

THALIDOMIDE!!

a MUSICAL

THRILLS!

PILLS!

SPILLS!

HEADACHES!



THALIDOMIDE!!

a Musical

Written & Composed by Mat Fraser
Music Arranged & Programmed by Costas Fotopoulos
Additional Music by Costas Fotopoulos
Music Co-Produced by Mat Fraser & Costas Fotopoulos.

Glyn – Mat Fraser
Katie Crawford – Anna Winslet
All other characters played by members of the company

Directed by Bill-Bankes Jones
Designed by Ruth Finn · Lighting Design by Ian Scott
Choreography by Bim Malcolmson
Production & Stage Management by Tom Cotterill
Design Assistance by Patou Soult & Marie White
Puppets by Torben Schacht
Produced by Natalie Steed

Assistant Producer: Fiona O'Mahony
Marketing: Natalie Steed Productions · Press: Emma Schad 07930 308018
Print & Programme Design: Jeremy at Jaded · Photographs: Benjamin Ealovega

Great thanks to Patou Soult, Laura McDermott, Greg Piggot and all at BAC. Special thanks to Tom Cotterill for set building and construction, Ian Richardson for loan of top hat, and the evils of pharmaceutical Nazi's without whom none of this would have been possible.



Commissioned and
developed at BAC



LOTTERY FUNDED





THALIDOMIDE!! - THE HISTORY

Thalidomide was originally developed in Germany in 1954 by Nazi party member Dr Heinrich Muekter for the state funded pharmaceutical company Chemie Grunenthal. After minimal testing in their own laboratories, not even testing on any females, they advertised it as completely non toxic, even safe enough for children. They sold it for insomnia, headaches, colds, nervous tension, impotence(!) and most famously, of course, for morning sickness. As it seemed to be impossible to overdose on it, the verve with which they sold it knew no bounds. They sold it to many countries including Britain, Canada, Japan, Sweden, and Australia. All of these countries took to it with the same enthusiasm, indeed Britain's Distillers Biochemicals Limited happily sold it under the brand name Distaval as a general sedative, where it was exempt from purchase tax (thank you Enoch Powell) and given under the National Health Service.

But Thalidomide never got to America. The Food and Drug Administration (FDA) had just employed Canadian Dr Francis Kelsey and given her this drug as her first assignment. She didn't trust the test results from Germany and their claims of 100% safety, deciding to do her own tests, thus delaying an American license for six crucial months. During this time the evidence of peripheral neuritis (a painful nerve damage to fingers toes, then legs and arms, with eventual and permanent shooting pains up the limbs) came to light in letters from test doctors all over Germany. After Chemie Grunenthal had suppressed over 1,000 of these letters, they finally appeared in the Lancet. At the same time an Australian paediatrician, Dr Bill McBride, realised that the sudden outbreak of deformed foetuses in his region could be due to Thalidomide. He tested the drug on white rabbits and all the foetuses exhibited limb damage.

Showing a criminal reluctance to accept any of these tests and aggressively denying the evidence, by this time corroborated by the German paediatrician Dr Lenz (who was professionally discredited and almost sacked because of his "troublemaking"), both the German and British companies tried to keep it on sale as long as possible, refuting the tests' evidence as flawed. Then

came the babies, thousands of us, and the damage was done. The total first generation births numbered over 10,000, with about 450 being British. The Sunday Times were already onto it, despite having been taken to court by Distillers and banned from printing any of the results. Finally, after the longest possible time, the drug was withdrawn from sale in all of the countries involved, first in Germany and last in Japan. A UK warning wasn't issued until May 1962 - if that warning had come when the first evidence of its damaging effects were revealed, my mother, and thousands of other mothers, would not have taken it.

The court cases took years. folding in Germany after eight due to a claimed "Lack of Public Interest", and finally being settled out of court after thirteen years in Britain due to some very clever lawyers working for Distillers. The amount of compensation was a mere quarter of the suggested amount and came with a legal insistence of their being no blame or admission of guilt from the Company. No punishment was ever given to the perpetrators of its continued sales and they gave no apology. Ever. I do so hope that the Managing Director, D.J. Hayman, and the Chairman, Sir Alexander McDonald, sleep well these days, enjoying their profiteered retirements...

