



Billy Idol as roadie "Cat" in *The Doors*.



The desert "acid trip" scene that never happened in reality. Drummer John Densmore is quoted as telling guitarist Robby Krieger, "Jim is crazy. He'd be the last person I'd drop acid with."



Kilmer faces Morrison's 'Rebel Without a Cause' phase.

# Film

## GREEN CARD

**Director: Peter Weir**  
Australian director Peter Weir has had a strange, almost offbeat career, a move suggested by his very first feature, the bizarre *Cars That Ate Paris*. He's made his best films in Australia (*The Last Wave*, *Picnic At Hanging Rock*, *Gallipoli*), and less individual ones in America (*Witness*, *Dead Poets Society*). A film that would combine the virtues of both (a sense of character and a box-office success) is all that is needed, but somehow *Green Card* isn't quite the movie.

This comedy about a marriage of convenience that blossoms into true love is light and frothy, but doesn't delve much more deeply than that level. Weir's own script shows a culture clash between an earthy, blustering French type (Gerard Depardieu) who comes against a slightly precious trendy-liberal New Yorker (Andie MacDowell) — a situation which, to be fair, got guffaws when I caught the film in New York a while back.

Of the two actors, MacDowell gives the more considered performance as the constantly miffed Bronte, while Depardieu doesn't project the warmth of sense of Gallic style that he shows in *Cyrano de Bergerac*. There are some nice moments such as Depardieu's crazed piano recital after a rather sedate dinner party, and the continual discomfort of MacDowell in a myriad of social situations. Peripheral characters register vividly, especially Bebe Neuwirth as the rapacious Lauren, although some of them are a little too broadly sketched for comfort or believability.

At the bottom line with such a modern-day fairy tale as this, is the requirement that it is believable. If the MacDowell-Depardieu partnership is a bit lacking in this respect, then it's almost made up for by the film's other 'star' — the city of New York. There it is, in its many facets from the black street musicians in the opening scene to those shambling apartments with their little patches of pampered green on the rooftop.  
**WILLIAM DART**

## THE WITCHES

**Director: Nicholas Roeg**  
"I hope nobody is going to make me cross today" rasps Anjelica Huston,

having just zapped one of her recalcitrant witches into a pile of ashes. With a guttural middle European accent and a crone-like appearance that would make Margaret Hamilton look like glamour queen. Huston is one of the bewitching pluses of Roeg's new film.

This Roald Dahl tale is something of a departure for one of today's consistently stylish and intellectually engaging directors. And there is certainly plenty of style in *The Witches* as young Luke (Jason Fisher) sets to — both before and after his transformation into a mouse — to dispose of a convention of witches, gathered at a Gothic English seaside hotel under the ironic banner of the Society for the Preservation of Cruelty to Children.

The opening scenes in Norway are enchanting, and the warm playing between Fisher and Mai Zetterling as his wise and plucky grandmother sets the tone for the film to follow. The tale of a young witch-napped girl who is banished into a painting to grow older and older until eventually she dies, is chilling.

The problem with such a film I would imagine is mainly that of defining an audience level. A lot of *The Witches* would pass by youngsters, and the subject matter might preclude the interest of some adults, although there is some gifted comedy work from Huston, Rowan Atkinson and many of the minor characters.

*The Witches* is a film on which a lot of care has been lavished. Roeg's camera rushes around the floor in a mouse-eye view of proceedings, performs a Dervish's dance during the scene in which the witches are transformed into mice. It was the last project that Jim Henson was associated with before his death. It is a worthy tribute, indeed.  
**WILLIAM DART**

# OPENING THE DOORS

*The Doors*, the movie, hits our screens after a decade of legal / political manoeuvring worthy of the military of which Morrison's father was such a fine upstanding member.

After the publication in 1980 of *Nobody Gets Out Of Here Alive* by Jerry Hopkins and Danny Sugarman, Sugarman and Manzarek make a deal for a one hour TV show about the Doors, allegedly the model for selling more Doors projects.

Producers eventually pass on them because the story is too downbeat. Meanwhile, Elektra releases a greatest hits album and 2.5 million copies are sold by end of year.

Then the rights to the Sugarman book (which didn't include film rights) were sold for \$50,000 to a young producer fresh out of Isreal called Sasha Harari. Meanwhile, John Travolta (who owed Paramount a movie) was expressing interest in playing Morrison and Brian de Palma starts working on a script. But Harari brings in William Friedkin, director of *The Exorcist* who impresses Manzarek and Sugarman no end by telling them he wants to make "the *Raging Bull* of rock movies." De Palma backs down and Travolta gets disappointed.

By 1984 Harari has teamed up with legendary 60s rock promoter Bill Graham and together they settled rights to the story with Jim Morrison's parents and Pamela Courson's family, who won't speak to each other, nor tolerate mention of the Sugarman book. Columbia Pictures buy their package and Harari suggests Oliver Stone to write a script but the Doors reject him as being "too dark".

