

# ENTERTAINMENT

## Glittering production amuses kids

Le Pays des Contes Bleus  
Theatre Francais D'Edmonton

review by Gilbert Bouchard

Shape shifting dragons, nasty witches, lame brained Kings, and nearsighted students aren't generally known to party together, but they do come together fairly well in Theatre Francais D'Edmonton's newest production.

Be warned, though. *Les Pays des Contes Bleus* is at heart a children's tale. Set your expectations accordingly. This play is strictly for the short folks in the peanut gallery. However, the juvenile delinquent in all of us will get a kick out of it.

The special effects and costumes were spectacular, considering the theatre's budget. Johnny Boivin, Normand Bellavance (sets), Odette Dionne, and Pier-Jan Goyeau (costumes) exceeded themselves. The blue throne-room, the dragon's lair, and the dragon's costumes in particular were impressive.

All in all, eight set changes (most pretty complicated) took place on the dinky stage the theatre has to contend with.

Jean-Marie Tremblay (as Emperor Bouffley le Mignon) and Deb Rhine (as the Evil Witch Pagouba) hammed it up to perfection and gave delectable performances. As for the "hero", Henri (played by Serge Boisjoli), he shouldn't give up his day-job. Fairy tale heros should be larger than life even if they are myopic students.



Actors acting act. Act. Act. Act. Act. Act. (Act). Ad lib.

photo Bill Inglee

### CABARETS

Tickets are available from the SUB Box Office (2nd Floor SUB) and various club members.  
NOTE: These events are open only to U of A students, staff, and guests.

DINWOODIE  
2nd Floor SUB  
Proof of age required.

Friday  
February 3

U of A Rowing Club presents

# 20 feet

Saturday  
February 4

U of A Fencing &  
Women's Squash Clubs

present  
**NEOAA**  
PLUS 54 • 40 from Vancouver

#### NOTICE: Corrected Dates

We apologize for any inconvenience caused by the incorrect ad in Jan. 26/84 issue.

### A lousy way to spend five bucks

Hot Dog - The Movie  
Capital Square, West Mall 5

Review by George Koch

Tired of following a bizarre, convoluted plot through two hours of twists and turns to its blistering but all too short climax? Did you find *Two Of A Kind* sophisticated, witty, and charming? If so, the makers of *Hot Dog* had you in mind — in fact, they dispensed with plot altogether (as well as other obtuse concepts like dialogue, continuity, and character development) in favour of ninety minutes of drunken buffoonery, real staged sex, and, when all other inspiration fails, a bit of skiing.

Briefly stated, *Hot Dog* itself with a mythical "World Freestyle Championship" held one fine spring in Squaw Valley, California. Problem is, those rich arrogant Austrians manage to steal the show year after year despite the obviously superior skiing ability of the good old local boys (the last I had heard, Canadians dominated the Freestyle circuit, but why should that be of concern to anyone?). This jingoistic attitude is increased by the portrayal of the Austrian skiers as little more than goose-stepping neo-Nazis.

So to say that *Hot Dog* takes a simplistic view of skiing, not to mention humanity, is something of an understatement. Although the decadent, hedonistic lifestyle enjoyed by these latter day Frankie Avalons brings to mind memories of my own days spent as a ski bum, any further resemblance to the real world (living or dead) is purely coincidental. The characters are purely two-dimensional (only a handful are even provided with lines), the humour never rises above the most elementary of slapstick, and the sex scenes are devoted entirely to exposing as much skin as possible given that our intrepid free-stylers have to go out and ski now and then.

However, every movie must have its redeeming qualities, and after thinking real hard, I came up with two for *Hot Dog*. The skiing, as little of it as there is, proves surprisingly well-staged and professional, with some truly breath-taking aerials. The other is the film's brevity, which I suspect is less the result of judicious editing than simply running out of combinations of the aforementioned idiocy.