BSC SUBAL THEATRE PRESENTS:
THE LADIES NOT FOR BURNING
By Christopher Fry
Readers Theatre (Sort Of)
Scene

A room in the house of Hebble Tyson, Mayor of the small market town of Cool Clary.

Time

The 15th Century, either more or less or exactly.

Act I
An afternoon in April.

Act II
An hour later.

Act III
Later, the same night.

There will be a ten-minute intermission.
Crews

**Lighting**

Ben Copple (Head)
Patti Murphy

**Sound**

Chauncey Hood (running)
Mark Hopkins (gathering)

**House Manager**

Jan Lythgoe

**Stage Manager**

Dan Peterson

**Set Construction**

Ben Copple
Ken Shaw
Pat Nance
Pat Boyington
Tech Class 118

There is no realistic setting, no props, and no period costumes. But there will be plenty to look at and much to listen to. Turn your imaginations loose and enjoy the play.
Welcome to the Theatre Department's annual venture into Reader's Theatre. This year, as in the past, we are attempting to give you an experience visually interesting as we focus on the written work. The result is not exactly Reader's Theatre in the usual sense. We think you will like it.

Christopher Fry is certainly a playwright whose focus is on language. His lines soar and swoop and sing. They also smile, and sometimes laugh. Fry writes comic verse plays. If you like theatre, or comedy, or poetry or any combination thereof, you will like Fry who combines the three with great skill. Laugh with us tonight, for, after all, "laughter is surely the surest tough of genius in creation." And smile in pleasure at Fry's simile and metaphor, and at his definitions. "The moon is nothing but a circumambulating aphrodisiac..." "The morning came, and left the sunlight on my step like any normal tradesman." "...a sky so gentle five stars are ventured on it." "One day I shall burst my bud of calm and blossom into hysteria." Fry also composes some memorable epithets when appropriate: "What shall I do withthis nattering wheygoose?" "You fog-blathering, chin-chuntering, liturgical, turgidical, base old man..." "You slawsy poodle, you tike. You crapulous pudding pipsqueak!" There..."is certainly enough going on..." in the lines to hold our attention. The addition of some highly entertaining characters moving to the pull of delicate plot-strings adds the leavening necessary to make this play a zestful dish. "What a wonderful thing is metaphor!" Even when mixed.