In Brazil however, it was found to relieve the variety of painful symptoms of people suffering from reaction type 2 to leprosy, a disease rife in the favella slums there. It began to be used, with the inevitable results. For years this went unguarded, creating a so-called second generation of, now twenty something, Thalidomda kids. In the last ten to fifteen years compensation plans have been put in use, packets have picture and word warnings on them, and people who receive it have to have sterilising injections for the duration of their courses as well as one to one counselling warnings of its misuse. With 38,000 cases of leprosy every year however, this is inevitably not fail-safe, and I have new little Brazilian cousins every year.....

But that's not the end of the story. There is a new chapter, as people start to test it again. Currently there are over two hundred different trials with Thalidomide, most notably for cancers, melanomas particularly, and some of the results seem encouraging. I suppose what us first generation flids feel

mostly is that if some good can come of this drug then that would be a good thing. BUT: Profit and greed must never be allowed to be the motivating factor in its new developments. Pharmion, the company that have the European monopoly on it, put the unit price up from 8 to 21 Euros overnight when they attained its control. They also (at the time of writing this) have no plan of compensation in place should any of the testing patients give birth to "one of us"... Hmmmm, should we perhaps watch this space?

Back to Brazil. As many of these new Thalidomide victims are some of the poorest people on the Earth, we are collecting for the thousands of Brazilian "Thalidomida" kids who need basic help with wheelchairs, prosthetics (some find them useful... monopedes for example), general social inclusion, school help, a computer, a trike even... Although I've always believed in rights, not charity, for Disabled People, these kids don't even have the rights to any charity. Therefore, we hope you can spare something for these people by visiting www.looknohands.org and making a donation.

Mat Fraser

The best and fullest account of what really happened can be found in the book called 'Suffer The Children', written by the Sunday Times journalists who broke the story at the time. It turns up on Amazon from time to time...



THALIDOMIDE!! - THE SONGS

MONSTER BABIES

Monster babies! Monster babies!

A vision from Hades, worse than rabies

Made by ladies whose knowledge is shaky

Distillers just say “please believe in its safety”

Monster babies! Monster babies!

Your pregnancy may be as weird as gay bees

Shit we’ll have to pay fees; we should really slay these...

Monster babes! Monster babies!

We know of complications to the birthing of a child

Like breached caesarean forceps but all of these are mild

Compared to these abominations nothing else is wild

In all my time I’ve never felt so utterly defiled

But how do we explain their kids are phocomeles from Hell?

Because of this drug that they took they ring the ugly bell

Flippers where the hands should be just leaves a nasty smell

A fucking seal came out your cunt you’d be surprised as well!

The babies are crying! The babies are crying!!

They should be dying – PULL! – they’re flying

Instead we’re denying that it’s bad – we’re lying

And public still buying this pill, shares rising

The babies are crying! The babies are crying!

Beware! Bad tidings, this nightmare’s rising

A Bosch scene inspiring the lawyers they’re hiring

The babies are crying! The babies are crying!

We’ve dealt with spina bifida and what it can entail

But set against these twisted limbs comparison is pale

And as for these disgusting useless hellish girls and males

The sooner that we kill them all the less we’ll seem to fail.

For if we stop it here the World will never know the scene
To tell the mums it died at birth would keep it nice and clean
And who would want one anyway except in a bad dream?
We'll stop this horror here and now
Quick, fetch me the morphine!

Monster babies! Monster babies!
A vision from Hades, worse than rabies
Made by ladies whose knowledge is shaky
Distillers just say "please believe in its safety"

Monster babies! Monster babies!
So turn away please we have to obey these
Fears and kill these aberrations today – Jeez!
We'll have to pay fees, we should really slay these...

Monster babies! Monster babies!
Monster babies! Monster babies!
Monster babies! Monster babies!
Monster babies! Monster babies!... ARGGGGGHHHHH!!!

UNDER THE SUN

Richard: Under the Sun, our son has become
A version of me, but what can he be?
With short arms, good legs, his fate's one that begs
Questions of faith...

Anita: ...and will he be safe?
Oh want him to live, so much want to give
Yes our son is alive, hmm, but he'll never hand jive
But where's your father's joy? He's still our baby boy.
He's a beautiful thing, though his arms look like wings

It could be a lot worse, we could be booking a hearse
Hell I'm sure he'll do good –

Richard: It's clear he'll never fell wood

Anita: He has his father's nose-

Richard: ...just four fingers

Anita: ...five toes!

Richard: Yes but I feel ashamed, that our boy's been born maimed
It reflects badly on us, to me he's worse than pus
Excuse my lack of mirth, but we should've killed him at birth
Like they said they could do, I said I wouldn't tell you
But by God I was outranked, "all life should be sacrosanct"
...OH what did I do for this?

