

The Fall and Fall of David Jones and the Spiders from Mars by Jeremy Joseph

The play is set on the evening of the 50th birthday of David Jones in January 1998...which so happens to be David Bowie's 50th birthday too. It also at the same time goes back to the early 1970s so we play with space/time continuum stuff (all a bit weird and gilly I guess)

THERE IS NO INTERVAL

Performance lasts approx 90 minutes

Cast:

Lindsey Jones : **Alex Taylor**
Young David : **Paul Macauley**
David at 50 : **Duff Eynon**
Annette : (David's wife) in 1970s : **Hannah Charlton**
Mrs. Jones : **Mandy Masters**
Mr. Jones : **Tim Fifield**
Flapper : **James Macauley**
Rizla : **Avtar Singh-Bains**
Bones : **Bryony Reid**
David Bowie : **Amy Taylor**
Mr. Cameron, GP, Priest : **Tim Fifield**
Vicar : **Bryony Reid**
Ray : **Ray**
Annette in 1998 : **Annie Burrows**
The Diamond Dogs : **Jim Asplin** (lead guitar),
Ben Mills (drums) & **Dean Elsdon** (bass guitar)

palace supporters, thugs, people of the night,
hostel residents, etc all played by the cast

direction : **David Heley**

art : **Annie Burrows**

soundscape : **Tim Fifield** and **Jeremy Joseph**

technical : **Sam Jones**

stage management : **Jo Joseph** & **Sophie Waddington**

make-up : **Lucy Brennan**

many thanks and love to **Luigi, Adrian & Ziggy**

Writer's note:

'Write what you know about', it is said.
And, if there's one thing I know anything about, it's David Bowie, '72 - '77. If only that was an O Level! I was consumed by the man as were so many other teenagers. I followed his every twist and turn from Ziggy through to The Thin White Duke. I studied how he stood, practiced his smile in the mirror and of course learnt the lyrics to the songs. This play though is not about Him and it's not about me.
It's a cautionary tale about where aimlessness and fantasy can lead. My thanks to Jo for having the faith to put the play on, to David for translating what was in my head into a show and the cast for researching the era and bringing it all to life.



Director's note:

...a crash course for the ravers

In the late 1970s I saw David Bowie at the Wembley Arena. I mean I really saw David Bowie at the Wembley Arena. It was the last night of his Thin White Duke world tour.

A friend of mine organised the stewards for gigs like this and for years I had gone along to check the tickets at Gate 22B for various concerts-Floyd, The Eagles, The Faces, Genesis, The Moody Blues (whose support act was, erm... John Denver), Wings, Stone the Crows (remember them!) ...basically any Rock Gods I could see I was there

We had to sign on at around 3 ready for the doors opening around 6. We were all having a cup of tea about 3.30 in the small dressing room when there was a knock at the door. A mate of mine opened up and there was Bowie asking if it was all right if he could use the toilet as "one of the band had thrown up in his."

After the shock of seeing him so close we all kind of Woodstocked-up and thought yeah right on, man... heavybet he was throwing up cos of all the booze, drugs, and endless sex that obviously was going on 24/7 on the road with the Great One.
"Nah-not really. We all went for a curry last night and I think it just didn't agree with him."

OK Around 4 he started rehearsing and was very unhappy that during one song the guitarist was not really doing what he wanted. "Can you do it like this ..." and Bowie picked up the guitar and played it perfectly. This was the last concert of a world tour and he was still seeking perfection. We watched in awe and suddenly they finished and the doors opened and 10,000 Ziggys, Thin White Dukes, Lad-in-Sanes and Cracked Actors piled in. He played for 3 hours with no support and just one short break.

I never met the other David Jones but wished I could have shared a swift half (or 10) ...we have a lot in common

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More New Writing

The Gentleman's Friend

by Tim Fifield

Leonard is approaching his fifth year as a divorcee. His friend Frank pays a visit to encourage him to get back into society and, more especially, "to get back in the headlights of the female driver so to speak". But Leonard considers himself too old to be attractive to a woman, "I've lost my mojo Frank, and anyway I'm not even sure if I've any romance left in me". Interpreting this as a cry for help Frank suggests a meeting with Elektra, "the gentleman's friend" - a woman offering personal services to get a man "match fit in all departments".

Reluctantly Leonard, adopting the pseudonym Randolph takes the train for an encounter that transforms him in ways he'd never thought possible.

Tues 29 October - The Hawth

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