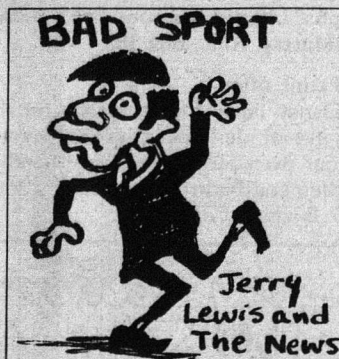


Jerry Lewis: this is music?



BAD SPORT JERRY LEWIS AND THE NEWS

Modern

★½

Jerry Lewis and the News is one of those bands you either love or hate. Their slapstick approach to music has endeared them to many listeners while causing others to feel nauseous.

Lewis' albums have always enjoyed success in France, perhaps owing to the language barrier. Their latest release, *Bad Sport*, has already achieved double platinum status in France after only one week. French critics have given *Bad Sport* laudatory reviews: "Fantastique", "Tres Bon," and "Wow", rave the Gaullist critics.

But *Bad Sport* is a seriously flawed album and all flaws belong to Jerry Lewis. Lewis' high pitched, whining and shouting only serve to accentuate the idiocy of his lyrics.

On previous albums we were treated to slapstick beauties such as "Pie in the Sky", "Spill the Wine on Your Shirt" and "Let's Get Mental." The tragic thing about these songs is that, unlike Weird Al Yankovic, Lewis is serious.

The French critics argue that Lewis' lyrics have a surreal quality, in the tradition of French poets such as Delarme. Actually, the lyrics have a stupid quality, in the tradition of the *Brady Bunch*.

RATINGS: ***** = A five-figure bribe from the record company. **** = Four-figure bribe. *** = Three-figure bribe or an album we generally like. ** = Sort of cacophonous dreck that you probably listen to at home. * = Andy Gibb. Ratings are supervised by ROTTING STONE editors.

A *New Drug* indicates the extent of Lewis' lack of talent:

I need a new drug

One that will make me charismatic

One that will give me good looks

One that will make me the biggest entertainer in Vegas

The rhyme scheme is somehow lacking in much of Lewis' lyrics.

His egomania spoils an otherwise musically pleasant album featuring some fine moments by The News.

These journeymen musicians are wasting their time with Lewis. Max "Stax" Robinson's guitar work is masterful. Peter "Piper" Jennings' saxophone honks out one soulful melody after another. Harry "Chopin" Reasoner's virtuosic keyboard work betrays his classical training. Anchoring the News is the rhythm section of "Crazy" Ted Copple on drums and Dan "Duck" Rather on bass guitar. Their vast experience playing the club network in the San Francisco area has endowed them with a versatility unseen since Herman's Hermits.

Bad Sport is a poor album. It is so bad that the ever-present rumours of a Martin and Lewis reunion have stopped, indicating that even Dean Martin wants nothing to do with *the idiot*.

Bad Sport may be just another attempt by Lewis to garner more fans in the hopes of increasing the number of donations to his charity. The biggest charity case, though, is The News, and their handicap is Jerry Lewis.

-DON SNEVELY



INSTANT LOBOTOMY BY NUMBERS PSYCHOTIC PUKES

Arista

★★★★½

Hot on the heels of the Dayglow Abortions and the Plasmatics is the Vancouver based sado-masochist trio the Psychotic Pukes. At a recent engagement in the newly renovated Scum Pit in downtown Vegreville, the group performed an onstage mastectomy of a white rabbit, and drop-kicked

seven Cocker Spaniel puppies into the audience. Intrepid Rotting Stone contributor R.J. Stoner talked with the Pukes after the concert.

Describing the performance as "good family entertainment" founding member Sy Napse explained that white rabbits have long been used by stage performers like magicians. As for the puppies, Napse claims "they were just plain cute, and made a helluva squeal if you hit em just right." He went on to say he has a genuine love for any animals he can get close to.

The band has just emerged from the studio, having cut their first album, "Instant Lobotomy by Numbers."

Lead guitarist for the Psychotic Pukes is the flamboyant Malignant Cyst, who is credited with having introduced the "Instant Lobotomy" to the dance world. Cyst explains "hey, it ain't no Michael Jackson, but it's fun." In a bizarre demonstration, Cyst bent at the waist, and charged headfirst into a filing cabinet. After a staggering reel backwards, he grabbed a nearby Budweiser, took a slug, and passed out.

