

# Emotional rescue is 'primo Stones'

Rock and Roll is a loser's game, at least that's what Ian Hunter told us when Mott the Hoople were still around. But if losing is the rule, the Rolling Stones are the exception.

I like the Stones, for the mere fact that they are the Rolling Stones. Any band that sticks around for almost twenty years deserves the respect of rock fans. But this respect does not come only from their longevity; the Stones have earned it. Their music has been accepted, even cherished, by several generations of listeners.

The Stones' latest album, "Emotional Rescue," re-establishes their prominence in the rock-and-roll world. Coming two years after the successful "Some Girls," "Rescue" offers us a package of Rhythm and Blues based tunes that have the trademark of the Stones written all over them.

As in the past, when the Stones are good they are very, very good, but when they are bad they weren't too hot. This is the case here, but the good does outweigh the bad.

First the bad. Side one kicks off with a song called "Dance (Part 1)." The only song written with the assistance of Ron Wood, "Dance" sounds like "Miss You" out-takes. It is essentially a tune-up session for the band and probably should not have been the opening cut.

The other low point comes at the tail end of side one. "Indian Girl" is a song about some sort of South American (Bianca?) girl and a gringo who sings the song. The song comes off as the most pretentious cut to be found. I mean really, "My father, he ain't no Che Guevera ..." — I find that a bit much.

But the rest is primo Stones. "Summer Romance," "Send it to Me" and "Let Me Go" are the three songs sandwiched in the middle of side one. They are all directed at Mick Jagger and Keith Richards' favorite subject — girls. "Send it to Me" is almost reggae with syncopated bass and drum work. The lyrics are standard Rolling Stones tongue-in-cheek fare.

"Let Me Go" and "Summer Ro-

mance" display the Stones' ability to relate to their younger audience. Both have Beach-Boy-type references to women and school. However, where the Beach Boys were all smiles and acne cream, the Stones are back-row dirty. Ron Wood and Keith Richards guitars play off one another almost as if



they were being played by the same man. Wood has the attitude towards the Stones that his predecessor Mick Taylor lacked, he enjoys being a Stone.

The whole of side two is classic. The material here is closer thematically to "Some Girls" than to any previous Stones works.

"Where the Boys All Go" is Jagger at his nastiest, spitting out lyrics rather than singing them.

The rest of the boys match Jagger's fever pitch, especially Bill Wyman on bass. If Wyman is seriously considering retirement, it doesn't show on this tune. He and Charlie Watts are the core of the Stones' rhythm section, pounding out unceasingly while the more notorious of their brethren play on top of them.

"Down in the Hole" opens with Sugar Blue's hauntingly raw blues harp. This blues tune offers Wood and Richards the showcase they truly deserve. As blues guitarists go, the two Stones are worthy of a place in the Hall of Fame. Richards' guitar cries while Wood's screams, the two separated into opposite channels. The effect is incredible.

Jagger's voice boils over with the frustration of the blues singer who can't find the right words to express his feelings. "Down in the Hole" is the Stones at their rhythm and blues best.

The title cut, which has received considerable airplay, follows. In the tradition of previous Stones' songs, "Emotional Rescue" has that haphazard production quality that reveals the Rolling Stones' belief in music as enjoyment. This song sounds as if it was slapped together on one take. The spontaneity of Jagger's vocals is evident. Singing

in falsetto, Mick relates his "knight-in-shining-armor" fantasy.

The Stones save the best for last. The two final cuts **out-do** most of the previous efforts. "She's so Cold" is pure rhythm and blues and has the same feel as "Shattered" from their previous album. The lyrics are embellished with frustration.

Of all the Rolling Stones' songs, my favorites are those Keith Richards sings lead on. Some of the Stones' best moments have been captured in "Happy," "Before They Make Me Run" and others. The final song on this album, "All About You," features Richards in a slow ballad that is already a classic in my book.

I've always wanted to review a Stones' album, but after having done so I find it difficult to describe exactly how I feel about them. Suffice it to say "... it's only rock and roll, but I like it."

— Geoff Hackett  
Hackett is a senior marketing major

Review

## Comedy film not funny

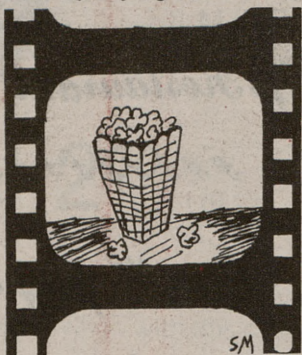
"Cheech and Chong's Next Movie" has no plot and is a piece of trash.

Now just because a comedy movie has no plot doesn't necessarily mean it's no good. "Kentucky Fried Movie" was hilarious and certainly didn't have one, and "Animal House" had only the semblance of a plot and was one of best movies of the late seventies.

And just because a movie is trashy doesn't mean it's not worthwhile. Some trashy movies are great to watch — George Romero's "Night of the Living Dead" and "Dawn of the Dead," both with their human barbeque sequences, are two of the trashiest films ever allowed to be banned in 39 countries, but past the first 20 minutes of each, they're worth every cent just to see all the gore.

But unlike so many adorable plotless and trashy movies that have been made before, "Next Movie" is a waste.

This movie is the residue left from C&C's first film, "Up in Smoke," which turned out to be a pretty big box office hit. "Up in Smoke"



wasn't a great movie, but wasn't bad. Plus it was nice to see the boys back in form, even if their heyday was before dawn of disco, designer jeans and Farrah Fawcett-Majors, all of which are "out" today.

"Next Movie" again stars the antique twosome of "Cheech" Marin and Thomas Chong, two California low-lifers trying to live from one snort (or reefer) to the next. C&C wrote the script, and Chong actually takes credit for the movie's (lack of) direction.

Like any C&C material, the dialogue is spiced with a curse word or phrase followed by the word "man" at least every other minute. The good jokes are old, and the ethnic humor is stale. When they talk to each other, it's like watching a dull radio skit — the motion of the movie stops.

Unfortunately the funniest scenes in an unfunny movie center around the other characters who are periodically thrown in the film. Mark Gilman gives the best performance in "Next Movie," portraying a welfare recipient gone mad.

Rumor has it the only way to enjoy any Cheech and Chong movie is to be stoned, drunk or sporting a frontal lobotomy. Don't waste your money — it's not worth the price of booze, drugs or the price of the ticket.

— KATHLEEN McELROY



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