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Morrissey movies 'rancid'

The key words that keep popping up in descriptions of Paul Morrissey's duo-horror versions of *Dracula* and *Frankenstein* seem to be "perversely fascinating." Few reviews have been without them, although neither of the adjectives, used separately or together, say anything about

greg lukow
key grip

whether the movies are at all worthwhile, which they're not.

You don't assault Andy Warhol protegee Morrissey on the same terms as you do other commercial film directors (he prides himself on his hip, underground aloofness), yet I can't help but throw *Blood for Dracula* (the movie's real title) together with his *Frankenstein* as one of the most rancid unnecessary films we've ever received.

Both films were cheaply done Italian productions and the cast in *Dracula* remains

essentially the same. Snake-like Udo Kier has moved over from the evil Dr. Frankenstein to his role here as the anemic *Dracula*, a timid Rumanian count who travels to Italy in order to clamp himself on to the necks of pious Italian "wiggins." Kier's squeamy servant-assistant is back, as is Joe Dallesandro who talks socialistic garble and walks, uninspired, through his usual role as handy-man stud-service. Only the female victims have been changed, this time taking the form of four breast-baring daughters of a bourgeois Italian family. The count assaults each of them in turn, hoping that their purity is still intact.

Paranoid acidity

Both films have a feeling of paranoid acidity about them, although *Dracula* comes nowhere near approaching the detailed, blood revelries of *Frankenstein*. Except for the climactic, limb-by-limb ax killing of *Dracula*, there is substantially less of the explicit, albeit synthetic, gore. Ultimately the movie is less offensive than *Frankenstein*, but by discarding this "perverseness," it loses whatever fascination it may hope for.

Morrissey's strangest twist is that *Dracula* really doesn't deserve his final fate. He is a palid, pathetic creature who writhes through epileptic withdrawals and vomiting fits after he finds that, thanks to Dallesandro, his victims are not wiggins. He's a miserable wretch, so to speak.

His greasy, evil-eyed servant is the movie's real villain; *Dracula* is just a tired, sick vampire trying to survive and totally screwed up by everything a trite movie culture has ever made of him.

By David Ware

Turkish Delight, the city's other big-name X-rated film is an expensive excuse for a love/sex/death soft-core porno exercise.

The plot is elemental: a young, distinctly male anarchistic sculptor falls in love with one of the girls he picks up—Olga. She is a spoiled, rich young thing fitted out with a genuine man-eating mother. To trim a long film to a trailer, Olga plays through with the now-classic "Love Story" syndrome—she's too young, beautiful and full of life to live, so a brain tumor enters the plot. (Could this be the reason for her sexually aggressive behavior throughout?)

Shorn and pale

The young man, of course, lives to enjoy his manhood again, after his beloved has died, her head shorn and face pale, in a private hospital bed.

The point of all of this is that young sexy girls grow up and lose their bloom, and the only way a sentimental media-sponsored mythology can deal with them (and it's own limitations) is to kill them off while they're still young and beautiful. Thanks to their touching demise they can then be used as an excuse to make a pseudo-philosophical statement about love, death, and decay both moral and physical.

While *Turkish Delight* offers several entertaining bits (nice camera work, a fair score and cheerily animated performances by Monique Van de Ven and Rutger Hauer as the ill-fated lovers), the pathology of porn crossed with the gross sentiment of Hollywood makes for a sick film.

Quintet, singer to perform

Mezzo-soprano Judy Cole will sing love songs from medieval Germany with the Nebraska Woodwind Quintet in their recital Thursday at 8 p.m. in Kimball Recital Hall.

With the quintet, Cole will sing "Minnelieder," a collection of German love songs, with music composed for the group by R. Murray Schafer.

Also on the free program are Franz Danzi's "Quintetto, Opus 67, No. 3" and Alvin Etler's "Quintet II," a contemporary piece.

Cole and the quintet members—David Van de Bogart, flute; Wesley Reist, clarinet; Robert O'Boyle, oboe; Gary Echols, bassoon and David Kappy, French horn—are all UNL music faculty members.

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