Bryon Tumor completes the trio, and claims to be the artistic director of the group. With such memorable tunes as "Why stop the Pain?", "Please Sleaze Me", and "Stop the Puppies", Tumor is a fast-rising name in the musical world. Trained as a classical pianist, Tumor spent ten years in a Tibetan monastery perfecting his craft, and studied poetry and literature with his mentor, Friar Guido Luamba. When asked who inspired him the most, Tumor drew on such favourites as Shirley Temple, Pat Boone, and the Andrews Sisters. After it was mentioned that perhaps he might have strayed somewhat from his modest beginning, Tumor was indignant: "Hey, I don't need no crypto-fascist faggot telling me about art! Those rabbits and puppies and stuff is just for the kids in the audience."

I believe,
in the moonlight shining
upon lovers
wrestling in the coarse, gritty
sand,
while waves crash upon the
shore
killing slugs.

Moonbeams cross the
aching solitudes,
sweeping crimson-couple
firelight into the
festering pus bowls
of my mind.

This, then, is a band with the message. Perhaps Malignant Cyst says it best when he explains "Punk is a family affair." But when it was suggested that the majority of the Pukes' audience are pubescent delinquents, Cyst stumbled, "well, hey, how do you know? You don't know adults these days. I mean, like, they shave their heads too, you know." He also let slip his secret admiration for the late Sid Vicious, of whom he said, "Sid was a great man, you know. Just because you slice up your girlfriend, the whole world thinks you're sick. Not Sid, man - he was a real humanitarian. That chick, she was *obnoxious*!"

The Psychotic Pukes are just starting a trans-Alberta tour, spanning some thirty cities and towns. As yet, the reception has been cool, but Bryon Tumor is confident, "That Veg concert - that was great. When those puppies sailed offstage, the crowd screamed with excitement. As for those other towns, they'll let us back when we're real big." And so the world waits with baited breath for the release of the Pukes' debut album, "Instant Lobotomy by Numbers."

-JUMBO BIAFRA



MUSIC TO WELD BY MOTORHEAD

Mercury

★★★★

Motorhead give still more conclusive proof that they are the most original band and the most effective raisers of social consciousness since Penis Envy. Motorhead's latest release is a stinging indictment of modern liberal attitudes and their consequences for the lives of individuals in the late post-modern world. Each track attacks modern political society and its failure to allow people to attain their fullest potential.

The first track, *Mr. Faustus*, shows how freedom in modern liberal society has actually caused people to care only for themselves and not for social justice. The lyrics blend perfectly with the sonata-allegro form of this cut. Motorhead use dynamic contrasts particularly

effectively on "Mr. Faustus," at one point moving directly from a mezzo-piano distorted bass oassage ubti a sizzling ass-kicking solo from guitarist Lemming.

The second tune, *Alone and Brain-dead in the Industrial Wasteland*, is a polemical tirade against the existential despair prevalent in many current rock songs, such as last year's chart topper, *Vanilla and Chocolate* by Paul McCartney and Stevie Wonder. Power chords reverberate throughout the next band, a five minute piece entitled *Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea*. Played forward, this track cries out against the helpless despair of inner-city inhabitants, but only reveals its true mystical power when played backwards at 39¼ rpm. Teddy Clack's bass solo can be particularly enhanced by a little lysergic acid diethylamide. Drummer Philthy Reoisiohist Ranning Dog Taylor carries the relentless, driving rhythm until the tune reaches its mind-blowing, ear-shattering, heart-rending finale.

The second side consists of a 20 minute opus entitled *Cloven Hooves*. Motorhead save some of the best lyrics of the album for this tune, which attacks American multi-national corporation policies which keep the Third World underdeveloped. Singer Lemming screams with intense passion:

Oh baby, you gotta believe
this ain't no twig,

So lie on your back and grunt, pig,

The incredible force of this social commentary is indescribable. This reviewer awaits with breathless anticipation Motorhead's next release, tentatively scheduled for next summer and to be called *The Nuclear Arms Race and the Psychological State of Middle America*.

-CHEVY CHASTE

My skin melts
In your presence,
My nostril hairs
Are scorched,
My eyes water
When you come near,
Buy some deodorant,
Or I'll kill you

Bob

Ice cubes float
In a glass of Coke,
You float
In a pool of smoke,
I float
in an endless joke,
pass it here,
I need another toke.

"Cheech" Wordsworth