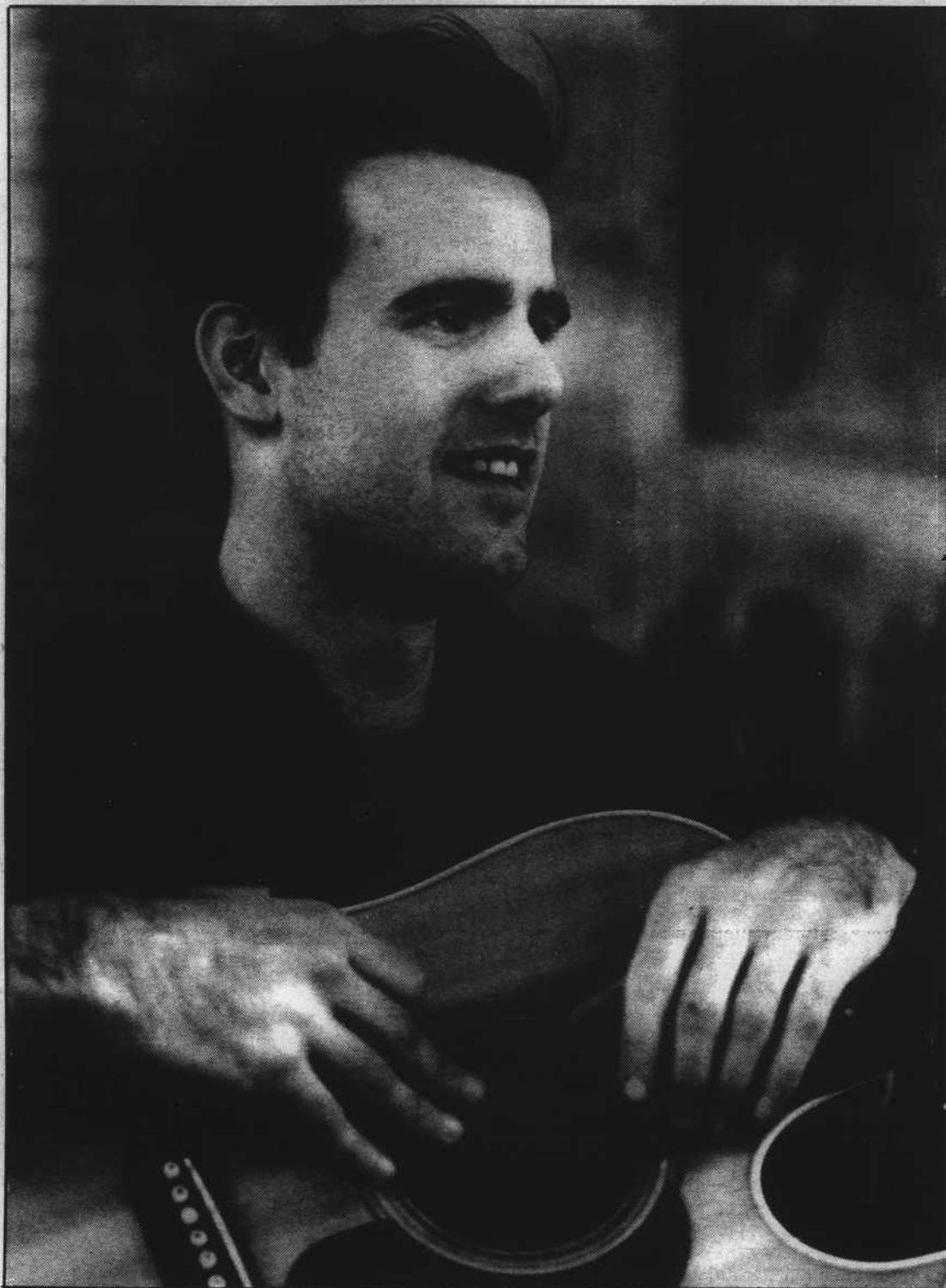


# ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

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Page 11

## A PLEASANT AFTERNOON



Gerik Parmele/DN

Guitarist Wally Pleasant talks to a crowd of about 30 people at Homer's record store at 14th and O streets during an acoustic performance Wednesday afternoon. After his performance, Pleasant said he planned to eat at Runza before performing at Duffy's Tavern and Le Cafe Shakes.

## Lincoln included in farewell tour

By Joel Strauch  
Senior Reporter

The Grammy Award-winning St. Louis Symphony Orchestra will perform at the Lied Center tonight as part of their farewell tour for music director and conductor Leonard Slatkin.

The St. Louis Orchestra, under Slatkin's guidance, has been internationally recognized as an orchestra of the highest caliber.

Slatkin has been music director of the orchestra for 15 years and will step down at the end of the 1995-96 season.

Norah George, Lied Center spokesperson, said this would be Slatkin's last professional tour.

"He'll probably continue his appearances as guest conductor with other orchestras," George said.

