

OUR NEXT PRODUCTION
ACCIDENTAL DEATH OF AN ANARCHIST

By Dario Fo

Dario Fo's comedy has now become a modern classic. Basing his play on the true story of a political activist who "fell" to his death from a 4th floor window in Italy during police interrogation, Fo uses the conventions of farce and commedia del arte to investigate specifically the death and the subsequent whitewash, but also more generally to offer hilarious comment on state institutions, comment which resonates as clearly in 21st century Britain as it did in Italy in the 70s.

Directed by Linda Hampson
Wednesday 6th June to Saturday 9th June 2007
7.45pm Compass Theatre, Ickenham
Box Office : 020 8866 7075

ABOUT PROSCENIUM

George Woollands and Margaret Rendle founded Proscenium in 1924.

The company's first production was the now little-known "The Tide" by Basil McDonald Hastings. Since then, the company has performed nearly 250 plays, using Harrow as a base since 1945.

In this time Proscenium has built up a strong reputation for performing challenging plays (both classic and contemporary) to a high standard.

For more information on Proscenium, and to join our mailing list, please visit our web site :

<http://www.proscenium.org.uk>

PROSCENIUM

Humble Boy

By Charlotte Jones

Wednesday April 25th to Saturday April 28th 2007
Compass Theatre, Ickenham

Humble Boy

Humble Boy

By
Charlotte Jones

CAST

Felix Humble..... Duncan Sykes
Mercy Lott..... Crystal Anthony
Flora Humble Evelyn Moutrie
Jim..... Colin Hickman
George Pye..... David Pearson
Rosie Pye..... Lynette Shanbury

Directed by Mark Sutherland

Set Design and Construction..... Roger Turner
Richard Kessel
Stage Manager..... Vincent Eavis
Assisted by Anne Gerrard
Properties Noelle Barrett
Music Joe Cutler
Lighting Paul Davis
Sound..... Olwen Mears

Thanks to Janet Harrison, Sue Varley and the
Harrow Bee Keepers Association

Poster design by Matt Jordan

THE THEORY OF EVERYTHING: SUPERSTRING THEORY

The problem is this: there are two foundational pillars on which modern physics rests. One is Albert Einstein's general relativity, which provides a theoretical framework for understanding the universe on the largest of scales: stars, galaxies, clusters of galaxies, and beyond to the immense expanse of the universe itself. The other is quantum mechanics, which provides a theoretical framework for understanding the universe on the smallest of scales: molecules, atoms and all the way down to subatomic particles like electrons and quarks. Through years of research physicists have experimentally confirmed to almost unimaginable accuracy virtually all predictions made by each of these theories. But these same theoretical tools inexorably lead to another disturbing conclusion: as they are currently formulated, general relativity and quantum mechanics *cannot both be right*. The two theories underlying the tremendous progress of physics during the last hundred years – progress that has explained the expansion of the heavens and the fundamental structure of matter – are mutually incompatible.

Can it really be that the universe at its most fundamental level is divided, requiring one set of laws when things are large and a different incompatible set when things are small? Superstring theory ... answers with a resounding no. Intense research over the past decade by physicists and mathematicians around the world has revealed that this new approach to describing matter at its most fundamental level resolves the tension between general relativity and quantum mechanics. In fact, superstring theory shows more: within this new framework general relativity and quantum mechanics require one another for the theory to make sense. According to superstring theory, the marriage of the laws of the large and the small is not only happy but inevitable.

Brian Green, *The Elegant Universe* 1999.

This production has been sponsored by :



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There was an old man in a tree,
Who was horribly bored by a bee;
When they said, 'Does it buzz?'
He relied, 'Yes, it does!
It's a regular brute of a bee!

Edward Lear (1812-1888)

Buzz if you like, but don't sting me.

Arthur Askey (1900-1982)



The poker player learns that sometimes both science and common sense are wrong; that the bumblebee *can* fly: that, perhaps, one should never trust an expert; that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of by those with an academic bent.

David Mamet (1986 -)

I will arise and go then, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattle made:
Nine bean-rows will I have there, and a hive for the honey-bee,
And live there in the bee-loud glade.

W.B. Yeats (1865-1939)

There's a whisper down the field where the year has shot its yield,
And the ricks stand grey to the sun,
Singing: - Over then, come over, for the bee has quit the clover,
And your English summer's done.

Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936)



Sweet is every sound,
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;
Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

Alfred Tennyson (1809-1892)

You are my honey, honeysuckle, I am the bee.

Albert H Fitz 20th century.

THE AUTHOR

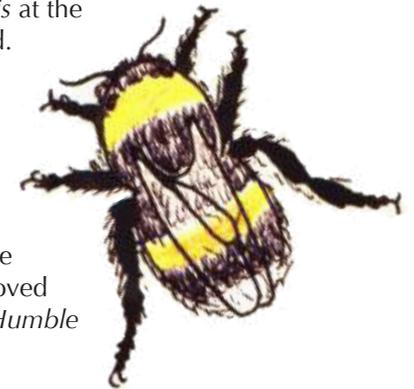
Charlotte was born in 1968 and had what she describes as an 'utterly normal' childhood and upbringing. Her parents live in Worcester: her father is a second-hand car salesman and her mother a housewife whose Irishness is the only thing Jones can see as in any way contributing to her dramatic work – 'perhaps that's where my interest in histrionics comes from'. After a convent education she went on to read English at Balliol College, Oxford. She had always been interested in the theatre and acting and says she 'was in two minds about going to Oxford because there was no formal drama course. But I was very happy when I got in, and my parents were delighted, so there didn't really seem any other choice.'

While at Oxford she combined academic success – a First in English – with an active theatrical life, and moved on to a post-graduate acting course at the Webber Douglas School in London. She spent six years as an actress, beginning in *Love's Labour's Lost* at the Royal Exchange Theatre, Manchester, but found her life increasingly unsatisfying. 'I disliked not being in control of my life and never knowing where the next job was coming from. I also hated the emphasis on personal appearance and typecasting. I started to write in a half-hearted sort of way as something to fill up my time in between jobs.'

Her first play, *Airswimming*, was accepted by the Battersea Arts Centre in 1997, and she also acted in it, playing one of the two women incarcerated in an asylum awaiting news of their release (a metaphor for the actor awaiting her agent to call?). *Airswimming* was subsequently broadcast on Radio 4 and led to a number of commissions to write for Radio and Television.

Her second play for the stage was *In Flame*, which imaginatively juxtaposes the role of women today with their predecessors a century earlier. It opened at the Bush in 1999 and transferred to the New Ambassadors and won the Critics' Circle's Most Promising Newcomer award. This was followed by *Martha Joseph and the Chinese Elvis* at the Octagon Bolton and the Palace Theatre Watford.

Her success led to a commission to write a play for the National Theatre. She wrote *Humble Boy* with Simon Russell Beale very much in mind. Her husband, Paul Bazely was playing Guildenstern in John Caird's National Theatre production of *Hamlet* and gave Russell Beale the script to read while they were on tour and he 'loved the play'. John Caird was also the director for *Humble Boy* and the author was able to attend all



rehearsals, and remembers a stimulating, collaborative process, which involved contributions from actors and director and much re-writing. 'As a playwright you have to be able to collaborate with others. If you cannot you should write novels instead.' The play was an enormous critical success, transferred to the Gielgud Theatre and won a number of awards, including Critics' Circle's Best New Play award.

Since then Charlotte Jones has had two new plays produced in London: *The Principle of Eve* at the Royal Court and *The Lightning Play* at The Almeida.

BEES IN BIOLOGY

Bee: Flying insect of the order Hymenoptera (superfamily Apoidea), all of which are nectar- and pollen-feeders: nectar is converted into honey in part of the digestive tract. Bumble bees (*Bombus*) and honey bees (*Apis*) are social but the majority of species are solitary.

A typical colony of social bees has an egg-laying queen, sexually undeveloped females (workers), and, seasonally, fertile males (drones). Workers gather pollen and nectar and, in the honey bees, communicate the location where these were obtained by performing precise dances. Their duties include making honey, fabricating wax cells both for food storage and for larvae, looking after these and the queen, and guarding the nest. Honey-bee colonies are perennial and from time to time new queens are reared; the old queen then leaves the hive with a swarm of workers to set up a home elsewhere. A new queen, after a marriage flight, on which she mates with several drones, returns to the hive and spends the rest of her life (usually several years) laying eggs.

From The Longman Encyclopedia 1990

BEES IN LITERATURE

Those who have handled sciences have been either men of experiment or men of dogmas. The men of experiment are like the ant: they only collect and use; the reasoners resemble spiders, who make cobwebs out of their own substance. But the bee takes a middle course; it gathers its material from the flowers of the



garden and of the field, but transforms and digests by a power of its own. Not unlike this is the true business of philosophy.

Francis Bacon (1561-1626)



The moth's kiss, first!
Kiss me as if you were made believe
You were not sure, this eve,
How my face, your flower, has
pursed
Its petals up ..
The bee's kiss, now!
Kiss me as if you entered gay
My heart at some noonday.

Robert Browning (1812-1889)

All nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair –
The bees are stirring – birds are on the wing –
And Winter slumbering in the open air,
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring!
And I the while, the sole unbusy thing,
Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.

S.T. Coleridge (1772-1832)



How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
For every passing hour.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)