



'At Close Range' — Would you buy a used car from these men?

## Video

### At Close Range (Hoyts)

One of the more interesting American movies of the last decade. Artistically similar to the work of Terence Malick, whose *Badlands* sets the tone for most of this film. Sean Penn stars as the son of a local badman, played by Christopher Walken. Both get involved in criminal activities and some very intense human drama. A real American gothic tale with superb art direction — things bathed in blue lights and the harshness of natural light, giving the glow of a painting. Also a method acting spectacular (where's Mickey Rourke?) with Walken attempting to speak like Little Richard, and Penn pouring on the minimalism. A great piece of Americana, with Walken playing the role he was born for.

Kerry Buchanan

### Cassius Clay (aka Muhammad Ali) vrs the World (Warner Home Video)

The story of the greatest love of all, Muhammad Ali and boxing. Interesting footage shows all — the early rush of genius, the fights with Archie Moore, Henry Cooper, and the famous Liston fight of Feb 25, 1964, when Ali took the heavyweight title. The era of Ali had begun.

He took boxing out of the ring with his media grabbing I Am's, from the "prettiest" to the "greatest"; a thousand variations followed. His allegiance to Elijah Muhammad and the refusal to fight a "white man's war" in Vietnam made him a symbol of black pride and hero to the counter-culture.

But beyond all, there remains that genius in the ring, the shuffle that borrowed more from ex-boxer James Brown's stage performance than anything else, and the absolute grace with the gloves. Ali looked like a king when he entered the ring.

The last time I saw Ali, he was walking down Queen Street in the late 70s, shaking peoples' hands and gently talking. But he did not look happy.

Kerry Buchanan

### Straw Dogs (CEL)

Great movie from Sam Peckinpah, who along with Ernest Hemingway knows that a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do. In this case, wimpy intellectual Dustin Hoffman turns killer against a bunch of smalltown English yokels. Nasty pieces of work they are too, strangling cats, sexual molestation and excessive whisky drinking. When he starts to fight back, bear trap in hand, the violence frees his trapped self. A repugnant moral perhaps, but strong cinema. Next to *The Wild Bunch*, his best film.

KB

then current Vietnam conflict. The final scenes of extreme violence are meant to add credence to Nelson's heavy moral stand. Subtle this film isn't. John Ford made a great "Indian" film called *Cheyenne Autumn* about the same themes but without the political polemic, and it's by far the better film. Interesting in a historical way but a bit out of touch with our more cynical times.

KB

### Escape from New York City (CEL)

Big fun. New York 1997, a wasteland turned into a maximum security prison designed to keep scum like the Duke (Isaac Hayes) inside. The President's plane crashes — send in Snake Plisen to rescue him and save the world. John Carpenter, the ultimate movie brat, splatters the screen with this crazy comic book. Kurt Russell, ex-Disney star, plays Snake like one of the Brady Bunch gone bad, speaking like his lip is zipped up and grunting a lot. I sure like this a lot, plenty of clever action and good characters like Er-

nest Borgnine as the cab driver, Harry Dean Stanton in another great role, and professional wrestler Ox Baker getting spiked. The finale is a neat piece of nihilism; a punk film par excellence.

KB

### Dead Time Stories (Roadshow)

Pretty crazy shit. Like, this werewolf hanging out in his tight red leather pants, a lot more chic than even the dog boys in *Howling Part II* — *Sheba Queen Bitch*. A cute anthology of loopy stories, like the one about the Bear family (three, of course) escaping from the Saints Preserve Us Home for the Hopelessly Insane, who end up as stiffs in the clutches of a deranged Ms Locks (blonde, of course). Good special effects like the body "re-fleshing" itself and other visceral delights. Best joke, apart from the theme song, is this Puerto Rican wildman giving a joint to this shop assistant, who says: "I'll save this for my vacation ... lunch time." Dumb stuff that should find favour with fans of *The Toxic Avenger* and the new cult classic *Street Trash*.

KB

## On Tape

With the demise of Paul Luker's Industrial Tapes, now back in the dim and distant past of Auckland rock and roll, the emergence of Walking Monk Tapes may come as a welcome outlet for recorded "alternative" music aside from the hefty expense of independent vinyl.

The Walking Monk people are Nat (ex-Fish For Life) and Mark (most famously ex-Flak, If) who are currently preparing the label's first release, *A Bit of a Strange Tape*, a compilation of Auckland bands from the Committee (self-admitted worst band of 1979, '80 ...) to Goblin Mix. They hope to follow that with a Battling Strings tape or a Dutch Konkurrent label compilation, and are keen to contact bands interested in utilising the Walking Monk service. For info, contact Walking Monk Tapes, 1 Ngauruhoe St, Mt Eden, Auckland (ph. 604 601).

PM

### Zoom Creative Contraceptual

Erp. Songs and stories from Zoom Creative. Bits of Crystal Zoom live, betraying them as the art rockers they always were, 'No More Mr Nice Guy', 'Hate'; the stupid "donga" chant; the story of Zak Water Buffalo worship; sounds of the street and noises of industry ... comes brilliantly packaged, and the sheep are loaded on the truck. (\$10 plus \$2 p&p from Box 5996, Auckland, or from Rock & Roll Records.)

### Dead Children

#### Voice of the Life Inside

This may well be Henry the International Atlas and co again (hi Henry!) ... the mood, with the aid of mucho grand organ, hints at being very ecclesiastical on all five songs — long before you get to 'Church Music' on side two. These people may be dangerous and they're pointing to an apocalyptic end for us all. Does an "anti-copyright" relate it to the anti-christ? (From 61 Tilbury St, Lower Hutt)

Paul McKessar

# Cha·Cha

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