

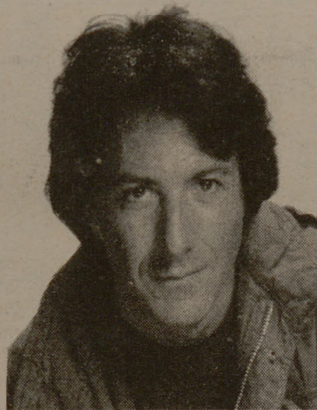
Shakespeare did it in some of his plays. Aristophanes, the early Greek comic, did it in some of his plays. And the sit-coms have done it since TV was invented. They've all had a man dress up as a woman to get the audience to laugh.

How many times can we continue to laugh at this ancient comic device? Answer: one more time — in *Tootsie*.

The movie, directed by Sydney Pollack and starring Dustin Hoffman, is a delightful and hilarious comedy surprise in a year otherwise nearly bereft of clever humor.

Hoffman, of course, stars as Michael Dorsey, the starving-artist actor who is too short, too old, too young and too ugly to

The comedy succeeds because Pollack downplays the antics of Michael in women's clothing and instead focuses on the serious relationship between



Dorothy and Julie, a fellow soap opera actress.

Michael is torn between his male attraction towards Julie, played by Jessica Lange, and his genuine — almost truly feminine — friendship with the actress, who believes that Michael is a woman.

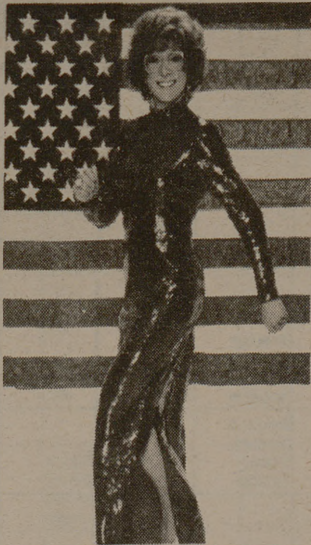
Lange is wonderful as the down-and-out Julie; she's stuck playing a floozy on a soap opera, she has a relationship with an unfaithful man, she has a young daughter and she's a borderline alcoholic. Lange gives the role a dichotomy — she makes Julie a survivor and a fighter on one side and a soft, vulnerable woman on the other.

The other roles are equally well-acted and cast. Bill Murray plays Hoffman's off-the-wall, roommate — a playwright who writes things like "Return to Love Canal." Teri Garr is charming as Hoffman's girlfriend, a

would-be actress who is rather frightened by modern relationships.

Pollack plays Hoffman's agent and shows that even after years of directing — including films like *They Shoot Horses, Don't They*, *Jeremiah Johnson*, and *Absence of Malice* — he still can act.

But Pollack's real calling is directing. *Tootsie*, like his earlier films, is tight; there's not a wasted scene. Pollack is a craftsman; he's not always terribly creative, but he's never flashy, cheap or pretentious.



The same can be said of Hoffman. His portrayal of a woman is believable, stunning and even moving. Hoffman is the heart of the film — and he gives the film its message, one that is simple, clear and easily accessible to the average viewer. But it is nonetheless appropriate for today's audience.

The envelope please ....

— by Gary Barker

## Kiss Me Goodbye

*Kiss Me Goodbye* is a romantic comedy starring Sally Field, James Caan, and Jeff Bridges that keeps the audience laughing but leaves the bad taste of a made-for-TV movie in your mouth.

The plot is very shallow. It is easy to see what the next move will be. The length is extremely short for a movie — one hour and 45 minutes long. But considering the plot used, you can understand why.

Sally Field portrays a young widow who returns to her former home three years after her husband's death to pick up the pieces of her life. Fields is torn between the good memories of her life with her former husband, Jolly, and a future with her fiancé.

Jeff Bridges plays Sally Field's fiancé, a somewhat musty and clumsy intellectual — a solid but very unexciting man. We were not impressed with the acting or the character portrayed.

James Caan shines in the role of Jolly, the ghost of a former tap

dancer and deceased husband to the character portrayed by Sally Fields. While alive, Jolly had played around with Field's best friend and other women while on tap dancing tours. After Jolly's death, Field is unable to accept his infidelity and retains only the good memories. Jolly's ghost returns to continue their relationship and to convince Fields that he was only human, not a saint as she remembers.

Sally Field's facial and body expressions are very entertaining but especially so when she first meets her former husband, a ghost.

James Caan is endearing when he tap dances on the hardwood floors. By the way, he learned to tap dance specifically for this movie.

Romance and lots of laughter combine to make *Kiss Me Goodbye* a simply enjoyable movie. But don't look for a message in this film.

— by Clara N. Hurter and Scott C. McClure



find acting work in New York City. But he has one thing going for him — he can act. So, donning a red wig, a paint-by-number face and clothes from the Kathy Whitmire fashion collection, he lands an acting job as a woman hospital administrator on a soap opera and becomes Dorothy Michaels.

## Creepshow

Well, how to describe *Creepshow*? It's funny, in fact hysterical. And it's scary. The ads even say something about never laughing as hard or being as scared. And they're right.

*Creepshow* is author Stephen King's attempt to bring his brand of horror to the screen. He does it by copying those horror comics that everyone reads when they are in the seventh grade — the ones with ants eating people, animals eating people, and people eating people.

Fortunately, King has a little more variety than that.

In the first episode of the movie, a man, very much decayed, comes back to life because he died before he could eat his birthday cake. He does finally get his cake. And eats it too. But I won't tell you what the ingredients are.

One scene even stars King.

He plays a buffoon who finds a meteor in his front yard. The meteor does strange things to the world, including creating a plant that consumes the buffoon's house and body.

In the story starring Adrienne Barbeau, her husband plots to kill her by setting a werewolf-type creature on her. But the real question is what to do with the temporarily satisfied werewolf.

The final episode is really the most effective. It involves roaches. Lots of roaches. Roaches everywhere, eating things. Roaches. Ughh.

So, *Creepshow* has a zombie eating people, plants eating people, werewolves eating people and roaches eating people. It also has a lot more, but that's the gist of it.

It really is worth seeing.

— by Diane Yount

## 48 HRS.

Can he act? Who knows? But the one thing Eddie Murphy can do — better than anybody else — is play Eddie Murphy. And if you liked him on *Saturday Night Live*, then you'll like *48 HRS.*

*48 HRS.* is the story of a cop, Nick Nolte, and a con, Eddie Murphy, who set out to trap an escaped con, and a nasty one at that. The catch? (Every movie has a catch.) Murphy is on a special, somewhat irregular, 48-hour parole under the custody of Nolte (hence the title) and they must catch the bad guys before the time is up.

Before the movie's premier, there was speculation that Murphy would steal the show from

Nolte, who is the name star of the show. That isn't quite the case.

Nolte does an admirable job of portraying a tough, magnum-packing cop on a vengeance trip. He's no Dirty Harry, but so what?

Murphy is just Murphy. He could have just stepped off the SNL stage. Maybe he did. But it doesn't detract from the movie. The way he shouts his lines is a little disconcerting at first, but that wears off. He ends up being hilarious.

All in all, though a little rough around the edges, *48 HRS.* is a fine movie.

— by Robert McGlohon