Anita: Onto your lips I will kiss
All the strength that you'll need

Richard: Oh so corrupted a seed

Anita: So we'll give all our love

Richard: I'll never love the poor thing

Anita: Because his life will be tough

Richard: he won't inherit my rings

Anita: He might fall and will bleed

Richard: He'd be much better off,

Anita: But I'll help him succeed

Richard: Well... drowned in a cloth

Anita: Won't let him be a fool,

Richard: What will the other kids say?

Anita: He must do well at school

Richard: "No arms!" will be the refrain.

Anita: But will his teenage whims

Richard: Oh God imagine a teen

Anita: Be thwarted by small top limbs

Richard: That is sick and obscene!

Anita: Put those arms round a girl,

Richard: He'd have to suck on her neck,

Anita: Delve in her pubic curls

Richard: Lose his grip, hit the deck

Anita: Never wear woolen gloves,

Richard: And how would he make love?
Anita: But all hearts can find love
Richard: Looking up at her above
Anita: To know that life can be sweet,
You don't need hands too neat
Richard: Man can't live by legs alone
Anita: And I hope he can vet,
Richard: Needs to be other bones
Anita: All the teasing he'll get
Richard: No he cannot survive,
Anita: Then laugh it all off
Richard: Why should he be alive?
Anita: Telling them to get lost
Richard: Who could have that much drive?
Anita: He'll have the gift of the chat
Richard: As if communicating
Anita: Calling all of them twats
Richard: Would be the really big thing!!
Anita: But then back in his room
Richard: I'll decorate it in blue
Anita: Sob hard and the Moon
Richard: more positive like you
Anita: Shining down on his tears
BOTH: Illuminating my fears.

AT THE FDA

In retrospect it was this story's saving grace
An American who stood against this arms race
For as the nation went increasingly right wing
Dr Frances left to do her own testing
And she found, there in her labs, disturbing news, forsooth
Damage to limbs and nerves, cos of her verve to find the truth.
So she tested it on animals next week
And found to her disgust that results were bleak

Thus the public bulletins sent to the press
Warned of nerve damage or even limblessness
And it was slammed, pre-emptively banned, in the United States
The nation saved from harm – Phew!
No flipper arms – eyiu! A lucky fate.

Even the President 'fessed up his gratitude
And said “the FDA must test all of our food”
America moved away from this bad dream
To passing Aspartame, milk pus and Tartrazine
After the days, our Frances K, retired from tests
And ex-Monsanto workers filled the jobs, nation of slobs,
But I digress
Yes it was because of Frances K, hey hey hey hey,
Down at the FDA.

I CAN BE HIS ARMS

I want to help him to do things; “he manages fine!” sings
The voice in my head, then it argues instead
That he needs someone to be his elbows and thumbs
If I hold my hands to his heart, oh will it let him start
To lead a normal life, and one day could I be his wife?

It was early today that I saw,
Bullies tripped him – he crashed to the floor
I fell into enslavement when his face hit the pavement,
With a love that I'd feel ever more
Yes I knew from that very first time,
As I lifted him up from the grime
Now my heart had been taken, I had found my vocation,
That this boy must forever be mine

Yes I'll love him without any qualms, he'll be my guy and I'll be his arms!

To my eyes he looks groovy but some
Of the stares he gets make his cool dumb,
Though I'm not very fashionable, surely all of my passion'll Persuade him
that I am the one.

And my hymen's not for him 'cos I'm kind
My first sex if with him will us bind,
If he shows me affinity, I'll give him my virginity –
But would he have to do me from behind

It's not written in one of the Psalms, but I pray that I can be his arms,
yes I pray that I can be his arms.

It's not fair! Why can't I make his heart
Indebted to mine like a fart
Respects the arse cheeks that it hails from and speaks
At the world? Oh I need a head's start.
And some say that his arms are a curse
It's OK, I can be his nurse
If I help him get level then he won't be bedevilled
By prejudice, it could always be worse

He'd be shot if born into a farm,
But safe with me if I can be his arms
Let the bells ring out my love alarms,
Tell the world I can be his arms...

