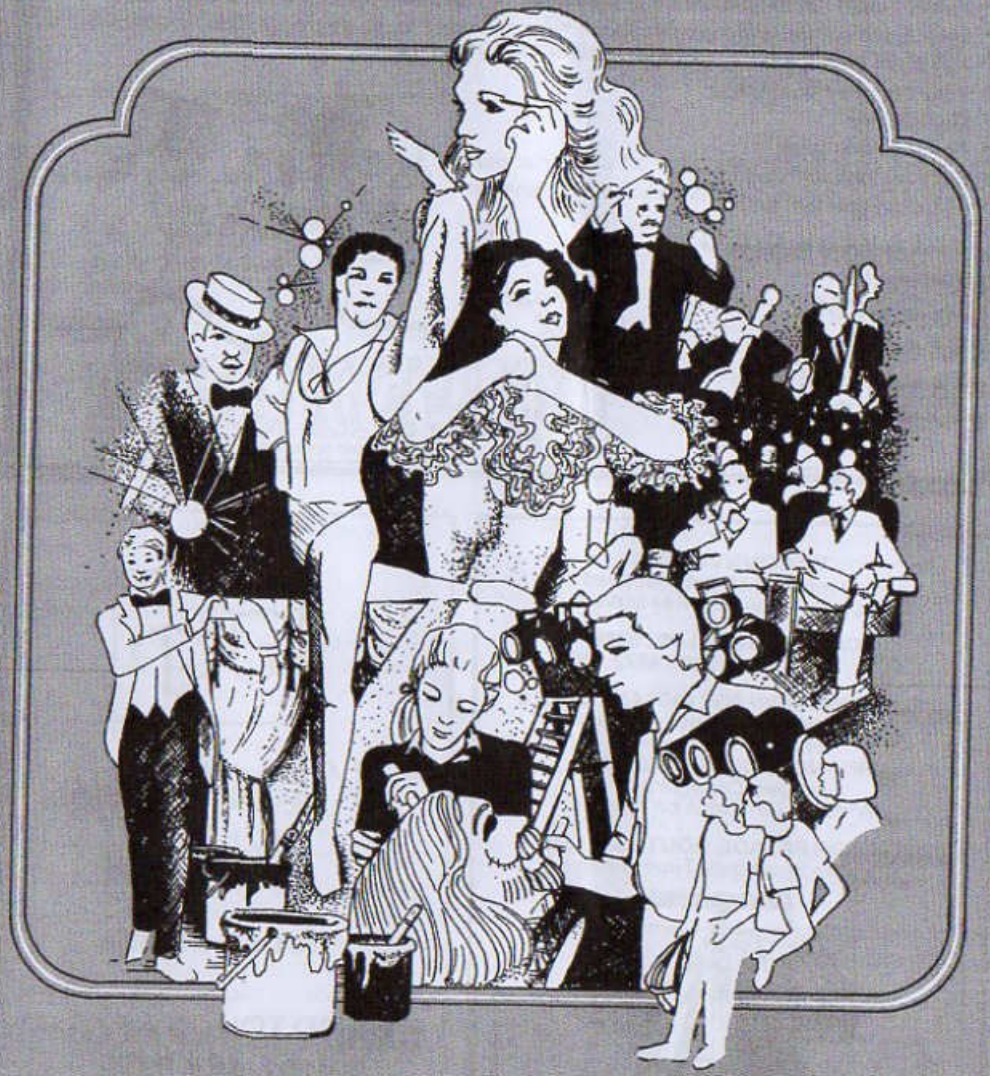
OH WHAT A LOVELY WAR
NOV. 1986

INTIMATE
THEATRE



North London's Premier Theatre
Intimate by Name, Intimate by Nature

On Your Bike, Bolingbroke

by Eric Shorter

For idle recreation the playgoer is sometimes up against it. Browsing through "Who's Who In The Theatre" can be good. Once opened, it is hard to stop reading, though it is a matter of disgrace to British publishing, British theatre and the requirements of British playgoers that what ought to be an indispensable source of recent theatrical history should no longer be what it compactly was and should not (as far as I am concerned) have been published for over ten years. But that is by the way, and besides it is too heavy to cart about.

