

Doomed to Kill, and Kill again to quench his hideous thirst for human blood!

'Blacula' — prejudicial, insulting

Review by Roy Baldwin

Ah, there's good news tonight! Halloween is barely two weeks away, and there's a vampire flick on at the Varsity. Not an ordinary v.f., of course, but *Blacula*, American International Studios' entry into the black exploitation movie sweepstakes.

Blacula is corny. It is corny in a way that only American International movies can be. African prince Mamuwalde visits the castle of the Count Dracula to entreat the evil count to use

his "powers of statesmanship" (?) to put an end to the slave trade.

Dracula, of course, will have none of this and vamps Mamuwalde, seals him in a coffin, dooms him to lust eternally after blood, etc., etc. His home is opened 200 years later in Los Angeles by two interior decorators who plan to make a fortune selling the furnishings of Castle Dracula in the states. Thus unleashed, he begins his reign of terror, etc.

Through it all William Marshall, who has had some experience with Shakespearian stage, is good at going "Aargh! Aargh!" and turning into a bat. Vonetta McGee as his wife Luvu and her reincarnation Tina, does a fine job wandering around in a daze and saying "No, Mamuwalde! Help!" Thalmus Rasulala, as the brave Dr. Thomas, is at his best unbuttoning his sportcoat and putting his hands on his hips. The extras are great at wearing purple face make-up, clip-on fangs and stumbling around looking menacing and possessed.

The movie is more than corny, though. It is embarrassing. Your reviewer, who is white, was embarrassed by the racism which forms the film's foundation.

Blacula ought to be subtitled, "Amos n' Andy Grow Teeth." It was produced by a white man, directed by a white man, written by a white woman, financed by a white-owned company. It is a white man's idea of what would appeal to the mind of a black man.

The idea is that if detective thrillers like *Shaft* and *Cotton Comes to Harlem* succeed in drawing black crowds and green money, why not see if a black vampire movie will do as well? If your big brother liked *Shaft*, you're supposed to dig *Blacula*.

Blacula feeds on prejudice, just as the vampires feed on ketchup. Black people get to play all the good roles, white people get to play the flunkies.

The blacks drive the nice cars, go to the swank supper clubs, say all the snappy lines—"Sit down, baby, I got something heavy to lay on you."

One note of hope, though—there won't be any *Bride of Blacula*, *Son of Blacula*, or any other sequel. The hero, after losing his girlfriend, drags himself up into the light of morning and turns into worms on the pavement. See, didn't we tell you there was good news tonight?

Cartoon: What a surprise! Bugs Bunny's classic *Rabbit of Seville*. Almost worth the price of admission!

Larry Kubert

Butterflies: Goldie's best effort to date

Butterflies Are Free is billed as "the long-run hit play with all its humor and all its heart." Unfortunately, I have not seen or read the play to determine whether or not the transfer from one medium to another was successful.

What I can determine is that the movie version, although not a fantastic motion picture, is entertaining.

Although the show's location has been switched from New York City's Greenwich Village to San Francisco, producer M.J. Frankovitch has kept many of the same persons associated with the original stage production. Leonard Gersche, who wrote the play, also wrote the screenplay; Milton Katselas, who directed its Broadway version, also directed the movie; and Eileen Heckart repeats her role as the mother.

The plot is basic. Boy meet girl, boy loses girl, boy wins back girl. The kicker is that the boy is blind. He lives by himself in a dishwasher apartment, complete with open connecting door to a young, kooky divorcee's apartment—and he doesn't mind going to bed with her.

It is the relationships among the main characters that make the film worthwhile. The three main characters are basically gentle people. However, when they do become angry, positive changes in their characters occur.

