

Reviews: Jane Bussman

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COMEDY, JANE BUSSMANN - **BUSSMAN'S** HOLIDAY,
ASSEMBLY@ST GEORGE'S WEST (VENUE 157) ****

ON THE surface, this looks to be a tale plucked straight out of a chicklit novel.

Celebrity journalist Jane **Bussman** gets so bored with the Hollywood A-list and the infuriating demands of their publicists and lawyers that she sets off to Africa to become a foreign correspondent and chase a hot international peacemaker.

But it's all true. Bussmann really did interview celebrities such as Paris Hilton and Ashton Kutcher, she really did run into trouble with a celebrity lawyer and she really did set off for the African bush.

For a woman who gaily admits that she previously told great big whoppers for a living, Bussmann comes across as remarkably candid.

I have never heard anyone be so upfront and open about the way in which celebrity publicists control and manufacture the public image of our Hollywood gods.

Bussman presents the story of her valiant attempts to become a war correspondent with plenty of laughter and self-deprecating wit, but always the great tragedy that is Uganda hangs over her.

The contrast between the lives of terribly pampered celebrities and abducted child soldiers in Northern Uganda couldn't be greater.

Bussmann finds tales of rape, mutilation and despair and visits a rescue camp she describes as the most depressing place in the world.

She has never performed before, but Busmann has written for Brass Eye and South Park, so underlying this entertaining How I became a War Correspondent story there's a serious satirical edge.

We all know the world finds the thoughts of Paris Hilton more fascinating than the blighted lives of thousands of African children. The question that this show leaves you asking is, why.

Until 27 August. Today 8pm