

Arts & Entertainment



Concert a whopper

Big Mac pleases tastes

By Pat Higgins

If you like Fleetwood Mac's records, you would have thoroughly enjoyed their concert Tuesday night. An appreciative full house at the Bob Devaney Sports Center lustily roared as Big Mac went through 20-some tunes. Fleetwood Mac, undoubtedly the premiere adult

but that was evidently secondary to her costume changes, as she would duck into a tent at the side of the stage to change her outfits. She floated around the stage banging a tamborine and looking spacey a lot.

Christine McVie displayed her throaty vocals on "Hold Me" and "You Make Love Fun" and provided a pleasant contrast to the others. McVie wore a black minidress that perhaps dated back to when she was known as Christine Perfect before marrying John McVie. McVie appeared content to let the others take the spotlight and sat behind her keyboard.

John McVie, while playing a typically competent bass, was completely in the background and could have phoned his part in.

Mick Fleetwood had the biggest drum kit seen since the late Keith Moon and used it quite effectively, as a lot of the tunes featured the African rhythms that Fleetwood has been delving into lately. As good as Lindsay Buckingham's solo album "Law and Order" was, Fleetwood Mac is better as a whole than as the sum of the parts.

If they could use the University of Southern California marching band when they cut "Tusk," they should have trotted in the Husker marching band here. It's perfectly understandable why Fleetwood Mac is one of the most popular groups in the world. They combine diverse talents and Buckingham's enthusiasm to make well-crafted, appealing pop music.

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pop group of the last few years, is a band with personality. Three different singer-songwriters, along with a rhythm section that has been playing together since the British Invasion, add up to an interesting blend of talent.

Stevie Nicks seems to have captured the public's fancy with her mystical songs and fashion sense, but Lindsay Buckingham is the unsung first-among-equals in Fleetwood Mac. Wearing a cowboy hat, Buckingham provided the enthusiasm for the band, as he played guitar, sang and did funky little dances. "Second Hand News," a Buckingham song, kicked off the evening's entertainment. From then on, Fleetwood Mac reached back as far as the late '60s with "Oh, Well" in playing all their hits up to the most recent off their latest album, "Mirage."

Nicks did a lot of popular favorites including "Sara," "Rhianon," and "Landslide." Her voice wasn't quite up to par,

'St. Elsewhere' suffers from bad case of blues

By David Wood

St. Eligius Hospital is a rat hole compared to the bigger, more modern Boston General Hospital. Lacking the prestige that top money brings, the hospital has a growing reputation for being a dumping ground for the dregs of society. Small-minded Bostonians are calling the hospital St. Elsewhere.

St. Eligius' corridors of anguish and solitary rooms of agony are the setting of the new dramatic series "St. Elsewhere" (Tuesday, 9 p.m., NBC). The show is a first-

close down.

Stylistically, "St. Elsewhere" reeks of "Hill Street Blues." In both, the action isn't so cosmetic and sanitized. Events bustle by in no particular order. The conflicts aren't always straightforward and don't focus into simple story lines that run their course to resolution in a matter of an hour. The episodes aren't narrative. They are a slice of life. Instead of weekly plots, multiple plots are distributed through several weeks and are resolved, complicated or just fade away. The texture of the programs is the day-to-day ebb and flow of bedlam.

Likewise, characters are more true to life. They aren't crystalized nuggets with a known number of facets. They are personalities in the rough. Their relationships aren't rigid structures into which plots are injected. They change, individually and as a group. As in life, the significance of their roles shift, too. The camera often leaves one character and follows another when they pass in a chaotic scene.

The nature of the show is to build on itself and evolve, making it hard to pass judgment on "St. Elsewhere" from the evidence of one show. It is perhaps for this reason that the first episode seemed more tied to a single character and a single plot and subplot than a typical "Hill Street Blues" episode would be. However, the reason for this may instead be that "St. Elsewhere" is less daring and making its stand halfway between convention and invention. The latter seems the likelier bet, as the palette of scenes is less jarring than it is in "Hill Street Blues."

