



I Love You But We Only Have Fourteen Minutes to Save the Earth

05 July, 2012 by: [Naima Khan](#)

Naima Khan reviews Nathan Evans' collection of political cabaret performers and they don't quite deliver the knockout required.



A show called [*I Love You, But We Only Have Fourteen Minutes to Save the Earth*](#) calls for something muscular and Nathan Evans' collection of cabaret artists provide a few killer punches in this show about love, life and our planet. But really, they're just here to spar a bit...until David Hoyle takes to the stage.

Before David, Timberlina (Tim Redfern) provides the first gentle introduction with a picnic table, homemade bread and her very own orange compote. But she delivers something much spikier than I was expecting, even the marmalade has chilli in it. As her volunteers

prepare open-faced sandwiches, she talks about the planet like one would at a particularly pompous breakfast: casually, jokingly, and at times nonsensically. She talks about the labours of being environmentally friendly but insists we all do it. She gently preaches a socialist-tinged utopia and simultaneously mentions her plans not just to rule the world, but to own it. As Tim rambles joyfully, bravely offering Timberlina up for judgement, the performance isn't as funny as perhaps the audience would have liked, but in her 14 minutes this audacious drag queen does reflect our most nonchalant attitudes to our dying planet.

In steps Kate Pelling via video projection in what Nathan insists is a "cinematic entr'acte". She's concerned with how to view other people while our time with them is dwindling. Love yourself is her message and although the video isn't noteworthy, by insisting relationships are ultimately futile she too sticks an uncomfortable image in our minds through her seductive tones.

Fancy Chance, who's up next, is less seductive but one hell of a distraction. Petite and poignant, she sings, she swings and she gets a little bit naked before she pulls out her flip chart to demonstrate all the ways we like to distract ourselves. Or at least I think that's what she's doing. Hers is most entertaining and varied performance of the evening is very much up for interpretation.

Less so Bette Borne and David Hoyle. Bette's film is a funny, if simplistic, look at the Cuban Missile crisis and, he concludes, we can't really do much about that level of madness so we may as well find someone to love and be happy.

Hoyle on the other hand is the most blatantly preachy performer and a hell of a dude to end with. He warns us that the end of time is now, that the world is dying, and that we're killing it. He methodically lambastes politics and religion, and he does great until he starts preaching vegetarianism and hits a bum note with the Soho crowd. They're liberals, just not that liberal. It's a shame because at the point he starts talking about the way death fuels our own living, he makes the most sense. Love, he asserts, is at the centre of it all, including this night of cleverly political cabaret that while interesting, isn't as fiercely entertaining as it should be.

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[*I Love You, But We Only Have Fourteen Minutes to Save the Earth*](#) runs at Soho Theatre until 7th July

Image: Absolute Queer Photography