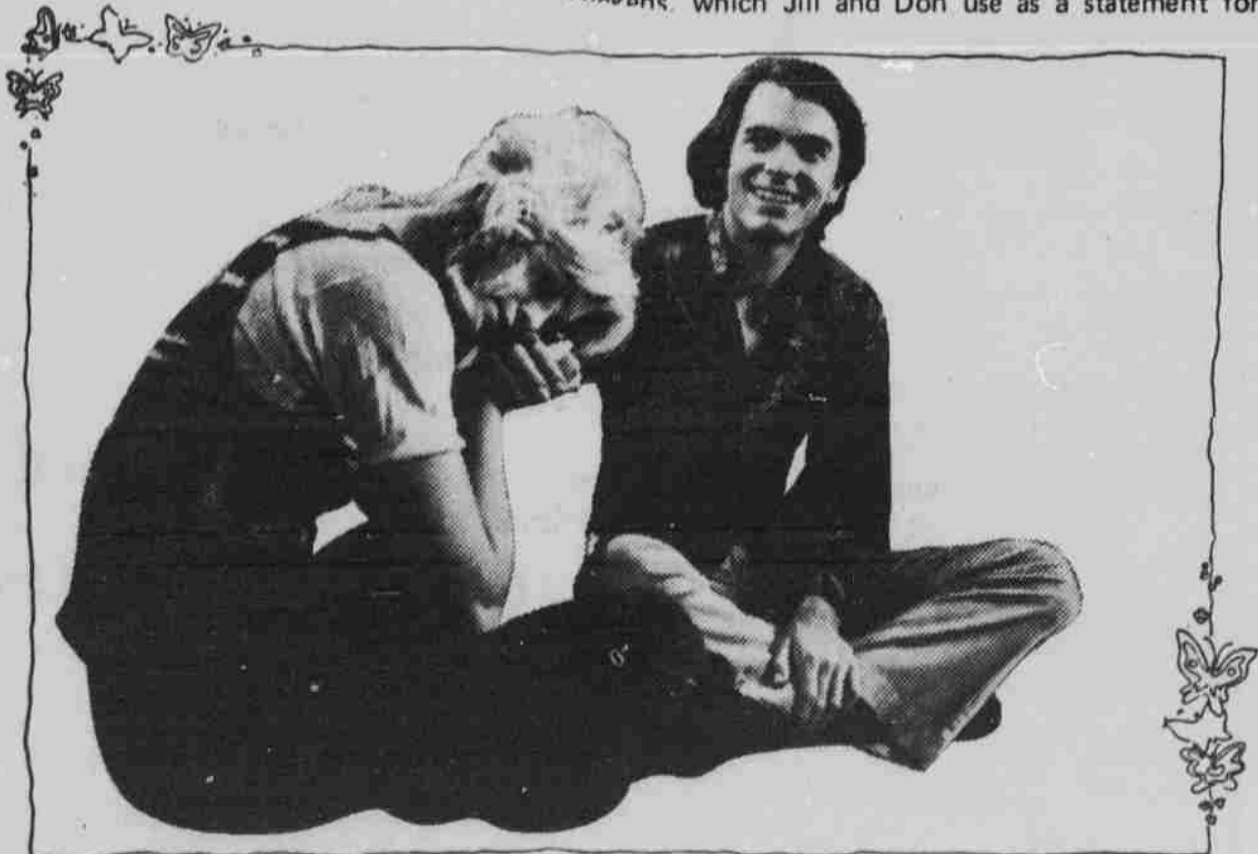
After Jill (Goldie Hawn) explodes at the mother (Heckart) for being over-possessive ("maybe I'm not the girl for Don—but I know you're not the girl for him either"), the mother realizes she has been wrong.

And when Don (Edward Albert), hurt because Jill plans to desert him, calls her retarded because she can't make an adult commitment, Jill finally matures.

This is Hawn's most successful film effort to date. Although she always seems to play lovable, daffy broads, her performance in *Butterflies* is good.

Heckart comes across extremely well as the ultra-chic, rich and domineering mother. Albert, son of Eddie Albert (remember *Green Acres*?), doesn't do quite so well as Hawn and Heckart, but he succeeds in conveying Don's independence.

The only soapy part of the film is the title, a quote from Dickens, which Jill and Don use as a statement for



Butterflies Are Free . . . Jill (Goldie Hawn) convinces Don (Edward Albert) to stay in his San Francisco apartment and not move home to his mother.



their relationship and independence. Outside of this, the movie is one to go to and simply enjoy yourself.

Bitch time! I'm getting damn sick and tired of going to a cultural event in this city and seeing everything get a standing ovation.

Last Saturday, at the end of the Johannesen and Nelsova concert at Kimball Recital Hall, I found myself standing with many in the audience giving the artists a standing ovation, and I asked myself, "What the hell am I doing?"

Without a doubt, Johannesen and Nelsova are talented musicians and their concert was an excellent one, but did it deserve a standing ovation?

It seems as if Lincoln audiences are either addicted to standing ovations and have to stand to satisfy a habit, or people have the misguided idea that unless they give a standing ovation they're not "coool and with it."

Standing ovations are meant to exhibit the ultimate in appreciation. If they're lucky, the normal audience should experience this feeling two or three times in a lifetime—not every other week.

Yet it seems that's exactly what happens at every Lincoln concert, whether it be Neil Diamond, Roberta Flack, the Carpenters or the symphony orchestra.

An audience doesn't realize that most artists are perfectly satisfied with simple applause. They don't expect standing ovations.

Artists are their own severest critics. If an artist doesn't do a good job, he's the first to know it. Nothing shows cultural immaturity more clearly than giving a standing ovation to an artist who knows he doesn't deserve it. Rather than praising the artist, it almost cheapens their performance.

The Weekend Films have *Camelot* on Friday and Saturday in the Nebraska Union Small Auditorium and in the East Campus Union Sunday.

Don't forget "Boy Wonder" Wayne Newton at Pershing Auditorium Saturday. And on Monday, Mitch Miller finds his way into Pershing, by way of Lincoln Community Concerts.