



Bournemouth
Little Theatre News



Issue #73 2007-2008 Season www.BournemouthLittleTheatre.co.uk Member Little Theatre Guild of Great Britain Friday, 10 August 2007

We Present at Jameson Road, Monday to Saturday, 3-8 September 2007 at 7.45 pm

The Comedy
**Outside
Edge**

by Richard Harris

Directed by Clifford Page



Outside Edge

Meet the Cricket Team (And the 'WAGS')



Peter Watson



Steve Wicks



Russell Biles



Reg Beckley



Jason Green



Vanessa Turner



Nicola King



Laura Ferguson



Tess Hutton

Social life in the little village of Brent Park revolves around the village cricket club and woe betide you if you're not middle class through and through!

On top of this, Roger (the club captain) has enough trouble assembling his cricket team to play against the Network Rail Maintenance Division Yeading East, but these complications pall before those occurring among team members' various wives and girl-friends:

Bob has trouble between his wife and ex-

wife. Alex's girl-friend locks herself in the loo and has hysterics. Dennis flirts indiscriminately until his wife sets fire to his car, huge Maggie cuddles her tiny Kevin in her fur coat, even Roger's wife — champion tea maker — rebels against Roger's authority *and* discovers his unfortunate peccadillo in Dorking.

As a final catastrophe, rain starts to fall ...

This is a screamingly funny comedy that you won't want to miss.

Please particularly note new home phone booking now starts at 8.00 pm

Advanced ticket bookings

Our mailing address for all ticket bookings is: **BLTC Box Office, 54 Wentworth Avenue, Bournemouth, BH5 2EG**

Tickets £9.50 (with concessions) Members £4.00

1. **WRITE** enclosing cheque and S.A.E. to BLTC Box Office (address above)

OR

2. **PHONE** to book by calling Sue **ONLY between 8.00 pm and 9.00 pm** on her home phone number **01202 417484**

EITHER Monday 20 August to Friday 24 August

OR Tuesday 28 August to Friday 31 August **Office closed Monday 28 Aug, Bank Hol**

Tickets booked and paid for, and a S.A.E. supplied, will be issued two weeks before the show in the order in which the booking forms were received. If you have **any problems** after receiving your tickets, **phone Sue between the dates and times set out in 2 above**. During the run of the show, telephone enquiries should be made direct to the theatre on 01202 513361 **between 7.00 - 7.45 p.m only**. Also during the run of the show, the Box Office is open from 7.00 pm at the theatre for callers in person. **At all other times bookings must be made by post or by telephone as set out above.**

A final plea — if you have booked tickets and know that you, or one of your party, will not be able to attend the performance, please let Box Office know as soon as possible. Thank you.

Ladies and gentlemen — Is there a critic in the house?

The Sunday Times Critic and columnist **A A Gill** (pictured right) seems to have it in for modern theatre critics. Well, it is true that such great playwrights as George Bernard Shaw started out their careers as theatre critics. And it is also true that — going back a generation or two — you picked up your newspaper with a sense of anticipation when you saw the name of the critic: you knew you were in for a treat. Critics were artists in their own right, and you looked forward to regarding their efforts. Not anymore. The only national critic your editor can think of without looking it up is Benedict Nightingale, but then we are a Times reader. So we read Gill's rant (for such it is) with a great deal of interest. He makes some good points. What he is really saying is that if we don't have good, stylish critics we won't have good stylish plays. Playwrights will all be verbal versions of Tracey Emin, God help us. For reasons of space, Mr Gill's piece below is edited, but the essence is all there.



First nights are special theatre. These are moments when the creatives let go of the creation. There is nothing more to be done. Actors are the only artists who have to go on performing through a disaster, so there is a particular electricity, an atmosphere in the theatre. Much depends on the first night. And, when it's over and the audience applaud and cheer and, more than likely these days, rise to their feet for a standing ovation, you may notice a little gang of hunted characters sidle out of the stalls and scuttle up the aisle. They seem to be escaping, running away. Many will be dressed in old macs, shiny-but-tocked suits and cheap, comfy shoes, and be carrying sagging briefcases and Tesco bags. They keep their heads down and don't look back, and they don't do applause. You might imagine they were rude, disrespectful philistines. But you couldn't be more wrong.

