

The Greatest Show on Three Legs

Anarchists may yet have the last laugh

By IFAN PAYNE

REVIEW

IT DEPENDS really on your taste in anarchy whether you would howl with laughter or grimace and walk out in disgust.

When a British Telecom tent marched on to the Chapter stage last night to the strains of the *Stars and Stripes Forever* out popped an obscene Mr Punch doll to be followed by three deranged and incompetent magicians in overalls.

It could only be Malcolm Hardy, Martin Soan and Chris Lynham of *The Greatest Show on Legs*.

Malcolm is the disgusting one with an absurd line in jokes which can be as funny in actuality as they are puzzling on paper, "A poem: Violets are red, roses are blue, I'm an amnesiaic . . ."

Martin is the wickedly suave one, daring you to laugh, and Chris is the one with a hint of insanity around the eyes which belies the engaging smile and excellent Louis Armstrong impression.

The Greatest Show On

Legs is a democratic act involving the audience in decisions as to whether or not to have an interval or whether to bring on the next act.

It is either funny or pointless dependent on your point of view. Yes, they did their famous balloon dance and, even better, a silent film version of *EastEnders*.

Each of the trio looks and acts as though not wired up quite right.

But between them the three might somehow add up to one whole, slightly sane, person capable of some quick retorts.

"O beauties from Porthcawl, Port Talbot, and Swansea, you should never drink on an empty head!" Boneheads of the world unite!

The Greatest Show On Legs itself should only be taken in small doses and on a head thoroughly emptied of critical faculties. So it depends on whether you are a real Herbert or just a Wally.