

DRAMA IN MODERN IDIOM

PURSUING their policy of staging modern plays, Wimborne Drama Club presented "Little Boxes" by John Bowen at Wimborne Modern School last week.

The performance consisted of two short plays. The first, "The Coffee Lace," is a drama about the lives of a group of aged variety artists. Elizabeth Anthony, Muriel Brooks and Thelma Dryden as Rose, Iris and Lily, all gave competent performances, while Tony Pawley, James Glanfield and John Anthony ably supported them in the male roles.

Young Mr. Davis, a young man learning from the old-timers, was played by Grahame Brown, a new and promising member of the Group. Peggy Tyack and Brenda Simmons gave convincing performances in the parts of American undertakers.

This is not in any respect a happy play.

The second play, "Trevor," is of a very different character. Reminiscent of a French farce, with actors popping in and out of doors and up and down stairs, the play centres on the lives of two girls living together, and a

phoney fiance to satisfy their respective parents.

The two girls, Sarah and Jane, played by Jenni Waring and Janine Brockes, were attractively portrayed, particularly the former. Miss Brockes, an excellent comedy actress, did not seem too happy in the part. Richard Withers, as Trevor the fiance, was excellent. A natural comic, he was responsible for a large proportion of the laughs.

Pat Nott and Tricia Marlow did well in somewhat negative parts. Nick Carter and Tony Pawley, the latter being the only member to take part in both plays, were the respective fathers. Their inebriated scene with Trevor in the kitchen was one of the highlights of the play. Tim Eling played the landlord with convincing restraint.

It is perhaps a pity that this frolic should be somewhat marred by the lavatory humour of the author, reminiscent of the Lower Fourth.

The set was excellent under the stage management of Alan Lewis.

A difficult couple of plays to

produce, and Derek Saunders brought his cast to a high standard of performance.—L.B.

A reader writes:

Sir,—I should like to express my disgust at the choice of two playlets put on this week by the Wimborne Drama Club.

In my opinion the first one, although having a hint of humour, was macabre and in bad taste, but the second was obscene.

Lesbianism, lavatories (including the sound effects of chain-pulling), B.O., and bad language are surely not Wimborne's idea of pleasant entertainment. These misguided young actors and actresses are wasting their talents. Do they wish to shock the residents of Wimborne into staying away from future productions?

I understand the plays have been produced in London. Let London keep it lewdness—it is not wanted here.

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