there, but I've never felt mystified. I feel like a good, healthy conversation (or

"MEANWHILE, US POOR WOMEN HAVE TO READ SOME HIGH-FAULTIN' ARTICLE THAT LAYS THE BLAME SQUARELY ON US GALS FOR LETTING THE ROMANCE OOZE OUT OF OUR RELATIONSHIPS."

mama, although that doesn't say much).

And today, my friends, I was in luck. Today, MSN.ca was on my side. Always one to offer tips on fall fashion or exclusives about the world's largest pumpkin, today, MSN.ca was looking out for me.

Blaring across the top of the page, under the headline of "Romancing the Home," was a handy little article. "Becoming a Sexier Wife," MSN.ca told me, was only a click away.

Although I'm not married and don't plan to be anytime soon (and also don't think I'm particularly frumpy, either), I gave in to curiosity and clicked on over.

At that point, I wasn't quite sure if I was just being sensitive, but I wasn't merely curious - I was pretty pissed off.

Apparently, bringing romance back into the home is entirely the woman's job. Men can just kick back in their sweaty tank tops, the condensation from their newly-popped Bud dripping down onto the sofa, the remote control within reach - and that, allegedly, is the sort of sex appeal you don't need to improve on.

Meanwhile, us poor women have to tweak and twist and pinch and primp and - AND - read some high-faultin' article that lays the blame squarely on

some very specific instructions) can often solve any of those niggling problems mates might have.

And then there's this list of statistics: only eight per cent of women consider their sex lives "very hot."

(Well, obviously - with the mainstream acceptance of porn these days, we're not going to think anything's 'very hot' unless it's a foursome with some very elaborate toys, platinum-blond hair, and a film crew.)

Another stat: 21 per cent of respondents to this survey answered, "What sex life?"

And then we find out the survey is from Family Circle magazine. Oh, come on, folks. You're asking the demographic who reads Family Circle? Honestly, what did you expect?

This book is a waste of time, but I'm sure the author paid good money to get her ad on MSN.ca. It's just too bad she didn't pen a tome for the other side of the equation - maybe matching blue and pink editions, since we seem to be playing on unfortunate stereotypes.

MSN.ca, you've failed me. I guess I'll just have to stick with the Onion from now on. At least their articles are somewhat believable.

Ashley Bursey is a former Arts Editor of The Brunswickan.

Cadence Weapon brings the afterparty



Jens Ouum / The Brunswickan

Edmonton's Cadence Weapon made frequent forays into the crowd during his Saturday night show at the Capital, clearly elated to be continuing his cross-Canada tour in Fredericton in support of his sophomore album, After Party Babies.

Fit for the radio

ALISON CLACK
THE BRUNSWICKAN

I had never heard of Joseph Arthur and the Lonely Astronauts until I saw his newest CD. My first thought was that the name somehow reminded me of Sergeant Pepper and the Lonely Hearts Club Band.

Joseph Arthur was discovered by Genesis alumnus Peter Gabriel and has been producing albums from Gabriel's label, Real World Records, since 1997.

Arthur has produced an album every year or two since his signing to the label. His newest album, Temporary People, was released in late September of this year.

Temporary People is the second album Arthur has released with the Lonely Astronauts (which includes: Kraig Jarret Johnson, Jennifer Turner, Sybil Buck, and Greg "G. Wiz" Wiczorek).

This particular album also features Garth Hudson (of the legendary Canadian group, The Band) on organ and piano.

The music has a background of late-90s rock music (think Wallflowers or Fastball) without the shiny, pop finish.

Layered over this at times is a mixture of playful piano or organ, and chorus making the music seem a little more updated and fresh.

A Dream is Longer Than the Night is a grungier sounding song with Arthur singing in an eerie falsetto voice. The song makes the listener think the dream is a bit of a bad trip. The song could fit well into a soundtrack like Donnie Darko or Virgin Suicides.

The next song on the album, Heart's A Solider, seems much more upbeat in contrast with A Dream is Longer Than the Night.

Despite the HIM-like singing the song remains funky sounding with the layering of organ, choral singing, and fun Santana-style guitar riff in the background.

The title track, Temporary People, has that lingering quality again but without the eeriness. There's the 90s pop-rock guitar sound to it again but this time with piano and organ mingled in.

The bridge and part of the outro to the song brings back a little bit of the eerie, if only because the falsetto singing in the chorus resembles the voice of Tickle Me Elmo.

The second song on the album, Faith, has a bit of a trippy-feel to it. The main guitar riff has a strange effect in it that is similar the sounds quality of a sitar. On top of that Arthur's singing is a little reminiscent of Mick Jagger.

On all of the songs I was impressed with Arthur's vocal ability. He's able to change the quality of his voice several times over the course of several tracks. On one song he might have a deeper 'I-just-shot-whiskey' kind of voice, then a HIM-like, James Earl Jones kind of voice, and then the next he's singing in a pre-pubescent falsetto. In the song Winter Blades, Arthur changes in quality of his singing to a screamy-grungy style of singing which reminded me of a less-pissed-off version of Eddie Vedder's singing in Do The Evolution or Animal.

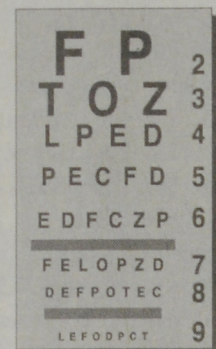
Overall the album was pretty good - even if it reminded me a great deal of the Wallflowers at times. At the same time it's the kind of album that I would only want to hear on the radio it's the kind of album that I'm not sure I would want to pay full price for.

Temporary People was released September 30 and is available in stores now.

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