

Buffalo chips for Hunter S. film

by Ken Burke

I don't know if anyone ever asked Dr. Hunter S. Thompson what he thought of the movie **Where the Buffalo Roam**, but my bet is, the good doctor wasn't overly thrilled. One of those stupidly logical rules of life says it makes sense a movie on Hunter S. Thompson's life would play everything up for yucks. In brief, this film lacks the edge. It doesn't even know where the edge is.

Directed by Art Linson, an obvious Hunter S. Thompson maniac, **Buffalo** is like a speedreader's guide to Hunter S. Thompson and his twisted world of gonzo journalism - but only if you're an illiterate speedreader. All the famous elements of Hunter S.'s life and hard career are here - the booze, drugs, large guns, Nixon-hatred, cigarette holder, sunglasses, medicine kit, and so on off into the distance. But in his attempt, which is admittedly zealous, at translating the world of Thompson to a film, Linson produced a picture of a wild and zany counterculture kinda guy with little of the serious or worthwhile in him.

The casting of Bill Murray in the lead role is not too bad, although at times he acts like a corpse in heat. Murray's vision of Hunter S. Thompson is an irrepressible wild and zany nut who deadpans his way through the weird and twisted actualities of life. Whether blowing away his answering machine with a magnum, squirting Nixon and the White House press plane with a fire extinguisher, or camping it up with his attorney - Victor Lazlo, played by Peter Boyle with half-hearted madness and rage - Thompson is above all in control of the world.

That's why this movie is so sad. If there's one thing Hunter S. Thompson isn't, it's a man in total control. The movie opts for the tone of "Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas" - a drug-crazed romp that's (on the surface) a lotta fun - instead of really touching on the Fear and Loathing prophet of a doomed



generation who wrote an account of life with the Hell's Angels and experienced the bitter fire of the '72 election campaign.

This film is all swerving cars and smashed hotel rooms and no justification. We are treated to an orgy of larfs but still don't have any idea who the man is (if even he does). It strays from Thompson's books at will and for no seeming reason. And no matter *what*, Hunter S. would never stoop to the standby trick of bringing dwarves into the movie for a yuck.

When Linson had a truly weird and twisted reality to play with, as he did here with Doctor Gonzo, he steered for safe territory and farce all the way. He had a man to work with and turned him into a carton, nay, muppet. The movie is playing on the eleventh at about 9:30, but I recommend you catch the real thing next week at the McInnes room when Thompson touches down on campus. In this case, I hope the original should surpass the copy.

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compiled by psychedelic eric, music director, ckdu

More on death

by psychedelic eric for ckdu

Who are these guys, anyway? They've enshrouded themselves in more mystery than early Klaatu and look as though they have no intention of revealing their elements. Basing their past (Joy Division) and present names on rather grim Nazi processes, New Order's album series (now totalling five, including a double album) documents human death and its effect on both the victim and those close to him.

Their first album, "Unknown Pleasures," tells of a man in an extreme state of depression. The narcotic and lethargic mood is set in this album and becomes the trademark of the Joy Division/New Order sound. "Closer" shows the man resigned to death and offers a unique insight into his view of the world from this position. After the suicide of Ian Curtis, the lead singer, Joy Division changed to New Order and released "Movement," a collection of thoughts and feelings of the people close to the deceased. "FEP 313" is a further reaction to the death.

At first listening, those familiar with the previous work may feel disappointed with this album. On the first side, the vocals have lost their gloomy quality and are dull, repetitive and off-key, causing the audiophile to turn to the keyboards, which are up to their usual standards of innovative excellence. The drumming is as tight as ever, but lacks the intensity and ingenuity of previous albums.

However, over the course of the album the vocals drift back to their old black, eerie style. The drumming and bass line pick up as well until it is hard to distinguish the last tracks from those of "Movement."

If one takes in the direction of the album, "FEP 313" becomes another episode in Joy Division/New Order's commentary on death. Those close to the deceased emerge from their depression for a brief time, but soon sink back into the lethargic void. Will there be another episode in this documentary? Only New Order and those having experienced the death of a close one know.

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