

Desiree Burch: Unf*ckable



VENUE: **Heroes @ Bob's BlundaBus**

TIME: **10:00pm – 11:00pm, 3–27
Aug, not 15, 22**

TICKETS: **£5**

Desiree Burch is an old-school standup. The kind you'd have at a fantasy dinner party. Barely a moment is wasted in the riotously fun *Unf*ckable*, an hour that fully justifies why, for her, a bright future surely lies in wait.

Seemingly wound up by a mech-

anised key before being unleashed on stage, she unfurls a never-ending barrage of energy, operating on a breathless stream of gags and barely pausing to take stock. Once she hits her stride, you never want her to break it, and her audience can't help but will her on as she descends deeper into the tales of depravity.

She's a master of the extended routine (each plot point is structured expertly and every detail is squeezed for all its worth), here telling the story of her former life as a dominatrix, and then as a plaything for rich pervert bosses. She touches on her identity as a woman

of colour, and her plight against the preconceptions assigned to her. Burch sure knows how to work a room, and the chaotic result is an enjoyable blend of style and substance.

It's comedy from the gut, and the cramped top deck of the Blundabus consolidates the intimacy of her debauched tales. Here *Seinfeld's* "no hugging, no learning" mantra is stretched to its logical limit, unless you're a 275lb sex worker who's now going to quit their job in search of greener pastures. If you can stomach the gory details, it's well worth your time.

➤ Matthew Sharpe

Trygve vs a Baby



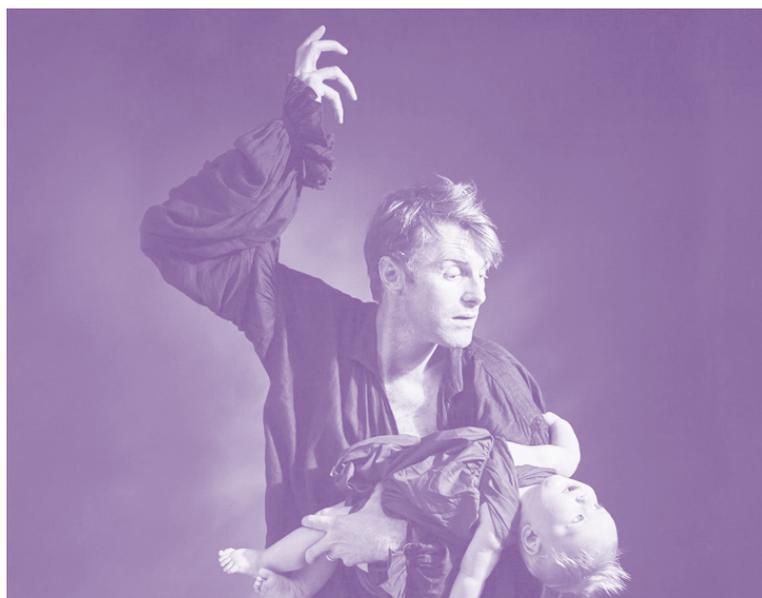
VENUE: **Assembly Roxy**

TIME: **3:00pm – 4:00pm, 3–27 Aug,
not 14, 21**

TICKETS: **£11 – £12.50**

Thirteen months ago, the award-winning New Zealand mime artist Trygve Wakenshaw and his wife Lisa had a baby. They called him Phinneas and now he's a star, performing opposite—and endlessly upstaging—his father in a hilarious and heart-warming show that explores, ever so gently, ideas of performance, comedy and stagecraft.

Trygve vs a Baby is a chance for Wakenshaw to roll out another batch of his gloriously silly characters and scenarios, with Phinneas serving as a sort of punchline incarnate. Toddling into scenes in a succession of adorable costumes—baby boxing gloves, a lion's mane and tail—his presence either enables a neat tying up



of whatever gag Wakenshaw Sr. has been building or, as is more often the case, triggers an even funnier sequence in which Papa Wakenshaw cajoles his offspring into ending the scene as planned. Not all of Wakenshaw's skits hit the mark in conceptual terms, but you can't fault his performance – such precision is rare to see.

Writing about a father 'using' his son to get laughs, it's hard not

to make this caper sound a touch exploitative. But rest assured, it's nothing of the kind – despite having eschewed an afternoon snooze today (there aren't that many shows this Fringe that open with a nap disclaimer), Phinneas is a happy little soul and clearly enjoying both hanging out with his daddy, and the adulation of a whole theatre full of people. Warning: the joyful ending might just make you cry. ➤ Jo Caird