TALK TO THE FLIPPER

Talk to the flipper cos the face don't care,
It's like a stripper with no pubic hair
I can see the lips moving, but it ain't improving,
The effect that your words have on me, we,
Will never see life through the same lens,
Yes I ain't got no thumbs but you ain't got no friends,
With your insults you sneer but, I know it is fear cutting into your self
loathing head, dead,
Will be your popularity, from that teasing vulgarity

Between your mouth and your brain there's a gulf and it's plain
There is too much disparity, be-cause

*The only reason Jane moved her desk position is because you stink of SHIT,
and your Mum now I actually come to think of it
Snogged the milkman plumber paper boy and ooh have you heard?
To get you ugly enough she had to hump a rotting turd
Which accounts for the foul stench that comes from you
Yes you leave a trail of that famous perfume "Essence Of Poo"*

Yes while your ignorant blurring makes you think me you're hurting
All the time makes you rent our malicious contempt
Over your words you do trip-uh, floundering like a kipper
So go drink some paint stripper, and just talk to the flipper
Cos the faaaace, dooon't caaaaare.

BEFORE I CAN BE IN LOVE

Glyn: I, I had a dream, but don't understand what it means
A girl, who looked like you, was with me at an altar,
said "I Do"
But It felt wrong, because I had your pity,
looking at me from above
I think I need, to be an equal,
before I can ever be in love.

Katie: Wow, I really love him, but can't get him to see through
Yes, I'm sympathetic,
but it's his essence that I'm attracted to.
I cannot bear, to see his paranoia,
and what a long road he must take
Before he'll know, my love for him is waiting,
When he can be, so free, the moment he awakes

Katie: Oh I'll be right here

Glyn: I can't stand condescension

Katie: We're gonna be together

Glyn: Hence my current apprehension
Katie: When we are both mature
Glyn: Maybe my senses are too tender
Katie: We'll be entwined; can never sever
Glyn: But I don't want to offend her
Katie: And I, hope he will see me one day
Glyn: And I, hope she will see me one day

Both: As an equal by some way
Because I think, that I could love you
I hope our hearts can unify some day

Glyn: Please, please let her be, a girl that'd like to be with me
Because, of who I am, who takes me as she finds me and

Both: I don't think I, can be with anybody,
unless they have me as I am
Look at me now, this is your/my body,
I could fit into your/this arm span
Can our love become the perfect plan
Arms don't make the woman or the man

SKA'D FOR LIFE

Glyn: I'm not disabled, at school I made a wooden table
See I can dress and cook and wank and change
a complicated electricity cable
So if I can do all that, please don't treat me like a twat
Relate to me normally, not as an anomaly,
I'm askin' you formally, my plea

Katie: I will get my degree; a double first will do for me
What voting and abortion did to emancipate girls in history
Then I can practice medication;
like my Dad it's my vocation
I hope that Glyn's OK, and that there'll be a day
When we can be together again, I miss him so

Glyn: I'm getting pretty sick, of being treated like a prick
Object of pity's shitty it's not nourishing
and makes me look quite thick
So if you think that I'm pathetic,
maybe I should go prosthetic
Then I could look like you, and move how you do,
that's how I could go through, my life

Katie: I have heard from my Dad, in Brazil its pretty bad
And also you can isolate a gene in test tubes now
- it's in his lab
But all those sick girls and ill fellas,
living in such harsh Favellas
Need our help I see, help from the leprosy,

Glyn: Won't be identified by the Thalidomide
Katie: All that nutrition they've missed,
I wish that Glyn I'd kissed

Glyn: 'Cos I can't stand to be like this
Both: Life is cruel, it just takes the piss!

IT'S HARD TO HITCH DOWN LIFE'S HIGHWAY WITH NO THUMBS

Glyn: It's Hard To Hitch Down Life's Highway With No Thumbs
Katie: Not impossible, and I guess less humdrum
Glyn: To have to think on your feet, how to grip twist and greet-
Katie: Brain's alive as the 5th digit's dumb!

Glyn: Using two hands to pick up your cup,
Katie: You mean like a squirrel sits and eats a small nut
Glyn: Means you can't wave goodbye while drinking beer and
here's why, spills in your lap-
Katie: Still that's less of a gut

Glyn: Yes I can manage but it isn't that, it's their pointing and laughter, my embarrassment after

Katie: After you've got past this self pity scat, please be proud of the real you – it's something they'll feel too

Glyn: To be singled out weird is so hard,
'swwhy I'm tempted by a long armed facade

Katie: And facade is the word 'cos to me it's absurd,
you look good to me just as you are,
But I don't represent the mainstream

Glyn: No you don't and it is my pain scheme;
If I knew of a Miss who'd take me just like this ...
well there was you but I've blown that it seems!

