

arts/entertainment

Ronstadt wins 'mad love' of crowd in stellar show

By Bill Graf

The queen of pop-rock, Linda Ronstadt, wooed a near-sellout crowd at the Devaney Sports Center to the point of mad love.

It's curious how a woman who only takes passive role in songwriting could reach such stardom. However, after Saturday evening's concert any thoughts that she's over-rated were shattered. From the first beat laid down by the warm-up band, the Joe Ely Band, to the end of the second encore, the show was alluringly first-rate.

concert review

Certainly her voice, which can range from soft and sexy for ballads to wailing for rock 'n roll, is part of the reason for her success. But her position also must be partly credited to the all-star cast of musicians with which she has surrounded herself throughout her career. Also, her sex symbol image doesn't hurt either.

Ronstadt took the stage dressed solely in a Nebraska women's volleyball jersey and red high heels, which instantly livened up the crowd. Soon afterward, Linda and the band broke into the title track of her latest album, *Mad Love*. From that point on the high excitement level was unceasing.

Most of the material performed was from the *Mad Love* album. However, from time to time Ronstadt reached back to older hits such as Hank Williams' "I Can't Help It If I'm Still In Love With You," Lowell George's "Willin'" and Buddy Holly's "That'll Be The Day."

Letter-perfect

Each tune was reeled off in letter-perfect form. But by no means did the band stick strictly to the album versions. They took full advantage of being live.

Guitarists Dan Kortchmar and Dan Dugmore took off on rockin' but tasty guitar solos. Former Little Feat member Billy Paine cut loose on the keys. Even bassist Bob Glaub attracted the main spotlight on "You're No Good" while performing a red-hot melodic bass solo.

Also, the star's long-time musical companion Kenny Edwards and former Jackson Brown backup vocalist Rosemary Butler complemented Ronstadt's voice, making the performance one of the finest vocal shows to appear on a Lincoln stage. Edwards also supplied conversant acoustic guitar and banjo licks.

Russ Kunkel on drums along with Glaub made up a rhythm section that is a state of art.

The performance maintained unbelievable consistency considering that instrument changes took place after nearly every tune.

Only once did the musicians break for any length of time, but Ronstadt filled the time with a tale about her appearance on *The Muppet Show*.

She explained that she doesn't care to do television shows because the sound gets "squashed down." But because of her long-time crush on Kermit the Frog, she said she couldn't pass up the offer. In closing, she dedicated the next song to Kermit and kicked off "Blue Bayou."

Two encores

Ronstadt closed the regular portion of her show with "Back in the U.S.A.," which gave her still another opportunity to wail as well as the best of them. Also, Kortchmar ripped off another guitar solo that gave the impression that he was born with guitar in hand.

At the end of the tune, Ronstadt received an instant standing ovation. She returned and did "Heat Wave," which unleashed more cookin' vocals and roused the crowd enough to bring her back for another encore.

For the final tune, only Ronstadt and Paine returned. Paine sat down at his grand piano, Ronstadt took the center stage and the two did a moving version of "Desperado," bringing whoops and hollers from the crowd.

The warm-up band, the Joe Ely Band, from Lubbock, Tex., was a welcome relief from the dime-a-dozen bands that are usually opening acts for big names.

Their style was heavily influenced by Buddy Holly, which isn't particularly surprising since Holly started as

a West Texas rocker. But they also performed some of their original tunes with a Tex-Mex flavor and others in a high-energy rock 'n roll style.

Hopefully someday I'll be cruising through Texas and have the good fortune of catching them in an authentic road house, where they're no doubt at their best.

Up to this point all the credit for a fine concert has gone to the musicians. However, a word must be said for the soundman, who obviously takes great pride in his work.

Another bit of thanks must go to whoever decided to have the concert at the Devaney Sports Center. The center doesn't have a bad seat in it. Also, the poor acoustics that plague Pershing Auditorium seem to have been overcome at the Sports Center.

Dracula appears as Halloween treat

One of the world's greatest horror stories, "Count Dracula," comes to the Nebraska Educational Network as a *Halloween Special* on Friday at 10:30 p.m.