These creeping things are the critics, keepers of the flame of theatre, the referees of the muse, and they're running out not because they want to get to the bar first, but because they write their reviews overnight for the morning's first editions. Well, they used to. Not all papers now do "overnights", but even those with nothing to write on the spot will probably be rushing for the exits. By convention, first nights start half an hour early for the convenience of the critics and the inconvenience of everyone else.

And they all have to have aisle seats. Like fractious children, the critics get to sit where they want so they can turn their backs on the bows and hurry away. So, why do they do it? You'd imagine they'd do the performers the courtesy of clapping and leaving all of five minutes later with the rest of us. I don't think even they know why they do it. I wonder whether most of them know what they're doing in a theatre any more.

No aspect of the culture is as badly served by its critics as the theatre is. Many of the national press reviewers who haunt the lobbies of the West End, picking up their complimentary programmes and free glasses of screwtop wine are a mori-

bund, joyless, detached bunch. Where are the voices that ring out as being aesthetically intelligent, passionate, current and, most important, entertaining?

Here are some of them on *The Sound of Music*, restaged last year:

"As I watched, my eyes were often unexpectedly filled with tears, and having felt 51 going on 84 when I entered the theatre, I left with a spring in my step and a soppy smile on my face. Suddenly the world briefly seemed a better, brighter place." Charles Spencer, *The Daily Telegraph*.

"Climb every mountain? Sure, and after this show you'll want to do a little dance, too, on the summit." Paul Taylor, *The Independent*.

"Sweet, clever Connie [Fisher, as Maria] knocked 'em flying. Viewers of Britain, you chose well. She's as natural and unsugared and wholesome as one of those pots of vegan yoghurt. Just listening to her makes you feel healthy." Quentin Letts, *Daily Mail*.

Can you imagine Kenneth Tynan or Bernard Levin writing this? Or George Bernard Shaw? Britain has a glittering heritage, not just in theatre itself, but in writing about theatre and criticism. Dickens and GBS; Levin; Tynan, the doorman of modern theatre, and his evergame equivalent on *The Sunday Times*, Harold Hobson. But turn to theatre reviews today and the first thing that will strike you is nothing. Nothing at all. Criticism is too often bereft of élan, panache or even the mildest stylistic polish. I once collected reviews from various national critics for the same play and asked the theatrical types around my dinner table if they could tell whose was whose. Nobody could. They had a uniform, dank sogginess.

The lexicon of adjectives used by critics is lick-sticky with thumbing — all the exclamatory clichés of the marquee, plus the thudding repetition of faux sagacious pats of approval, like the rote remarks of a 12-year-old's ballet teacher who's given up caring. Tynan wrote: "Critics are consumers of one art, drama and producers of another, criticism. 'What counts is not their opinion, but the art with which it is

expressed. The best informed man will be a bad critic if his style is bad." Style aside, they do like a billboard quote: "I laughed till I cried"; "A hit, a palpable hit"; "Should be packing them in a year from now"; "A joyous spectacle that lights up the West End". But how often have punters come out of some torpid show, ruefully looked up at a poster and read: "If you see nothing else this year, see this"?

The chorus of critics has forgotten that its first calling is as journalists. to write readable, intelligent and amusing articles. Maybe you're thinking: "Well, he would say that, wouldn't he? He's another critic." But look where theatre criticism often finds itself buried in review sections, along with regional contemporary dance and David Mellor's classic record collection. It only seems to make it to the front of the paper if there's a photograph of a Hollywood star or reality-show winner to run with it. I asked an arts editor why theatre criticism had slipped in cultural importance when theatre is one of the things we do supremely well. "Simple," he said. "The quality of the writing. I'm selling papers, not seats. At the moment, we've got a lot of critics who are about as exciting as watching street mime in Dusseldorf."

Does any of this matter outside the paper walls of Fleet Street? Theatres are full, and there are queues of musicals waiting to come into London. When talent is picked by reality television and cinema stars guarantee box office, who cares about critics? Well, they matter. They're vital precisely because performers can be picked by reality TV and stars are hired to fill seats for a couple of months. Every room in the culture needs strong criticism; it needs committed critics to keep the form strong and innovative.

