



At 51, People magazine's "sexiest man alive," Nick Nolte, is having a banner year in Hollywood.

Days in the sun for Nolte

By George Anderson

In "Cape Fear" he is the threatened husband and father who decides to fight back against a psychotic killer, gradually sinking to the level of his frighteningly taunting opponent. With Robert De Niro as the most terrifyingly manic, Nolte has to create a sense of underlying decency marred by fatal errors in his private life.

Other heavy and overwhelming in his cop roles in "48 Hrs." and "Die Hard," Nolte suddenly seems slim and understated, a man clearly in danger.

Similarly, in "The Prince of Tides," for which the Motion Picture Academy singled him out, Nolte looks wounded and hurt, like a cerebral animal tired of the hunt. When he crosses all the signs of an unhappy childhood into the well-splendid shoulders of psychiatrist Herbert Strassman, the best part goes to him.

"The Prince of Tides" emerges as a blueprint for Nolte, even though it was directed and produced by his highly paid ex-wife. While Nolte seems like a veteran who is being rewarded for his skill at surviving, he has only been

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SALLY KALSION

Raisins in the spotlight . . . almost

I could be a comedian. I could be somebody, instead of a ham, which is what I am.

—Martin Brando

On the "Waterfront" I know how Brando felt. We could be a star, see. We could be broadcast live into a million homes and launched a whole new career as singers

entertainers.

On the other hand, we could manage the words and humiliated ourselves before a national audience.

So maybe it's just as well that Garrison Keillor's show came and went without the Raisinettes.

Or not.

The irony is that until we heard Keillor was coming to Pittsburgh, the three of us (Trey Siskler, Trish Booth and I) had pretty much let go of the Raisinette part of our identities.

We'd come together some years ago on a talk, to sing the part-group music of our teen-age years. We got ourselves some black-gala boots and red satin jackets. We practiced on hot summer nights with the windows open. And we sang with our friends, the Crapsters, a 1960s rock band, first in dives and then at nightclubs and parties.

The smith was one night at Griffin's when everything came together. — the lights and sound mix, the harmonies and melody, the fear of the crowd — just like in the movies. It was the payoff of all those countless, adolescent nights spent before the bathroom mirror, singing into a shampoo bottle, practicing loud conversations, from anger to ecstasy.

The night was a gig in the Three Rivers Stadium parking lot, where trucks from the Parkway overpass drove in to and rained coaters on our heads.

Eventually, each Raisinette had a baby. It was harder to get out at night and harder to get up the next morning. So we sort of faded.

Until one Keillor wanted to call acts for his show from Heinz Hall. We actually played the hall once before. Well, not the hall, exactly. The kids. But this was going to be an stage.

It is a show, we said. The Raisinettes are supposed to make a come-back.

So we made our pitch, with a big smile from Larry Rodriguez at 10:05 P.M. Keillor's people said they liked our tape and hoped to fit us in. We heard rumors that the only other act under consideration was Fred Rogers.

We waited for the call, but it didn't come. Great, we said. Aced out by Fred Rogers. That ain't what we wanted. Everybody knows we'd thought he, the pig would stop on his own grandfathers!

But that wasn't it. The nature of her radio drama is more fluid than solid. That's the source of its immediacy. So when they turned out to be room for one song, we got the call. We were in.

But fate had intervened. Trish would be at the hospital Saturday, recovering from surgery.

I did get to speak with Keillor on the telephone, however. My co-writer, Bob Hoover, was interviewing him and put me on the line.

Keillor was completely nice, and his shy voice was so soothing and intimate. He was talking just to me — which, of course, he was.

Great, he said in his famous, far-laid tone. We're sorry it didn't work out. We were in like your man. Now's your chance doing in the hospital. Well, sing to Saturday and say hello, why don't you?

Say it, say it, I told myself. Your big break is slipping through your fingers. Swallow hard and say it before it's too late.

So I did. I told him the Raisinettes would be pleased to appear on any of his shows, not just the one from our hometown, that we'd get to just appear if he needed us. And he said that was good to hear.

What a gig! However, took the phone back, and I heard him breathe into the mouth piece. "Thanks for talking to her!" I crunched him on the head.

"What am I, some public creature you have to beg people to talk to?"

"Yes," he said. "Maybe it's a good thing you're not going on. There'd be no thing with you."

He was right. There'd be no thing with me. 'Til I got gone. Gone from this two-bit pop star, gone to the bright lights of game and fortune, where every teen's a stage and every girl's a party, gone to the dimension of night and acid, where red satin jackets dazzle the eyes and three-part harmonies ring through the night.

Or not.

Sally Kalsion's column appears Mondays in the Magazine.