The 2½-hour rebroadcast "GREAT PERFORMANCES" presentation, adapted from the 1897 novel by Bram Stoker, features Louis Jourdan as the infamous vampire king, who has roamed the earth for 500 years.

The quintessential tale of gothic terror, "Count Dracula" begins as a young lawyer Jonathan Harker (Bosco Hogan) leaves London for the mountains of Transylvania and the Castle Dracula. In the tale of evil, Harker becomes a prisoner of Dracula, as the Count prepares to leave for his newly adopted home—London. Harker eventually escapes, but not until he sees the Count and his three brides lying in their coffins, not dead and not alive.

Harker returns to London and his fiancée, Mina West-ernra (Judi Bowker), but is disturbed by his experiences on the continent. Dracula follows Harker to England and proceeds to plague Mina and her sister Lucy (Susan Penhaligon). Professor Van Helsing (Frank Finlay), an expert on vampires, is called on for aid.

Writer weeps over her loss of lease—and mind

By T. Marni Vos

Finders Keepers, Losers Weepers.
Lose your purse: "Hello, Lincoln Police Department? My name is T. Marni Vos and I lost my purse."

"That would be our non-emergency number, 473-6245 . . ."

"Click."
This is an emergency! Everything I own . . . my identity . . .

"Is this LPD's non-emergency number? Yeah, my name's T. Marni Vos and I lost my purse."

humor

"Just a minute. I'll connect you with the lieutenant."
"Okay."
"Hello."

"Yes, hi, my name is T. Marni Vos and I, uh . . . I . . . jeez, I forgot why I called, oh right, I lost my purse."

"Okay, Ms. Vos, please hold."
I eat dinner and clean my room.
"Hello, Ms. Vos, are you still there?"
"Yes, sir."

"Okay. What we're going to do is fill out a report, all right?"
"Sure."
"Okay. Name, address, color or nationality."

"Uh . . . T. Marni Vos, Taco Inn, white . . . but the purse is brown, with a broken zipper and a safety-pinned shoulder strap."

"Where did you lose your purse?"
"Hinky Dinky. I noticed it was gone when I went to pay for my groceries—\$31.89—crap."
"What time did it occur?"

"I don't know. My watch was in my purse."
"What else was in your purse?"

"Are you kidding? How much time do you have? I mean this was a big purse . . . my billfold with my credit cards, license—I just hated that picture—let's see, my

checkbook, high school pictures—my first boyfriend—my first mistake, a pair of glasses with white tape on the nose, old concert tickets, Band-aids, relief—that's spelled R-O-L-A-I-D-S—just kidding . . . sorry . . . an old retainer, a fingernail file, candy with lint balls, a Valentino's garlic roll . . . an old parking ticket—I should never have gotten that, it wasn't my fault . . ."

Lose your hair: "Bald men are more virile."
Telly Savalas
Yul Brynner

Mr. Clean
Losing weight: . . . Right after Thanksgiving.

Lose your temper: "Well, we've been here 356 days and I'm sorry, but this really makes me angry. I mean, this was a nice place to visit, but I'm tired of being held hostage here."

Lose your boyfriend: "Chrissy? . . . Your name is Chrissy, isn't it? Yeah, I don't know if you know me, but I seem to have lost my boyfriend, and some people think you might know where he is. Is that true?"

Lose your keys: "Tim, hi . . . I know it's one in the morning, but I've lost my keys. I thought I might have left them there—have you seen them?"

"One in the morning?" Your keys?"
"Yeah, they have a whistle and a can of Mace on the ring with them."
"No, I haven't seen them."

"Well, gee, I don't know what to do, because I can't get in my apartment, and I don't know where else to look, and it's one in the morning—I don't have my Mace or whistle and I don't know what else to do, because I can't get in my apartment . . . and I don't know where else to look and it's one in the morning and . . ."

"WE'VE LOST OUR LEASE!!!" . . . right.
Lose time: "Tomorrow is, ah, whose."—Mulock

Lose your mind: "No excellent soul is exempt from a mixture of madness . . ." Aristotle
From one hell of a mixture . . . and one hell of a weeper.



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