

BCTT



20

1987-2007

*Butterfly Creek Theatre
Troupe*

Troupedour

Nov/Dec 2007

HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

PRE-CHRISTMAS WORKING-B & CELEBRATION

As one of our projects to enhance our 'theatre' and to contribute to the Community and the School - we are rehabilitating the 'Stage Floor'. We will have the floor professionally sanded - but before we will need to 'punch' all the nails and 'repair' the boards that need it.

At the same time - the 'back-stage' and 'storage loft' etc could do with a bit of re-organising and spring cleaning and general TLC.

So no matter what your gender or expertise with a 'hammer/screwdriver/nailpunch (you have to have been around for a while to remember that one) - join us at the School Hall on Saturday 8th December from 10am onwards (for as long or as little as you are available).

And to wind the day down - a sort of Christmas Social Thing - byo food (we still have a little bit of wine left over from the 20th Celebration) - someone might even turn up with a BBQ.

And those of you who prepared an item for the 'planned - but now de-planned Revue' - bring that along too to regale us during the evening hours.

The evening festivities will probably start from about 6pm. If you have been there during some part of the Working-B there will be time to slip home and clean-up. And if you haven't - that doesn't matter - do come along for this

PRE CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION

SHAKESPEARE'S SCOTTISH PLAY

FOR FRINGE FESTIVAL mid-April 2008!

Auditions! Auditions! Auditions! Auditions! Auditions!

BARD IN THE YARD

9 DECEMBER MURITAI SCHOOL YARD 2PM.



Hi All

'Our' Trevor (by any other name) is currently appearing in the Hutt Musical Society's 'Cinderella' Pantomime. As there is no 'official' BCTT end of year production we have decided to book to see our 'troupe' strut (mince) his stuff.

The planned date is Thursday 29th November. SO could you ring Fran on 562 8220 (asap) to confirm your desire to join us - in what we are sure will be an entertaining evening.

Regards, Fran Baldock.

BCTT

The Weekend



1987-2007

Friday 5 Oct

30 or so pleasure seeking troupiés met at the School to be reverently transported by a Classic Coach complete with soft leather seats (*doesn't mark if you spill the bubbly dahling*). Others waving magic tickets were picked up along the way into town. Well not all, a few got their entrances mixed up. Twas ever thus! Anyway a very convivial time was had reliving those charabanc trips of former existences and time. The destination of course was to see how "others do it". (*Acting, not reminiscing*). Faced by a production at Downstage by the graduates of Toi Whakaari of 220 minutes duration, many had found the need to appropriately fortify themselves despite the great crit Laurie had given in the Dom.



You may find it hard to believe, but there are some (mostly male) who, when faced with a semi-comfortable seat, a glass of something, lights down low and actors giving their all, seize the opportunity to enjoy the refreshing qualities of sleep. However such was the energy, creativity,

fantastic and skilful acting delivered with great clarity of speech of the actors, we were all riveted and sleep was denied. This was a masterclass in acting and stagecraft; a thrillingly ambitious piece of writing by Tony Kushner set in a mid-Eighties New York plagued by



Angels in America



Aids, racial tension and right-wing politics - where everyone is on a quest for their missing feminine values. Each of them, whether male or female, is unknowingly dragged down by the tyranny of their masculine sides, locked in the straitjackets of religious, political or sexual dogma, subconsciously seeking escape from strictures that keep them from being whole people. (*A bit like our last Midsummer Nights Dream?*). Unfortunately we only saw the 1st part which ends on a note of pre-millennial despair, as if the seemingly inescapable torments inflicted on the characters - mental illness, terminal disease, spiritual bankruptcy - are directly related to an impending apocalypse. Though there is a promise in the next part of "the Great Work begins". Despite that, it was what we call in my part of the world "A bloody good night out" as confirmed by the animated discussions on our stately way home. We will never look at fridges in the same way again.

Millennium Approaches

Saturday 6 Oct

Dinner & Entertainment



But we were not finished yet; early down to the hall to prepare for our big performance, expected to be at the other end of the spectrum to Angels in America. We had costumes out, tables out, acting platforms out, photos out, videos of our masterworks out, blacks out, glasses out and backs out (not really, we're made of sterner stuff than that). It was a relief that no-one "came out". The hall looked terrific, a fitting venue for what was to come. With an evening blessed by a 'royal appearance' some 70 troupiés gathered for what was a good meal, good wine (which didn't run out—someone slipped up there, most unlike us!), great talk, great overuse of "remember that night when...". Indeed some of the classic

BCTT routines were reprised. Some as good as we remembered them. Some even better (Peter doing his one legged tarzan having a little more difficulty than earlier in staying upright -thank goodness the curtain held). The video clips introduced a few of the troupie offspring to what their parents had been up to, "did you really have tattoos there mum? An enthusiastic audience participation to "Pee Po, Belly Bum, Drawers" got their circulation going before the mandatory dancing. (No, MC John didn't resist putting on tangos). The whole evening rounded off by "exit chased by bear". Ah, déjà vu all over again. In short a great success.

Sunday 7 Oct

Clean up & BBQ



Hangovers, Rugby World Cup 1/4 finals didn't stop us winding our aching bodies down to the hall for the traditional clean up. Done most effectively while a couple of the (old) boys got the barbies ready. High winds, rain were not about to stop them from dishing up beautifully cooked tasty locally sourced fare to the 60 or so family members who braved the elements for a "bit of fun". The boys successfully



stopped the flaming lamb fat from razing the school, and any animal fat from contaminating the special vegetarian orders. And there was still wine left at the end!!

Congratulations to Julia, who did much of the organizing and to the committee and all who made this a really good special fun celebration. Now what shall we do for our golden jubilee???

Boring