There are other idler by-ways for the playgoer than the nostalgia of "Who's Who". For example, old magazines, old pictures, old books and shelves of new ones. Is it not astonishing how many plays which come and go in the playhouse turn up as scripts from the publishers? At the Royal Court Theatre in London you even get the text of the play with your programme.

But although it is fun to read a play when you have seen it, if only to note how it was cut or staged, that is not my idea of idle recreation. My taste tends to veer behind the scenes. Knock on the stage door? Visit a dressing room? This isn't wise unless you know a player personally, though if you can penetrate so far behind the scenes as to encounter on the stairs at, say, the Comédie Française Cyrano de Bergerac himself in his period flamboyance, smoking a cigarette, or Cleopatra at, say, the Old Vic reading a copy of "Punch", you will know what I mean.

It is akin to star-gazing. It is a form of unsigned, autograph hunting. My kind of recreation is no names, no pack-drill, as they say in military circles. An encounter with a player is implied all right. But anonymously, unofficially, casually — in the street. There must be no formal introduction. The place must be well off theatrical limits.

Once upon a time this would have been improbable. Imagine having a chat with Henry Irving if you hadn't been introduced. Or running up against Edmund Kean in a pub without being part of his entourage. Or buying Duse a drink.

Things are different now. Having lunchtime refreshments in a pub before a show at the Old Vic a few years ago, it was possible for a playgoer to fall into conversation with Prospero as he took a glass of Guinness — not in his island outfit as an exile but in everyday, untheatrical clothes, chatting about the theatre in an everyday, untheatrical way. It was John Gielgud.

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Haunting the haunts of actors, however, one is asking for it, so to speak. One might be thought on the look-out for such brief encounters.

The purest recreation for me is to pass the time of day by sheer chance briefly with a player seen on stage last night — someone surprising, caught off guard, not hanging about the green room. And the best place in the world for this kind of unexpected, unplanned, inconsequential meeting is a festival. I remember having brandy and coffee with Medea at Avignon after all the murders and that midnight take off.

Another good spot is Stratford-on-Avon. No, not the Dirty Duck, the riverside pub run by the famous and popular Pam where so many members of the Royal Shakespeare Company tend to congregate, sometimes tripping over critics. That's like going backstage: knocking on dressing room doors, or not even knocking.

I'm all for streets, shopping queues, bus stops, station platforms, municipal swimming pools — places where anonymity prevails on both sides. The player is then a private person, another citizen, a man with his own identity, worries, habits.

Quite different to all that strutting and fretting and flowing eloquence on the stage the night before. No fanfares as he crossed the road hand in hand with his small son soon after breakfast for a stroll.

No drums or trumpets as he mounts his bicycle after a mid-day dip in the heated civic waters, and no control over the audience by the artful delivery of William Shakespeare's words, indeed no audience — except recreative me, passing by without a thought of the drama. Then suddenly an extra-textual encounter. It is Bolingbroke getting on his bike.

Should one usurp a moment of this great usurper's time, in courteous salutation? Of course. Irresistible. For the son of John of Gaunt, like many a son today, had resolved in this revival of "Richard the Second" not to sound like his father or seem in any way influenced by that most poetical of parents (played this season by the mellifluous Brewster Mason, an old master of Shakespearean verse).

No, this young Bolingbroke had so repudiated the sound of this author's music that he almost seemed to mock (as in "Beyond the Fringe") the Shakespearean form of discourse with its lyrical formality. "Stuff and nonsense," he seemed to be saying, while sticking to the actual words which Shakespeare wrote, "I shall speak the lines if I must but really, why does there have to be all this pomp and literary circumstance?"

Behind this peculiar Bolingbroke was Michael Kitchen, the actor. His breathy, puffed-out air of seeming disdain for everyone including the verse created high theatrical tension. A more striking contrast between him and the gentle ineffectual king (Jeremy Irons, very effective) whom he resolves to depose would be hard to imagine.

"Did you enjoy it?" he asked me. He had just been for a swim. Very much, I answered, but I felt I shouldn't have because this Bolingbroke, almost undermined the play, not only Richard, with his distant arrogance. But yes, it was fascinating. And with that Bolingbroke pedalled away.