Look at restaurants and food. The incremental improvement in the quality and sophistication and enjoyment of eating, cooking and buying food has coincided with the rise of good, angry, witty, opinionated writing. It's the same with contemporary art and books. Literary criticism may be as corrupt as a Russian customs officer's Christmas

party, but it's vital and commands attention for books. **Bad culture drives out good unless there is someone there to stop it. Look at cinema, which is now virtually critic-proof.**

What the critics actually have to say about the theatre is growing in irrelevance, mostly because none of us knows what they think about the theatre. I have no idea who it is they imagine they're writing for. Possibly each other. They seem to have collectively lost belief in their ability to criticise. And, if you don't know that your opinion is more valuable and useful than those of all the other people in the room with you, what is the point of expecting to get paid for it?

The chorus of critics seems to think that the only criterion for writing about plays is having seen a lot of other performances, preferably by dead people. For them, drama exists in a closed museum of nostalgic experience.

Yet theatre is all about the real world. How often do you hear a critic mention seat prices, or whether the stalls might be value for money for an audience that probably doesn't get to the theatre more than twice a year? The critics' experience rarely seems to coincide with the lives of those sitting with them in the dark. Their dry litany is combined with a Uriah Heep-ish sycophancy for actors, directors and producers, an awkward, unctuous sucking-up. It's not that they're corrupt, but, as Hilaire Belloc said, there's no need when you see what they'll do unbribed. Critics are culture's traffic wardens. If you want to be loved, work with puppies.

I asked a producer how important the critics are to his business. "Ten years ago, very. Some could make a show or seriously cripple it. Now, not much. We still get the quotes for the posters, but it's really only a habit. There certainly isn't any one critic that theatregoers or people in the business have to read. There's nobody like Frank Rich was on Broadway, or Tynan or Levin here. I can't think of a single one whose reports would make someone go to the theatre for the first time. It's sad, really. They're sad, really."

"Scene One": new kid on the block

Linda Kirkman, known to all as the Daily Echo theatre critic, is launching a brave new **FREE** magazine, called **Scene One**. Ever since the Echo dropped the Curtain Call Page and the annual awards show, there has been very little coverage of amateur theatre in the local press. Linda aims to fill that need, and she hopes that her magazine can be distributed to all members of all local drama groups. Additionally, copies could be issued to members of audiences at amateur show performances. Linda sent out 30 emails to local groups to find out how many copies each group could take of each issue. Her first email elicited only 8 replies. But she is undaunted: and she has a great new website too.



VERY soon now, probably when you next attend a local amateur production, you will be handed a copy of a new free monthly publication, Scene One, which will tell you what's happening theatre-wise in this area. Here's the thinking behind it.

40-odd years ago, while still a schoolgirl at BSG, I joined Bournemouth Gilbert and Sullivan Society and my involvement with that strange beast known as amateur theatre began. In those days most companies gave 8 performances a week, and they regularly

sold out, even at big venues like the Pavilion. In fact, BBLOC's 1972 production of *Hello Dolly* did so well there that the company was asked to make a return visit a couple of months later. Those were the days! Fast forward 35 years to the present, when Poole and Parkstone Productions recently cancelled their proposed production of *Chess* due to poor ticket sales.

The reasons for the decline in audiences are many and various, and I don't propose to discuss them all here. One simple reason though is that often people simply do not know what is going on, particularly since the Daily Echo decided to dispense with its invaluable Curtain Call page last year, so I decided to try and do something that would ensure that people DO know. After all, there is some excellent work going on in the local theatre world that is often amateur only in the sense that the performers are not being paid, and it deserves to be seen by as wide an audience as possible.

Having worked in marketing for the Mayflower Theatre in Southampton, written and reviewed

for a now-defunct theatre magazine, Interval, and been in charge of the Curtain Call page for nine years, as well as still reviewing for the Echo on a freelance basis, I guess I have the experience for the job. Although I had been thinking about beginning something like this for some time, it was just an idea in the back of my mind — until, that is, I mentioned it to **Lyn Richell** from Broadstone Players over a coffee one day a couple of months ago. She thought it was needed — indeed, was enthusiastic enough to agree to become my deputy editor! — and the die was cast.

