

Meopham Players Newsletter



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October 2018 _ issue 46

Meopham Players proudly present **A Wilde Night Out!**

The joy of OSCAR WILDE in two delicious parts

ONE
Readings from Wilde's best loved essays, short stories, poems and plays.

TWO
"Lady Bracknell's Confinement"
One man. Fifty minutes. Sensational!

25, 26 & 27 October '18
Meopham Village Hall, DA13 0AT - 8:00 pm
£8.50
£28.50 - Theatre Experience (theatre seat and a two-course meal in a local restaurant)

Book now at meophamplayers.co.uk
Or 'phone 08442 889708

I'm just Wilde about Oscar

Our next production is a double header which promises to be a witty and engaging evening so be prepared to laugh and cry in equal measure!

In two delicious parts, the first half features actors that Players' audiences are familiar with and come to love over the years, together with a sprinkling of new talent, giving renditions of readings from Oscar Wilde's

extensive writings. You will be able to sit back and relish the satire and humour of this great writer who was the toast of Victorian society until his untimely downfall.

The second part is a one-man show entitled *Lady Bracknell's Confinement* which is written and performed by Paul Doust. We are all familiar with the character of Lady Bracknell from *The*

Importance of Being Earnest and her terror of handbags, this piece of writing is an affectionate parody of Wilde's inimitable style and wit and pays homage to the great man. There will be much laughter as the clever text explores why she has become the way she is with a tour de force performance by Paul as the Lady in question with a sensational conclusion that

will blow your socks off!
This is the hottest ticket in town, so book early to avoid disappointment.

Up for an Oscar: 'I have nothing to declare except my genius' often attributed to Oscar Wilde [above left] but he probably didn't say it. Tackling the handbag from hell, Paul Doust in 'Lady Bracknell's confinement.' [right]

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A Wilde Night Out!

25, 26 & 27 October, 2018

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£8.50 - Theatre Ticket

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Hold the old holding hand. Hold and be held.

Terry Fairhead will never forget the inheritance track from his parents that drifted his cares away

There is a programme called Saturday Live on BBC Radio 4 which, appropriately enough goes out each Saturday morning at 9 am. Every week a well-known figure, generally someone in the entertainment industry, is invited along to play what are called their "Inheritance Tracks." The choice of music is limited to two tracks, the first being the piece the celebrity has inherited from his/her parents; and the second, that which he or she would wish to pass on.

In listening to it, I have often wondered what my choice would be for the latter - what piece would I bequeath to my children. The trouble is there is just so much music I really love; how can one choose?

When I was a young man, living on my own in London, I would often go to the Albert Hall, or the Festival Hall to listen to concerts given by one or other of the national orchestras. I already had a taste for classical music albeit a haphazard one and although going to these concerts introduced me to a

wider variety of works, I was never going to be a connoisseur. I knew what I liked, but lacked the technical ability to argue my case. Not that I had any intention of giving way to anyone with such knowledge because, like any art, the appreciation of it is entirely subjective. Indeed, I can claim to be the World's foremost authority on exactly what it is I do like.

However, it is not just the classics I enjoy. Film and musical comedy have a place in my heart, as do groups like Queen and Supertramp. So, like I said before, I really have no idea what I would choose to pass on and even if I did choose, I know that within a very short space of time I would be wishing I had chosen something else.

I don't have the same difficulty over the track I inherited though. Mind you, It wasn't a piece of music I was not already familiar with, for it might even have been me who actually bought the record - a big, clumsy, easily



Play it again Pyotr: Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky composed a set of six romances for voice and piano, the last of these songs is the melancholy *None but the Weary Heart*.

breakable, 78 rpm disc. So it wasn't because it was new to me it was because of the particular occasion when it was played.

I had not long finished my National Service in the RAF. My parents were in the final stages of moving home from Barnet into the deepest wilds of South-west Devon - a place where they would spend the next 40 years of their lives. I went with them because I had nowhere else to go and no job prospects at the time. It wasn't the happiest time of my life and it didn't get better for the first few months of living in that alien place. Of course, it did improve, but in those early days, the extent of my misery (for want of a better word) can be gauged by the fact I was often in bed and asleep before my parents came in from wherever they'd been.

On one of these occasions though, they came back from the pictures (no telly for us) and my dad decided to put on a record. I must have been in a pretty deep sleep, but I became drowsily aware of this music nudging its way into my mind - *None but the Weary Heart*. I was warm and comfortable and in a sort of dream-like state; and I felt so peaceful I could have drifted away from all my cares forever. All I did though was to go back to a dreamless sleep.

Not much of a story, but that moment, and that feeling is still vivid in my mind so I won't ever forget it or the link it has for me to my parents.

Yes, that is definitely the one I would put down as inherited.

It's behind you, oh no it's not!

Meopham Players are returning to their roots and presenting a bespoke Panto next January

A woman of many talents, Linda O'Byrne is producing *Magical Meopham*, the Panto What She Wrote on 25, 26 & 27 January, **oh yes she is!**



In *Magical Meopham*, a place quite like the one we know so well, horrible Captain Hook - newly retired from pirating with his first mate, Dastardly Derek - has bought all the houses and villagers who can't pay their rent are forced to work in his factory. Can anyone save the village? Is there a hero who can help Cindy Miller escape from the clutches of the amorous pirate? Is that a crocodile on the Green? On the eve of the annual cricket match, something magical is about to happen.....

News from other clubs



Hartley Players are proud to present **Quartet by Ronald Harwood**. A funny and poignant play about four ageing opera singers who reside in a retirement home in Kent. Each year the residents perform a concert to celebrate Verdi's birthday but soon old rivalries resurface and chaos unfolds.

The hilarity of growing old disgracefully is combined with a touching insight into the four lives. The very successful film version starring Maggie Smith, Billy Connolly, Pauline Collins and Tom Courtenay was enjoyed by millions of people all over the world. A production that will make you laugh and cry. *Wednesday 21 to Saturday 24 November 2018 at 8pm* in Hartley Village Hall, Ash Road, Hartley, DA3 8EL. Tickets £10 (adults) and £8 (concessions). Box Office: 0845 260 2545 or visit <https://hartleyplayers.com/whats-on>

TERROR ON THE TRACKS!
WILLINGTON PLAYERS PRESENT
THE GHOST TRAIN
BY ARNOLD RIDLEY
BE PREPARED FOR THE UNEXPECTED!
6TH - 10TH NOVEMBER 7.30PM
HAZLITT THEATRE MAIDSTONE | BOX OFFICE 01622 758611