Next morning, in the misty sunshine, Mowbray (Richard Moore) and his son were taking their constitutional. As they paused at my bus stop I couldn't help saying how sorry I was that his exile by Richard hadn't been commuted, as Bolingbroke's had, so that he was out of the play so soon. Mowbray said he felt guilty about that — but was pleased to be remembered amid the throng of nobles.

Any chance of bumping into Richard himself, I wondered as Mowbray and son sauntered off? Kings, I reflected, are less easily cornered. But when I had seen the tragedy Mr Irons (significantly?) had spoken as deposed monarch of "a sort of *traitor*" instead of "a sort of *traitors*". Could he have been thinking only of the extraordinary and controversial Mr Kitchen? Dropping an 's' like that is easily done on a first night but I like to think it was a hint.

INTIMATE THEATRE

FORTHCOMING ATTRACTIONS

November 12th to 15th at 7.30pm

THE SNOW QUEEN
presented by **The Suella School of Dancing**
A beautiful children's story of the wicked Snow Queen who uses her icy powers to entrap Kari and his sister Gerda who travels to many places to save him and bring him home
Tickets: £2.00 to £3.00 concessions available.

November 19th to 22nd at 8.00pm. Saturday matinee at 3.00pm

WHEN WE ARE MARRIED
presented by **ENTENS**
Another well-loved J.B. Priestley play presented by a favourite local group
Tickets: £2.25 to £3.00 concessions available.

November 27th to 29th at 8.00pm. Saturday matinee 3.00pm

COMEDY BREAK
presented by **Barry Johns and Alan Wells.**
The sad and tragic story of a comedy duo where one partner is losing out
Tickets: £2.25 to £3.25 concession and low price matinee available

December 3rd to December 13th at 7.30pm. Saturday matinee 3.00pm

BABES IN THE WOOD
presented by **Wood Green, Muswell Hill and Southgate Scouts.**
A traditional family pantomime by Michael Barnes.
Tickets: £3.00 to £3.50 concessions available.

December 18th to January 17th daily at 2.00pm and 7.00pm
Boxing Day, New Year's Day and Saturdays at 1.00pm, 4.15pm and 7.30pm

CINDERELLA
presented by **Charles Vance Ltd. & Rockstead Productions Ltd.**
Starring **John Noakes** of *Blue Peter* fame, a spectacular family pantomime with Shetland Ponies and illuminated coach.
Tickets: £3.50 to £5.60 concessions available.

Author's Notes

In 1958 I was on holiday in France. At the request of my grandmother I visited Arras in order to photograph the grave of my father (her son) who had been killed in that area in 1918. I had no idea there were so many soldiers' cemeteries around Arras. When at last I discovered my father's official memorial it was to find that he had no grave. Instead, his name was inscribed upon the wall along with those of "35,942 officers and men of the forces of the British Empire who fell in the Battle of Arras and who have no known graves."
What could possibly have happened to a man that rendered his burial impossible? What horror could have taken place that rendered the burial of 35,942 men impossible and all in one relatively small area? The search for the answer to this question has finally led to this production, in the sincere hope that such an epitaph will never have to be written upon any man's memorial again.

CHARLES CHILTON

Everything spoken during this evening either happened or was said, sung or written during 1914-18.
Everything presented as fact is true.
In 1960 an American Military Research Team fed all the facts of World War I into the computers they use to plan World War III. They reached the conclusion that the 1914-1918 war was impossible and could not have happened, there could not have been so many blunders nor so many casualties.
Will there be a computer left to analyse World War III?

THEATRE WORKSHOP

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row
That mark our place; and in the sky
That larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

JOHN McCREA

OH WHAT A LOVELY WAR

Pierettes

Sue Collings.
Rosemary Dimes.
Katie Golding.
Greta Jenkins.
Marjorie Hanson.
Julia Harris.
Caroline Hyde.
Elspeth Lindsey.
Doreen Magee.
Diane Padley.
Sally Pearson.
Janet Sinfield.
Jean Streeton.

