

NEW VENTURE

T H E A T R E

COMING SOON | ACCIDENTAL DEATH OF AN ANARCHIST by Dario Fo | directed by Rod Lewis | 16 - 25 June

BROKEN GLASS

by Arthur Miller | directed by Jerry Lyne | 12 - 21 May



1. Olivier Maigniez, Janice Jones & Bob Ryder
2. Mel Shiri & Bob Ryder

Photos by Jezz Bowden

I have long been a great admirer and fan of Arthur Miller's work. I was first introduced to him when, as a teenager, I played John Proctor in 'The Crucible'. Much later I had the great pleasure to work with the then NVT Artistic Director Martin Nicholls, a great Miller admirer. Working with Martin and latterly Mark Wilson and Rod Lewis (both Artistic

Directors at NVT) gave me a wonderful insight to Miller's work and I was fortunate to play a number of roles which sealed my great admiration for the man and his works.

So it is with humility, excitement and respect that we started work on 'Broken Glass' and now present it to you the audience.

I am really fortunate to have such a talented cast. I am delighted to have Janice Jones playing Sylvia, Bob Ryder as Phillip Gellburg, her husband, Lyn Snowdon as Harriet, Sylvia's sister, and Jen Ley playing Margaret, Hyman's wife. New to NVT, Olivier Maigniez playing Harry Hyman, Sylvia's doctor, and Mel Shiri playing Stanton Case, Gellburg's boss.

A big thanks to: Uli Schilling our wonderful Production Manager, the multi-talented design teams, (costume, set, sound, lighting and poster), the marketing and publicity team, props, stage management, rigging, operators, and all the other helpers supporting the show. Finally of course the front of house and box office teams.

Written in 1994 and in close cooperation with his friend and colleague director David Thacker, who had directed a number of UK productions of Miller's work, 'Broken Glass' was first staged at The Lyttelton in the UK winning the 1994 Olivier Award for Best New Play. It is one of the most accomplished later works by Arthur Miller.

Miller had the idea for over 40 years, "since the days of Marilyn" he confided with David Thacker, the British director responsible for many Miller successes at the Young Vic and National, when they were working on the 'Broken Glass' script. In fact the play was initially called 'Gellburg', named after Sylvia's repressed husband, but Thacker suggested a more metaphorical title such as he used for 'Death of a Salesman' and 'View from A Bridge'. The playwright recalled that years before he composed 'Broken Glass' he did in fact know a woman who, like the Sylvia Gellburg in his play, suffered "hysterical paralysis" from the waist down; her husband dressed only in black.

The play is set around November 1938. Following the events of Kristallnacht, "Night of the Broken Glass" (the play's title alluding to this and the ceremony at Jewish weddings), Sylvia Gellburg - wife of Phillip Gellburg who works for Brooklyn

Guarantee, a mortgage and loans company - after reading the newspapers suddenly loses the ability to walk.

Gellburg is convinced the problem is psychosomatic brought on by images in the newspaper, of Jews scrubbing streets with toothbrushes to the amusement of the German onlookers. Always wearing black, Gellburg is proud to work for Stanton Case, his protestant boss; "I'm the only Jew in Brooklyn Mortgage and Loans Company". His son is in the army, "the only Jewish captain in the US Army". Repressed and buttoned up, he seems to avoid his Jewish roots. "It's Gellburg, not Goldberg" he tells Hyman's wife Margaret.

But the family doctor Harry Hyman, after talking with Gellburg, begins to wonder if there might be something much deeper. After meeting Sylvia he realises that things may well be beyond his control. "What did I do with my life?" laments Sylvia, "I took better care of my shoes."

Gradually, the truth emerges.

Jerry Lyne

2016-2017 SEASON

Something To Look Forward To

With our current programme still going strong we are now entering this season's home straight with our Fringe Festival entry of Arthur Miller's profound and humane 'Broken Glass', followed by Dario Fo's wild and vibrant political farce 'Accidental Death of an Anarchist' and then, finally, Caryl Churchill's finely tuned experimental 'Love and Information' – the time has now come round when we at NVT have to plan ahead for our next season.