Local audio-vision support company **CPS** (Complete Production Solutions Group, www.c-p-s-group.com), who already work with a number of local societies on productions, agreed to become my sponsors — a necessity, since the magazine will be non profit making and will eventually be funded solely by advertising (I hope!). One of CPS's two directors, **Chris Caton**, has several connections with the local amateur scene since his father, Paul, has long been involved with BLTC, as

were his grandparents, Joyce and Michael Caton, who were also founder members of Brownsea Open Air Theatre. **Roger Sansom** (www.digitalfox.co.uk), BLTC's website supremo, has kindly set up and is sponsoring my website, www.sceneone.biz, which is already up and running with Latest News items and links to other societies, and from which **Scene One** will be available for download once we begin to publish.

The magazine itself will be a 16 page A5 size black and white publication — I hope we may eventually be able to move to at least partial colour if funds permit, and to increase the number of pages — that will give listings and previews of forthcoming shows in the Bournemouth area, plus theatre-based articles and news items. Copies will be given to each of the 30 or so local societies to distribute to their audiences whenever a production is taking place, as well as to members, and in this way I hope that everyone will begin to see more of those sometimes elusive bums on seats and that amateur theatre will continue to flourish.



Linda also performed on stage!

For the love of the greasepaint

In Britain today, more people do amateur dramatics than play sport. But is any of it really worth paying to see, asks **Richard Dyball**, writing in a recent issue of the Times. He comes to some interesting conclusions, as you will see.

A professional theatre in Brighton closed recently because of a funding shortfall, prompting bereft theatre lovers to express their feelings on the letters page of the local paper. A sentence from one letter stood out: "Big professional theatre is dying," said the reader; an A-level theatre studies teacher, "the amateurs are the future."

I raised an eyebrow when I read this stark view, and then the other brow a few days later when a national newspaper asked if amdram was, in fact, "our real national theatre"? Blimey, I thought, not in my experience.

My last trip to amateur theatre was to see a friend make her stage debut as a maid in a church-hall whodunnit. Her motivation was to capture the affections of the recently divorced dentist who was playing the Inspector. It turned out that he was more interested in the young

man giving his Constable, but the audience of friends enjoyed the show. Yet, as a theatrical event, it was nothing that would keep the director of the really real National Theatre up at night.

I had to know what these people were on about. Are there local theatre groups out there secretly redefining drama as we know it? Are the Nether Wallop Players going to storm Shaftesbury Avenue? Not likely, according to a recently retired local journalist, who spoke to me on condition of anonymity. "I knew the time had come to move on when I couldn't face any more," he said. "I don't mean reporting tragic accidents or endless dull council meetings; I just couldn't take any more bloody amdram."

Indulgence was his bugbear — from audiences as well as from players. "Everyone involved seemed to forget that money had changed

hands for tickets: The actors and producers ignored the fact that they were meant to be offering a fun evening instead of having one. And what got to me over the years was that the audiences didn't seem to mind." Having run out of eyebrows, I decided to raise questions with the theatre studies teacher herself. Did she mean that Simon Russell Beale should be spending his nights off doing plays in church halls? "No, of course not," she replied, "but the amateur companies are wealthy because they don't have to pay anybody. They are the only ones who can afford to put on the big plays we want to see."

I pointed to my experience at the whodunnit. She was quick to narrow down the sort of amateur theatre she had in mind. "I wasn't thinking so much of the village players or even the big musical societies that are about forming social groups. I was

referring to the Little Theatres, who are serious about producing quality straight plays. They have replaced the old rep system.

There are 100 Little Theatres in England, including one in my home town in East Sussex. It has ample resources, owns its own 155-seat venue and has exciting plans for a £1 million rebuild with the addition of a studio space. It puts on seven hefty plays a year, which have included recent productions of Lorca's *Blood Wedding* (with 30 onstage) and Arthur Miller's *Broken Glass*. Both are part of a "conflict and ethnicity season". Despite what their bumf describes as a "thriving youth club", though, the average age of the general membership is over 60.

These clubs operate under the auspices of the Guild of Little Theatres — but there are also thousands of village players and musical

More from the archives

Recycling is now the "P.C." order of the day. So here we go again, recycling some material from our old Club magazine dated 1930. This was written before we had finished the new theatre in Hinton Road that was to become our home in 1931 (and for 40 years thereafter). We offer no apologies for being P.C. and it is wonderful to pinch old material and then find we actually own the copyright. This piece was written by someone called: "Rod" and was uncovered for our enjoyment by **Hugh Norris**. The piece was headlined "Dress Recoursall!" and was written "with apologies to Mr Lewis Carroll, Mr Tweedledee, Miss Alice and all readers".

