

# Crazy Montrealers are just what T.O. needs. At least they think so

## Jerry Jerry's kitsch come-on

► BY JENNIFER NINE

One of the best things about Montreal's Jerry Jerry — if you discount peripherals like sly onstage anarchy and good dress sense — is his acid tongue.

On his latest album, *Don't Mind If I Do*, for instance, Jerry takes aim at journalists in "Big Pack of Lies" with his breezy suggestion, "I'd rather see you waxing floors than talking about my band." And that's just the polite bit. So I put down the Mop N' Glo and call him ...

Jerry's chuckling away, bantering about the poor wretch who inspired the song: "Well, it wasn't even about her, in the end," he says. "We'd written the song already and it just seemed appropriate. Whenever we get a bad review, however, we do like to open the next show with it."

So with that little tidbit out of the way, it should be mentioned that the travelling house party that is the Sons

### P R E V I E W

#### JERRY JERRY & THE SONS OF RHYTHM ORCHESTRA

Friday, July 17  
The El Mocambo  
464 Spadina Rd., 870-8000

of Rhythm Orchestra returns for another scamper through Southern Ontario this week. If you know the band's sparse recorded output (*Road Gore: The Band That Drank Too Much* and *Battle Hymn of the Apartment*, as well as the new *Don't Mind*) or their somewhat more reliable live history, then you know you're in for some thrash-ups, some sparkling pop songs (the kind Costello used to write), and some seriously sideways, loungecore, R&B weirdness.

Then again, if you know the band at all, you're probably not from around here. Montreal, Edmonton, Vancouver — hell, even Saskatoon is hip to the vibe. But not, inexplicably, Hogtown.

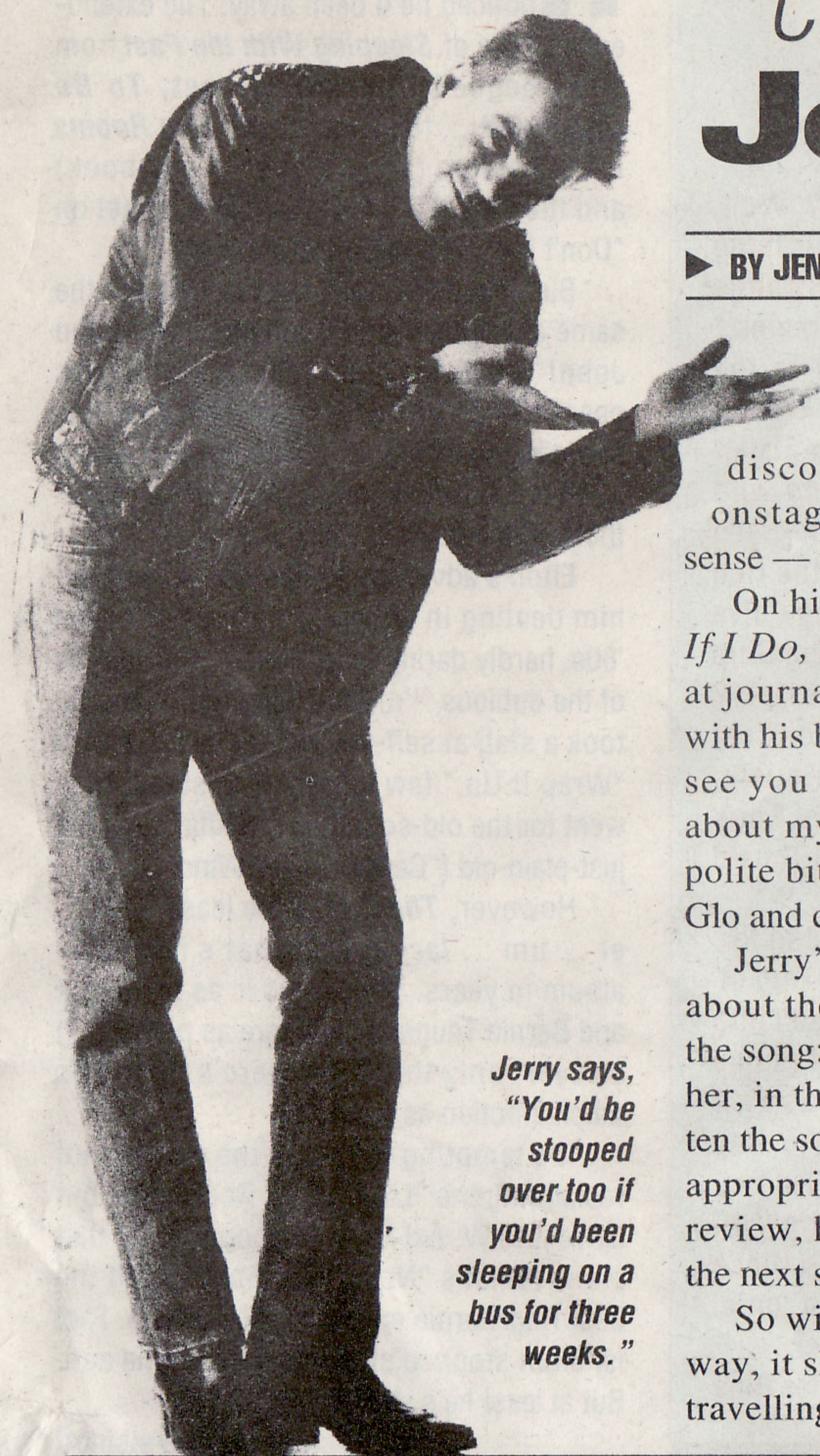
Not that that bothers Jerry particularly. "You can't sit at home and blame Toronto for everything," he allows. "Of course, you can blame them for quite a bit. But there's an avalanche of bands out there, and a lot of them are maybe not that good anymore. People have to work to pick out the duds. The best you can do is tell people about the good stuff." In any case, he adds, "Lately we're not doing too badly in Toronto, and we expect a pretty good turnout this time."

Since the new album's release in February, the Sons have crossed the country a couple of times in larger or smaller incarnations, depending on finances, both headlining and with other acts. "We did the Bootsauce tour, which was fun," notes Jerry. And before I get any big ideas, he adds, "It was, by the way — I just want you to know I'm not saying 'it was fun' in the way that everyone else in this horrible, wretched business does." That is, with a big derisive NOT tacked silently on the end.

Jerry likes his job. "It's the best thing," he says, surprised that I might think otherwise. "If musicians start complaining about their lives, you should just hang up on them. If it wasn't such a great job, why would so many people be in it, especially when the pay is so bad? Where else can you drink on the job, and people applaud everything you do, and you get to work nights, wear what you want, and you don't have to get up in the morning? What could be better?"

That sensibility — clever, kitsch, daft and knowing — may be about as postmodern as they come, but ultimately Jerry Jerry's solidly old-fashioned approach is one your parents would probably appreciate. "We take this with all the seriousness in the world because this is what we do. We craft our songs, and that's the bottom line. If people come to the show and want to get the impression that it's a drunken thrash-up, that's fine, too.

"And you know," he says simply, "it just gets better all the time." ☺



*Jerry says,  
"You'd be  
stooped  
over too if  
you'd been  
sleeping on a  
bus for three  
weeks."*