

TOTAL THEATRE MAGAZINE REVIEWS

Forkbeard Fantasy
Invisible Bonfires
Toynbee Studios, London
November 2007

Global warming. An important issue, we're all agreed. How best to spread the message? Enter, stage left, The Brittonioni Brothers, the anarchic alter-egos of Forkbeard mainmen Tim and Chris Britton. They're here to present an awareness-raising roadshow, and thus we are treated to a cabaret-style 'investigation' of the GW problem, cheekily flagging up the terrible muddle of mis-information, not to mention all-round hypocrisy, that surrounds the subject. (This epitomised wonderfully in the central visual motif of the show: a clunky pedal-powered 'energy system' which turns out to be a fake - there's a generator out the back.)

There is actually a great deal of heartfelt agit-prop here in this multimedia performance bonanza: but Forkbeard always hang on to the power of humour (as well as the horsepower) as the saving grace of us poor 'Carbon Weevils', as we are dubbed in a manic animation-cum-talk-over by Timmy B (Carbon Weevils are odd creatures who live in boxes, endlessly reproducing and spending most of their days in their metal shells 'sniffing each other's backsides').

This extraordinary performance pot pourri also includes: a whizz-bang tour of the Death of Magyck, framed around an on screen-off screen search for Prospero's Book; live band the Lotus Pedals who feature a guitarist using potato power; the Big Bang viewed through 3D specs; a groovy shadow-theatre Pan; a toupee'd patio heater salesman; an edible world cake. Oh, and the most beautiful puppet horse you are ever likely to see.

All-in-all, it is a great deal of fun, if a little bit of a sensory overload at times (the everything plus the kitchen sink/synch syndrome).

We weevils may be dying, but we shall at least die laughing.

Dorothy Max Prior