

Fringe

with DAVE
ESSON



UNINHIBITED
Feminist with a
foul mouth Lily
Phillips



A comedy first as Cinderella describes the attributes of her vagina? While Lily Phillips insists the name of her show (**Smut, 7.25, Pleasance Courtyard, Bunker One, till Aug 28** ★★★★★) should not be stigmatised by the dictionary definition that's more aligned to pornography and obscenity, she's hilariously uninhibited in her debut hour at the Fringe.

Having been a dancer, a Disney Princess, party entertainer and even a mermaid model in the window of a fish and chip shop, she knows a lot about the objectification of women. Her briskly-paced show is no-holds-barred as she discusses bodily functions, how her spaniel's periods are now in sync with her own, the genitalia of dolphins and whales and why her stage jumpsuit has apparently given her thrush. A feminist with a foul mouth, who will have you in tears of laughter.

Another comedian who takes the gynaecological route to laughs is Irish funny woman Alison Spittle.

She breezes into her show (**Wet, 4.45, Pleasance Courtyard, The Attic, till Aug 28** ★★★★★) in her bright

yellow summer dress and you expect this quietly-spoken Irish girl to do gentle comedy, before she launches into gross, guffaw-inducing tales about contraception, her love of aqua-aerobics and being chucked out of the Spice Girls tribute band that she formed.

Her belief that an incident when she was having her contraceptive coil fitted by the NHS should have instilled her with superhero powers is one that had the full house rolling in the aisles.

Scottish comic Jojo Sutherland is another with forthright views (**Growing Old Disgracefully, 4.45, Gilded Balloon**

Teviot, Sportsmans, till Aug 29 ★★★★★). She's almost 57 now, divorced twice and

with four grown-up kids. That provides a lot of material, as does her lack of success on dating websites. Some of her friends, and friends of her kids were in the audience the day I saw her, and that sees her relax into a chatty vibe that extends to the rest of us. A meandering tale of how she lost her car keys at Glastonbury perhaps halts the flow slightly, but she is a likeable and self-deprecating story-teller.

An American now married and based in Edinburgh, Krystal Evans regales us with her full and varied early part to her life, starting with having a first name that has you immediately picturing a stripper

(**Kaleidoscope, 3.10, Monkey Barrel, Niddry Street Studio, till Aug 28** ★★★★★).

Delivered with her "resting sarcastic" voice, struggles with dysfunctional parents, living like trailer trash, drugs, drink, mental illness, heartbreak, tragedy and the family legacy of employment by Taco Bell are all intertwined in a show that you would think might be too much of a downer, but is rescued with her sharp wit and ability to find the positive in anything.

If you're looking for something more madcap, join the Bad Clowns (**Invasion, 1.30, Gilded Balloon Teviot, Billiard Room, till Aug 29** ★★★★★) on their mission to save the world from extra-terrestrials.

In no way a pastiche of Men In Black ("my suit's gray, his is obviously brown!"), the Bureau For Alien Defence need the audience's help to uncover Pax The Consumer and defuse the bomb that could wipe out the universe. The jokes are silly, the characters overblown, any of the audience members could be an alien parasite, but the exuberant trio carry you along on a fast-paced hour of idiotic nonsense. If you can't remember any of the very funny bits, they've obviously used their memory-wiping device on you.

