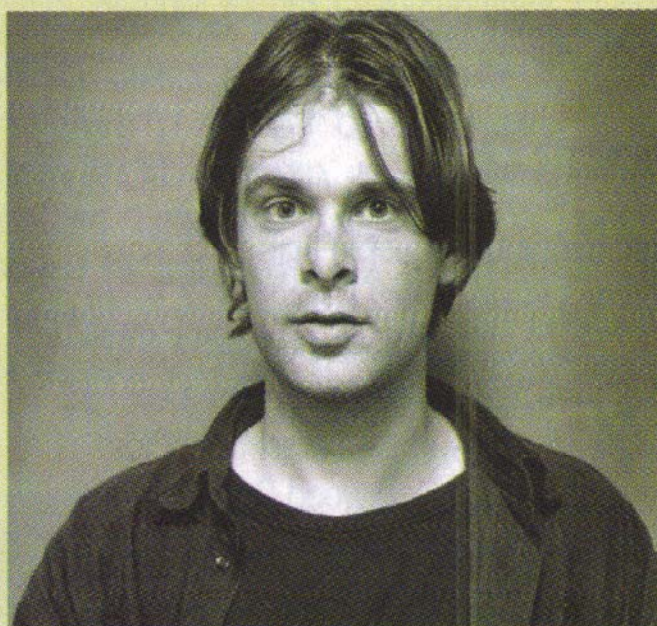


Review Hans Teeuwen/ Micha Wertheim

● A night of Dutch comedy “to cross the divide that has kept our two countries apart for so long,” deadpans warm-up Micha Wertheim to the sort of audience – paralytic yokels, mainly – you imagine alternative comedians have nightmares about. Especially those who decide, like tonight’s performers, to perform in a language that isn’t their own. And yet their routines hit the spot with unnerving precision – probably because of the diverse famous British comedians they bring to mind.

Wertheim’s breathtakingly non-PC gags about – gulp – Down’s Syndrome babies (gist: since children are destined to disappoint you at some point, why not get it over with straight away?), gang rape (it’s democracy in action) and the disabled (their insistence on separate toilets and parking is apartheid) suggest a more extreme Jimmy Carr. It’s uncomfortable stuff – but apply the “who’s the butt of the joke?” rule and he just about gets away with it.

Teeuwen (pictured, and introduced by Wertheim as “a superstar in Holland; a



total nobody in England!”), meanwhile, is less confrontational – a manic bundle of Eddie Izzard (surreal stories), Lee Evans (physical comedy – his ‘indecision’ skit makes us cry laughing) and Vic Reeves (singing ‘Nights In White Satin’ while an ex-convict hand puppet eats a Mars Bar). Teeuwen shouldn’t be a nobody much longer: his energy and imagination are truly remarkable. As is persuading the audience to close the show by singing “Hans Teeuwen, Hans Teeuwen/We love ya, Hans Teeuwen!” to the tune of ‘Tomorrow’ from ‘Annie’. (Anna Britten) ★★★★★

WIDCOMBE SOCIAL CLUB, BATH, THUR
17 JAN.