Many, many thanks to all who have generously invested their time and talents to put forward their ideas for consideration. Unfortunately, there are simply not enough months in the year to give production slots to all these excellent proposals – and so, as ever, the difficult, and sometimes painful, process of selection began.

All in all, a difficult balancing act which necessitated much reading of scripts, many meetings and in depth discussions with potential directors, and the navigation of the many varied logistical problems of scheduling - which play in which theatre space and when and so on. In making all these decisions I am hugely indebted to many experienced NVT stalwarts for their help and advice.

So, we've gone for a wide ranging selection and powerful dramatic mix of some especially fine, classic plays and some hard hitting, and extremely imaginative more recent works. Future newsletters will provide more detailed information about each specific show. April 2017 will have a brace of one-act plays (TBC) and the last slot in July will be a 'short play festival' - not a competition like the 'Ten Minuters' of yore, but a chance for new writing and for our directors to hone their talents. Also, built into the schedule, will be time and space left free for performed readings, 'lean' productions and one off events.

Our aim for 2016-17 at New Venture Theatre is to try and build on this season's successes and to provide just as many



rewarding opportunities for our members to get creatively (and pleurably) involved in the many exciting aspects of producing high quality theatre.

Best wishes to all.

Rod Lewis

2016-2017 SEASON

Holes by Tom Basden, directed by Nick Richards 7-15 October
Studio Theatre

The Clean House by Sarah Ruhl directed by Sam Chittenden
4-12 November *Theatre Upstairs*

Dick Barton and The Tango of Terror* by Phil Willmott
directed by Gerry McCrudden 1-10 December *Studio Theatre*

The Homecoming by Harold Pinter directed by Steven O'Shea
20-28 January *Theatre Upstairs*

Blood Wedding by Federico Lorca directed by Chris
Dangerfield 17-25 February *Studio Theatre*

The Deep Blue Sea Terence Rattigan directed by Pat Boxall
17-25 March *Theatre Upstairs*

2/3 One Act Plays writers and directors TBC 21-29 April

Lulu* by Frank Wedekind directed by Scott Roberts 19-27 May
Theatre Upstairs

Proof by David Auburn directed by Claire Lewis 16-24 June
Studio Theatre

Short Play Festival writers and directors TBC 21-29 July
Theatre Upstairs

*slightly extended runs. (All subject to final performing rights confirmation.)

Alan Stanford's adaptation of Jennifer Johnston's 1974 novel extracts great theatricality from vivid story-telling.

Exploring friendship across Irish boundaries tested to the limit, Anglo-Irish Alec (Edward Cave, constantly on-stage) narrates his history whilst awaiting execution.

Cave's reflective persona sashays the past beautifully. Shaking off his crushingly domineering mother (Red Gray, all forbidding radiance) he continues friendship with local Jerry - Fintan Shevlin dancer, piper, and jockey - a prophesy of 'War Horse' here, and an echo of 'Of Mice and Men' later. All bar jockeying are brilliantly displayed in Shevlin, including a memorable Irish band ensemble.

It's 1914: both men enlist for different reasons. An act of Jerry's pushes Alec's friendship to an astonishing finale.

The second act bustles with characters in this twelve-strong cast in the Ypres scenes including mercy-killing a wounded man. Jeremy Crow glacially plays furious Major Glendining who wishes to end all friendships, all Irishness in fact, barely containing his ferocity till he finally strikes Alec. Forbidding Belfast sergeant O'Keefe Culann rings as virulently true as Crow. Apparent light relief flashes across in the insouciant Bennett (Matthew Mulvay) and Mark Green as a French barman: but both shadow trauma. Gerry McCrudden paces both frenzy and stillness to a pitch the actors turn into an outstanding production.

Simon Jenner



This is a long, strong, sometimes bitter conflict of a play carrying a great deal of emotional baggage.

While English audiences might find themselves unfamiliar with pre-1914 Irish Protestant social mores, Gerry McCrudden's fine, moving production makes it clear we're dealing with a collision of friendship, discipline, military authority and cruel indifference.

He has a large cast of excellent actors.

