

Arts & Entertainment



Photo courtesy of Mariedi Anders Artists Management Inc.

Swiss Chamber Orchestra.

Chamber music concert presents various styles

By David Thompson

In its concert Friday at Kimball Recital Hall, the Swiss Chamber Orchestra utilized the talent of its members to present a concert demonstrating the variety of styles to be found in chamber music. The orchestra did not lapse into familiarity. Instead it played pieces from several eras, and by doing so stayed fresh and interesting throughout the evening.

The concert began with the elegance of the Classical Era in Mozart's "Sinfonia in D Major." The Allegro movement was sharp and bright with duets in counterpoint between the first and second violins. While one listens to the themes bouncing off one another in fast complexity, it is intriguing to realize that Mozart composed the piece when he was only 16 years old. It serves as evidence of his genius.

The fact becomes almost unfathomable in the second movement, a stately, rich Andante with a poise and grace that would

seem to be beyond the reach of someone so young. The movement conjures up pictures of the royal palace in Salzburg, Austria, the city in which Mozart composed the piece. The strong thematic structure of classical music is evident in the movement, with first violins opening a section and then being joined layer upon layer by the second violins, violas, cellos and bass, returning to the full richness of the beginning theme.

The third movement was an exuberant Presto, jumping from short bursts of softness to a frolicking forte, playing out the wonder of the classical style and the precision, dexterity and beauty of the musician's playing.

After the secure stateliness of Mozart, the orchestra did not give the audience more of the same but instead jumped to a lesser-known contemporary piece by Tischhauser titled "Hommage a Maelzel." It was evident from the start that the or-

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Oakroom: All this and 2,400 gallons of ice cream

By Carl Sjulin

The Scene: Sunday, 7 p.m.

"Where ya going to eat?"

"I don't know - probably just downtown somewhere, Val's sure sounds good."

"Too long a wait. How 'bout Arby's?"

"Nope, Too expensive."

"Wendy's?"

"I don't like wiping grease off my face . . . Let's try Grandmother's."

"Naw, she makes me finish my vegetables."

"What about Godfather's or McDonald's?"

"I'm tired of hamburgers and pizza. I wonder . . ."

Does this sort of dialogue sound all too familiar? It really isn't too hard to get burned-out on culinary de-



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lights like Taco Inn. However, Lincoln has a cure for these mundane choices for those who are willing to drive to 923 South St. The cure is known as The Oakroom. Even its name sounds unique, proving we are conditioned into thinking that a restaurant's name must be in the possessive form in order to be official.

The Oakroom offers a large variety of entrees, ranging from breakfast to sandwiches and full dinners, all which are very moderately priced. When several friends and myself ate there earlier this week, we selected a wide range of dinners. The 10-ounce sirloin steak (\$7.95) and teriyaki beef kebab (\$4.95) were both excellent.

These and a host of other dishes come with salad, choice of potato and service which is hard to beat.

French onion soup

To balance this review, I decided to have a basic half-pound hamburger with french fries at a reasonable \$2.85. The \$1 french onion soup rivals all but that of the finest restaurants. Several fish and Italian items round out the menu.

Dessert at The Oakroom is not to be taken lightly. They feature more than 20 flavors of imported ice cream and more than 25 different dessert combinations which leave nothing to the imagination.

Try to picture a super banana split selling for \$4.45. I had to see what could be put into a banana split to make it worth the price and when it came, I got my answer. Five huge scoops of ice cream were used with as many toppings and what seemed to be a hundred other things as well. It was truly a creation large enough for four people and according to manager Mark Reaves, The Oakroom wants to make dessert just that - a creation.

"We have a special freezer in the basement which holds over 2,400 gallons of ice cream and our cooks take special pride in creating a visual experience as well as making something that is good to eat," Reaves said.

Desserts unique

"These really isn't a restaurant in Lincoln that featured these types of extravagant desserts and it's probably our most unique feature."

The Oakroom is open Sunday through Thursday from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. and till 2 a.m. on Friday and Saturday. Reaves said business has been excellent since the Nov. 11 opening and he hopes to see more students in the future.

