

# Dimwilt in Underland

By Jim Lai

(I'm not giving out hints this week. Now let's get on with the story.)

There was a guard in front of the huge brass gates of the Kingdom of Psycho-Derelicts which were wide open. The guard spoke.

"Halt intruder!"

"No," Sly Dimwilt responded casually.

"Why not?" the guard pleaded.

"Get out of my way!" Sly ordered nonchalantly as he stepped into the city. He heard the guard scream hideous compliments after him.

His thoughts were disturbed by the overdressed people filling the streets. They ran from place to place in paths loosely resembling that of a songbird caught in a tornado. If not that, then they travelled in paths similar to that of a speck of dust caught in a hairdryer.

One of the people stopped him and spoke.

"King Drudge of the King-

dom of Psycho-Derelicts welcomes you to his city!" shouted the Herald.

"So what?" Sly asked, but the Herald had already run away.

Although Sly could think rationally, he often did not and, as a result, paid no attention to the world around him. Totally undisturbed by his encounter with the Herald, he walked into the seething mass of the deathly people.

Eventually, he came upon a massive castle constructed of bricks of compressed lint and dust. The air reeked with the smell of mothballs. Bypassing another guard in a similar fashion as the first, he entered what he presumed to be the castle of King Drudge. Why? Even he didn't know. (Being a storyteller gives one absolute control over the characters in a story. It feels great to have such power. Really!)

He was now in the Main Hall. On the other side of the Hall was a silver throne tarnished beyond description. On the throne sat a wiry-

looking young man with a battered cooking pot on his head.

"Welcome!" said the man. "I am King Drudge!"

Rudely, Sly asked, "What's that on your head?" Actually, he knew what it was. He wasn't a total Dimwilt.

"Do you not love my crown? My beautiful crown! Thrown down from father to son for uncountable generations!"

"No."

"Oh." King Drudge paused. "I don't either. But, I have to wear it anyway."

They were silent. After a ridiculously long pause, King Drudge spoke again.

"You're a strange one. Who are you?"

"Sly Dimwilt."

"Hmp. Never heard of a Dimwilt."

"I'm not surprised."

"Perhaps a tour of my castle will impress you, serf!"

"Probably not," sigh Sly, obviously bored.

(To be continued.)



## Crook speaks to campus

Presidential candidate Dr. Rodney Crook, who gave public lecture on Monday night, gleefully answers a question from a student. Dr. Crook is presently Foundation Professor of Sociology at the University of Tasmania. (Photo: MacLeod)

# Tropico: Pat Benetar is still going

By Glen Boswall

I haven't been listening to a lot of Pat Benetar lately. Although I was a big fan of her older stuff, the years passed and her style changed. Pat always was a rocker — one who knew how to throw the energy into the music whether the songs were social messages or just good time rock.

**Tropico**, Benetar's latest album, carries the same mix of themes, but the old rock spirit is gone. What we have left is that all-too-common punchy obscure sound with an overdriving bass and drum track and the guitars and keyboards acting as little more than fills. It's a Platinum Blond approach that leaves the rock and roll behind.

The album is composed of slow-moving ballads and Kraftwerkian computer-like rhythms. On the whole, the album would have to be classified as soft rock.

The lady has a voice. That is one thing about Pat Benetar that has not changed. I cannot point out any specific shining examples, because she sings superbly on each track. "Suburban King", however, and "We Belong" will do for starters.

The band does an adequate back-up, but I wouldn't look for any solo careers. Roger Copps does guest bass work on "We Belong" and "Painted Desert", and manages to outshine regular bassist Donnie Nassov.

"We Belong" was definitely the right choice for a single/video release. It is catchy and give an accurate presentation of the questions and problems that seep into every long-term relationship. "Diamond Fields" and "Takin' It Back" are also worthy of praise. The former is a reflection on life and complications in the city, the latter on the aspiring then declining life of Mr. A-

Typical-Rock-Star. It is bitingly accurate.

This album has a little of everything: rockabilly in the "Ooh Ooh Song" (yes, it has plenty of "ooh's" in it), ballads in "Suburban King", and electro rock in "Outlaw Blues". Perhaps one of the most annoying things about the album is its lack of even a faint central theme. It appears that Pat is attempting to satisfying all audiences at the same time.

Not a bad album, but certainly not her best.

### Tropico — Pat Benetar

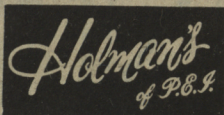
**High points**  
"We Belong"  
"Takin' It Back"  
"Suburban King"  
(nice content)

**Low points**  
"Temporary Heroes"  
(obscure)  
"A Crazy World Like This"  
(ho-hum)  
"Suburban King" (too short)

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