We're mostly concerned with Alec (Edward Cave) and his "private secret friend" Jerry (Fintan Shevlin) with whom he shares a love of horses. Alec, unwilling officer and gentleman,

HOW MANY MILES TO BABYLON? reviews | by Jennifer Johnston | adapted by Alan Stanford directed by Gerry McCrudden



and Jerry, an uncomplicated lad from the village are inescapably bound in a loyalty which brings them a heart-breaking horribly unjust end on the battlefield.

Red Gray is Alec's mother, an Irish Hedda Gabler, a chilling wrong-headed



authoritarian while her husband, Alec's dad (or is he?) is Simon Messingham, offering a most moving understatement of family loyalty.

Assorted military nastiness comes from Philip Davies, Jeremy Crow and Culann Smyth with Matthew Mulvay is the cynical young officer not caring while everyone else cares too much.

There is attractive music from Robert Purchase, Adam Kincaid, James Macauley and Mark Green.

Barry Hewlett-Davies for The Argus
http://www.theargus.co.uk/leisure/critic/14423613.REVIEW__How_Many_Miles_to_Babylon__New_Venture_Theatre__Brighton/



1. Fintan Shevlin, Matthew Mulvay, Edward Cave, Culann Smyth, Philip Davies, James Macauley & Jeremy Crow
2. Fintan Shevlin & Edward Cave
3. Edward Cave, Matthew Mulvay, Fintan Shevlin & Philip Davies
4. Edward Cave & Fintan Shevlin

Photos by Strat Mastoris

THESPS

BY MARTIN + SEAN



MARTIN GORDON / SEAN BALDWIN 2016



OUR SONS AS WELL | review

The glory of war is patriotism's cruellest trick. Tolstoy's Prince Andrei knew that it was 'the vilest thing' whose aims are murder, treachery and destruction. Nothing could ever justify it, neither the courage it requires nor the literature, music, poetry or painting inspired by the nearness or inevitability of death.

Some of this was presented to a silent and emotional audience in a moving evening at The New Venture Theatre. 'Our Sons as Well' was readings of poetry and prose to commemorate

The Great War. Three acts illustrated pressure on conscience, bloodstained consequences and memories of conflict. Actors from the Company read familiar poems by Masfield, Kipling, Edward Thomas, Brooke, Wilfred Owen, Sassoon and Yeats, less well known poetry by Vanessa Gebbie and strikingly personal letters and memories from war widow Kitty, German artist Käthe Kollwitz, VAD driver Alice, Private Dolly and Debz Sebborn among others.

Extra dimensions were added by

filmed clips of bayonet training (aim for the throat or kidneys), The Actually Gay Men's Chorus with soprano Samantha Howard, Elgar's 'Nimrod' from the 'Enigma Variations' and an extract from 'How Many Miles to Babylon'. Gerry McCrudden introduced the performance which should make conscientious objectors of us all.

Louise Schweitzer

1. Sarah Charsley
2. Fintan Shevlin
3. Eleanor Gamper
4. Ulrike Schilling
5. Strat Mastoris
6. Alistair Lock

Photos by Jezz Bowden

HOW MANY MILES TO BABYLON & OUR SONS AS WELL

An Extended Review | by Jason Lever

These two productions are reviewed together as both were the progenies of director, Gerry McCrudden, and those of us lucky enough to be at the one-off poetry and prose evening in March were treated to a scene from the 'How Many Miles to Babylon?' play being rehearsed.

NVT audiences were privy to these linked shows on World War One, two years on from a commemorative year of many historical and cultural events of the war's centenary in 1914 – from the state event set pieces at Westminster Abbey to the imaginative poppy lawn installations at the Tower of London. Were these new productions in Brighton & Hove going to be a case of "after the Lord Mayor's show", and superfluous contributions when our focus has returned to current day wars and terrorism, Brexit and societal ills of the present? Nothing could be farther from the truth.

'Babylon' was an adaptation by Alan Stanford in 1985 of a Jennifer Johnston novel (1974), that explores the relationship of two men, an Anglo-Irish aristocrat, Alexander (Alec) Moore, and a lower class son of a labourer on his lands, Jerry, as they experience the first world war.

