

Vittorio Angelone: you can't Say Nothing anymore



“Concise & structurally sound, & in my professional experience, an absolute banger”. Yeah, pretty much.

Being a part of the “reviewers and the newspapers” that Angelone was not-so-warmingly referring to as “SCUM!”, as he read out a review from a relatively-unknown journalist, I can’t help but look forward to these words quite possibly making a cameo in his next set. But whilst he (jokingly) might not be a fan of us, the relationship cannot be said to be reciprocated, with opening night of *you can’t say Nothing anymore* becoming a smash-hit from his very first jokes. Combining a strong self-awareness with a willingness to tackle somewhat controversial issues, Angelone’s hot takes elicit roars of laughter at every turn, holding the packed 840-person audience on his every inflection.

Filling the grandeur of Assembly Hall’s Main Hall and accompanied by the distant roars of the Edinburgh Military Tattoo, Angelone’s effortless comedic timing and controversial content is sure to entertain, or anger, depending on your own opinions and “ability to read subtext”. Dancing between The Troubles, the Taliban and the price of a Freddo, Angelone isn’t afraid to tackle the big issues, tiptoeing cautiously on the cusp of being shadow banned or worse, a balance he strikes just the right balance of. He could have chosen the life of an ice cream millionaire, but when you can command such attention with your witty approach to dark humour, why would you? (especially given the occupational hazard that being an ice cream salesperson seems to be within the Angelone bloodline).

The writing is seamless, crossing from one dark topic to another with an effortless ease and using just enough callback puns to feel naturalistic. And who would know that Angelone had such an entrenched panache for musical theatre, with a unique reinterpretation of ‘Hakuka Matata’ that make you want to see the entire Angelone cut of *The Lion King*! His skilful approach to comedy combines a variety of styles well, avoiding the common pitfall of coming across as forced or over-rehearsed, something of a particular rarity within comedy.

Avoiding libel is always a challenge that comedians contend with (seems we’ve got some common ground!), yet few manage to turn it so simply and so successfully into a bit. Despite near-identical versions of the same particular joke occurring three times within the run, it elicits bedlam each and every time. Angelone’s work is a testament that good comedy doesn’t have to be complex, using relatively little resources skilfully in an instantly-recognisable way; on the final occasion, nothing has to be said for the audience to break into a cacophony of roaring applause.

Vittorio Angelone is one of those comedians you have to see to believe. No TV special, comedy panel appearance or, dare I say it, review will ever do justice to. An up-and-coming star who weaves personality and panache in an exemplary piece of dark topical comedy, *you can’t say Nothing anymore* cannot be missed this Fringe Festival, so grab a ticket whilst they’re available (or before Angelone’s arrested, whichever comes first).