

The most impressive feature of BLOW OUT is its atmosphere. Brian De Palma's Hitchcockian touch is everywhere - the subtleties, the timing, the parallels, the paradoxes. The camera work is simply stunning. Though his main character (John Travolta is a sound producer for a second-rate movie company), DePalma cleverly instructs the audience to keep eyes and ears wide open.

A director of several horror-suspense films (CARRIE, THE FURY, DRESSED TO KILL) DePalma also dons the writers cap for BLOW OUT and proves himself a capable screenwriter. The plot centers around Travolta, who upon witnessing the less-than-accidental death of a major political figure, finds himself at odds with those who would suppress the truth. Travolta's sidekick is Nancy Allen playing Sally, a confused innocent who is unwittingly involved in the conspiracy.

Not surprisingly, DePalma paints his characters well, and this is particularly true in the case of Sally. Out of a potentially cheap stereotype, he and Allen create a compelling figure that proves to be the strongest and most

consistent character in the picture.

Travolta is somewhat refreshing in BLOW OUT and he turns in a solid performance. (This man deserves better from that section of society that still scorns him for his previous works - he is a talented actor).

Despite its fine script, fine acting, and brilliant directing, BLOW OUT fails in its bid to be a great movie. The climax does not live up to the promise of the action that comes before.

The first two-thirds of the picture have a freshness and vitality that is lost when the plot turns into what is essentially a repeat of a thousand other horror suspense flicks. While the atmosphere is maintained, the film loses its punch as the audience is asked to accept unreasonable lapses in logic; DePalma thus fails to meet his own standards.

Yet, the more I think about this movie, the more things I find that I like and that is usually a sign of good art. However, viewing BLOW OUT is like waking up Christmas morning and finding no presents under the tree.

Canada Opera Piccola

Canada Opera Piccola, a touring company of 14 from Vancouver, will perform the operas, La Canterina by Joseph Haydn and Signor Deluso by Thomas Pasatieri, on the Main Stage of Confederation Centre, Wednesday, November 18, at 8:00 p.m.

Starring in this season's Opera Piccola

presentations are such opera performers as Leslie Allison, Erik Olan, Richard Margison, Richard Citti, Laetitia Sneath and Ingrid Attrot.

Both operas slated for Charlottetown will be sung in English, with music and libretto in English by Thomas Pasatieri.

Brothers In Arms

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On this cue, Syd White (David Moses) enters with pipe in mouth and rifle in hand. He noisily plunks his rifle on a chair, lights a lamp, throws wood in the stove then slumps contentedly onto another chair - totally unconcerned that there are two total strangers standing in his living room. The major continues his raving demands for a ride to the train station. Dorethea continues to be a "romantic little fool" and Syd proceeds to drive the Major to hysterics and the audience to laughter.

So far so good, though I kept wishing Mr Altrus Brown would stand still and speak slowly.

and the Major's \$25,000 is hanging on the line.

The suspense is mounting - will Dorethea have to leave this wonderful place of her dreams?

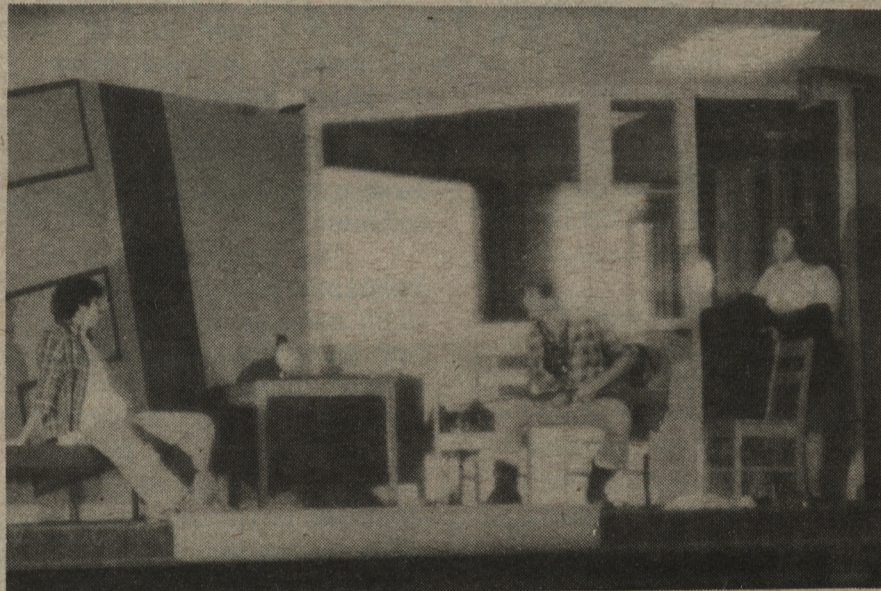
Will the Major get the money and medical attention?

Will Syd drive the Major crazy first?

And will the guy with the car ever show up?

Our marooned couple has been waiting an hour and 1/2 and the train leaves soon! But wait! Who should walk in but - YES! Stupid, though amiable Charlie Henderson Jonathan Orlowski

Dear old Charlie proceeds to ignore the couple and recount the exciting details of his deer kill. The major is



The majority of the play is spent in dialogue between the Major and Syd. (Syd, by the way, was once in the army until he was "dishonourably discharged.") Syd can't understand why those "head lads" (the officers) performed such useless and time consuming exercises.

The major can't understand how Syd ever got in the army in the first place or how the 'head lads' put up with him. And darling Dorethea can't understand why her husband doesn't love the cabin's "simple rustic charm" or Syd's "sturdy independence." Understand?

Anyway, time is passing, the major has fallen through the floor boards, there is still no foreseeable way of getting back to the city

frantic - encore un fois- "Don't you realize", he says, "I only have five minutes to reach Kaladar and you must drive me in!"

"Why don't you get Syd to take you in" says Charlie, "You've been talking to him for the best part of an hour."

And there you have it. Why didn't Syd take them in? Because both Syd and Dorothea agree- The Major "never asked... not once."

Mark's officious and demanding Major wore out his boots.

Pam's Dorethea was sweet and cute.

And finally, David's and Jonathan's frontiersman were easygoing and fairly smooth.

All in all an enjoyable performance and we look forward to more of the Lunchtime Theatre in November.