

Entertainment

Killjoys KO Rhymes With Orange In Two Rounds

by Jean-François Picot

It's really great to not have any classes on Tuesdays, especially when bands actually play in town. Monday night marked the second week in a row that live music filled the walls of the Social Club; a revolution is on the way. Although the turnout was minute (what do you expect on a Monday?), all present had a good time.

Hamilton's Killjoys opened the show and the crowd's hearts, cutting the tension with that Grease song—you know—"You're the One That I Want" (ooh, ooh, ooh). It was a great opening tune, and created a joyous mood among us all. The Killjoys are constantly referred to as a punk-pop trio, but I prefer POP alone. Of course, as lead singer Mike Trebilcock points out, "We're not pop in the Mariah Carey sense." No kidding. The Killjoys are a high-energy band, and don't rely on frills like most "rock" bands (i.e. Aerosmith, the Offspring . . . you get the picture). The band simply gives you their music and nothing else, a pleasant change from the era of style and image.

Most of the songs were short, and blended together in three or four song

medleys. The Much Music single "Today I Hate Everyone" scored some cheers, as well as the gorgeous "Dana." The Killjoys also took a stab at "The Birds' The Word" (remember Pee-wee "Sarasota" Herman). Gene Champagne was brilliant on drums throughout the night and Shelly Woods' bass playing was very tight. This trio should definitely be heard; don't miss them next time they're through.

One cannot relive the show without recalling images of "those two girls" dancing around the room with intense fervour. I don't know who they are, but they're tiny and full of sugar (or something). They grooved without ceasing throughout the night and, although it was neat at first, got really annoying after awhile when I couldn't see anything but flying arms. Some kids eh.

After about a 45-minute set, the Killjoys left the stage, to my discontent. I was not looking forward to hearing dance pop for over an hour, so I headed for the pool room.

I bought the Rymes with Orange CD "Peel" back a year and a half ago, and I just didn't get into it at all. They're style is very fancy, except in a band atmosphere. Most of the songs end up sounding alike, which only allows for a bor-

ing listen. Upon hearing "Trapped in the Machine" I gave up on the band (except for that beautiful bonus track). The music is now even more monotonous than before.

Putting all of this aside, I anticipated hearing a different band live, with more vibrancy and excitement. But as they took the stage, Rymes with Orange seemed a little unexcited and sounded just the same as the (boring) CDs. I quickly jaunted to the pool room, where I got thrashed about three times. Since I was reviewing the show, I decided to don my new \$1.99 Canadian Tire ear plugs and head back in. By this time, the band appeared to have "woken up" and seemed to be into the show. RWO went on to play their hit single "Toy Train" as well as Peel's hit "Marvin", deservedly the best tune of the set. "Marvin" somehow turned into "Her Name is Rio", one of my eighties faves. This was pretty hilarious.

Besides that small highlight, RWO struck out with me. This bout definitely went to the Killjoys (TKO, Round 2) as they captured some new fans and showed how much punch a pop tune can pack, if it's treated nice. Be sure to check out their Warner debut "Starry" in da stores.

Big Sugar



Guitarist Gordie Johnson, belts it out. Photo by Mark Robichaud

by Mark Savoie

Big Sugar is a band... sort of. Big Sugar is lead singer and guitarist Gordie Johnson, because if Gordie Johnson goes then Big Sugar is gone. The rest of the band, although talented and meshing well (especially saxman/harpist Kelly Hoppe), could all be replaced with very few souls being any the wiser.

But Johnson... well let me tell you about Gordie Johnson. Gordie Johnson may well have all that it takes to become a classic guitar hero mentionable in the same breath as Clapton and Hendrix.

The man's virtuosity on the guitar is truly startling. He cranks out one blues riff after another, all with a sonic pace which left more than one patron of their performance at the Social Club last week staggering around with a glazed look upon his face the next day, remarking how there was still a ringing in his ears. The biggest feature of Johnson's play is his remarkable control of feedback. Every note seems to be a powerhouse of distortion, and yet Johnson remains in control of every sound being produced.

Gordie Johnson and Big Sugar will soon be embarking on a world tour which will include three night stay in London, England. This tour could well determine whether Big Sugar will gain an international reputation, but it could also determine that their fate remains the university bar circuit. Gordie Johnson certainly has the ego and the arrogance to make it in an international mar-

ket. The bio material sent to *The Brunswickan* included a line stating that if the Devil ever returned to Earth he would ask Gordie for clothing tips, and also remarked that many fans show up just to check out Gordie's suit. This may well be so, but it ain't gonna be me.

