The Treasures are pirates—experts at sail- ing the serials rock of history. Name an authority on the genre—the Rolling Stones, CCR, Tom Petty—and you’ll find that the music is con- tributed by them and others have been plundered by this gang of marauding Machinists. On their latest voyage into the studio, they brought those shiny treasures with them, brazenly inte- grating rock’s past with its present on No Time For Laser. Of course, any band with such a bounty of influences risks producing a record that’s simultaneously derivative and confounded. Luckily, The Treasures have their own trademark: thick hooks and irresistible melodies. The album soars in with forceful yet unadorned dance- able grooves, which then give way to more languid, cool tracks. The most impressive is through the flip side, “The Answer,” a track that’s as much swing as it is rock. As a result, No Time For Laser feels both fresh and right.

Although the weight of each song was credited to catchy riffs, little surprises pop up on nearly every track. A Hammond B3 organ beds in the background of “Feel The Rain,” snapping beguiles rush in on the heels of a snapping drum intro on “Can’t Stop Laughing,” a looping fade carries out “December’s Die,” reminding the “curry on” sentiment of the cheez; and, perhaps the most unusual yet pleas- ing quirk of the whole album, a good- timey salsa opens “Porcelain Frieze,” seemingly ripped from a vesti- eru, this throwback to when you could still tell the good girls from the bad boys by the colour of their hair contrasts to the perfect counterpoint to the song’s theme of “This is your one seat of people. Songs like “Porcelain Frieze” and “Gum Control” are ripe with frustra- tion, making “The Treasures’” club studio album their most political yet. However, exactly what statements they’re trying to make is anything but clear; the cover remains elusive.

Several tracks use synthesized organ, but it comes off fine with the music-like and much more smooth.

The seduction of His Chap is two- fold: they appeal to your emotions with the more romantic, slower ballad tracks and beckon to your primal side with the big, driving, pelvic-dancing club-hangers.

“Wonders” reminds you love that is a battlefield, with clever lyrics like “It’s me versus you in love.” We’ll reg reg, divide up, hit you in the sweet spot / The Wolves & The Wolves.” Made in the Dark oscillates comfortably between slow jams and more uptight dance grooves. Their lyrics are full of sassy panting and lustful moves. His Chap promises to bring the dance floor to a sweaty spell, while also allowing enough breaks with the slower tracks to catch your breaths—and maybe someone’s eye.

Their music works best when the words “electric” is placed before every- thing: electric guitar, electric violins, electric percussion—and pretty elec- tric vocals, so be honest. The group effortlessly manages to use their own voices as instruments too, which is good because the lyrical content is	into the “not quite as clever as they’d like you to think” category.

Each of the twelve tracks on the album is very laudable and enjoyable, which is a rare feat, but there are a few tracks that don’t quite fit. However, its songs like “Goodnight” and “The Blue (part II),” which they also released as a single recently, are quite catchy. The group’s music is clearly not yet fully formed, but they’re on a roll and promise a bright future for them itself to a quieter niche like this one, but perhaps they’re happy appealing to the slightly younger audience. God knows we’re passionate enough.