Pierrots

Derek Basham.
Richard Bodek.
Mark Bordell.
Paul Cody.
Mike Gilbert.
Alan Gronner.
John Hillier.
James Inwood.
Geoffrey Knight.
David Ogden.
Ron Prior.
Peter Stretton.
Howard Wright.

ELODS NEEDS YOU!

ENLIST TODAY

Would you like to take part in our shows and cabarets? Enjoy our many social activities and become part of a very friendly team?
Contact our Membership Secretary Janet Sinfield – tel. 01-366 4896 and come along and join us at a rehearsal (Mondays and Fridays). Rifle drill optional.

ELODS NEXT PRODUCTION

FINIANS RAINBOW

Lyrics by E.Y. Harburg
Music by Burton Lane
Book by E.Y. Harburg and Fred Sandy.

At this theatre – 31st March–4th April 1987

Musical Numbers

Act One

Row, Row, Row	The Company
We don't want to lose you	Diane Padley and Pierrettes
Belgium put the Kibosh on the Kaiser	Greta Jenkins, Pierrettes and Pierrots
Are we down-hearted &	
Hold your hand out, Naught Boy	Pierrettes and Pierrots
I'll make a man of you	Sally Pearson with Sue Collings, Rosemary Dimes and Julia Harris
Hitchy Koo	Julia Harris with Paul Cody
Heilige Nacht	Richard Bodek, Ron Prior, Peter Stretton
Christmas Day in the Cookhouse	James Inwood and Pierrots
Goodbye-ee	Geoffrey Knight and Pierrettes

There will be an interval of 20 minutes

Act Two

Oh, it's a lovely War	The Company
Gassed last night	The Pierrots
Roses of Picardy	Jean Streeton and Mark Bordell
Hush! Here comes a Whizzbang	The Pierrots
There's a long, long trail	Richard Bodek
I don't want to be a soldier	Mike Gilbert and Alan Gronner
Kaiser Bill	
They were only playing leapfrog	
If you want the old battalion	The Pierrots
If the Sergeant steals your rum	James In wood
I wore a tunic	Richard Bodek, Mike Gilbert and James Inwood
Forward Joe Soap's Army	
Fred Karno's Army	
When this lousy war is over	Pierrettes and Pierrots
Wash me in the water	The Pierrots
I want to go home	
The Bells of Hell	The Pierrots
Keep the home fires burning	Jean Streeton
Sister Suzie's sewing shirts	Katie Golding, Marjorie Hanson, Doreen Magee, Diane Padley
Chanson de Craonne	The Pierrots
I don't want to be a soldier	The Pierrots
And when they ask us	The Pierrots
Oh, it's a lovely war	The Company

ELODS

President	**His Worship the Mayor of Enfield**
Hon Vice-Presidents	**Mr D. Chaplin** **Mr L. Durrant** **Mr H.W. Gathergood** **Mr M. Gilbert**
Committee Officers	Chairman – **Geoff Knight** Secretary – **Richard Bodek** Treasurer – **Joe Harris** Publicity – **Caroline Hyde & Greta Jenkins** Social Secretary – **Katie Golding** Membership Secretary – **Janet Sinfield** **Caroline Hyde** **Elspeth Lindsey** **Howard Wright**
Production Assistant	**Liz Arrowsmith**
Rehearsal Pianist	**Jane Beament**
Stage Manager	**Frank Bundle**
Lighting	**GRADAV**
Set	**Derek Basham and members of the Society**
Wardrobe	**Katie Golding**
Properties	**Jill Rout and Gillian Bransby**
Prompt	**Evelyn Wilkinson**
House Manager/Ticket Secretary	**Basil Gathergood**
Costumes	**Lytton Players, Stageplay Limited, Flame Enterprises, ELODS**

