

Review: Hotel Paradiso



Familie Floez - Hotel Paradiso
16:22

by
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EVERY now and then, a show comes along that scoops you up from the start, whisks you along on a roller coaster ride and deposits you at the end of the track, gasping for breath and wanting to do it all again. This is one of those.

Hotel Paradiso's owner is now no more than a framed picture in the foyer but his wife continues to keep a suspicious eye on their two grown children who've been charged with looking after their eccentric collection of guests.

An incredible collection of costumes go a good way towards depicting the numerous characters but the performers are also masked.

Don't think Phantom of the Opera. These masks are superior stuff, conveying incredible warmth, personality and fun in an immobile face, tribute to the performers' remarkable physicality.

Attention to detail makes this show magic. Look out for the teddy, the maid's capacious skirts, the brother's first physical contact with his lady love, the Russian doll style cow bells and a million and one other embellishments.

Beautifully observed, polished, poignant and incredibly funny, the carnivorous chef might make some gentler stomachs queasy but this is a boisterous, bold, brilliant slice of life.