

# 'Big screen' deserves better, reviewer says

By Chris Burbach  
Daily Nebraskan Senior Editor

A stainless steel stage pumps pistons and puffs steam to a heavy bass beat. The pistons

descend, then rise again bearing a band in garish garb and makeup. Paul McCartney, with a steely edge to his voice, begins to sing "Some people wanna fill the world with silly love songs."

That scene sets the tone for the balance of McCartney's new movie, "Give My Regards to Broad Street." The film is one hour and 45 minutes of music videos interspersed with laughable acting. The plot is rife with the plastic insincerity and transparency of MTV.

The film is the tale of a rock 'n' roll singer (McCartney) who dreams during a traffic jam that the master tapes to his new album have disappeared before the album's scheduled release. McCartney bustles through his busy day while his producer and entourage fret over the missing goods.

During the day, McCartney meets with record company executives, does a BBC interview, records, rehearses and tapes videos. The events are connected only because they are everyday activities for a rock 'n' roll star. The story has no cause-and-effect links.

The plot is designed so Paul can plop in song-and-dance numbers with no obstructions.

McCartney's ex-con pal, Harry, is suspected of pilfering the tapes. Harry and, in fact, all potential sources of action stay out of the way, just popping up now and then to remind us that we're watching a movie. The dialogue sounds like a first reading of a script as the lifeless McCartney, Ringo Starr and Barbara Bach recite their lines like automatons, and Tracey Ullman cries on cue.

In the one sincere scene in the movie, McCartney is being McCartney standing by a subway strumming and crooning with a guitar case open at his feet.

McCartney sings and plays

well throughout the film. He is accompanied on Wings' tunes, "Band on the Run" and "Ballroom Dancing," and new arrangements of "Good Day Sunshine" and "Yesterday" by a talented cast including Dave Edmunds, Led Zeppelin's John Paul Jones, Pink Floyd's Dave Gilmour and several other notable musicians.

Chances are we'll see most of the music on television soon, perhaps with some of the film's folderol — but we expect tripe from the tube. The big screen, especially at \$3.50 plus a whack, ought to be reserved for better. "Give My Regards to Broad Street" opens Friday at the Plaza 4.



Photo courtesy of Twentieth Century Fox


Gosh, I bet I would look good on film!

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## Springfield's latest blends sci-fi, fantasy

Video Reviews by  
Scott Harrah

Daily Nebraskan Staff Reporter

The Fixx, "Are We Ourselves":

Could this possibly be the same band that made such highly aesthetic videos as "Saved by Zero"? One would never know it after viewing this lackluster concept video that shows band members running around a prairie playing their instruments. You'll need a ton of No-Doz to stay awake watching this yawner.

Rick Springfield, "Bop 'til You Drop":

You know science fiction has made it when it starts influencing videos. Rick sports dreadlocks in this elaborate piece that features several shots of phantasmagoric villages as well as freaky little creatures. It's ridiculous, imaginative, and will surely excite the glands of Rick's female fans.

Elton John, "Who Wear These Shoes":

Only dapper, dazzling Elton could give us a video this entertaining. It's filled with giant hearts, mazes, celestial lighting and lots of leggy girls struttin' their stuff, making this piece a sizzler.

Bananarama, "The Wild Life":

It is only rational that the producers of a silly film chose the most inane band around to sing the theme song. In the video, the three British songstresses don high-fashion garb and splash paint around, trying to make viewers think it's avant garde. This viewer thinks it's idiotic.

Scandal, "Hands Tied":

This band, now reformed after an ephemeral break-up, has obviously learned that austerity is the best way to present serious music. Lead vocalist Patty Smythe, minus her "Warrior" face paint, wears a sleek black gown and sings in an all-white room in this video. It's a welcome change from their last video, which brought new meaning to the word pretentious.

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