Thanks to St. Michael's Hospital, Enfield

PAST PRODUCTIONS

1953 Trial by Jury
1954 HMS Pinafore
1955 The Gondoliers
1956 Iolanthe, Patience
1957 The Mikado
1958 Yeoman of the Guard
1959 Trial by Jury
1960 Pirates of Penzance
1961 The Gondoliers, Gypsy Baron
1962 Iolanthe
1963 HMS Pinaford
1964 Brigadoon
1965 The Mikado
1966 La Belle Helene. Trial by Jury
1967 Ruddigore
1968 Lilac Time. Music Hall.
1969 Yeoman of the Guard. Music Hall.
1970 Merrie England. My and My Girl.
1971 Orpheus in the Underworld. Gilbert & Sullivan Concert. Music Hall.
1972 Brigadoon. Gilbert & Sullivan Concert. The Boyfriend.
1973 Oklahoma. The Mikado.
1974 The Pyjama Game. Salad Days.
1975 Fiddler on the Roof. How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying.
1976 Music Hall. Iolanthe.
1977 Flappers and Flannels. Maid of the Mountains.
1978 Oh! What a Lovely War. Orpheus in the Underworld.
1979 Free as Air. The Arcadians.
1980 Music Hall. Cabaret.
1981 Carousel. Call Me Madam.
1982 Sweet Charity. The Card.
1983 Memories. The Gondoliers.
1984 States Alive. Fiddler on the Roof.
1985 The Sorcerer. Oklahoma.
1986 The Mikado

INTIMATE THEATRE

GREEN LANES, PALMERS GREEN, LONDON N13 4DH
Telephones: Box Office 01-886 5451 2 Administration 01-882 5795 Stage Door 01-886 7163
Proprietor: Robert Dixon (Intimate Productions)

Bob Dixon Writes

This week we extend a warm welcome to one of our most popular and well-loved musical societies E.L.O.D.S. with their presentation of the very popular *Oh What a Lovely War*. We are sure you will enjoy this very spectacular and entertaining show. Our best wishes to the Company for a successful show and a pleasant week with us.

CINDERELLA ★★★ CINDERELLA ★★★

This year's pantomime *Cinderella* starring John Noakes from television's *Blue Peter* will be one of the most spectacular and lavish pantomimes at the Intimate. And real live shetland ponies will pull the illuminated coach. Bookings are unbelievably heavy so hurry and book your seats now so the entire family is not disappointed.
Enjoy the show and thank you for your patronage.

FREE ENTRY

win a fabulous prize in our

MONTHLY RAFFLE DRAW

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To ensure your chance to win one of our super prizes, just fill in your name and address below and post in the box provided in the foyer

Name _____

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GOOD LUCK and we hope you will be the Lucky Prize Winner this month

INTIMATE THEATRE

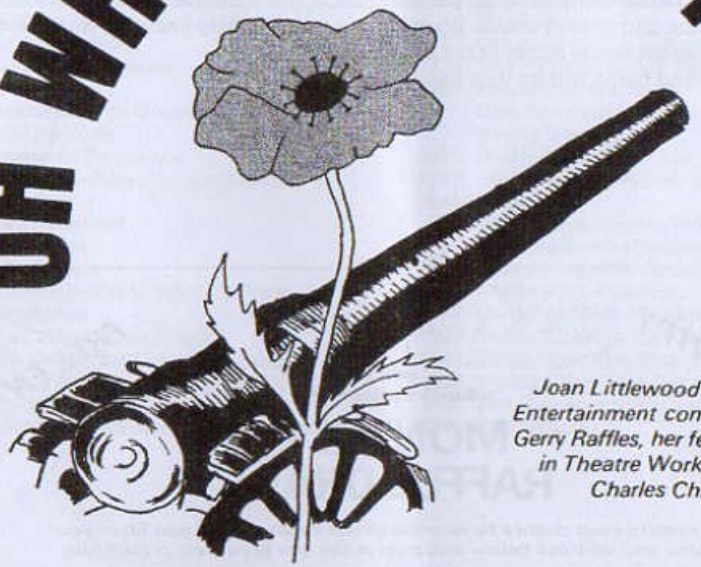
4th to 8th November 1986

ENFIELD LIGHT OPERATIC & DRAMATIC SOCIETY

Amateurs

presents

OH WHAT A LOVELY WAR



Joan Littlewood's Musical Entertainment composed with Gerry Raffles, her fellow artistes in Theatre Workshop and Charles Chilton

Directed by **DORA BASHAM**
Musical Director **MARK NEWPORT**
Choreographer **GAIL ASHWELL**

The Ever Shifting Boards

by Patrick Ludlow

Actors are so clever today. Like Peter Pan many can say: 'Cock-a-doodle-doo!'.