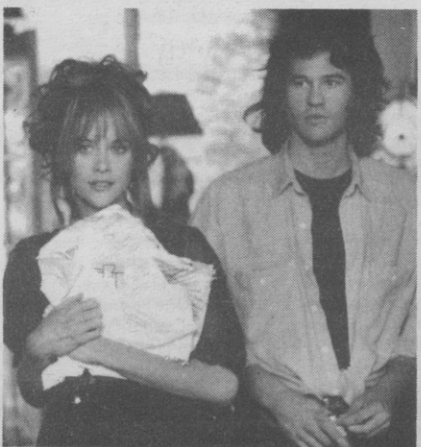
In 1988, the day before Harari's

option on the Doors rights expire, a studio called Carolco agrees to pick up the production tab. By now every A-list director in Hollywood has sniffed around the project (including Coppola and Scorsese) but Oliver Stone ends up the chosen one. The Doors are more receptive this time having been impressed by the 60s spirit of *Platoon*.

As the film goes into production, Pamela Courson's family throw up road blocks. They don't want their daughter portrayed as having anything to do with Morrison's death, or shown to be using drugs. Morrison's parents, in contrast, don't

even read the script. Their attitude is that if someone is going to do the damn movie it might as well be Stone. But they still won't allow themselves to be portrayed, except in one scene.

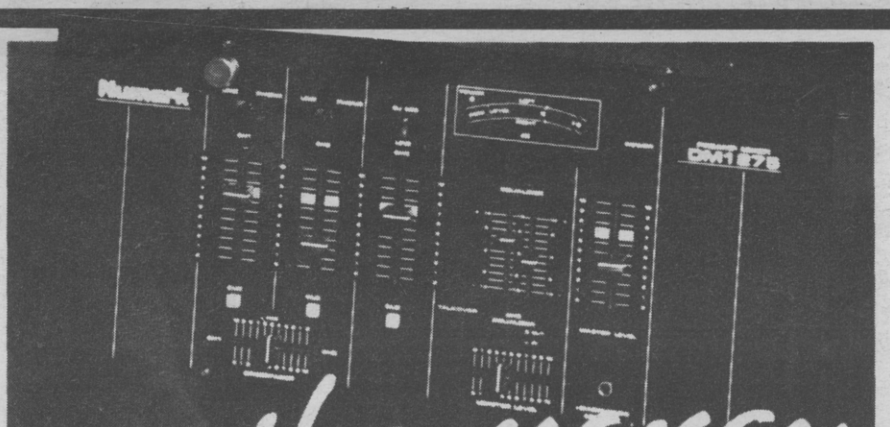
Finally, after auditioning some 200 actors. Val Kilmer, Stone's original nomination for the role of Jim Morrison, wins the part by dressing like Morrison, hiring a band and shooting his own rock-video audition and Sunset Boulevard goes '60s — in looks if not in spirit — the City of West Hollywood charged \$60,000 for three nights shooting.  
**DONNA YUZWALK**



Meg Ryan as Pamela Courson (OD'ed 2 weeks after Morrison) and Val Kilmer as Morrison. Both Courson's and Morrison's parents, along with remaining Doors, had their say in the making of *The Doors* movie.



Val Kilmer doing his Andrew Fagan impersonation.

## On the money

### Numark's DM1275

**High performance. Budget price.**

You don't have to land a major recording contract to finally afford a high-performance DJ mixer. Numark's new DM 1275 packs the same sonic performance and long-term reliability you'll expect to find in their top-of-the-line models, but at a price that's on the money.

This stereo preamp/mixer features inputs for three stereo Line sources, two turntables and a DJ mic. Heavy-duty toggle switches let you cut in and out of any input channel to create 'transformer' effects without killing your mixer. A professional quality stereo crossfader smoothly jumps you between channels 1 and 2 with a slide of the hand.

There's also a two-band equalizer, talkover switch, peak level meter, punch-in cue controls for each input, headphone level control and front panel headphone jack, all in a rugged 19" rack-mountable chassis.

So, if your wallet has been keeping you away from high-performance DJ mixers, you won't have to keep your distance any more. Numark's DM 1275 offers the rock-the-house features and performance you need at a price that's right on the money! Check one out today before your boys bum rush the stores.

**Numark PPD**

THE LEADER IN INTERACTIVE AUDIO/VIDEO MIXING PRODUCTS  
Contact Oceania Audio Ltd., P.O. Box 41-085, St. Lukes.  
Ph. (09) 893-114. Fax (09) 893-307.  
STAGE SOUND: 54b BARRY'S POINT RD, TAKAPUNA  
for brochures and your nearest dealer.

**\$799.00**  
RETAIL

95BFM, Rip It Up Magazine, and The Hard, Fast & Heavy Show Presents...

# FREAKSHOW

AN ALL AGES SHOW featuring:

**RUMBLEFISH**  
**MALCHICKS**  
**FREAK POWER**  
**BRAINTREE**

-PLUS LOTS A KOOL NOISE-ORIENTATED SOUNDS -  
-HEAPS OF WILDTIME VIDEOS -  
-LOTS A AWESOME LIGHT SHOWS -  
-LOTS A FREE KRAZY KOMIKS TO BLOW YOUR MINDS -  
-FREAKSHOW GUARANTEED TO BLOW YOUR FUCKIN MIND-

## SUNDAY 2nd JUNE

# POWERSTATION

33 Mt EDEN ROAD CITY: PH: 777 666 DOORS OPEN 8PM