The "Spot" was shining crookedly
With half its proper light.
The Lighting Man was in a rage
And hadn't put it right.
This wasn't odd because it was
The dress-rehearsal night.
The "foots" were shining sulkily
And getting very hot,
'Cause someone said their colours
Didn't quite go with the "spot."
The Lighting Man was swearing
At the things he hadn't got.
The night was wet as wet could be,
The dressing rooms not dry.
The furniture was missing but
Was coming by and by.
The poor Producer long ago
Had gone away to cry.
"The Butler" and "the Leading Man"
Then entered hand in hand,
To find a sad "Prop-Mistress"
Propping flowers upon a stand.
"If this were only four days hence"
They said, "It would be grand."
"If all the members in the Club
Would give assistance here
Do you suppose," the Butler said,
"They'd get this d— stage clear."
"I doubt it," said the Leading Man,
And shed a bitter tear.
"Oh, First Act come up on the stage,"
Producer did beseech.
"We must get on, we must get on,"
With voice raised to a screech.
The Butler and the Leading Man
"We'll fetch them up," said each.

And Mister Dear then looked at them
And many a word he said.
And Mister Dear then winked his eye
And shook his heavy head,
Meaning to say he'd rather be
Just safely tucked in bed.
Then four young Actors hurried up
All eager for the treat,
Their hairs were brushed, their faces pink,
Their clothes were clean and neat,
Their only parts were noises off,—
Screams, motor-horns and sheet.
Four other Actors followed them
And yet another four
And thick and fast they came at last
And more and more and more,
All hopping over drawing-pins
Which lay upon the floor.
The Butler and the Leading Man
Were nowhere to be seen.
But everyone was saying where
They both had lately been.
They looked behind the Green Room door,
They looked behind the screen.
"The time has come," Producer said,
"To talk of many things,
Of prompts — and ships — and Second Acts,
And where the door bell rings,
Of stairs and steps and door down left
And just which way it swings."
"But wait a bit" one actor cried,
"Before we have our chat,
Has anybody got a book,
My words I must get pat."
"No hurry," said the Leading Man,
Appearing from a "flat."

"I've got the wine," Prop-Mistress said,
"And bullets in the gun,
But someone's pinched the sausages,
Oh dear, what can be done."
"Oh, cakes will do," Producer sighed,
"Begin now with Act One."
"Oh, just a moment," cried the "Lights,"
Turning on the blue,
"I've lost that dozen ambers,
Whatever shall I do?
We can't have blue in floats upon
That backcloth-daylight view."
"Oh, that's alright, that's quite alright,
The lights are very nice.
Please leave the stage, we really must
Begin at any price.
I say, we really must begin,
I've said it ten times thrice."
"It seems a shame," the "Lights" exclaimed,
"To play me such a trick.
I know I had those ambers here"
Producer: "Do be quick."
Just then "The Maid" came up the stairs,
"Miss Smith is feeling sick!"
"Tell her from me," Producer said,
"I deeply sympathize.
But tell her too the curtain is
Now just about to rise."
"Miss Smith" appeared with martyred look
And swimming pools for eyes.
"Now we can start; get off the stage.
Do hurry everyone.
Oh where the h—'s the Butler gone?
He opens up Act One.
Oh dear, it's almost twelve o'clock
And we've not yet begun."

Continued from page 4

and operatic societies operating under the remit of the National Operatic and Dramatic Association (Noda). Never mind the future — statistically speaking, amdram is the present. More people tread the boards in their spare time than creep around muddy sports fields. You're never more than 8ft from a dentist wearing greasepaint.

According to Noda, each year seven million people pay to watch half a million players put on shows such as *Stepping Out*, *Hobson's Choice*, *The Importance of Being Earnest*, *Oklahoma* and *South Pacific* (the top amdram society choices in 2006). Last year's amdram turnover was £34 million.

