

# arts entertainment

## Natural foods not a bad experience in Lincoln cafe

My mouth went dry as I read the latest orders from my editor, a knot of putrescent memories and fearful anticipation forming in the pit of my belly.

"Your assignment, should you choose to accept it is to explore the uncharted menus in the world of (shudder) natural foods. Should you, or any of your party not survive the experience, the *Daily Nebraskan* will disavow any . . ."

My previous experience with "natural foods" had been as memorable as dining on the Hindenburg with a grand view of Lakehurst, N.J. First there was the southern California juice bar. With a curiosity and intestinal fortitude found only in the young, I wedged my way between granite pillars of bone and muscle to reach the counter. Two weeks of my allowance purchased three ounces of carrot and papaya juice. I quickly gaged for a Coke but the wall of dubiously masculine but very solid flesh fused in front of me.

### notes from table 8

Next came the Granola Bars, hermetically sealed in foil wrappers so that they might reach the next millenium without the use of artificial preservatives. After losing two fillings in the futile attempt to eat one, I used them to bait mousetraps. The mice suffered only scraped knees and stubbed toes in their hasty efforts to escape the new and repulsive menace.

#### Cockroaches bus tables

The crowning episode was a visit to an official counter-culture establishment in an Eastern city. Fighting my way through a second entrance of beads and batiks, I sat down to watch the cockroaches bus an adjacent table.

After completing her meditations, which apparently occupied about 27 minutes out of every house, the waitress roused herself from a stupor long enough to suggest the day's special. Mary Mantra than brought me a gruel which appeared to be rancid feta cheese compounded with rutabaga sprouts and a wheat germ garnish. When I proceeded to light a post-prandial cigarette, the patrons angrily ushered me out of the restaurant amidst a pelting rain of soybean curd and dried mangoes.

It was with considerable trepidation then, that I went on this assignment. Despite biases born of previous encounters, The Glass Onion, 235 N. 11th, shattered my qualms and proved to be a delightful dining experience.

## All you want to know on law and want to ask

"Marriage and Divorce" will be the subjects of the first program in a new series entitled *Ask a Lawyer* which features a panel that will answer viewer call-in questions Tuesday at 7:30 p.m. on the Nebraska Educational Television Network.

James Hewitt, Lincoln attorney and executive council member of the Nebraska State Bar Association, will moderate the series. Panelists include M.F. Yeagley, Kearney; Jane Prochaska, Omaha; and David M. Geier, Lincoln, all attorneys.

Other programs will cover wills and probate, contracts and property and general categories of the law. A panel of lawyers, who will be joined occasionally by judges, will appear on the monthly program representing Lincoln, Omaha and greater Nebraska.

*Ask a Lawyer* marks the first time a locally-produced series aimed especially to Nebraskans and their legal problems and questions has been broadcast on Nebraska public television.

Thomas R. Burke, Omaha attorney and the bar association president said the series "is not designed to give instant legal advice, however, the panelists will provide brief and candid replies to as many questions as possible."

Located on the premises of the defunct Palm's Cafe, Mark Vasina and Terri Bonebright, the owners of the Glass Onion, are operating a fine restaurant. The spacious openness of both the sandwich bar and the dining room avoid plastic sterility. An attentive and organized staff prove that good service and natural foods need not be a contradiction in terms. Most importantly, the food is creative and tasty.

#### Delicately seasoned, tasteful

On the unsolicited advice of the waitress, we ordered the special of the day. Particularly impressive was the hearty and delicately seasoned mushroom-barley soup, the irrepressibly fresh spinach and the salad

bar, and meatless enchiladas made with fresh broccoli and cheese. Passing up the selection of domestic and foreign beers, we were pleased to note that the abbreviated win list had been chosen with care and good taste.

Our only vague disappointment was the coffee. Though fresh and brewed from high quality beans, it seemed weak; only honey was available as a sweetener, to this writer coffee seems to beg for refined white sugar.