*"He's really an incredible man. He's brought the masses into classical music."*

■  
**NORA GEORGE**

Lied Center spokesperson

"But this may be the last time he'll be here in Nebraska."

Slatkin has guest-conducted the New York Philharmonic, the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, the Boston Symphony Orchestra and many

See SYMPHONY on 12

## Baton will pass to new marching band director

By Josh Wimmer  
Staff Reporter

UNL will have a new marching band director before the end of March, said Larry Mallett, director of the School of Music.

The former marching band director, Jay Kloecker, has become director of bands, Mallett said. Kloecker is still formally in charge of the marching band, Mallett said, but is not responsible for its actual direction.

For the past 40 to 50 years, Mallett said, the University of Nebraska-Lincoln's marching band directors have been in charge of the marching band as well as overseeing other bands, teaching and recruiting.

However, these responsibilities are too much for one individual, he said, and it became necessary to divide them between the marching

band director and a separate director of bands.

This policy is routine for universities of UNL's size, Mallett said.

Mallett said Kloecker's change of position was entirely by choice. As director of bands, Kloecker oversees the top concert groups, recruiting and some classes, and he is still figuratively in charge of the marching band, Mallett said.

The School of Music began advertising for a new marching band director last October, Mallett said. They are now down to three final candidates, he said. Mallett would not name the candidates, but he said that they were all qualified for the position.

"We have excellent, qualified candidates coming in," he said. "All three candidates have experi-

See BAND on 12

## Cool Swatch can't save memory of first boyfriend

As of yesterday, the first guy I was ever affiliated with in a semi-romantic way is a confessed felon.

(Note: the names in this column have been changed to protect the guilty and my already precarious reputation. I'll call him Lance; I'll call myself Judy).

He was sort of a teacher's aide in my Algebra 3-4 class. He was a math geek, as a matter of fact. Now he's pleaded guilty of a Class IV felony. I've always suspected that only a warped mind could excel in junior high math.

He started writing me notes. I blame it all on him, but perhaps I was sending him come-hither looks from the blackboard. Perhaps, for a moment, I was actually impressed by his arithmetic gifts. He bragged that he could make one equal zero. It was a long equation, he said. He'd have to show me sometime.

I believe my 13-year-old heart expressed something between awe and repulsion.

All of my friends were going with people. Not just going with people, GOING with people. Kim WENT with D.J., Staci WENT with Keith.

All my friends had a small herd of hormonal man-children trailing behind their cute, adolescent selves. People liked them. You know, LIKED them.



by Rainbow Rowell

My resolve broke when Lance sent me a note he'd crafted in his advanced computer class on a Macintosh Classic.

Oooh, I thought, he knows the dark secrets of computers, too. What a man. Math, computers, and he had a cool Swatch.

I don't remember the exact words I used that doomed me to at least three weeks of misery. The entire mess was so traumatic, for a while I couldn't even remember the eighth grade.

But sure enough, Lance started calling me, and I started calling him back. And when we were in the same room, we had to stand by each other. We even met at the Florence Days Parade to make fun of the Shriners together.

All of our meetings were marked by bickering and arguments where we expressed our mutual revulsion. The more we learned about each other, the more we hated each other. He snuck wine coolers from his parents' refrigerator and liked to wear thongs.

Being seen together in public became tortuous. It was all I could do not to give him a fat lip. After all, we were both just pretending to like each other so we could take part in a twisted, pubescent, acne-ridden ritual.

We didn't like each other, but we had to LIKE each other so we'd have a name to scratch in our paper bag-covered books, so that someday, when we each met someone that we really liked, we could say, "Hey, someone else liked me once. You should, too."

One day at Burger King, he held my hand.

The problem with GOING with somebody—aside from the fact that you never go anywhere—is that you're stuck with that person until your humiliating break-up.

Ours happened one night on the phone. He tried to tell me that our song was "Always" by Atlantic Starr. I said, no, it's "For No One" by the Beatles. Do you get it, Lance?

Yeah, he got it. In fact, he said, he'd been trying to find a way to tell me for about a

week. Oh yeah, I gently challenged, I've been thinking about it for two weeks. Well, he replied, I've been thinking about breaking it to you for three.

Oh yeah, before the fiasco even began.

From then on, Lance and I steered clear of each other. I gave his Swatch back. Lance went to high school, and I stayed in junior high. One day, he and his new girlfriend drove by me at my bus stop.

She leaned out of the car and accused me of badmouthing her. I said, no, must have been somebody else. Lance's eyes gleamed. I wondered if she was pretending to like him, too.

After Lance, I came close to swearing off men completely. But pretty soon, I had a crush on another guy (who eventually would be arrested for stealing cars).

Lance left me with uncomfortable memories that I can only laugh about when I'm really tired. I wonder what our three weeks did to him?

I hope it didn't drive him to a life of crime. If I would have known, maybe I would have let him break up with me first.

Rowell is a senior news-editorial, advertising and English major and the Daily Nebraskan Arts & Entertainment Editor.