But the question must be, if you're not personally connected to any of the participants, is any of it actually worth sitting through? I sought the opinions of a slew of professional reviewers of amateur shows in local papers. They didn't return my calls. I was eager to talk to

one critic who reviews professional and amateur shows side by side, particularly as he was a bit snuffy about Sir Anthony Sher in the West End revival of *Kean* recently but gushed at the Nutley Players. I persisted, but he eventually told me to "just leave it, OK!" I felt as if I was poking around the Masons.

It was difficult to find people involved with amateur theatre at any level to talk candidly on or off the record. I finally spoke to Jeremy Austin, a longtime reviewer for *The Stage* and a *Times* diarist, who spent his salad days reviewing amateur shows. Is professional theatre dying? Are the amateurs the future? "No," he replied with a hollow laugh. "Professional theatre is constantly evolving, amateur theatre is not. I constantly heard people sitting around me say: 'It's as good as anything you'd see in the West End,' and I thought yes, about as good as a tramp fight."

But Austin advised me to get the

other side of the argument from the veteran actor, director, writer and impresario Charles Vance. Sure enough, Vance gave a rousing and enlightening speech on why "I carry a torch for the amateurs". He is nothing if not passionate: "The amateur sector is the largest in theatre after Cameron [Macintosh] and Andrew [Lloyd Webber]. They spend a vast amount of money on technical equipment." Yes, but is it any good? Vance thumped his desk. "You can't possibly be generic! Some of it is terrible, but there are some awful productions of good plays in the West End at any time. This summer you will see some of the finest Shakespeare done outside by amateurs."

However I pressed the wrong button when I suggested that amdram might be more about local power politics. "Get out of the f***ing stockbroker belt, you namby pamby; go and see the Caxton Players in Grimsby or the

Maddermarket in Norwich!" Could it be that outfits like this — which mix local amateurs with professional guidance — can evade the indulgent mediocrity to be found elsewhere? Back to Brighton. The Gardner Arts Centre may have closed in April, but the Arts Festival in May broke box-office records. And some of the most popular theatre involved amateurs and professionals teaming up for large-scale events, often site-specific, using music and dance with people of all ages.

There is a similar venture coming up in nearby Lewes. *The Finnish Prisoner* is a big dramatic and musical re-creation of an historical event in an unusual industrial location, with amateurs and professionals joining forces. No, it's not Shaftesbury Avenue — but then it's not trying to be. It's trying to be something different, something true to its surroundings. I'd certainly pay to see it.

Times Quiz culled by Tony Orman

Just because I told you all I was leaving doesn't mean you had to believe me. Well, this is really, *really* my last Quiz. Try this lot:

1. Which was the first film in which Greta Garbo spoke?
2. Who starred with Grace Kelly in *High Noon*? (Hint: not "the one with the ears" in our June 2007 production!)
3. In which film does Gene Kelly dance with a cartoon mouse?
4. What was Cary Grant's original name?
5. Which actress is the subject of Reynold's painting "Tragic Muse"?
6. Which film star said, while reading the Bible on his death bed, "I'm looking for loopholes"?
7. Where did the seven 'road' films lead Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour?
8. Who choreographed *West side Story*?
9. Which fashion world farce did veteran Hollywood director Robert Altman make in 1995?
10. For which film did Humphrey Bogart win an Oscar?

Answers below

Answers to Quiz

1. *Anna Christie*; 2. Gary Cooper; 3. *Anchors Aweigh*; 4. Archibald Leach; 5. Sarah Siddons; 6. WC Fields; 7. Singapore, Zanzibar, Morocco, Utopia, Rio, Bali and Hong Kong; 8. Jerome Robbins; 9. *Pret-à-Porter*; 10. *The African Queen*.

Audition

Don Cherrett
is holding auditions for
Dangerous Obsession
a psychological thriller by N J Crisp
There will be a reading of the play on Sunday
23rd September 2007 in
the Green Room at the Club
starting at 7.30 pm.
The auditions will be held on Sunday 30th
September 2007 in the Green Room, starting at
7.30 pm.

This psychological thriller is a three-hander where the peaceful lives of a married couple, Mark and Sally Driscoll, are disturbed by the sudden arrival of John Barrett, a man whom they had met vaguely on a past trip to Torquay. Barrett is 'dangerously obsessed' with blaming someone for an accident that his wife has had and the Driscolls have become the target for this obsession, leading to terrifying consequences and the ripping apart of the Driscolls' happy life together.

