

Nick Sun: Lost and found in the space between the molecules of guava juice on my kitchen table

Victoria Healy | Saturday Sep 29th, 2007



Nick Sun is a talented and multi-award winning comedian, but he is sick to death of the comedy conveyor belt producing the "same old shit". His mission is to challenge the idea of conventional comedy.

Sun gives us an insight into the mind of a bitter comedian by bravely expressing his stream-of-conscious thought. Think of him as Bill Hicks with some enormous gonads. While Hicks at times conformed to the ultra-conservative land of television, Sun is without censorship or any sort of restraint from "The Man" or for that matter, himself.

In his chaotic rant, absolute truth is unearthed - often teetering on tragedy. His self loathing, people-hating mind map leads the audience to ask, "is this guy gonna top himself or what?" We certainly hope not because this radical comedian is just what the doctor ordered.

No subject is rejected unless his mind takes him onto some stock material where upon he belittles himself for relapsing into regular comedy format. You name it, he'll talk about it. Struggling to find more things to talk about, he takes requests and insults, ensuring that no performance will be the same. However you are likely to sit in the dark for an hour and struggle to hear his relentless rants through excessive reverb. But it is the rawest thing you will see at the Fringe without a doubt and the true meaning of 'fringe theatre'.

Nick Sun achieves what he sets out to do, which is to provide an hour of unpredictable comedy for anyone who will listen.

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