Edward Cave (as Alec) belied his light acting career experience with a magnificent performance. Not only being in every scene, but required to slip between himself as a boy, young man and finally twentysomething officer in charge of men his age and older in the trenches, as well as flitting between narrator and joint lead protagonist. His timing was impeccable and lyricism drew us into his personal journey from emotionally neglected child, cosseted youth to growing up and finding his worth, values and courage in the shocking finale. This was a most assured role that held the play together with aplomb.

His foil was his first boyhood friend, Jerry (Fintan Shevlin), and comrade-in-arms when they join up together. Indeed, through Alec and Jerry, the play illustrates both the mutual support of men from the same places forming units and battalions, and its attendant challenges, such as when Alec cannot bring himself to stop Jerry going AWOL to look for his father who had gone missing elsewhere on the front. The range of Jerry's character was finely acted: from an adventuring spirit, jiggling in the fields the night before going to war – with fine footwork to boot (and excellent accompanying musicians from the cast) – to his desperate state of mind in the trenches when he can but only clasp on to his family's plight. His final acceptance that he will be punished by the army brings, too, a peace of mind of being able to tell his Mam about his Dad's death, as he lies bedraggled on his officer, Alec's bed.

Alec cuts a lonely figure growing up, with warmth and empathy in scant supply from his emotionally absent parents, Alicia and Frederick. 'Their only meeting place was the child', Alec relinquishes to the audience, resignedly not bitterly. The parents' parts are hard to play. Simon Messingham just stays the right side of the trope of an under the thumb Edwardian era, minor aristocrat drifting into alcoholism through marital disillusionment and befuddlement at the changing social mores and expectations of the world, from his estate running to wider Irish and world affairs. Through no fault of Red Gray (who was marvellous in the operatta, Bouffe, seen in the fringe last year), the character of Alec's mother is clichéd in

her meanness towards her husband (an 'ineffective and old man') and son, whom she'd categorically prefer to be a dead hero than an alive coward.

Philip Davies and Jeremy Crow (with compelling comportment and hypnotic eyes as Major Glendining) maintain the right register with their portrayals of senior army officers, representing rigid discipline and establishment coming down hard on Alec and Jerry, and friend Bennett (Matthew Mulvay). It was the Major's foray with Alec to no-man's land to put an end to the misery of a dying soldier that showed the latter the way to helping out his friend, Jerry, in the most terrible show of compassionate release, having a more successful influence than the Major's earlier attempts to get Alec to 'pull yourself together and mix'. Mix, of course, with his fellow officers and not enlisted men like Jerry.

The scene previewed at 'Our Sons as Well' was set in a village cafe, where the three English and Irish soldiers have taken a risky absence from the front line with some borrowed horses. On first viewing it ran the risk of 'Allo, 'Allo tendencies but, second time around, as well as bringing a needed moment of lightness to protagonists and audience alike, there was much poignancy in their attempts to include the middle-aged barman in their jaunt. Having realised that the war was far from absent in this village when hearing that Monsieur's son had died in the fighting, there was an awkward re-alignment of mood suitably evinced by all four actors to share a bottle of brandy and toast the dead, then those 'en vivant', and finally agreeing on 'the living dead'.

The script provided a solid platform for this sensitive and evocative portrayal of the 'macro' effects of the Great War, alongside a 'micro' sense of the war's devastating effects on the lives of an ordinary soldier and an officer, as militated by late Edwardian society's unravelling strictures and the ending of Irish patience with gradual reform of the Protestant ascendancy. For the odd moment where lines seemed rather Baldrick like – 'Would you have a plan sir – you don't mind me asking', says orderly (James Macauley) to Alec at one point – there was the rendition that 'the pig is no chauvinist' in eating any corpses found on the front lines that echoed of the 'cosmopolitan rat' from Isaac Rosenberg's Break of Day in the Trenches, which featured in the March evening.

