



Meopham Players Newsletter

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Editorial



Bear with us - please. We are still a little shell-shocked at having lost S, our quite brilliant editor who was responsible for so successfully revamping this newsletter. Unfortunately for us he wants to spend more time with his family and so we have to struggle with the complexities of what it was he left behind. You'd have thought the family could have waited a few more years, but no! He's gone and taken his lovely colleague, Ima Starstruck with him - I suppose it really was his

family he wanted to spend more time with?

Also gone are Dame Kurtan Razor and Salvador Dalek both of whom will be greatly missed. However, the good news is we now have a new Showbiz Correspondent in Poppy Cock who is joining us from Repertory, which we think is a little village somewhere in Durham.

Poppy has a great deal of experience in the entertainment industry which she will use to delight us all by showing our readers what she is made of. Prepare to be amazed.

The Poppy Cock Column



Hello Darlings,
Lots to tell you in my first Newsletter and so little space but here goes:

9th December, 2017

Christmas Party at *The Three Daws*. Please note: There is a maximum of 20 places on a first-come-first-served basis. So please let John Ogden know as soon as possible if you wish to attend. T: 01474 812745

22nd, 23rd, 24th February, 2018

Jungle Book - see page 2.

24th, 25th, 26th May, 2018

Flare Path by Terence Rattigan.

Produced by Paul Doust

Dead Guilty by Richard Harris

Directed by Eileen Bush

Performances on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday 25th, 26th and 27th October.

Ticket sales are going well after a slow start and it looks as though we might be pretty close to maximum capacity.

So, if you haven't thought about it before, now would be a good time to call the Box Office on **08442 889708**.

Doors open at 7.30 pm

Curtain goes up at 8.00 pm





Yes! We know - we've borrowed a bit of the Disney poster just to remind you of our own production at The Village Hall on 22nd, 23rd, 24th February, 2018

Our festive production, produced by John Winson, is a completely new production of the popular classic *The Jungle Book*. Rehearsals are scheduled to start in October and will once again be a joint production with Act One, our partners based in New Ash Green. Open auditions were held in July, and members and non-members were invited to try for any part. Thankfully, sufficient talent is available to fill all the major parts. We hope to get your support for this new production as it is likely

to be its first performance.

Some of you may recall we have previously performed an older version of this play in 2011. Here are a few pictures to remind you:



Arkela's Council



The Choir



Baloo



Arkela/Rashka



Mowgli/Bagheera



Kaa



The whole cast



Critic



And now - in case you haven't noticed daylight hours diminishing, here is a brief piece about Autumn written a few years ago:

"The autumn leaves drift by my window..." Actually, they were whizzing by in what seemed to be a force 9 gale outside. Nevertheless, they inspired the song to pop into my mind, along with the thought that at some time I will have to get out there and collect them from whatever corners they pile up in.

It's a strange sort of Jekyll and Hyde season, autumn. It produces some quite stunning landscapes of gold and brown and yellow, especially if we are blessed with a little late sunshine, but then it leaves us with all the deciduous trees naked and like blackened, grasping monsters frozen in time, whose grotesque branches provide a brief resting place for the occasional, lonely, forlorn-looking bird.

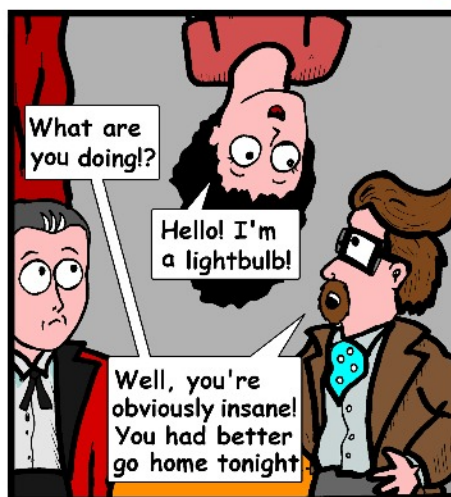
Autumn is a beauty, but a fading one and yet even in that early, beautiful stage, it can be too much.

Sylvia and I went on a coach tour one year called *New England in the Fall*. It is not something I would recommend, not because it isn't beautiful; it is very beautiful. The trouble is, for me at least, it is like eating a large box of chocolates in one go. Not that I have ever done that, but you see what I mean - you can have too much of a good thing, and ten days of it was too much. Of course, the organisation of the trip didn't help and neither did the distances we had to cover. We started out in Boston - delightful city - and stayed for just two nights, before moving out into the country and the gorgeous panorama of the dying leaves. We went from one state to another - New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Vermont, Maine, Connecticut - staying mostly for one night in each place before frantically moving on to the next. No time to unpack; just live out of the suitcase, before getting up ridiculously early to board our waiting coach.

At the end of the trip I was too tired to care if I never saw another multicoloured autumn spectacle again, which was a shame for it was indeed spectacular. Perhaps if we'd stayed in just one or two places instead of racing around the countryside in a desperate effort to see everything, we might have felt relaxed enough to enjoy it.

On the other hand, maybe we expected too much from a cheap coach trip and at least there was one consolation - I didn't have to clear up their leaves.

Pottham Regional Amateur Theatre Society By Matt Dallas



Matt Dallas 2017