The characters in the play are

John Barrett. Well spoken, with the look of the ordinary man in the street that one would not notice. Inwardly bitter and twisted. Probably 30s or early 40s
Mark Driscoll. Successful businessman. Confident, but capable of having his nerves shattered under pressure. Probably older than his wife, but attractive to the younger woman, could be late 30s to early 50s
Sally Driscoll. The stay-at-home wife of leisure. Probably younger than her husband, is wearing a swimsuit on Barrett's arrival and confident enough in her looks to feel comfortable with this. Mid-20s to early 40s

Ages are a guide only, the key is the matching of the three characters.

Auditionees should be aware that all three parts are large:- Sally and John are effectively on stage the whole play. Anyone cast must be able to attend all rehearsals scheduled.

Anyone unable to attend the auditions or wanting more information should contact Don Cherrett on 01202 690952

Annual General Meeting

The AGM of the Club will be held at the Theatre on Sunday, 16 September 2007 at 7.30 pm. As usual, only those who are paid up members at the start of the meeting will be allowed to vote. There will be the usual open bar and first drink free after the meeting.

As those who regretted not showing up last year will tell you — **YOU CAN'T VOTE IF YOU'RE NOT THERE.**

One decision in particular upset some members — but they weren't there on the night. So show up!

Reminders

- Mon-Sat, 3-8 September 2007**
Performances of *Outside Edge* at the Club at 7.45 pm
Sun, 16 September 2007
Annual General Meeting of the Club at the Theatre at 7.30 pm
Fri, 21 September 2007
Unrehearsed play reading in the Club Bar at 7.30 pm
Sun, 23 September 2007
Read through of *Dangerous Obsession* at the Club at 7.30 pm
Wed, 26 September 2007
First Steps in Acting at the Club at 7.30 pm
Sun, 30 September 2007
Auditions for *Dangerous Obsession* at the Club at 7.30 pm
Wed, 3 October 2007
First Steps in Acting at the Club at 7.30 pm
Wed, 10 October 2007
First Steps in Acting at the Club at 7.30 pm
Mon-Sat, 22-27 October 2007
Performances of *The Living Room* at the Club at 7.45 pm
Fri, 9 November 2007
Unrehearsed play reading in the Club Bar at 7.30 pm

- Mon-Sat, 10-15 December 2007**
Performances of *Dangerous Obsession* at the Club at 7.45 pm
Mon-Sat, 11-16 February 2008
Performances of *Mrs Warren's Profession* at the Club at 7.45 pm
Fri, 29 February 2008
Unrehearsed play reading in the Club Bar at 7.30 pm
Mon-Sat, 14-19 April 2008
Performances of *The Lion in Winter* at the Club at 7.45 pm
Fri, 2 May 2008
Unrehearsed play reading in the Club Bar at 7.30 pm
Mon-Sat, 9-14 June 2008
Performances of *What the Butler Saw* at the Club at 7.45 pm
Fri, 27 June 2008
Unrehearsed play reading in the Club Bar at 7.30 pm

Don't forget your Club's website: www.BournemouthLittleTheatre.co.uk
By the time you get this in the post your copy will have been online for a week or two. And there are events between newsletters that you won't want to miss!

First Steps in Acting

Ginny Harrington
invites you to
"First Steps in Acting",
a series of workshops designed to help you acquire and develop acting skills in a relaxed and friendly atmosphere.

To be held at the Theatre,
Jameson Road
Wednesday September 26th
Wednesday October 3rd
Wednesday October 10th
at 7.30 pm

For more information ring Ginny
on 01202 423888



Your Committee

Chairman	Robin Cave 07887 713187
Secretary	Hugh Norris 761400
Treasurer	Noel Davenport 766690
LT Guild Contact	Derek Hyder 424640
Stage Director	Lee Tilson 874072
Building Supervisor	Andrew Whyatt 624221
Premises Supervisor	Don Gent 389725
Membership/Newsletter	Robin Cave 07887 713187
Membership Liaison	Patricia Richardson 876007
Bar	Ann Cave 742298
Social Secretary	Vanessa Turner 419460
Training	Virginia Harrington 423888