MELT

of many words



Dr. Benjamin Spock, 80, radically changed popular notions about child rearing through his book, "Dr. Spock's Baby and Child Care," which has sold about 40 million copies worldwide since it was published in 1946.

Keillor and Co. in studio

By Bob Hoover

When Garrison Keillor stepped to the microphone there Sunday night to create the opening song of his "American Radio Company," he brought live radio entertainment back to its birthplace with a flourish. KOOKA was the first station with a regular schedule.

It is a way, the experience seemed a bit humbling for radio's biggest hit. First, he was surrounded by the classic elegance of Heinz Hall, and then he was staged by the surprising power of Garrison Keillor.

As the "local talent" on Keillor's radio show, Rogers was expected to do his children's songs in his kindly, understated way. However, he is signed such a warm reputation of affection from the audience that Keillor wanted a bit fluffier.

They don't on "I've Got a Little Secret" because Keillor couldn't find the words or because he realized it was Rogers' moment and not his.

Beautifully accompanied by pianist Johnny Costa, Rogers had the quiet focus glowing with good feelings with his simple, but moving songs that nearly everybody in the audience, except Keillor, love.

Aside from Rogers, it was bass men as usual for this variety show inspired by the glory days of radio. Backed by the Culler Club Orchestra of Bob Parker, the "American Radio Company" spar-



Garrison Keillor brought his folksy style to the elegance of Heinz Hall for a live broadcast of his "American Radio Company."

STAGE REVIEW

Mix with great music.

Saturday's show featured a class of contrast between two bass saxophonists, Vince Gordon and John Campo, re-creating the dance band sound of the early 1930s, as well as the lively music of Peter Christman's playing the mandolin. Outstanding did a haunting Ukrainian folk tune and an original composition, "Square Bill," named for the

Pittsburgh neighborhood.

The drama was produced by by Anita, a 1960s-style singer whose lyrics are less grating to person than on radio. Richard Blument and Cronenberg's Paul Blonitz, who brought hilarious authority to the Pittsburgh dialect theater without a word from the early 1930s, as well as the lively music of Peter Christman's playing the mandolin. Outstanding did a haunting Ukrainian folk tune and an original composition, "Square Bill," named for the

Generally reversing the assem-

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Spock: Parents still know best

By Carol Lawson

New York Times News Service

NEW YORK — By author of one of the most popular books ever published did not waste time with a self, formal introduction. He simply extended a big firm hand, smiled and said, "Hi, I'm Ben."

Benjamin Spock, M.D., to be official. Nearly half a century ago, as a struggling pediatrician in New York City, he wrote a chapter heading, "Trust Yourself," and an opening sentence: "You know more than you think you do."

Then he proceeded to lay out, in encyclopedic detail and an un-damning tone, everything due to thoughtful parents needed to know about raising children.

The result was "Dr. Spock's Baby and Child Care." It was an instant success when it was published in 1946, radically altering popular ideas about child rearing in an era that had been dominated by cold, rigid attitudes toward children.

The book went on to influence generations of parents and children, selling about 40 million copies around the world.

The latest edition of "Baby and Child Care," the sixth (Pocket Books), is 100 pages longer, has just arrived in bookstores. The author left his winter home in Tarboro in the British Virgin Islands last

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Keillor: something on the air

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bly was Keillor, of course. In a tuxedo, but without a tie, the gangly entertainer strolled imperturbably around the crowded stage, never missing a cue.

He appeared to have a hand in every number or comedy routine, from the witty asides on Pittsburgh history, which included a jealous Henry Frick worrying about Andrew Carnegie's philanthropy, to a clever skit about isolated cigarette smokers.

The best skit was an account of how Pittsburgh was named by a dying Gen. John Forbes at the siege of Fort Duquesne. "Who would live in a town called Pitt?" his aide asked. "Pitt. It just brings saliva out of your mouth."

Finally, Keillor's weekly moment came. Without warning, he slipped in, "It's been a quiet week in Lake Wobegone," and the audience seemed to sigh in contentment. The Coffee Club Orchestra quietly moved offstage and Keillor was all alone.

Now the Lenten season, it would appear to be the perfect time for Keillor's ruminations on humankind's follies. He started to explore the concept of Christian humility. "We always seem to be descending in March," he observed, believing this end of winter was when "the fertilizer would hit the ventilator" and people would begin to notice their state of "degradation."

Sitting and staring at the floor or off into space, Keillor seemed to be in a trance, trying to will himself into his mythical town's Main Street. But, for some reason Saturday, Keillor couldn't follow his train of thought to a satisfactory end.

He conjured up some marvelous images around a lonely old man who had had too much to drink, but couldn't tie the loose ends together into a complete package.

Still, the effort seemed to satisfy his fans and the show ended with affectionate applause in a Heinz Hall full of smiles.

FINAL WEEK

Jenny Craig