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entertainment

Dr. Hook: drunk remedy

By Deb Gray

The band apparently had been priming before the gig.

"How is it down there?" Dr. Hook asked the 1,500 persons attending the Golden County Festival at Midwest Speedway Saturday evening. His voice sounded as if it was sieved through gravel. With an eye patch and feathered hat, he looked like a Long John Silver anyone could love, reminiscent of a pirate who cohosted a cartoon carnival show a few years ago. "It's pretty drunk up here," he said.

It was not much different down there down on the dirt of the race track which winds had changed into dust.

Drunk people There were quite a few drunk people the most visible were pubescent, such as a 12-year-old towhead who had started drinking beer and smoking dope four hours earlier when the sun was shining and Straight was on the stage.

His stamina couldn't last. When Dr. Hook came on, he was stagger-halt-lurch-wheel-staggering his way through the audience.

Two other girls were giggling by the entrance. "I'm really junked out," one said.

But as a whole, the crowd was well-behaved. They were there to get off on the music, to take in one of those shine-on-August-moon nights that brings back memories of good times, of thousands of other mellow summer nights.

Golden Country Festival

The Golden Country Festival was the first rock concert sponsored by Season's Best Promotions, a new Lincoln company. The music started about 6:30 p.m. with the Lincoln rock band Straight followed by Spirit, Barefoot Jerry and Dr. Hook and the Medicine Show.

The music was down home and refreshing. Barefoot Jerry won over the audience not only with its relaxed stage manner-sprinkled with "y'alls"-but also with its music-an unusual but successful marriage of country and funk.

About 10:30 p.m. came the final equipment change. The wind had picked up, giving the roadies fits.

Hippiedom national anthem

Some of the boogie people crowding the fence grew impatient. They broke into a chorus of Jerry Jeff Walker's "Up Against the Wall You Redneck Mothers." which is

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fast replacing "Okie from Muskogee" as hippiedom's national anthem.

The crowd was up for Dr. Hook and the band gave the audience just what it wanted -sheer zooiness. They started off with "Alabama Yodel," which featured Dr. Hook triple-tonguing yodel passages. He followed up with a burlesque shirt-stripping version of Bing Crosby's hit "Or Would You Rather Be a Mule." Except he sang it, "Would You Rather Be a Pig?" And, of course, the group did its hit "The Cover of the Rolling Stone," a song which describes the group on the verge of making it big. Must have changed

Things must have changed since then. They sang one of the new songs, "Everyone's Making It But Me."

One group member tore apart their new album entitled Bankrupt sticking the jacket on his head.

"You can buy this album at the record stores now," he said. "Or you can wait a couple of weeks and pick it up for \$1.99 in the racks at the drug stores."

Dr. Hook's band brought into Lincoln something not seen too often in big-name rock entertainment-a band that obviously has fun playing its music and which still has the spontaneity to laugh at itself.



Two spectators take a walk at the Golden County Festival at Midwest Speedway Saturday night.

Brautigan's latest typifies past efforts

Book Review by Bill Roberts

The Hawkline Monster: A Gothic Western is Richard Brautigan's latest novel, and it's a good, typically Brautigan book.

As the subtitle implies, the author mixes things you don't normally expect to be mixed. He does it well, and the book couldn't be better classified.

A description of the sound of the entrapped Hawkline Monster is typical of his style: "It sounds like the combination of water being poured into a glass," Miss Hawkline said. "A dog barking and the muttering of a drunk parrot. And very, very loud." It's for passages like that that Brautigan's books are read.

But Brautigan is also a writer with a purpose. The American Dream, the Twentieth Century Predicament, Finding Love and Avoiding Dehumanization, these seem to be his grand themes and the

impetus for his work.

Well, fine. If that's what it takes to get books from him, it's a small price. In Hawkline Monster the reader doesn't have to worry about all that until the very end, and there the messages may be as easily ignored as they are facilely attached.

Trout Fishing in America, written in the early 1960's, remains Brautigan's best book. His talent for blending wide-eyed innocence and bleary-eyed experience is best displayed in that loosely structured series of sketches.

Although Trout Fishing in America is Brautigan's best book, The Hawkline Monster is good, and worth reading. We only wish that Brautigan would accelerate his prose output-he seems to have left off his poetry lately, and that's all to the good.

There simply is no other writer who can portray so well the incongruities of likable hired killers, a frozed Victorian mansion in the hot Dead Hills of eastern Oregon, and, what is sure to be the model for all forthcoming gothic westerns, The Hawkline Monster



