

Irish movie a must only for accent-lovers

Hear My Song

Ned Beatty, Adrian Dunbar, Tara Fitzgerald and James Nesbitt

directed by Peter Chelsoom

Chelsea
929-8428
●● 1/2

The most hip thing about this movie was the music playing before the show. Paul Simon's "Diamonds on the Soles of Her Shoes" replaced the usual muzak for the audience — about two dozen members of the over-60 crowd. That should've been a sign of how the movie would be.

"Hear My Song" seemed to be set in London of the mid-'60s, as women with bouffant hairdos rode in '50s cars and went out to hear Frank Sinatra clones.

But it wasn't. By the chronology of the movie, the time was 1983. I hate that.

But never mind. The movie is basically a love story, with a young Irish concert promoter, Micky O'Neill (Adrian Dunbar), trying to win back his fiancée, Nancy Doyle (Tara Fitzgerald), who left him because he couldn't say the "L" word.

One of the better lines comes from this scene where Nancy professes her love in the heat of passion, and he replies, "Vice versa." She leaps out of

MARA LEE

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bed, yelling "Vice versa?!" as she puts on her clothes, and runs down the stairs. He shouts after her, "Munchkin?! Plum-plum?! ... Balls!"

Micky's bookings for his club go downhill until he's reduced to showing "Franc Sinatra," and the large Ryan family who owns the building decides to give him the boot.

The Ryan dowagers look at him unbelievably as Micky gives his schpiel about being born in peacetime. He says, "There are those who find a kind of giving in their taking..." and the prim ladies begin a string of "Bullshit."

He manages to finagle one more chance to save his club and decides to bring back Josef Locke, an Irish tenor who hasn't sung for 25 years. Locke is a fugitive in Ireland because of tax evasion charges.

But Micky discovers he's paid over a thousand pounds a week for a fake when a Wile E. Coyote-type tax inspector comes to arrest the singer, but decides he's a poseur.

The fake Jo (William Hootkins) fools the crowd, of whom Micky crows, "There won't be a dry seat in the house." He doesn't fool Nancy's mother, "Miss Dairy Goodness" of 1958, who once had an affair with Locke. She finds out you can never go home again when she comes back



Adrian Dunbar (l) and James Nesbitt in Peter Chelsoom's 'Hear My Song'

from their tryst mauled and crying and exposes the singer and promoter as frauds.

Someone punches Micky in the eye. (I've got to keep some secrets.)

Micky loses his club, stows away to Ireland to find the real Jo Locke (Ned Beatty) and asks for help from his old friend in Dublin, Fintan O'Donnell (James Nesbitt).

Fin wants to say no, but Micky, with his one eye pleading, is irresistible. In a delightful Irish accent that makes it sound not even like cussing fin says, "Fuck me, Micky, no way." And the next thing you see is the two on the road.

Lots of slapstick-y jokes like that one make up the bulk of the movie.

Dead car batteries, accidental bidding at an auction, people passing out, people burning themselves, throwing cows down wells and the like.

But Micky's such a lovable rogue, with his Irish accent, his crinkly eyes, his bad teeth and his bald-faced lies that he saves it from the insipidness of most movies with those gags. As Micky and Fin lead the cow they never meant to buy through the gorgeous Irish countryside, Micky quips, "Thank Christ we're not vegetarians."

The repartee between the two is very believable. Fin advises, "You could do worse than tell him (Locke) the truth. That would be something, wouldn't it."

And as Micky leaves Ireland, waving goodbye jauntily, he yells, "What did I ever do for you?" Fin yells back, laughing, "Nothing! But it doesn't matter!"

The ending has the usual sappy reunion, saved-in-the-nick-of-time triumph and a slightly unusual good-guy escape.

All in all, it's not a bad movie, and I must admit I had been spoiled by seeing two intense movies at the Union, "Europa Europa" and "Jungle Fever" in the last two days.

But if you're as broke as I am, you don't really want to pay much for a mellow, feel-good, predictable movie, even if it does have great Irish accents.

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Article 99

Kiefer Sutherland, Ray Liotta, Keith David

directed by Howard Deutch

Ram Triple
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Article 99 is set in a VA hospital that resembles hell. Peter Morgan (Kiefer Sutherland) arrives as the new doctor and must learn to adjust to a system that has learned to work around the rules and deal with the massive budget cuts. Dr. Sturgess (Ray Liotta) is the hospital "bad boy," leading the other doctors in revolt against the penny-pinching administration. Morgan and Sturgess, along with fellow doctors Handleman (Forest Whitaker) and Bobrick (John C. McGinley), perform unauthorized operations and constantly transfer patients to different wards to avoid

MIKE LONG

Movie

having them discharged. The doctors must resort to stealing supplies to practice medicine. As the cuts get more severe, the doctors become insubordinate and a showdown is set between the doctors determined to help humanity and the administrators determined to save a buck.

The main problem with the film is it can't decide whether it wants to be a preachy drama or a comedy. There are some funny moments, but most of the movie consists of scenes where the message is being crammed down the throats of viewers who really can't do much about the problem.

The blame goes to writer Ron Cutler. His preachy, smarmy script might have been better in the hands of a director used to doing drama. Article 99 was directed by Howard Deutch, who also directed Pretty in Pink. Ev-

everyone must have their first foray into drama, but this veteran of teen love stories was not the best choice.

Despite how disappointing the movie is, it has a great cast. Ray Liotta (*Goodfellas*) is impressive as the wild, yet admirable young doctor. Kiefer Sutherland, as the rich and spoiled doctor who has his eyes opened by the harsh realities of the hospital, seems to be playing himself. Forest Whitaker is strong but useless in his small role.

Article 99 is destined to become one of those films cursed to video obscurity. Video is perfect for it — I wish that I could have had fast-forwarded through the whole thing.

THE RATINGS

- — wait for the video
- — go to the dollar theater
- — only pay matinee price
- — pay full price
- — take your sister, too