Angel Dust is fine mindless escape

By Claudia Perry

Angel Dust is a compellingly trashy novel. The action takes place in what purports to be the world of rock 'n' roll. There's a lot of drug-taking; a little titillating soft, poor corn.

As intriguing as this all is, none of it can cover up Lindsay Marsetto's deficiencies as a writer. The book never does anything unexpected. Everyone who dies is supposed to. After all, what's a trash novel without a few self-destructive personalities for the greedy to kick around? If this is life in the fast lane, let me take the next exit.

A little tight editing might have turned Angel Dust into a trash classic, but it seems that love didn't even want to proofread the book, let alone make it coherent. Monica Choy, a character shamelessly modeled after Yoko Ono, is often referred to as Tanaka for no apparent reason. From one sentence to the next party venues change. It's very confusing.

One thing clear about Angel Dust is the rock 'n' roll legends that oozed into Marsetto's characters. Her Jim Destr is no match for the Bob Dylan he's based on. Complete with motorcycle accident and mysterious background, he bursts onto the scene in Greenwich Village. He is signed to Colossal records. The rest can be found in Tony Scaduto's biography of Bob Dylan. The bio is funnier than this.

Other members of the rock 'n' roll pantheon are present in Angel Dust doing all the kinky things that have made Harold Robbins a fortune over the past decade. Photographer Meredith Fairchild is based very loosely on Linda Eastman. After a life of indiscriminate sex with anyone who plays rock 'n' roll, she settles down with the handsomest member of a recently split quartet.

Christina Inglesia is a laughable, thinly veiled clone of Bianca Jagger. Morgan Meeker is her Mick. If you were ever curious about the Jagger's home life it would be a good idea for you to avoid this book. Morgan and Christina are a pair of mechanical sadomasochists. They aren't interesting enough to be titillizing. Anyone who knows the legends of rock 'n' roll will probably laugh themselves sick at Angel Dust. People unfamiliar with the history of rock should avoid the book at all costs. Angel Dust is as mind-numbing as its street-sold namesake.

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