**Special Delivery**

The Postman Always Rings Twice, starring Jack Nicholson and Jessica Lange; directed by Bob Rafelson; screenplay by David Meehan; a Paramount Pictures release.

The Postman Always Rings Twice is a powerful story of love and murder. Primal in its passions, it deals with two people caught up in their desire for each other and willing to act on it. The lovers, played by Jack Nicholson and Jessica Lange, are feeling not thinking, creatures. They are untroubled by the consequences of their sins.

The dialogue, written by David Meehan, including playwright's first screenplay, achieves this. The characters talk as most do in grunts, shrieks, and lusty roars. The character's brains lie in their bodies, the direction, grim, dark, and full of lovelorn. It reminds one of the ancients: Greek tragedies: ironic, with just fates at an end. The power of this film, and it is powerful arts, lies in the story, underscored well by the music and the shadowy atmosphere. The tone is unified and intense — the mark of a good director (Bob Rafelson — who did Five Easy Pieces). The Postman Always Rings Twice has its way for one, it is a little long and slow, but it would be hard pressed to say exactly what could have been cut. More of the same, though, are the personal prejudices. Ethnic stereotypes abound in the post-war Jewish lawyer and the drunken Greek. Women may object to the brutal way in which Nicholson seduces Jessica Lange, who resists and then relents. It is possible that these problems occur in the 1934 novel of the same name by James M. Cain, but I, for one, would not have wanted to see the story "updated." It is good to see, then, a return in Hollywood to powerful films with large themes, less aloof and downbeat than the weary films of the 70's. By and large, it is a personal drama with two dynamic stars; the type of movies made recently worked against the idea of the star, but in the halycon days of Hollywood the Films were often justified simply by the great actors and actresses.

Jack Nicholson as Frank Chambers, a drifter, is well known as a great actor. He delivers a fine performance, but I still feel he is miscast. He doesn't project the physical presence necessary for the role, and paradoxically, is too intelligent an actor to make us believe in his stupidity; despite his Brooklynese. Jessica Lange is a surprise. Having failed twice with King Kong and How to Beat the High Cost of Living (do you remember them?), one would think that in Hollywood, it's three strikes and you're out. She delivers at least a double in this film. This is a big picture and I hope it succeeds. It fits the Reaganite style of the times, a return to basic themes, simplicity, and big stars. At least in Hollywood, I think that's a good thing.

**Shoes, Plissoums, Moberlys: don't bother!**

**The Opera Company of Boston presents Der Rosenkavalier on March 23 and April 2 at 8 pm the performances end on April 5 after midnight. March 22 at 8 pm. The Opera House, the middle of Boston's concert scene.**

Sarah Caldwell's Boston Company of Boston production of Der Rosenkavalier, though a landmark significance, is glancingly in many places, and makes rewarding (if long) evening of music. The Feyen, performance of the day was doubtless that of Leonie Spier, who sang Sophie's Ian ONNSSR with the Company. Her voice, sound beauty, and communicative charm, made a great impression. As well, the production was sung by Tatiana Troyanos, and underrated, constrained in dynamics, the impression considerably during the course of the opera. Overall, I might point out, is a make character who for much of the plan is to present to be a femme fatale. The role is certainly more astounding as the disarming and woman delivering in bringing off the double part. Marcello is the main force of Act I, and his personality gives gentle, soutenante, and the pacific way in which the Overture is delivered, has all the attributes of a Bach or a G. Scott's great orator, concentrated on nobility rather than bite.

**Onward.** The Moberlys are even worse. They describe themselves as a family, crazy, and exciting and they are none of the above. They cannot take on, he left the Bamboozles right. They placed third in the Junior Pep Critic's poll, third in the Press & knack. This band is no con in the seventh they have that they have not full in trying rock. It does not work. They simply have no concept of it. They lead you out with power chords. In their Edie-Cordovas vocals, they get their thing going, but they must have fingers, just the wrong. It's just the wrong thing. They have recorded it while they were singing. They Plissoums, who are out on a EP and are fairly popular on LA radio, are a little below. They have some energy, but not again the same derivatives. On their success, of course, to the "Late Epinoni" Grooves, only more exciting. Not half so bully, their sound and the more original number, "Zero Hour," is worthwhile, as is the tune that he's sung. There's a song called "The People," case wrote wrong. The "Birds," things. On a song that's just performed. But on all the other, the influence, the advice is all. There's an influence of pain. "But, the press," and the release of a single. "The Bird," from the release of a single. And from the press, it's a song that was a song. This came from a song, "from a song with Wilson Pickett," a song with Wilson Pickett, "the guideline comes from an old country C & T," etc., etc.

Skip all of this. Run now for quality and originality.