

# Garrison Keillor a modern troubadour

By Ann Hicks

ARTS WRITER

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Garrison Keillor came to town on Tuesday night, staying longer than he intended to because, he said, of the love he got from the Peace Concert Hall audience.

What's not to love about this lanky man with the owlish look, who spins endless yarns and sings his heart out to please?

Keillor performed solo, wearing his signature red tie, matching socks and shoes, and accompanied by

## REVIEW

Rich Dworsky, his longtime pianist and the music director of "A Prairie Home Companion," Keillor's live radio show.

Clutching the mike close to his heart and alternating between sitting cross-legged on a stool and roaming the stage, he wrapped his odes around the living and the dead in equal measure.

He fondly reminisced about authors, his father, his profligate uncle, his stern mother and loving aunts, and told us not to de-

spair — "now that the bubble burst," we'll all be going on welfare.

He alternated his long narratives with even longer songs, seeming to make up the lyrics as he went along. He regaled with "the news from Lake Wobegon," visited with "Guy Noir, Private Eye," sang Porter and Bizet tunes, and, for good measure, mixed in some bawdy limericks and raunchy verses.

It was all classic Keillor, delivered in a well-honed baritone with affection toward all.