Katie: Will you call me again for a chat? I'll be here if you need me

Glyn: Your words cannot feed me to let these things come out to bat

Katie: Your argument is no better for that cricketing metaphor

Glyn: Leave me alone! With you I'll do without

Katie: I'll ignore that outburst, 'cause your gall's interspersed
With discernable vibes of self doubt

Glyn: Oh shut up about me - how's the combined degree?

Katie: It's fine Glyn, but listen, I do understand what you're feeling,
I really do, but things will change, I promise...

There are hundreds of women like me
Who aren't fazed by your disability
And not every girl hankers for one of those wankers
Who can flex their biceps so manlily?

Glyn: Yet without the visage of the norm
Between failure and madness I'm torn
To face every day in a confident way
I need self respect not my own scorn

Katie: Let me come for the weekend to see
If I can't persuade you those arms will enslave you

Glyn: But it won't help you get your degree

Katie: I don't care you're my friend to whom kindness I'll lend

Glyn: But the World isn't ready for these!

Katie: Oh please do get a grip, on your shoulder's a chip
I still love him it is so plain to me

Glyn: *How the tables have turned since her love I did spurn.*
Well, OK,

SALSA RAOUL RACCINO

I started as a student doctor helping see
The many poor and sick people with leprosy
Then to our surprise from steroid drug dependency
Talidomida was suggested so of course we had it tested

Amazingly it stopped the painful symptoms from
The worst one that is type 2 reaction
And so we started to prescribe it with aplomb
But naturally the side effects were babies born with limb defects

A second generation was too much for me
So help to right the wrongs with plastic surgery
Cosmetic and Social responsibility
Big plastic tits will make you sing and make my bank account kerching

So I began, body manipulations,
And made a fortune, making a perfect Nation
From fat to thin, from short to tall
Small nose tight ass new pecs yes I can do it all

Now I do cosmetic surgery to help the crowd,
And help new body fascism to be allowed
And if you let me work on that face then you could be proud
Ah you must be the new arrival now this will ensure your survival

Follow me around and see how I do things
But never try to watch me plastic operating
My techniques must be private now let's all sing
An ode to physical perfection, better than natural selection

I am a genius, a surgical God
Truly perfecting the freakish and the odd
It is my passion to make whole again
I hate deformity it ridicules and shames

SAMBA GLYN

I can't believe it how could she have found me here
I've worked so hard on this disguise - now she appears!
Won't let her ruin everything that I've worked for
But realise I love her still, no, even more

But I'll not let her know, I'll watch her for a while
See how she feels about mutations and the vile
A test to see if she adheres to my beliefs
For if she does I will reveal all to my briefs

Since that bad acid trip I've hated my own arms
But trapped inside these I can never know her charms
I wish I could disclose my secrets to her here
I'm feeling stressed I think I'll have another beer

BROADWAY KATIE

This feels much crazier than in those mental wards
A major shitter played with some minor chords
I think he's sexy but don't belong in this place
Cosmetic surgery and butchery - disgrace!

My mind is tested to the limit with this thing
Still tender from the psychiatric drugs I'm reacting
Talidomida is my special subject yes
But I'm no mastermind, its master race unless

I can dissuade him from this attitude so fasch
Perhaps I can convince him if I show my gash
No that won't work, another tactic, a new tune
I'll try to stop the operation, burst into the room

I AM IN LOVE

Glyn: I, I'm happy now Prosthetics are rejected and here's how
A girl, who looks like you
Had faith in me and what I could do
I saved her life, because I knew I loved her
And I will for ever more
Now I can put, my arms around her
I feel so rich though we are rather poor

Katie: Glyn, you saved my life,
You don't need arms to be a loving wife
And little Raoul, our baby boy
His flippers still a part of him-oh joy
Now we can live as a family so happy
Our parents married its so sweet
My pubes are still shaved to a Brazilian
But now I've learnt how to do it with my feet

Little Raoul's pan pipe solo.

Both: Now we know, the things that are important
6 elbows down but we don't bawl
Some people see just what is missing
But as for us we know we have it all

Katie: Please, please let us be
Together for all eternity

Glyn: And now here, here we stand
A family woman and a man

Both: So now let's kiss and move into the future
Under the Sun and Moon above
We took our time, we almost lost it
This happy family is blessed not begrudged
Now our hearts and hands fit like a glove
Because I know that with you I am in love.



