

Theatre Review

Frankenstein: The Musical

Bear with your aged theatre critic for a moment. As *The Wychwood* goes to press, this 'residual' American is entering Thanksgiving week. This is not a typical Cotswold celebration but, counting one's blessings cannot be a bad way to spend a gloomy November Thursday. Why not try it?

And if you, like me, are uninspired to fervent gratitude by the world situation, perhaps together we can head our list of blessings with the four dozen plus members of the **Wychwood Players**, who entertained us so delightfully for four performances on the 16th, 17th and 18th November.

Separate Billing For Sophie's Wig

Where to begin? Everyone I spoke to agreed that the staging was awe-inspiring. The graveyard, the very spooky and capacious grave itself, the castle and especially the magical nether regions of it, bought the audience to attention the moment the curtain parted. David Trollope had a troupe of six men to assist him plus two artistic ladies who wielded the paint brushes. Plaudits all. Kate Pollard, who headed the props committee, also had a daunting task. The rarefied air of the castle crackled with Baron Frankenstein's scientific genius. I especially enjoyed the sizzling saw used as the Baron got well and truly into his



work. Costumes, hair (or lack of!) and make-up were as professional as the staging. Particularly outstanding was Sophie's wig, so attention provoking that it should have had a separate billing in the cast list! And now, a mention

perhaps of the 18 strong cast, many of them welcome newcomers, and their peerless director. It isn't possible you know on my one allotted page. Bravo one and all!

Of Toenails and Other Sacrifices

And perhaps amongst the many bravos, I do need to mention the various sacrifices that were made so that the show could go on (we reveal no names here). One lost toenail thankfully preserved for posterity; two lost voices due to laryngitis and recovered by combined medical science and prayer, one septic toe and one very nearly broken and severely swollen arm. None of the above however, accounted for Igor's knobbly knees!

A Tour De Force!

It was a tour de force, dear ones, and given an extra fillip by the presence at every performance of the author, Tony Hinds, a dignified professorial 84 year old, who has to be an inspiration to us all. We have so much for which to be grateful!!!

Trudy Yates