

# ELEGANZA



## GOT PIZZAZZ (IF YOU WANT IT)

by John Mendelsohn

In the months since its resurrection, several hundred readers have written this column to ask what they should do with their hair. Would that *Eleganza* know! Wear it long and you're apt to be perceived by the hip and trendy either as some pathetic old flower child, a heavy metal dumberhead, or, worse yet, a shag Troy in little white Capote shoes.

Wear it short and you're apt, unless you put fascia highlights in it (and who has the time these days?), to be mistaken for somebody who not only believes that there's such a thing as soft rock, but also has one of the pushbuttons on the radio in his Toyota set to a station that claims to play it.

Wear it sort of in between, with the sides cut off and everything else long, as do many of your little white-Capote-shoes boys in groups that hope to become The Next Loverboy, and you're certain to be ridiculed by *Eleganza*.

Wear it in the only way that's guaranteed to get soft rock fans good and reamed up—that is, in a perurgine Mohawk—and you'll find yourself spending hours per day in front of the mirror—hours that might otherwise be devoted to listening in front of Safeway, brightening old ladies' hair to death.

*Eleganza* doesn't envy you younger readers. Back in *Eleganza's* squandered youth, getting her belt buckles steamed up was no more difficult than letting one's hair grow long.

Some of *Eleganza's* most satisfying—if not happy—memories from college days are of the UCLA football team dividing "Which one's the girl?" as he strolled past with his girlfriend in spandex leotards. Betsy Jones barge, a palking shirt and wide-waist corduroy hip-huggers from the mod section of the local department store, and Tom McAn Seattle boys. (The answer, of course, was his girlfriend.)

*Eleganza* really had to hand it to Missing Persons at the US Festival—no group looked better at its post-performance press conference.



If it doesn't reflect, then Dale doesn't want it.

Neil Dorman

Please be assured that *Eleganza* isn't begging the question of Dale's multi-colored hair, in which no primary color isn't represented. Please know, on that contrary, that *Eleganza* will cease to ridicule Dale's hair as silly and hideous only when no breath remains in this muscular old body, will cease to try to think of catty things to say about her lipstich only when frozen yogurt goes on sale in Hoot.

Please know too that *Eleganza* finds the Persons' music as objectionable as the next guy, particularly in view of its failure to shame Dale out of that obnoxious squinting she thinks so cute and new wave.

But let's give credit where it's due. Even with Dale among them, they looked great. They all wore white, sea, and not just any white, but gleaming, dazzling white. One got the impression that they'd lured up just to come meet the press—the critical wing of which was recently characterized by Terry Rozzo in these very pages as "dogs without teeth."

Just for the record, Dale did nothing to jeopardize her image as the Grace Allen of rock 'n' roll. That is, her verbally every utterance was positively bracing in its naivety. Utterd to being, her most intimate feelings about computer technology, topology,

