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THE SPACE TRIO **GALLERY CONNEXION**/ SOUTHERN JUSTICE **COLLEGE HILL SOCIAL CLUB/** 

Thursday, March 26 review by Luis Cardoso



Kicking about town last Thursday evening, one would have discovered two bands representing polar opposites of the musical spectrum. Downtown at the Gallery Connexion, the Space Trio performed their unique brand of alternative sounds to a small collection of pensive onlookers intent on meaningful frowning. The sounds were way outside; very often interesting and funny (yes folks, it was funny, you wouldn't have been cited for smiling, or even laughing; in fact the band would have welcomed any signs of life), I found that the music began to wear thin after an hour.

It was difficult to measure the reaction of the audience to the show. It was obvious that they knew they should like it. After all, Peter Gzowski's son was playing synth-guitar in the band. o.k., maybe that's not fair. But you want cynicism? A friend in the music industry (referred to here simply as "K"), disgusted by the fact that, as he put it, "Ifell for it again," observed cynically that this was a band made up of a two good musicians and gzowski's son for easy access to Canada Council grants. Wow! Now that's cynicism.

Particularly enjoyable, and very funny, was a composition (these weren't songs, you see, they were compositions) entitled The Country, which was their attempt at not playing country music but using country cliches it sounded like a very drunk Kraftwerk (with a very drunk Ringo Starr on drums) playing the Grand Ole Opry. It was meant to be funny (it even says so in their bio, so there) and succeeded. But no one laughed. Ohms for the Poor, a song about the Salvation Army and the homeless was also quite witty, as was Tango.

The Space Trio is Paul Fitterer on percussion, John Gzowski on guitar and guitar synthesizer, and Ernie Tollar on saxophone and synthesizer. Their

music is billed as "eclectic new music," and it must be so: they're touring with the help of the Canada Council Music in Alternate Spaces programme which, and i quote, "funds only the cutting edge." You want more? O.K. In the band's bio it reads that "the band "exists to purge the world of any preconceived notion of what jazz is or should be." Jazz crusaders; cool!

All three band members have very impressive resumes — I won't go into any detail; needless to say, they've all studied under someone really good, and composed music for very important dance companies- and their virtuosity was evident throughout the evening. I enjoyed the band if only because it was live entertainment and it wasn't boring. I didn't enjoy the audience; they weren't live, and they were boring.

The College Hill Social Club, however, provided a whole other realm of entertainment. Southern Justice is a band from Minto (pronounced "Minnow"), NB; they play music by such luminaries as LynrdSkynrd, BobSeger, John Cougar Mellencamp, and Deep Purple. And not very well at that. They were actually quite offensive in more ways than one.

First, on a musical level, they were definitely third rate as musicians. And their versions of the songs they covered (strictly a cover band, kids) lacked imagination. At one point, looking over the crowd at the audience, I noticed the Club was in "ignore" mode; it's easy to notice: the band finishes a song and no one notices. In this case, "ignore" modewas appropriate.

Second, on a personal level, what is one to make of a band that, once the show was over and the Club's sound system was blaring out music, sends its lead guitar player out to ask, "who put on this nigger music." Obviously they don't like dance music. (If you're curious, the CD in play at the time was Marky Mark and the Funky Bunch.)

Not much else one can write about this sort of thing. Hopefully they won't be back. But, as they say, in Minto, no one can hear you scream. Aaaah! Love.



"Who put on this white trash music, anyway?" Southern Justice demonstrates there is none.



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