The Glass Onion offers more than a good meal. It serves a dining experience that is new to Lincoln. The sandwich bar in the front portion of the restaurant is open from 11 a.m. until 9 p.m.; there you can

purchase a selection of cold sandwiches, beverages, desserts and a hot soup of the day for \$1 to \$2. The dining room is open from 11 a.m. until 2 p.m. and from 5 until 9 p.m. in the evening. It offers a fresh salad bar and ethnic specialties in addition to the sandwich bar menu. Unlike many natural foods restaurants, they do not have fish on the menu. Prices in the dining room run from \$3 to \$6 both for dinners and ala carte.

Currently, live classical music is offered on Tuesday beginning at 6 p.m. You may find this a leisurely accompaniment to a pleasant meal.

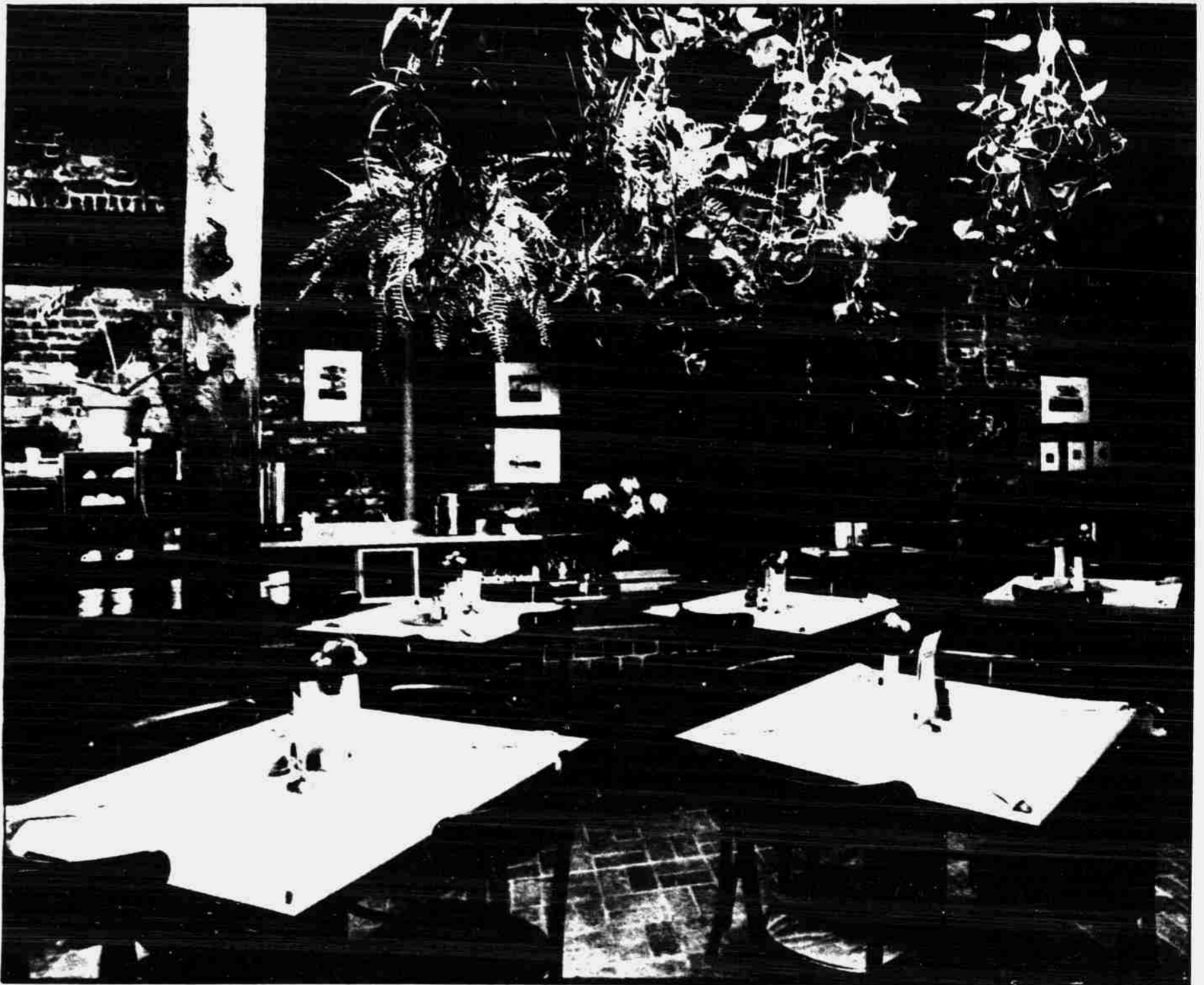


Photo by Mark Billingsley

The spacious openness of the Glass Onion's dining room accompanied by classical music after 6 p.m. helps avoid the impression of plastic sterility of some restaurants.

## Kinks are still kicking after 15 years of music

By Casey McCabe

In the day of the disposable rock band, it is somewhat amazing that a group could survive the various musical and social trends, and intergroup compatibility for 15 years.

Even more amazing is that the three groups intact from the British invasion of 1964, had their career's most successful albums in 1978. Why have they succeeded while Herman's Hermits skidded into oblivion? There is probably some sage sociological answer to this. Most likely it is that these groups have the ability to adapt to the times without forgetting their musical roots.

The three survivors, The Rolling Stones, The Who, and The Kinks, all had their best singles in years in 1978. The Stones dabbled in country, punk and disco on *Some Girls*. The Who seemed to be rocking again with newfound purpose on *Who Are You*, and The Kinks . . . well they followed pretty much the same formula they have for years to put out one of the strongest, yet most underrated albums of the year, aptly titled *Misfits*.

But on this, their 18th album of original material, the groups guiding force, Ray Davies, has sculpted a consistent and timely piece of rock 'n' roll flavored with the sometimes peculiar 'n' roll flavored with