In bygone days the producer's job was to make things easy for the artist: to encourage, to plot worthwhile entrances and exits, create easy moves, and suggest original inflexions. Yes, even that devil Basil Dean (the world's most hated producer) did that.

Now, in harsher times, he's rightly been given a more formidable title and is called the director. And treading the boards may well be surmounted with pitfalls.

That wizard from Scarborough, even when he didn't direct, achieved wonderful results; and now that he does they are just as telling — but the mummer's path is not 'Roses, roses, all the way'.

Why, oh why, must the curtain be up as we enter the Lyric theatre? Why do we have to face the ugliness of plain walls and a wooden rostrum with one dreary working light? Our hearts sink as we feel we're in for another piece devoid of colour, charm, and all those delights which make the theatre so exciting.

However, although we miss the thrill of the rising curtain — after a semi black out when we perceive mummers and stage hands scurrying around — when the lights come up we see jolly boys and girls dancing and singing. Then, they take their calls!

To make a nice change the author, Mr Ayckbourn, starts his show with the finale. We don't applaud. Why should we? We haven't seen them do anything yet. But clapping is necessary so this is recorded (rather a dreary sound).

Naturally the proceedings can't end there. How could they? If they did there would be ugly scenes at the box office for the piece has only been running five minutes.

So back we go to the beginning of the story — and it's a good one with tons of Ayckbourn characterisation and plot including the wife of the director (Colin Blakeley) falling for the leading man. But the nub of the thing is a cod on an amateur company rehearsing an opera with everything going wrong: the lighting, the effects, the words, and, according to the director, the performances.

Teacher, dissatisfied with his pupils, rampages up and down the stalls, tears his hair, and appears about to have a fit. This, with repetition, becomes tiresome. It is no way to endear himself to his cast for, in my limited experience, the path to popularity with those unpaid for their labours is to allow plenty of time for conviviality, drinking, and liberality.

Of course Mr A. doesn't miss this aspect that progresses during their protracted period of rehearsals and it's fun to watch the wiles the girls get up to in pursuit of their unsuspecting men. He (Mr A.) even provides reasons for their strip teasing with a sub plot connected with the acquisition of property. And one of the ladies, a society type, is only leading her prey up the garden path.

Now most of these amatory scenes are curiously played in mini sets which run on and off stage. This technique is often used in musicals where the dialogue is secondary to the singing and dancing but it's not conducive to realism. The artist has to be shunted on stage clinging to a wobbling flat — akin to keeping a sailboard upright in a choppy sea — then crawl round the front of it on to a narrow rickety platform and witha'l make an effective entrance.

Again the exit from these telly-like box sets is beset with difficulties for they sit, or slide, uneasily on the wide Lyric stage where there is a lengthy run off either side. So, whatever the mood, the exit must be taken at the double.

As an alternative they can gallop down the precipitous newly made steps into the stalls where all sense of illusion departs. They become self conscious and we are embarrassed. Anyway a new problem has arisen: how to get out of the stalls?

There are, of course, many forms of egress and one's mind revolves round the alternatives: to the back of what used to be the pit and into the street where it may be raining, into a bar where refreshment can be taken, or through the nearby glass doors. The latter course is adopted but meanwhile the action on stage is forgotten.

Now Mr A., with his vast experience, is well aware that he could more easily have set the whole of his play in the saloon bar-cum-green room of a fringe theatre where rehearsals, acrimony, and conviviality take place all day long; but that would be too simple for his complicated mentality. Anyhow the proof of the pudding is in the eating for 'A Chorus of Disapproval' opened in Scarborough in '84, received accolades galore at the National in '85, and is still bringing them in to the Lyric in this year of grace — and will take the road in like manner.

Jim Norton, as the much chased young man, proves his versatility by leading the opera with spirit, and being led by the ladies when not play-acting; and one and all leap the hurdles with panache so when the finalé comes round for the second time we applaud with verve.

MIDDLE TAR As defined by H.M. Government
DANGER: Government Health WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH