

STATE ARTS

With Gerry Beltz

Reviewer gives etiquette pointers

Since I started working as a Daily Nebraskan movie reviewer in 1992, I have gone to (approximately) umpteen movies. I've witnessed some of the most atrocious behavior I've ever seen in my entire life in theaters (not counting home football games).

Our politically correct society seems overly worried about offending people. But put someone in a dark movie theater, and they seem to forget the meaning of courtesy.

One of the worst violations is the screaming child. The fault here lies not with the child (unless he or she is unchaperoned, which also happens too often), but with the accompanying parent.

Parents often seem either too stubborn or too stupid to realize other people in the theater are trying to enjoy the film. No one wants to listen to the child's banshee scream.

Possibly it is a baby screaming, or it could be a toddler wailing because he or she didn't get a box of Junior Mints. Whatever the reason, take the child out of the auditorium to the lobby and deal with the situation.

Parents, please don't sit there, hope it will end quickly and continue to enjoy the film at the rest of the audience's expense.

Then there are talkers. A little whispering during a film is common, almost necessary. But bozos who talk at normal levels during films should have their tongues pierced with a paper punch.

Ah, I can't leave out the slob. Given the high concession prices at movie theaters, people often bring in their own food and beverages, leaving their messes for theater personnel.

True, theater concession prices are high—although Lincoln prices are some of the lowest I've seen in the nation. But the mess left by outside food and drink is inexcusable.

In general, people should be polite to the people at the theater, including employees. Those people usually are paid minimum wage, and that isn't enough to for the duties of baby-sitter, maid and emotional punching bag.

If you have a complaint or there is a problem during a film (screaming children, drunks, etc.), immediately ask to speak to a manager. Don't wait until afterward to say something about it. By then, nothing can be done.

Beltz is a senior education major and a Daily Nebraskan senior reporter.

Love comes to town



Jay Calderon/DN

B.B. King plays his black Gibson guitar, Lucille, Sunday night at the Lied Center for Performing Arts.

King's blues bring smiles to Lied crowd

By Matthew Waite
Senior Reporter

The person sitting next to me Sunday night at the Lied Center for Performing Arts said it best.

"Isn't it funny, everyone is smiling and B.B. is playing the blues," she said.

In a world of digital guitars, digital keyboards and digital everything else, B.B. King is none of that. There wasn't a digital anything on the Lied stage when King walked out in his turquoise and gold tuxedo jacket.

But there was a lot of heart and a lot of love.

In fact, the packed Lied crowd witnessed two lovers in the throes of passion.

Ah, love.

There is nothing more pure than King's love for Lucille, his black Gibson guitar.

Many times during his hour and a half show, it was difficult to tell whether King was playing Lucille, or Lucille was playing King.

Every note sang, and King's face was a mixture of joy and pain, the principal parts of the blues. Lucille sang, and King knew all the right places to make her do so.

But throughout the show, I couldn't help but think that King's music was not espe-

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B.B. KING
Blues musician

cially technical, or difficult or even that deep. His guitar playing was simple.

His lyrics were not profound, by any means.

"I ain't sure what love is/But I sure got it bad/I ain't sure what love is/But baby, I sure got it bad/Because whatever it is/It's about to drive me mad."

But there is no one playing the blues today that can play like B.B. King. There are a precious few performers that can cleanse your soul, make you cry, and force a smile across your face like King can.

B.B. King is the king of the blues and is a masterful entertainer at the same time. At 69 years of age, 45 years spent playing the blues, King can still make an audience

laugh and dance without a care.

King used the audience as a 10th member to his nine piece band. In between two songs, he walked to the edge of the stage to give a young boy a guitar pick. He then shook his hand.

"Thank you for bringing the children out," he said to the crowd. "I promise you I won't say or do anything on stage to embarrass you or your family."

Later in the show, King wished a happy birthday to an audience member who was turning 25. He then dedicated a song to her and sang "Somebody really loves you/It's me."

The world needs more people like B.B. King.

Paris ballet soars with traditional, modern styles

By Paula Lavigne
Senior Reporter

The Paris Opera Ballet blended contemporary angles with classic curves Friday night at the Lied Center for Performing Arts, proving itself as a master of modern and traditional ballet.

The company's classic pieces, with the magic of pirouettes and pas de deux, especially enchanted the Lied audience.

Their first piece, "Three Preludes," featured dancers Elisabeth Platel and Laurent Novis clad in white against a white background under a solitary spotlight.

The two were isolated in one corner of

the stage near a portable bar. The subdued darkness and the musical serenity added to the dancers' physical chemistry.

The dancers moved like two marionettes in perfect syncopation. Shining as a single dancer is easier than working with a partner, but Platel and Novis made their romance convincing.

"Notre Dame in Paris," set to music by Maurice Jarre, was haunting and compelling. Dancer Kader Belarbi became the hunchback of Notre Dame with angular, broken arm movements.

He sluggishly pulled himself across the stage, transmitting his pain and emotional anguish. Belarbi, with dancer Isabelle

Guerin, told the hunchback's tragic tale by combining acting and dance.

It was interesting how each piece managed to tell a tale—hence the opera part of the ballet—by combining acting and dance techniques.

The up-tempo "Suite from Act III" of "Don Quixote" told a happier tale. Dancers in bright, flamenco-style costumes twirled onto the stage.

"In the Middle of Somewhat Elevated," the final piece, exposed a skeleton stage with visible concrete walls and track lighting.

It was similar to some of the Joffrey Ballet's "Billboards," where dancers appeared in a relaxed, almost rehearsal-like

mode.

During "In the Middle," dancers displayed exquisite gymnastic and athletic ability, but the piece never seemed to climax. A few audience members were visibly bored.

The style of dance used in this piece was new, and it may take awhile for a choreographer to make the style more visibly stimulating. It seems to still be in the experimental, raw stage.

"In the Middle" was the exception to the ballet's captivating rule.

The Paris Opera Ballet, with its roots dating back to the reign of King Louis XIV, has given a fresh beauty to classical dance by keeping it controlled, yet exciting.