



## Glengarry Glen Ross

by David Mamet  
Company

<p><b>Shelly 'The Machine' Levene</b> John Williamson Dave Moss <b>George Aaronow</b> Richard Roma James Lingk Baylen</p>	<p>Harry Sanders Rob Wootton Neil Vallance John Fenner James Wolstenholme Bryan Ferriman Martin Eggleston</p>
<p><b>Director</b> Tim Willis <b>Lighting design</b> Amy Baker <b>Sound design</b> Jim Lapworth <b>Lighting and sound operation</b> Loft Technical Team <b>Stage manager</b> Karen Brooks <b>Wardrobe</b> Alex Waldram <b>Properties</b> Jane Wolstenholme <b>Set concept</b> Tim Willis <b>Set construction</b> Loft Construction Team <b>Press and publicity</b> Fran Hubbard <b>Front of House photographs</b> Simon Cook <b>Theatre technician</b> Tim Elmore</p>	

Music and songs written and performed by Bruce Springsteen

**Setting:** The outskirts of Chicago, Illinois - 1983

**Act One** - A booth at a Chinese restaurant  
**Act Two** - The following day in a five-bv-night real estate office

**Witty critique is very familiar** (Leamington Courier 25/3/11)

**Glengarry Glen Ross, Loft Theatre, Leamington.**

THERE will be readers, no doubt, who are preparing to head to London tomorrow to take part in a march in which participants will be letting the city's bankers know just what they think of them. Of course we know what that is - that these men and women are "greedy" and locked at the centre of a capitalist mentality which is all about competition and personal gain. A mentality, many will argue, that is the cause of all the cuts and job losses sweeping across the nation.

As the Loft audience watches the five main male characters before them in the theatre's production of David Mamet's 1983 play, it is impossible for us not to draw parallels between these money-driven real estate agents in Chicago and the, perhaps caricatured, image many people have of our own bankers in London.

Intense, highly-pressured and often one-sided conversations take up most of the (in)action on stage, which at times make it difficult to concentrate on what's happening. My mind did tend to wander. This was unfortunate as it meant I lost track of any sense of plot or movement to the drama, leaving me confused at what seemed like an abrupt ending.

Yet this did not take away my enjoyment of what was an entertaining yet starkly apt social observation. It was also interesting to note the different personalities among the agents - with particular mentions for John Fenner as the nervous, pathetic and guilt-ridden George Aaronow, who was not made for this game, and James Wolstenholme as the young, smart, smooth and savvy Richard Roma.

Be warned: this production contains very strong language, as well as racist and crude comments.

Verdict unsettlingly familiar goings-on.

**Sundari Sankar**

### Review of Loft Theatre Company production of Glengarry Glen Ross (2011)

It's not so much cut and thrust in the ruthless business world of playwright David Mamet as kill and maim. Figuratively speaking, of course, but his vision of combatants vying to achieve the American Dream is cuttlingly raw and brutally disturbing. It is certainly not everyone's shot of bourbon and in this light it represents a bold, brave (some might even say foolhardy) undertaking by an amateur company conscious of the need for audience attraction.

The Loft, to its credit, has built on a reputation for programming seasons which can allow for hot chestnuts in with the soft soufflés. Here director Tim Willis and a highly committed company deliver Mamet undiluted. If you can't take the heat, get out of the theatre...

The warriors are real-estate men, salesmen who will stop at nothing to achieve their quotas and win the Cadillac. They connive, cheat, beg, implore, threaten and scheme, even resort to burglary. We know it's a true picture because Mamet himself has been there and done it.

The play is savagely worded and pulls no punches. But for me Mamet, as in his other works, tends to rant and despite the comparative shortness of the piece resorts to ramming down the throat rather than employing any hint of subtlety. In this respect, comparisons with Arthur Miller are pure flights of fancy.

It is unquestionably an Actors' Dream and the ensemble playing under astute direction proves the point. James Wolstenholme comes dynamically alight as the all-conquering company top boy, Harry Sanders is a splendidly blustering sad-sack desperate to get back on the sales graph and, against the tide, Bryan Ferriman delivers a touching, tragi-comic portrayal of a hapless, inarticulate victim of the corporate tsunami.

The play is unevenly constructed, but the tedium of the first-act duologues is soon dispelled by the fireworks that follow.

**Peter McGarry**

