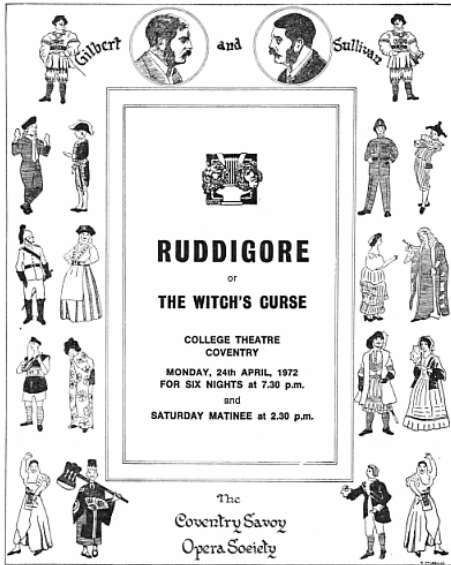


Gilbert and Sullivan



RUDDIGORE

or

THE WITCH'S CURSE

COLLEGE THEATRE
COVENTRY

MONDAY, 24th APRIL, 1972
FOR SIX NIGHTS at 7.30 p.m.
and
SATURDAY MATINEE at 2.30 p.m.

The
Coventry Savoy
Opera Society

Characters

SIR RUTHVEN MURGATROYD John Fenner
(disguised as Robin Oakapple, a young farmer)

RICHARD DAUNTLESS Allan Hawke
his Foster Brother (a Man-o-War's man)

SIR DESPARD MURGATROYD Robert James
Sir Ruddigore (a wicked Baronet)

OLD ADAM GOODHEART Roderick Plastow
(Robin's faithful servant)

SIR RODERICK MURGATROYD Brian Daniels
(the Twenty-first Baronet)

ROSE MAYBUD Audrey Daniels
(a village maiden)

MAD MARGARET Fay Taylor
DAME HANNAH Kathleen Griffiths
(Rose's Aunt)

ZORAH) Professional Bridesmaids Joyce Garratt
RUTH) Freda Venus

GHOSTS George Howell, John Cox
Roderick Washbrook, William Bosworth

Chorus of Bridesmaids and Fishergirls:
Alison Stanley, Pat Gibbons, Jean Barker, Susan Lee, June Stewart,
Janet Cox, Dorothy Clarke, Fiona MacDonald, Marilyn Withers, Vicki
Russell, Elizabeth Wilson, Sue Martin, Anne Wheeler, Penny Saunders,
Lynda Fenner, Sue Washbrook, Cathy McConway, Joan Holmes.

Chorus of Bucks, Blades and in Act II, Ancestors (Ghosts):
George Suddens, John Cox, Richard Pheasey, Stephen Lacey, Robert
Baker, Jeff de Lange, Roderick Washbrook, George Howell, Neville
Davis, John Bowen, William Bosworth.

Producer: DOROTHY DILLAM
Musical Director: TONY AYRES

Orchestra

1st Violins: Brian Brown (Leader), Greg Hithersay, Dr. David Tall, Andrew Taylor.
2nd Violins: Charles Bell, Paul Sudlow. Viola: David Kent.
Cello: Roger Owen. Double Bass: Harold Richardson.
Flute: Angela Shepherd. Oboe: Christopher Browne.
Clarinets: Larry Robson, Derek Williams. Bassoon: Janet Kent.
Trumpets: Donald Robb, Kenneth McDonald.
Percussion: Frank Warren. Trombones: Edward Drayton, Nick Cooper.

THEATRE

Ruddigore misses the high notes

IF IT is a general rule that one can take the measure of an amateur musical production by the manner in which the overture is played by the orchestra, then the Coventry Savoy Opera Society's production of "Ruddigore" is an exception to that rule.

For the truth is that the overture is played exceptionally well under the musical direction of Tony Ayres by an orchestra which acquits itself with distinction throughout the evening.

By DAVID ISAACS

tain individual members of the cast, the production, which is being staged at the Coventry Technical College Theatre, loses points with almost every scene.

It would be invited to suggest that Sir Arthur Sullivan and Sir William Gilbert were at their prime when they wrote "Ruddigore," the story of how a witches' curse affects succeeding generations of baronets.

The unlikely subject of the curse is that the baron must commit a crime every day of his life or suffer the most excruciating death. One or two people might have "died" last night had it not been for the presence of a number of the society's supporters in the audience.

But let us be kind and take the credit side of the balance sheet first. There is a performance of considerable energy from John Fenner, who as one of the unfortunate baronets, knows the importance in the Savoy operetta of punching home consonants. He might need to work less hard if he were surrounded by players of greater talent.

Robert James and Fay Taylor both find enough humour in their roles and Allan Hawke sings very pleasantly indeed. So, too, do Brian Daniels, Audrey Daniels and Kathleen Griffiths.

But the production is stilted



Ruddigore... Rose Maybud (Audrey Daniels) and Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd (John Fenner) are overlooked by Mad Margaret (Fay Taylor).

might have been as well accomplished by a hundredweight of dough.

Mr. James and Miss Griffiths look as if they have been made up by some over-exuberant passing Sionce war chief and Roderick Plastow, looking about 18, plays Old Adam Goodheart with an occasional stoop. Never, mind, perhaps in the course of the run he may put a few years on.

The producer, Dorothy Dillam, has her chorus stretching in varying vertical and horizontal lines which may well be a tactical move to disguise their differing problems, but which does nothing to serve the show.

Some seems capable of dealing with what are clearly meant to be "throw-away" lines, which is sad when you have such specialities as: "My beloved foster brother and very dear friend, welcome home after years at sea."

Not even Dame Agatha, in her glory, could have better than one as a song-sister. But no-one seems to have realised that dear old Sir William wrote with his tongue attached first to the inside of his cheek.

So many of the old gentleman's ironies are missed, in fact, that the only memory of this production which remains worth pageing is that of the overture.