The manager of the band is Kelly Hoppe, who plays a damn good sax and a deliciously painful blues harp from behind his Coke bottle glasses. Standing with him is Gary Lowe, who could win awards across the land as the coolest bass player in the

history of time. While his bass solo could not be classified as the greatest ever heard, his greying

beard and dreadlocks more than make up for any deficiencies. The drummer is Stick Wynston, who once again staggered forward to the front of the stage for his patented dance routine. I must admit, however, that after watching this dance four times (twice with the Shuffle Demons and now twice with Big Sugar) the routine has gotten more than a bit old.

Big Sugar, at present, has just two CD's out, the self-titled *Big Sugar* and the previewed-by-CHSR *500 Pounds*. Should their trip to Europe work out, then this band/Gordie Johnson may well have many more to come. If London decides that it is not yet ready for the kick-ass mosh pit blues that is Big Sugar, then the band may well be destined for the obscurity-undeserved though it may be -of the bar scene.

Every note seems to be a powerhouse of distortion...

And A Happy Saint Patrick's Day To Ye...

by Greg Moore

The ever-popular Jimmy Flynn made his way to the SUB cafeteria for St. Patrick's Day, delighting his many fans here in sunny Fredericton. Just starting a cross-Canada tour, Flynn has moved on from live shows to produce a videotape that has reached #10 in the country almost entirely on East Coast sales, several tapes, and a jokebook that he recommends for reading in the bathroom. In the singer-comic's own eloquent words, "it'll make you laugh 'til you shit."

I have to admit that I had never heard Flynn's material before, or even heard of him, but stories of broken tables at his last UNB show, promoter Darryl Kent's delight at having booked the act, and the promise of \$1.75 a beer, all made me more than a little interested. So, always proud of my potato famine heritage, I grabbed my shillelagh and headed off to see the little leprechaun work his magic.

A vision in plaid and sporting a trendy fish-tie and funky yellow sou'wester, Flynn immediately made me realize why the Bruns decided not to send a photographer. As the editor said, "I had to ask myself how much visual appeal that would have." No pretty picture, Jimmy did however play all the right music, enticing the enthusiastic and checkered crowd into singing along to "Farewell to Nova Scotia" and my personal favourite, "The

Last of Barrick's Privateers," which he worked into a medley with more upbeat music so as not to stir up that righteous Irish melancholy that lurks in the hearts of Maritimers. Mixing his folksy guitar with numerous toasts and a litany of off-colour jokes, he kept his fans choking with either laughter or shock with humour a la Archie Bunker.

Which brings me to a bit of a point, I guess. I know that everyone who goes to see Jimmy Flynn expects

"Does the popularity of an act like Flynn's, or his money earning potential, make it okay?"

to hear dirty jokes. Just like no feminist is going to be in the front row at an Andrew Dice Clay show and Preston Manning isn't gonna be lining up to hear Nine Inch Nails scream "God is dead and no one cares," the sensitive shouldn't be going to see the Jimmy Flynn Traveling Road Show. I can accept that. Nevertheless, I have to make the point that sexist and homophobic jokes have no place on a university campus, especially at an event sponsored by the Student Union. While no one is going to accuse student leaders of sharing or even supporting archaic and dangerous views toward the women of UNB or the gay community, or suggest that they should act as censors, it seems to me that they have a responsibility to provide a positive atmosphere wherever they can, as they have tried to do in their

various social awareness campaigns. Does the popularity of an act like Flynn's, or his money-earning potential, make it okay? I don't know. I do know that there were some jokes that just weren't funny. And I wasn't the only one not laughing.

But, it is true that the vast majority of people there were fans and knew what to expect. And everyone seemed to have a good time. For raw entertainment value, it was good, if basic. It is a show to sit around with the boys and get pissed to. And that's what people did. The atmosphere in the cafeteria was great, with the usual blurry friendliness and seemingly without the familiar hazy aggression. Even the ever-efficient Campus Police could be seen smiling, although they all took pains to look intimidating when their heroes in green showed up. Someday, my friends, someday you too can get behind the wheel of a funky red Hornet-mobile if you work hard and watch lots of Cop Rock.

All in all, it was a good show, accomplishing what it set out to do, and it topped off a great year of campus entertainment. Darryl deserves a great deal of credit for all his hard work and hassle, not to mention his disappointment when the Grateful Dead cancelled their Cellar engagement. We can all just hope he finds time to pass a course or two so that he can come back and do it again next year.