

NOT SO ENTERTAINING

Review of a play

King Lear
by Bill Shakespeare
Citadel Theatre

review by Ursula Wursual

I never went to see this play. Furthermore, I couldn't find anyone else to go in my place.

Nevertheless, I'm sure it was a fine production. The script, of course, would be difficult to fault. The costumes were probably very nice, and I'm sure the actors and actresses did very well in bringing this great humorous classic to life.

The director's fine talents no doubt shone through and the singing was probably just great. The dancing and pratfalls maybe could have been practised a bit more, but I'm sure that in successive productions the three juggling clowns will get them just right.

The appearance of ET in the second act was probably a nice touch, and if Wendy O'Williams and the Plasmatics played during the intermission, it was undoubtedly a delight.

All in all this is very probably a fine show, and not to be missed.



Mr. Ed, the talking horse, stars in the Citadel's production of King Lear. Cordelia and the fool consult.

And this one's a review of a smut flick

There's A Nekked Gurl on My TV
Sweeten or Wopland (1983)
Studio 82

review by "Lunchbucket" McPhee

Uhh, like I'm doin' this reveew fur my freind Greg Harris who said that a reveew of a movie wood be a gud thing for me to rite to him about so that I could show them collij stoodents that us ordinary Joes aren't such dumm guys as we think. So I got on the bus won day cause my freind Frank (we call him "And Beans") said that the movee that wuz playin at Studio 82 wuz a good won to see cause there were gurls with big censored and Frank said that made them smart.

Frank and me like smart gurls.

So I got on the bus cause it wuz too cold to walk and I was censored. Anyway, this old crippled up bat gets on the bus, and looks at me like I shud feel sorry for her but I don't until the bus driver that SOB tells me to get up cuz I'm a young man and she's a old cripple bat. So that wuzn't much fun but if I see her again I'll get even.

So I got to the theatre which as you know if you saw it is a nice place but kind of smells like dirty old men and they don't let plants in cuz they wilt.

Oh, yeah there wuz lots of guys in overcoats there too and I asked Frank why and he just said shut up lunchbucket.

So then the movie started. It must have been a spic film or some uther sort of

foreen thing cuz the mouths never match-ed the words but in a speshul sort of movie like this nobudy watches the mouths much cuz there's lots of interesting sorts of things going on further down.

Well purty soon Frank opened up his overcoat beside me and started to breathe a lot and eat his popcorn reel fast at least that's whut he tole me.

On the screen there was at least thurdy

nekked gurls and they was censored with six censored and a ostrich. But there wuz no TV like the advertizement promised.

The whole theatre wuz breethin reel hard though.

So it must have bin reel stuffy in thear.

Pretty soon a man came in and did weird things to a gurl with a fork.

Then it wuz over.

I didn't like it verra much but Frank

said that you have to bee smarter than me to appreciate forin filums. So I thought reel hard and I new Greg Harris wuz in university and that he might be smart enuff to like a movie that was forin.

So I rote this reveew for him and sed that if he wood want to he could publish it for his frends. If not he can shove it up his censored til his nose bleeds.

You guessed it, a book review

The City of Edmonton
and Vicinity White Pages
By Edmonton Telephones

Review by Basil Wishbone

Hats off to Edmonton Telephones. This prolific author, who by all counts should be nearing retirement, has once again written a sprawling saga equaling, if not bettering, most of his past works.

In short, this is a cracking good read.

While Telephones still seems to be struggling with plot development, he's come up with a magnificent cast of characters that overshadows the rather simple story line.

The 900-plus page epic opens in the offices of AAAA Better Holdings and from there moves swiftly to the shady business of

AAAA Able Darkrooms Inc. Telephones makes sure to establish setting before introducing his characters.

The story revolves around the lives of the FW Aab family who meet a number of people and journey to a number of places. Their first trip is to the Aabaca Hair Den - Telephones poignant symbolism is clearly at work here.

It's laughs, thrills, tears, and excite-

ment all the way through this grandiose novel and it should be at the top of the Christmas list for any of your book-loving friends. The happy, and heart-warming ending at Zyg's Jewellery is worth the price of the book alone.

And just a short recommendation to the movie producers - Paul Newman would be perfect at Ronald Leeming, while Meryl Streep is a dead giveaway for AP Seabrook.

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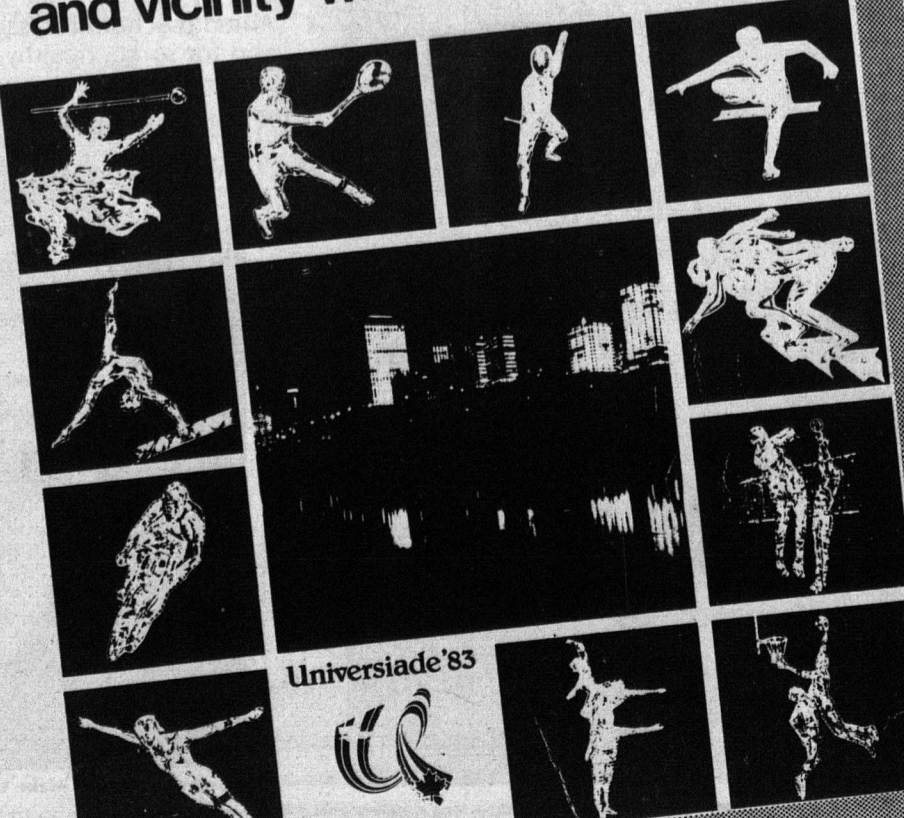
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