So far, Jack Morrison, a soft-spoken, husky-voiced first-year resident, appears to be the central character. He suffers a conflict between youthful optimism and the es-

tablished St. Eligius grind. He lets himself get involved, and he is tortured by the anonymity of patients in the face of hectic hospital administration. In episode 1, by insisting on a preliminary biopsy, he saves a smart 15-year-old from what might have been fatal surgery.

Seeds for many future plots also were planted in the hopscotch of scenes. One rakish young doctor has to inform various women in the hospital that he has gonorrhea, but he has trouble remembering who and how many he has successfully landed in bed. There is a disturbed pathologist who might develop an inclination for nymphomania in the future. There is a female doctor who is as idealistic as Morrison but who is more at odds with the hospital than with herself.

There is an utterly crass doctor, too. He prides himself on the donations he wheedles out of patients, and he wants to turn the hospital's ugliest cases into advertising and thinks Indian anesthesiologists are the downfall of Western medicine. Also, of course, there is the wise chief who oversees the crew.

"St. Elsewhere" also introduced a few trademark elements. Periodically, hospital time is digitally displayed in the bottom corner of the picture. The effect is negligible. Twice in the show, busy scenes were overlaid with music, first the Police's "Do-Do-Dah," then Springsteen's "Born to Run." The effect here is questionable.

The fate of "St. Elsewhere" is in the air, despite that it tries to be more honest than the average smattering of doctor shows. If it does succeed, expect to see detective, lawyer and newsroom shows in the same vein. "Hill Street Blues'" deviations from traditional formula will become a formula in its own right.

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generation clone of "Hill Street Blues," the pet program of the critics that swept the Emmys in its first year. As such, even though it is only an episode old, "St. Elsewhere" already is garnering acclaim.

This is all well and good, but the similarity between the styles of the shows has its downside, too. "Hill Street Blues" isn't enormously popular. It has only stayed on the air by force of its breakthroughs or "break-frogs" in the TV formula. The drama is serious in technique as well as in tone.

"St. Elsewhere," on the contrary, can't lay such grand claims. The style is no longer breakthrough. It is spin-off. If its ratings lag, the show has no historical grounds on which to preserve it and, no doubt, "St. Elsewhere" will

Confused voters need some election day clues

"I voted today."
"Gosh, is it voting day already?"
"No, the election isn't until next Tuesday."
"So you just went ahead and voted



anyway. None of those silly election rules for you, huh?"
"No, I used an absentee ballot and voted in my hometown. I wish I hadn't. I don't know any of the people running for office. Anyway, why should I care who gets on the Weed Control Board in Hick County?"

"Yeah, it's too bad you can't come vote with me Tuesday. I was planning to buy some beer this weekend and get drunk just before going to the polls. It'd be really great. All those old ladies on the Election Commission probably will shake their heads and say, 'And these are the ones that actually bothered to vote!'"

"What do you do when you don't know anybody on the ballot? I finally resorted to closing my eyes and pointing."
"Well, I always vote against the incumbent. That seems like a good rule of thumb."

"That's always been my plan. I usually vote for any women who might be running, especially in western Nebraska. They need all the help they can get out there

where men are men . . ."

"I generally vote for anyone who sounds like they belong to a minority group. If their name sounds Czech, they've automatically got my vote. I don't know why. I don't have a drop of Czech blood in me."

"I'm glad you feel that way, too. I think one of my relatives ran for office this year. Just to be on the safe side, I voted for him. His last name roughly corresponded with my mother's maiden name."

"Ordinarily, I wouldn't recommend that kind of voting practice. But in this situation, it was probably a good move. I've had to do it myself a couple of times."

"I try to vote for anyone who sounds young. Like, if a candidate goes by Tim

instead of Timothy, I assume he is under 35 and therefore more amenable to the wishes of younger constituents."

"If they haven't run for office before, I vote for them. That way I can be sure they haven't been corrupted by long years in the political arena. They also might be honest enough to say what they really mean."

"I don't know if this voting is worth all the trouble. There's so much to remember!"

"Maybe I won't vote this year. It won't be any fun without you along. And all my other friends are either too young to vote or illegal aliens. Maybe I should just stay home."

"Look at it this way. Either way you vote, government will win."