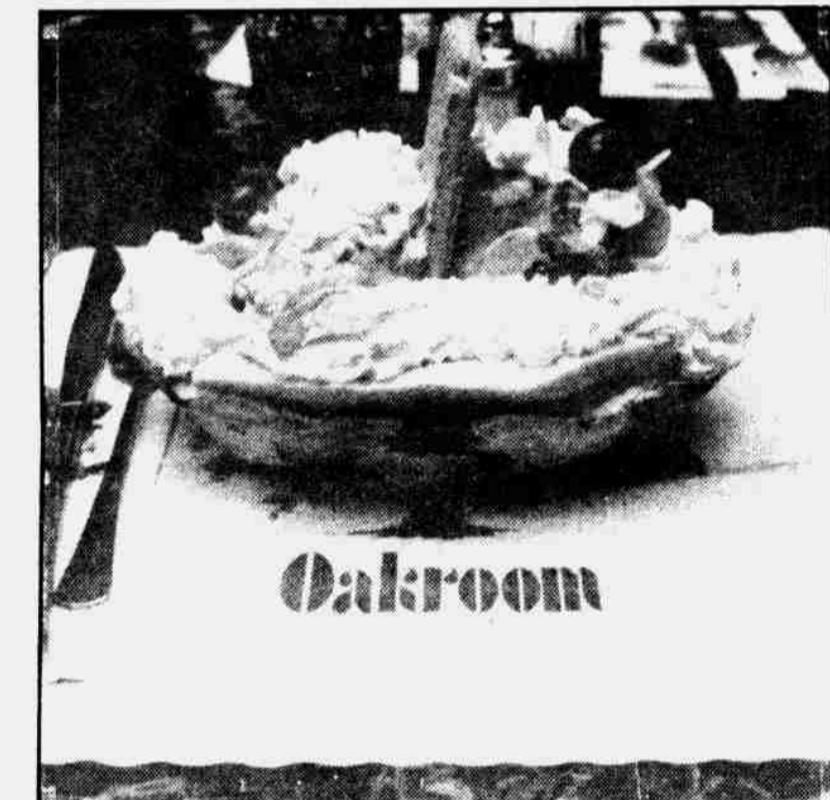


Photo by D. Eric Kircher

"We really can't pick up a lot of walk-in business because of our location so we are trying to establish a steady clientele. That's part of the reason we chose the name The Oakroom because we want to look substantial-like we're here to stay," Reaves said.

The Oakroom, done completely in oak, does indeed look substantial. The inside is attractively decorated with an early American motif and the antique parlor fans, hanging plants and a variety of paintings add to its homey atmosphere.

Textbook jungle brings out the beast in student

Two weeks ago second semester began. The distance is great enough now so that I am able to reflect. For the first time in my life I discovered the jungle and in that winter derangement, an animal. The jungle . . . Nebraska Bookstore. The animal . . . myself.

Jan. 11, 1982 . . . the first day of classes. Once inside Morrill Hall and past Dumbo I found my class. A



T. Marni Vos

professor brushed past me as I entered the lecture hall. He was singing something . . . "Let's get mental, mental . . . I wanna get . . ."

I felt ill.

I took a seat toward the back of the auditorium and began a letter to my mother.

I was interrupted.

"Good morning class and welcome to Geology. My name is Tim, you can call me Clay."

"The earth is actually pear shaped. You can find this and other interesting facts in the three books required for this class . . . all of which I have written. The title of these books are: *My Life as a Rolling Stone*, *Me and My Rocks*, and *Outdoor Cooking*.

"Those of you who are interested in an A or receiv-

ing credit can purchase these books twice. Just attach the receipt to your final exams."

After class I decided to invest in the required texts, three of each. I stepped outside as the winter wind whipped about my face, tore the sleeve off my jacket and blew my companion, a small-framed girl, into a nearby trash receptacle. I told Nancy I would bring her a candy bar and turned back into the wind.

I crossed the street and entered the bookstore. I entered through the two doors; I entered through the two doors with sixty-three other students. My personal space was invaded. The crash bar fractured my left hip. A purse filled with iron ore and some make-up swung into my ribcage as it switched shoulders, and I was forced to eat a freshman knapsack after being pushed from behind.

At last I was in the bookstore, as I anxiously anticipated the writing of a rubber check I walked towards the first counter. I was stopped.

"Excuse me miss, you'll have to leave your knapsack and clothes here. Is that a wig? You'll have to leave it here too. Thank you."

I noticed the young man in front of me had an alligator tattooed to his chest.

I looked for the geology section. I circled the store five times.

As I began my sixth trip around I saw geology ahead of me. With a smile on my face, I grabbed the first two

books on my list. I saw the last book close by . . . There were only two left. A young girl with green finger nails, the color of the earth's outer crust, picked them both up. I asked her what day it was, she told me, and inside my head I quickly tried to calculate whether or not P.M.T. could be used as a viable option in a second degree murder trial . . . I was two days off.

I stepped in front of her. I told her I knew little or nothing about her, which would make breaking her face so much easier.

She told me I could have the book for \$5. I told her I had a real nice wig. She gave me the book.

I stood in line with my books and a candy bar for four days. At last it was my turn.

"Will that be all?"

"Yes."

"\$76.68."

I wrote the check for the amount.

"I'll need to see three ID's."

I pulled out my sawed-off shotgun.

"Oh yes, that's Miss Vos, yes, well, I've seen you in here before - one ID is plenty - Could you read off that serial number? . . . Thank you . . . Do you want a bag?"

"\$76.68? I want three."

I got my clothes on and went home. By the time I entered my apartment I could once again recognize my reflection in the mirror. But I can only wait in unknowing terror for the time when the animal will evolve once again.