

Edinburgh Festival Fringe 2016 REVIEW: They Built It. No One Came. *****

✖ 'The Awesome Angels Of The Allotment'

Fledgling Theatre Company

Pleasance Courtyard (Bunker Two). Venue 33. 5 -29 August

<https://tickets.edfringe.com/whats-on/they-built-it-no-one-came>

Ever in the pursuit of journalistic integrity and an informed, balanced and broad-church approach to what ever arcane weirdness Fringe shows might come our way it may be prescient for the reader to use the below link to refresh themselves as to what we sincerely believed was a fair synopsis of this show.

[Our Pick of Edinburgh Festival Fringe 2016 – They Built It. No One Came](#)

OK? Now just forget everything we said above because the actual show is just about the most laid-back to Nature odyssey of hillbilly wry singing narrative and two, frankly very, very weird men you will ever encounter. They are probably gay but that is ridiculously irrelevant because they have a turkey and two doves in need of even deeper love. Self titled Brother Tobias and Brother Alexander decide to pioneer an alternative 'Amish' lifestyle without the shackles of religious doctrine, hi-tech dependency, The Man and where possible money. The perfect storm for a community's vision of peace and harmony.

Actually, The Edinburgh Reporter puts its hand up and

surrenders! The narrative arc hangs over the 60 minute performance like a napkin wearing vulture holding a Grim Reaper scythe under its wing. The laughs are of such buttock clenching pathos one reaches out for them with the confidence of a drowning rat pawing at lead filled life-belt.

[tweet_box design="default"]You will adore it and want to have its babies or come away despairing at the crass shallowness of the human gene pool.[/tweet_box]

Either way, and there are infinite possibilities in between, you will remember it for ever, and most likely it will pass on to your ancestors through your troubled DNA. Please go and see this show and then reassure us it is not just we that were, and still are profoundly, frightened. Brace yourselves for a truly debut Fringe spectacle of mirth-shattering surreal brilliance. Then locate the nearest priest of your religious persuasion. Spoiler alert, numerous, and previously unhumorous, Walt Whitman aphorisms are harmed during the course of this performance.