

# Arts & Entertainment

## Pat Benatar: Pipes, personality

By Pat Higgins

Yesterday the Royal Grove, today the world — that's the Pat Benatar story. Just two years ago, on the brink of worldwide fame and fortune, Benatar played the Grove.

Sunday night, she drew a crowd of more than 7,000 to Lincoln's Pershing Auditorium. Actually, it's surprising that she didn't fill the joint completely — must be the economy.

She sure had a lot of hits, and she did them all in the concert. Even someone who doesn't listen to the radio

### Concert Review

much could recognize all these tunes. On the radio, she stands out a bit from the competition, but in concert, her stuff kind of plods along, yet is basically OK.

A silk cocoon the length of the stage, with lightning bolts flashing through it, parted dramatically to reveal Benatar and band. She wore black leather shorts, a sweater and a leather jacket. The jacket was discarded fairly quickly, as she worked up a sweat running all over the stage.

A real pro, Benatar worked the audience thoroughly. Real polite, too, as she introduced about every song and said what album it came from, as well as saying thanks all the time. Politeness counts.

It was a well-groomed audience, too, plus lots of young parents with their kids — a far cry from the Grove.

Benatar is a good singer, no doubt about that. She has all kinds of range. She can belt it out or bring it down to a whisper equally well. Her singing ability is what makes her stand out from most FM rockers. She really has the pipes and the personality, too, but her band was completely faceless, although competent. Maybe they were holograms.

Lots of synthesizer was used, which could show a change of direction. Her husband, Neil Geraldo's guitar style was derivative. There's nothing intrinsically wrong with that, but it's better to steal from Chuck Berry than from Robin Trower. Also, his guitar solos really put a crimp in Benatar's dancing.

The mix of songs slightly favored ballads over mid-tempo rockers. The hits included everything that has made Benatar a household name — everything from "Hit Me With Your Best Shot" to "Fire and Ice" and "Fight It Out." She opened with "Treat Me Right," which got the crowd off immediately. Everybody seemed to know all the words, even those off of her brand new record "Get Nervous."

Using a shrewd marketing strategy, Benatar managed to mention "Get Nervous" more than a few times. It sounds like a Pat Benatar record should, no doubt. "We Live for Love," with its Eurodisco Donna Summer danceability, was the highlight of the night. "Fight It Out," about the eighth hit single off the last record, brought a huge response — but then what didn't.

The final song of the night was "Hell is for Children," a serious look at child abuse. Give Benatar extra credit for having her heart in the right place. The song had an odd response, as the whole crowd sang along. I didn't quite understand.

## Couch potatoes share a cold night, munchies and TV philosophies

By Pat Higgins

"Well, Barney, it looks like a pleasant night to be a couch potato. The wind chill is 20 below zero, but the glow from the TV set should keep us warm. Give me a look at the Focus. Get down, we've got 'Star Trek' followed by 'The Magnificent Seven.' Let's have a cocktail and play 'Name that 'Star Trek.'"

"Gee, Fred, I'm sorry I talked you into going to see 'It Came from Hollywood.' I really feel ripped off by



### Movie Review

it. But I figured it had to be good with Ackroyd, Gilda and John Candy all in it."

Barney came rolling back from the fridge with a pitcher of Old Style and Romilar, chuckling at his sidekick's gullibility.

"You're still such a sucker for those 'Saturday Night Live' people. I don't even want to bring up those Chevy Chase movies we went to see last year. The one with Benji was real cute, and how about Gilda in the 'First Family'? That was embarrassing to sit through."

Meanwhile, Dr. McCoy was going at it with Mr. Spock about his funky physiology.

"Now this is good TV. A planet where the Roman Empire never fell, that's almost up there with the time they went to that Nazi planet and Kirk waled on 'em."

Barney and Fred toasted the glories of "Star Trek" and all that it stood for.

"Back to those 'Saturday Night Live' alumni. Just what is their problem? I bet it took them about 10 minutes work to put 'It Came from Hollywood' together. You gotta give 'em credit, because the idea sounds halfway interesting — string together clips from the worst sci-fi and horror movies of the '50s and throw in some wisecrack editorial comments."

"I hate to stun you there, Freddie boy, but just what do you think that we're doing when we turn down the sound and make up our own dialogue. That's about all that they did in 'It Came from Hollywood.' You ought to be able to expect a little more out of these people."

"I'm even starting to wonder about good old 'Saturday Night Live.' Was it really as good as we thought it was or were we just that high? I mean I used to swear by Ackroyd and Gilda and Candy. Now Johnny LaRue on SCTV is up there in their league, too. Why do their movies suck?"

"Because they went Hollywood. As hoary as that easy for them now they don't have to try anymore. I'll be content watching 'Saturday Night Live' reruns. But after being burned by their movies so often, I refuse to go to see them again. Well, except for Bill Murray — he's still cool."

Due to their chronic unemployment, the cohorts had hit the plasma center to get the precious bucks to see the flick, so Barney was still steamed up about the wasted money.