A big production team supplied admirably an adaptable core set for home and war scenes, and the sound effects were interwoven into the action for a full house audience at the Sunday matinee. Keen direction underpinned the consistently strong acting ensemble, and doing particularly well in representing the childhood dialogue of Alec and Jerry (not easy to get right as the first act of the recent Bristol Old Vic/NT production of Jane Eyre showed).

The poetic readings of 'Our Sons as Well' on 19 March in the NVT studio were later echoed in Alec's verse-like effusions in his scene linking monologues in 'Babylon'. Gerry McCrudden was a consummate compère-cum-narrator in his three act event of poetry and writings from and about the first world war. It is hard to do justice to the forty six contributions, ably accompanied by film and sound footage ('Your chums are fighting... why aren't you?'). The audience was certainly



surprised to be serenaded in the first interval by three scintillating wartime songs in the foyer bar by sixteen members of the Actually Gay Men's Chorus (whose fringe show next month will be a treat) with guest soprano, Samantha Howard.

The works ranged from an extract of 'Suppression of thought in soldiers' by Lloyd George, stating that 'orders were orders' and 'criticism equalled insubordination', to unpublished poetry from Vanessa Geddie's forthcoming collection ('Memorandum: Poems for the Fallen'). This included the final reading, 'David Bury - Poem for Seven Voices', and its 'bang' and 'crack' of metals were set within but transcending the Futurist literary arsenal of the 1910's.

The memoirs of millworker, Kitty Eckersley, recalled the performance of 'All that a young woman would wish to see' in the music hall, where captivated young men felt a hand on their shoulder to stand up and walk out for recruitment to the war. Private Dolly Shepherd recorded the sneering at woman soldiers marching past Mansion House, whilst admitting that her emergency corps drilling made them look like 'a bunch of jellybags'. Bert Chaney ('Young Lad in Bethune') was disappointed to be told in no uncertain terms that the whorehouses were 'for married men missing their wives' and 'not for young lads like you'.

Jeremy Crow's outstanding oration of John Masefield's 'August 1914' stood out from the best known poetry readings, invoking 'the misery of the soaking trench, / The freezing in the rigging, the despair / In the revolting second of the wrench / When the blind soul is flung upon the air'. In prose terms, this was matched by Debz Sebborn's reading from Mary Hare's 'Brighton's first Policewoman' (look her up!), who remembered at the Racecourse hospital the 'fingernails like pink shells of this translucent, gentle Punjabi orderly' caring for German prisoners-of-war.

Unlike the cast of men and boys, excepting Alec's mother, in 'Babylon', the selection of works was admirable in juxtaposing the famous male poets of the trenches with many female voices of mothers and girlfriends back home, women auxiliaries in the front line and even the mother of two dead German soldier boys in Berlin. As the Senior Mistress of Bournemouth High School for Girls' foretold in 1917, while

Jeremy Crow, Strat Mastoris, Edward Cave, Gerry McCrudden, David Eaton, Fintan Shevlin, Alistair Lock reading Vanessa Geddie's poem 'David Bury - Poem For Seven Voices'

Photo by Jez Bowden

only one in ten of you girls can hope to marry (because of high casualties), there will be more openings though you will have to fight and struggle against prejudice.

Reclaiming women's voices from the formidable assemblage of first world war poets was a commendable achievement of Gerry McCrudden's one-off production. In fact, this was so interwoven with the whole enterprise that the gender balance of works was made apparent only when the cast of actors and writers took their bows in two equal rows of men and women at the curtain. Lightly but most efficaciously done.

The evening programme of readings and performances left the audience somewhat stunned and gladly satiated, and for this reviewer being left with the titular words ringing of Turkey's first President, Kemal Ataturk, from 'Gallipoli - Memorial at Anzac Cove' (1934): 'Those heroes that shed their blood and lost their lives..... are in peace, after having lost their lives on this land they have become our sons as well'.