Kinks subject matter. It might be enough to keep the group from having to lurk in the shadows anymore.

Side one opens with the title track, a smooth melodic plea with well constructed harmonies and a somewhat ironic message for the misfits in the world that "every dog has its day." It is one of the few showcases for the more serious side of Davies' writing and vocals.

### album review

"Hay Fever" gets back on a more traditional Kinks level, with lyrics that could be taken from an Allerest commercial and a hard rock background, tempered with some tongue-in-cheek insertions of a vintage 60s pop sound. "Hay Fever" finds Davies, mocking vocals at their best. The song is followed by "Live Life", the album's *tour de force*.

It is that unmistakable power rock that challenges you to learn the limits of your stereo system's watts per channel output. "Live Life" has evolved along the same line as the Kinks 1964 hit "You Really Got Me," which quickly became a standby for every struggling basement band, and still surfaces today among the heavy metal and New Wave outfits looking for a guaranteed

crowd pleaser.

The song also gives a chance for lead guitarists Dave Davies (brother of Ray and Kinks co-founder) to throw in the Grittiest and hardest edged licks on *Misfits*. Except for a few notable past efforts, one would be pressed to call The Kinks a heavy metal band. But when they do it, they do it. This song is out to blow the grooves off the polyvinyl.

"A Rock 'N Roll Fantasy" Ray Davies' message piece for the album experienced mild success as a single last year. While rock observers may ponder the reasons for the continuing presence of The Kinks on the music scene, Davies seems to be giving the answer in "Rock 'N Roll Fantasy."

While the chorus wails "don't want to spend my life living in a rock'n' roll fantasy," Davies asserts throughout the song that there must be some validity to being in a rock band. It takes on an almost "we can't give up now" tone with such lyrics as

*You say you want out  
Want to start anew  
Throw in your hand  
Break up the band  
Start a new life  
Be a new man  
But for all we know  
We might still have a way to go*

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