"You pay your three bucks and then what do you get? Commercials for Stooges, and video games. Those video games are really catching on — they put Donkey Kong in the back at church. It's a good place to kill time during the sermon. But if I want to see commercials, I'll watch Ted Turner. Steer clear from 'It Came from Hollywood.'" It was time for "Kung Fu."

## Friday night, I ain't got nobody

It's Friday night. I can't believe it's Friday night and here we sit, me and my TV. Where is everybody? I should have gotten home at 5. I've probably missed a lot of phone calls. People calling to see what I'm doing and what's going on. When you get home at 5:20 you miss all that.

Someone stole my cat. If she were here we could



### T. Marni Vos

do things, adjust her flea collar, lots of things, pet her, stuff like that, you know?

Well, it's probably just as well. I need to do some reading and writing and arithmetic. Well, at least the reading and writing.

I could water my plants and watch the leaves uncurl.

I could go and steal someone else's cat.

I could eat for a while. I could eat some chocolate chips. I could dip them in peanut butter.

This could be a good opportunity to make a list of the Christmas gifts I would buy if I had some money. Maybe I should just start making some gifts. Hot pads are always useful.

"Dallas" comes on at 9. J.R.'s and Bobby's true colors are emerging as they fight for control of Ewing Oil, and the family is having mixed emotions about Miss Ellie inviting a gentleman friend to dinner.

Maybe a move is what I need. If I see "E.T." again, I will have spent an even \$12, as opposed to an odd \$9. "Indecent Exposure" is another another, but who goes to movies like that? I don't mean go like that to a movie. I mean, go to a movie like that, like "Indecent Exposure." Who goes to those? That's what I mean.

Maybe I should start to unthaw the turkey.

If I had one of those home Atari TV game things, I could do that for a while.

Maybe my phone is out of order. I can make calls but no one can make calls in.

People who steal other people's animals are the lowest. May Puff have a littler of eight.

A hot bath and a can of beer sound really good. Of course, you run the risk of falling asleep and then no more Friday nights. I can't imagine being found dead in a bath tub, all naked and everything.

My laundry, now why didn't I think of that earlier. I can go to Big Daddy's Laundromat, do my laundry and still watch "Dallas."

Was that the phone? Must have been a car.

I could write lies in my diary.

Maybe I should call someone, just, just to see how they are, to see if they're home, to find out, if they're not, where they are and why I wasn't invited.

"Hello, Nancy. Did you just call me? ... Must have been someone else. Well, so, what are you doing? ... Nothing? You shouldn't be home by yourself doing nothing. You want to do something? You want to come over here and eat? I got some turkey unthawing. We could read my diary. Look for my cat. Want to come over? I mean for Pete's sake, it's Friday night."

## Star City Dinner Theater an expensive picnic

By C. Scott Thompson

There's a new attempt at a dinner theater here in Lincoln. It's called the Star City Dinner Theater. Tickets are

### Theater Review

\$16 apiece, more than The Upstairs Dinner Theater of The Firehouse in Omaha, and in comparison, The Star City Dinner Theater leaves a lot to be desired.

I'm not sure why the tickets are so expensive. I am sure that it's not because of great food. Although catered by Alice's, which normally has pretty good home-cooked fare, the dinner was less appealing than airline food. The salad lacked color,

the rolls were decidedly stale and the meat (your choice of turkey, barbecue ribs or chicken) was cold by the time I got to my table.

I'm also sure that the ticket price isn't caused by the ambience. The dinner theater is currently located in the Knights of Columbus Hall at 60th and South streets and has all the character of a bomb shelter. The marginal efforts to spruce up the place with plants and fakey trellises were largely ineffectual. The plastic utensils and styrofoam plates motif was carried through to the plastic tablecloths and folding chairs, which were, incidentally, extremely uncomfortable after four hours of sitting.

That's the food and ambience, but people go to dinner theaters to see the show more than anything else, right? The show, "Finian's Rainbow," wasn't much better. Although the company did

what they could to convert a meeting hall into a theatrical setting, it just didn't work very well. First of all, actors and actresses had to enter and exit through doorways on either side of the stage apron. Lighting was basic at best and varied little from the floodlight effect.

Costuming was especially bad. Although a couple of characters had well-developed costumes, most just had what looked like street clothes. Also, it was impossible to determine when, or where the action of the play actually takes place. The program says it's Rainbow Valley, Missitucky, which gives a vague notion of the South, but the costuming looked like a mish-mash of Salvation Army specials, double-knit polyester and gunny sacks.

The company is not without talented actors and actresses. Lois Naber, who plays Finian's daughter, is poised and has

a nice voice, although she and Finian continually slipped in and out of the Irish brogue they were supposed to have. William Stone III did a terrific job as the town's villainous bureaucrat, and Matt Egbert did a marvelous job as Og, the leprechaun.

But overall, the show just didn't hold together very well and needed to be edited for a dinner-show format. Part of the problem was the script they chose, which was undeniably saccharine. There were a couple good bits, but the whole show resembled a mediocre high school production.

The Star City Dinner Theater is expensive for what you get. The best part was the preshow number "Losin' End" by the very talented Jill Eiche, who unfortunately was not in the main show. Lincoln could use a dinner theater, but Star City has a long way to go.