By contrast, 'Babylon's' ending came with a severe and unexpected jolt. Alec's earlier line - 'We must all have our own way of dying' - is most emphatically demonstrated when he finds the strength to stand up to defy the army system and societal mores. In a moment of solidarity and courage, he spares Jerry the indignity and slow death of a reluctant firing squad. While comforting his friend, he duly releases Jerry into his pre-war dreams of life back in Ireland - with his Mam, horses and freedom - by way of a pistol shot to the back of his head.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE, EVEN SHOPPING CENTRES

If theatre is to attract new audiences, it needs to find surprising and imaginative venues

Reproduced from **The Times**

Written by **Jenni Russell** | 17 March 2016

<http://www.thetimes.co.uk/tto/opinion/columnists/article4715054.ece>

I attended the Sunday matinee performance of *LOOT* and I was recently in a friend's dining room, in a state of polite inattention, listening to the organisers of a philanthropic theatre company, *Gods and Monsters*, asking potential sponsors for support.

The thirty of us present were shown a stylish video clip of their production of *'Women of Troy'*. My mind wandered. "This year we're planning to put on *'Crime and Punishment'*. Here's an excerpt," said the producer. We waited for the video to begin.

Instead, an anonymous-looking man in his fifties, seated at one end of the dining table, leapt to his feet, just as a handsome young man burst into the room, asking to see the inspector. He needed to reclaim his watch from a murdered pawnbroker. The anonymous figure was instantly transformed. Urbane, commanding, he welcomed the newcomer: "Ah yes, come in! You must be Radian Raskolnikov! The author of that fascinating piece on how extraordinary men have the right to commit any crime!" We suddenly found ourselves witnessing the reeling-in of a murderer.

It was spellbinding. For fifteen minutes, with no warning, no set and no props, and without even the tacit agreement that a theatre audience gives to suspend its disbelief, we were transported to a 19th-century Russian police station by nothing other than the electrifying conviction of the actors inhabiting somebody else's characters. When it had finished, we remained on a high, slightly giddy with the sensation that the world around us wasn't predictable and mundane, but full of enchantment and possibility.

This heightened consciousness is, of course, what art aspires to but often fails to attain. When we watch actors on stage we discount their ability to some extent. They're just doing what we expect, and there are plenty of reasons why we might not appreciate it; a poor script, bad direction, someone's head in the way, another person tapping away on their phone, or a longing for ice-cream in the interval. But it's when they're detached from the theatre and dropped among us that their talent becomes freshly apparent.

The arts world is preoccupied with how to reach new, younger, poorer and more diverse audiences. If they can't extend their appeal the number of patrons will shrink. *Gods and Monsters* is part of this movement, putting on an annual London season where the tickets are free. Rather than simply urging more people to enter traditional venues, artists and the organisations and individuals that fund them should be captivating us by taking performances out of their locked boxes.

People who have experienced this feel alive with the delight of it. Soho Theatre has put on a series of unlikely hits inside a derelict former art college. Audience members enjoying a drink in the interval of *'La bohème'* were taken aback when an aria started up behind them. Within moments, what

appeared to be other theatregoers lounging on sofas stood up and revealed themselves as the chorus, filling the room with sound, sending shivers down the spine, and thrusting everyone to the heart of Mimi and Rudolfo's tragedy.

Companies such as *Punchdrunk* have created unforgettable theatre by playing with our expectations. Shows such as *'The Masque of the Red Death'* had twenty scenes from a gothic novel playing simultaneously in different rooms of an abandoned warehouse, with the audience free either to follow the actors in the thread of a single story, or to stay in one room and watch events unfold. For the past few years the company *You Me Bum Bum Train*, which asks its audience to keep details of the productions secret, has given participants a wholly original experience, akin to living through several lives in less than an hour. But it's an hour that I'll remember on my deathbed.

It's not just arts organisations that are experimenting with this approach. A Spanish bank brought choirs and an orchestra together as a flashmob in the centre of Sabadell, near Barcelona. The film of the event, on YouTube, starts with a man on a double bass playing the opening of Beethoven's *'Ode to Joy'*, while oblivious children race by on scooters. He is then joined by a casually-dressed cellist. As the music builds, a couple of violinists and a bassoonist arrive, prompting a crowd to gather. More violinists appear and a man in a check shirt begins conducting this apparently impromptu orchestra. Many of the passers-by in the square are revealed to be the choir as the anthem reaches its climax.

