



*Jerry Jerry and the Sons of Rhythm Orchestra  
College Hill Social Club  
Saturday, March 7, 1992  
concert review by Luis Cardoso*

One would think that a four-piece rock and roll band fronted by an idiot-savant Elvis Presley sans the weight problem would be just the thing to spark the usually staid Social Club crowd into an inspired, dancing frenzy. After all, by no stretch of the imagination could this be considered "weird" or "inaccessible," not even by the Club-goers conservative standards. This was flat-out rock n' roll, kids, with a hilarious and witty lyrical message to boot.

"Swing, you bastard," Jerry hollered at sax player Patrick Levinson while leaning up against the rail in front of the stage, prompting him to yet another wailing sax solo. Front man Jerry Jerry spent almost as much time on the floor in front of the bar singing to confused and frightened patrons as he did on stage. And when he was on stage he was often splayed across the rails in a variety of meditative positions gone haywire. Rounding out the rest of the orchestra were guitar player Paul Soulodre, looking like after the show he would tuck his pack of cigarettes back under the sleeve of his plain white t-shirt, strap his black Les Paul on his back, and ride off on his hog, ponytail flying straight out in the breeze like a greasy compass needle; bass player Cheetah Blake had the distinction of having the longest hair and the meanest licks on campus that night; and drummer Duke Bronfman held the whole thing together like crazy glue.

"I want to drive the cars that blew Elvis' mind/ I want to date the girls that blew Elvis' mind," whined Jerry Jerry, the pained expression on his face scaring the already frightened crowd back a few more feet to shelter behind the bar. In fact, the entire first set was played out to a crowd more fitting to a Sunday or Tuesday night at the Club than a Saturday. And although the stage isn't that high off floor level, the humour seemed to wash way over the audience's heads. After a long break, however, the band returned to a much larger, noisier, a tad more appreciative, and of course, drunker, crowd.

"All in all it was not a banner day/ I had a lousy cup of coffee and stupidly I went to work," complained Jerry in a first-set number that should have had the audience whooping and flailing their arms in agreement and sympathy. Instead, no one laughed. In space no one can hear you scream; at the Social Club no one can hear you sing. Too bad. This was another in a long line of top-notch bands the Club has booked this year, but another poorly attended event. The crowd shouts with much more vigor and gusto when the confused DJ's play *Life is a Highway* than they do after a kick-ass rendition of *Demolition Man* by the Thomas Trio, or an inspired *I'm Blue* by the Sons of Rhythm Orchestra.

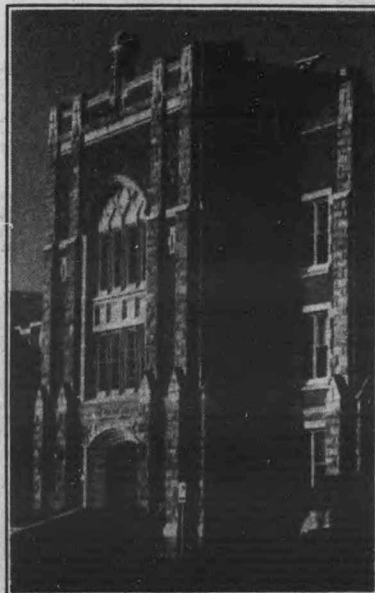
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**REAP THE WHIRLWIND: The Untold Story of 6 Group, Canada's Bomber Force of World War II (\$29.95)**

Author William Carter, Ph.D., will be available at the **University Bookstore** on

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to autograph copies of this book which he co-authored with Spenser Dunmore. Dr. Carter completed his thesis on 6 Group to obtain his doctorate in military history from McMaster University. Dr. Carter has taught military history at the University of Western Ontario, and he is presently teaching at UNB.

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"If you think that mid terms and tests and finals and emotional problems and financial worries and smashing up your parents car and getting food poisoning from cafeteria food and trying to quit smoking and being short and ugly and not having a girlfriend or boyfriend who isn't a jerk or worrying about global nuclear destruction is tough, try being a sheep!"