

Drama Studio memories...where to start

Fairmilehead hall, and the excitement of the refit. Many summer holidays (and others) spent playing with parachutes and paper plates. Experiments with shaving cream (for pies) and the year or two where smoke machines and smoke pellets were used. The two racks of lights, the excitement of Gobos and the occasional niff of burning gel. Short plays (trouble in the toilet), improvised plays, Scottish folk tales, grand take offs of Disney plays (Aladdin). Shows bursting with songs, showing bursting with song lovingly ripped off from other shows (Mr Mumps Surprise and other favourite things). The purchase of the van. The decoration of the van. The piles of CDs ready for every sound effect and provision of Ground Force backing music. The slow growth and evolution from a Tuesday evening at FMH to a Saturday morning, holiday clubs, birthday parties and more. And of course, the endless patience as I first lost scripts then forgot my lines.

Then of course

Investing in me and other young people. Working with young people to bring out their take on characters and stories. . Trusting our passions, letting us lead sessions. Travelling round for weeks and afternoons to enthuse and engage other young people in the life changing work of community based drama education.

While not forgetting

The leather jacket, tie die shirt(s?), peace necklace and guitar... always ready for a song or three. Forget group work, public speaking, creative writing and more. The key skill I most regularly use at the moment, is a good knowledge of the back catalogue of The Seekers and Cat Stevens to send my new son to sleep. Can you hear it? Train whistle blowing...

John Cooper

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