It's the wonder on people's faces that's as uplifting as the performance. The music hasn't been sealed off in an auditorium, and it's being played by people who look just like them, rather than dressed in black tie and long skirts.

Interventions such as these have to be sparing, so that they don't become irritating or routine. But there's so much scope to surprise us and it's too little used. Marcel Duchamp revolutionised our view of art by taking an ordinary object and setting it in an artistic context, making us see it in a completely new light. Performers can do the same by moving in the opposite direction; using art in unexpected ways to thrill us in our ordinary lives. More of us need to be surprised by joy.

CASTINGS

Love And Information | by Caryl Churchill

Actors are all playing multiple roles;

Charly Sommers
Elsa Noad
Dottie Martin
Daniel King
Jeremy Crow

Amanda Harman
Amy Maynard
Scott Roberts
Tom Robinson
James Newton

NVT ACTING CLASSES

Mondays 7:30 - 9:30 PM

Please arrive in good time to begin promptly at 7:30 PM

COST: £5 (NVT members £2.50)

In these drop in sessions you will be working with various teachers and cover acting techniques as well as theatre skills. We will be looking at audition techniques, working with text, movement, comedy and stage presence amongst other themes. The classes are mixed levels and open to anyone 18+, no previous experience needed.

To find out more, come along to a class or to request more information about a particular block of sessions, have a look at our website at www.newventure.org.uk, where you can sign up to our mailing list, or email: actingclass@newventure.org.uk.

No classes in May, enjoy the Festival! Classes will resume in June.

A NEW WEBSITE For NVT

We are currently in the process of having our website redesigned and would like your input into what you like or don't like about the existing design.

Your opinion is valuable to us. Please complete the short survey on the following link <https://webwise.typeform.com/to/eIPy7J> and let us know what you think.

NVT TICKET BOOKING INFORMATION

book online at www.newventure.org.uk or by post using the form below

• Ticket prices: £9 (£8 members) Final Fri/Sat £10 (£9 members) First Fri/Tue £8 (£7 members) • Evening performances 7:45pm
Sundays are Matinees only 2:30pm • No performances on Mondays • Please note that access to the Theatre Upstairs is only possible by 4 flights of stairs, and therefore may not be suitable for those with mobility difficulties.

Cut along the line, and return your completed slip together with a cheque to: New Venture Theatre, Bedford Place, Brighton BN1 2PT

| | date | member | standard | total cost |
|---|------|--------|----------|------------|
| <p>'Broken Glass' by Arthur Miller 12 - 21 May *Theatre Upstairs</p> <p>Seats available: A 1-13, B 1-13, C 1-13 and D2-13 All Tickets £10 (£9 Members)</p> | | | | |
| <p>'Accidental Death of an Anarchist' by Dario Fo 16-25 June *Theatre Upstairs</p> | | | | |
| <p>'Love and Information' by Caryl Churchill 15 - 23 July Studio</p> | | | | |

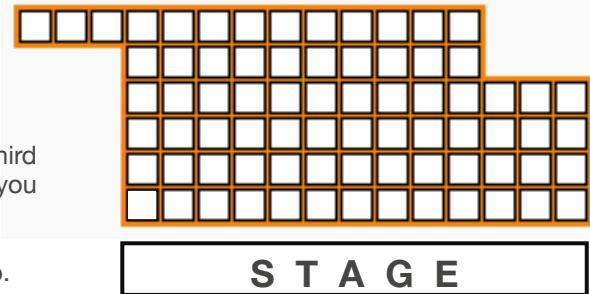
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***THEATRE UPSTAIRS ALLOCATED SEATING**

Allocated seating is available for productions taking place in the Theatre Upstairs.

Please mark your preferred seat(s) with 1's, and a second and third option with 2's and 3's, in case your first choice is unavailable. If you leave this blank, seats will be allocated for you.

Allocated seating remains unavailable for productions in the Studio.



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Please write in with any comments, articles or reviews of our productions and events to Natasha Borg, Newsletter Editor: newsletter@newventure.org.uk - or by post if you prefer.

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