

# Entertainment page

## New Revolutions

by Jerry Morrell

What's the matter with kids today?

Kids today — aside, obviously, from those who think of themselves as "with-it" beyond words, and have the Brian Jones hairdos and paisley sportswear to prove it — generally think of the 60's as a time when their parents dressed like clowns, babbled foolish slogans, and thought they were doing their part to make the world a better place by getting high and dancing like spastics to unspeakably lame Grateful Dead jams.

Today's Young Person, on the

other hand is likely to be a "head-banger" (a term which explains why the music sounds like it was created by someone who's received one-too-many concussions) — he'll dress like a thug and devote his life to being perceived as a public menace; or he'll be a "preppie" — in which case he'll lust unashamably after an MBA (or it poor country cousin, the BBA) and expensive German automobiles, Gucci accessories, and Rolex wristwatches. In other words the choice is between mindless cynicism on one hand and mindless greed on the other.

Some choice. In comparison

to either, I submit, the peace-'n'-love ethos of the 60's seems infinitely preferable. Never mind that the level of mindlessness among the audience at Woodstock must surely have been the equal of that at, say, 1983's US Festival. Never mind because it's intunsically preferable that a Young Person take on the faith that it's uncool not to be gentle and altruistic than to believe that he's got to party hard to show everyone that he's every bit the bad SOB they are. Give me a kid in a poncho and love beads getting off on pot before a kid in a motorcycle jacket bought at Zellers and a WASP "We Hate Women" T-shirt getting off on crack or Jack Daniels any old time.

Review ... (note: five stars = excellent, no star = dreadful)  
Prince — *LoveSezy* ★ ★ ★  
(Paisley Park / Warner Bros.)

Have you seen the jacket for this album? Does Prince shave his legs? Is that flower bud a phallic symbol? Could you picture Springsteen posing nude on one of his album jackets?

If the jacket appears promising, recall *Around the World in a Day*, the dumbest album by a major artist since Dylan's born-again period. Admittedly, the rhythms on *LoveSezy* are nothing short of ingenious, light-years beyond *Sign o' the Times*; and Prince's obvious affinity with the Miles Davis and Sly and the Family Stone certainly works for me. But the lyrics, well, you can't get much worse than "Sun is risen, moon is gone / Soda fizzen on the lawn." Prince's strength has never been his profundity (though he's written some dandy lines), but the lyrics on this album are S T O O P I D ! And, unlike a few previous efforts, the music is not quite good enough for me to ignore this fact.

Look, forget this album. If you're interested in Prince start with *Purple Rain* or *1999* and then *Sign o' the Times*; and after you've dug up his masterpieces, *Dirty Mind*, try *Parade* or *Controversy*. *LoveSezy* is a good album, but unless you're a fanatic you'll be disappointed. ■

## Moon Over Parador

Starring:

Richard  
Dreyfuss

Raul Julia

Soma Braga

Paul Mazursky (*Down and Out in Beverly Hills*) has done it again. We have another silly movie, this one a film about acting. A New York actor, Richard Dreyfuss, a persuaded into impersonating the late dictator Parador. The chief of police, *saue* Raul Julia, threatens to kill Dreyfuss if he doesn't do as he is told.

Like all actors, the thrill of the audience's cheers urges him onto more, as does his success in the bedroom with the dictator's mistress, gorgeous Sonia Braga. When a bomb goes off, Dreyfuss is quickly pulled back to reality.

Remember Charo? She can still do the goochy-goochy and Jonathan Winters makes a satirical CIA operative.

Lunacy? Well, let's call it a daffy delight! I rate this one a B-

## Tidbit

Don't you remember when we were adolescents and where we hung around. It was places like 'the hole' and 'the hollow'. I said that I couldn't remember.

"Well, anyways," Hesbin said. "The Pit sounds like an adolescent hangout. It sounds like we're sunk inside something, like a slump, or a rut."

Metaphorically speaking, he was right. I didn't say this to him because I knew that if he was that I agreed, he probably would have went out and tried to change the name or something.

"Don't you see," As Hesbin spoke I began writing a few notes. "we're not adolescents anymore.

We're on one of the most important stages of our life. We shouldn't have to hang out in a place called The Pit. It sounds like we're underground or something."

Technically speaking, The Pit is underground. I didn't say this to Hesbin though. I just let him keep talking.

"But we're far from that. We're at the pinnacle of our education." I made a note of that. "It's so disgusting! We're not crawling out of a pit, we're jumping off something, like the 'tip'. Yes," As Hesbin spoke I noticed that his whole body started shaking. "the name should be re-

versed and called The Tip!" Once I saw that glare in his eyes I knew that he wasn't all there. I couldn't let him go any further.

"Hesbin," I said "you're really strange."

All at once he started foaming at the mouth and, in his rage, he leaped towards me screaming from the tips of his lungs.

"How would you know!!!! You've never ever been there!!!!"

Then he seized me by the collar and when he started punching me in my stomach, I screamed back at him.

"Hesbin!!! Hesbin!!! Hesbin!!!"

I guess my mother, Gunabee, heard us for she came rushing into my room and, realizing the situation, she screamed at Hesbin.

"Hesbin!!! You....."

Then he jumped at her and started punching her in the stomach.

"Wunastop!!! Wunastop!!! Wunastop!!! " she screamed for my father.

Immediately my father came flying into my room and, as all fathers do, he maintained order."

Well, that's the end of my story. I hope you liked it. If you didn't, next time I'll write a whole lot instead of just a tid bit of my life.

## Chemmigram for the puzzling mind

S S D U F F D L I E X T R A N N C  
I E B I N T Y O E L Y A D V A I N  
G L Y A S C A R O N B U C H N E R  
E I A P L T E C T H N U D T E L D  
C P F B O R I B E S E U R H N A I  
P T H G O C O L U T I M F E O H U  
A A H Y I R S T L T O M U L T T Q  
O N N E S S A O A E T N E F G H I  
Y D A B R I S T R C R S E H I P L  
O E R L A M C A O T I Y E S C L I  
E R T O Y L O A L R C S N T D O R  
N T G T P T A M L G Y E E D I N E  
S O T A E P I N E T H S P D I E K  
N G B E N V E C C T U C O S I H A  
S H A R P I U R A E E B T L L P E  
E F R O A I C C M L M R A A I G B  
I C G A S C P R E R R I T S W D Z

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|------------|------------|-----------------|
| acetone    | dropper    | phenolphthalein |
| analytical | extran     | physical        |
| beaker     | fumehood   | pipette         |
| buchner    | funnel     | sigfig          |
| buret      | gas        | solid           |
| carbon     | laboratory | spectroscopy    |
| chemistry  | labs       | stirrer         |
| cuvette    | liquid     | testtube        |
| desicator  | organic    | thermometer     |
| distillery | panbalance | watchglass      |