THALIDOMIDE!! - THE BIOGRAPHIES

BILL BANKES-JONES

Bill studied philosophy at the University of St Andrews. He joined the ITV Regional Theatre Young Directors' Scheme before working for the English National Opera, the National Theatre, the RSC, the Royal Opera and the Salzburg Festivals. Opera productions include *The Flying Fox*, *Shorts*, *Orlando Plays Mad*, *Six-Pack*, *Britten's Canticles* and *Family Matters* for Tête à Tête and *Die Fledermaus* for English Touring Opera as well as revivals for ENO, the Royal Opera and Seoul Arts Centre. Theatre includes *Noises Off* in Leatherhead; *Kingdom of Earth* and *Bedroom Farce* (TMA Regional Theatre Award nomination) in Farnham. Recent work includes *Otello* in London and Tokyo, *Die Entführung Aus Dem Serail* in Sweden and *A Nitro at the Opera/revival!* at the ROH/Linbury (and BBC4TV).

TOM COTTERILL

Tom read English and Theatre Arts at Goldsmiths', specialising in scenography. Production and stage management credits include *Sinner*, *Stan won't dance*; *One in a million*, Theatre Alibi; *Rabbit*, Frantic Assembly; *The Chimp that Spoke*, David Glass Ensemble; *Presto*, Group K and *Sealboy: Freak* for the inestimable Mr Fraser. Design credits include *Talking about Men* and *Juniors Story* for Oval House Theatre, *Under their Influence*, Kushtie Theatre, *Sacrificed*, Spititz Reality, *Coming up for Air*, Crescent Theatre and *Take Action: Stunt Dancing* for Rob Tannion and the Royal Festival Hall. Likes art and politics, love and war.

RUTH FINN

Ruth studied Theatre Design and Realisation at Croydon College. Design and Realisation includes: *Theseus and The Minotaur*, *Off The Wall*, *Unheimlichspine*, *The Chimp That Spoke* and *Disembodied* with The David Glass Ensemble, *Sinner* with Stan Won't Dance, *Bent* with Graeae, *Presto* with Group K, *Taylor's Dummies* with Gecko, *Blue Remembered Hills* with Yellow Earth, *Tempest* directed by Kate Beales and Sue Buckmaster, *Playing From The Heart* for Polka Theatre and *Find Me* with Indelible. Ruth also works as a fine artist and is co-founder of Tandem a cross arts facilitation company.

COSTAS FOTOPOULOS

Costas is based in London and works internationally as a composer and arranger for film, the stage and the concert hall, and as a concert and silent film pianist. He studied as a concert pianist at the Royal Academy of Music and at the Juilliard School, and later studied film music composition at the Royal College of Music. His film-scoring work includes *Nape of the Neck* (selected for the Raindance, Greenwich and Clerkenwell Film Festivals), and he has also been working as an assistant to award-winning film composer Trevor Jones. Costas regularly provides live improvisations to silent films at the National Film Theatre and he has also accompanied films in New York, Warsaw and northern Italy. His commissioned concert works have been performed at the Wigmore Hall, Purcell Room and St. Martin-in-the-Fields as well as abroad, and he recently recorded a piano solo work for a CD of music by British composer Nicholas Sackman.

MAT FRASER

Mat was a drummer in rock and reggae bands for 16 years before he became an actor and writer in 1995. His first play *Sealboy:Freak* toured Nationally and Internationally. Recent TV/film acting credits include Chris in BBC2's Film *Every Time You Look At Me*, Calchas in U.S. TV's *Helen Of Troy*, and Bjorn in Toga Productions' *Crip Orgy 2*. He's made documentaries for Channel 4, including *Born Freak*, and the recent *Happy Birthday Thalidomide*, and he's just finished his first co written kung fu short, *The Art of War*. His last stage appearance was in New York, playing the lead role of Duncan in *The Flid Show*. This musical is positively the last piece on Thalidomide he'll do, honest.... Mat lives with his wife Patou, and their 3 cats, Sekhmet, Spike, and Merlin, and puts the secret of any success he may have had down to his lifetime vegetarianism, martial arts, and devil worship. He'd like to thank the Arts Council of England for funding this project, but especially Patou, for the unpaid uncredited work she's done for this and all his other work. For more information on Mat and his work including a full C.V., go to www.matfraser.com

BIM MALCOMSON

Bim's choreographic work is eclectic and diverse. She has choreographed Andrew Logan's *Alternative Miss World*, assisted Stuart Hopps on Kenneth Brannagh's last film *As You Like It* and toured her company Ballet de Bim, around major London hospitals, with her works *Carrotica*, *Life* and *Vitu Vizuri*. Her Opera work includes *Noye's Fludd* (Britten), *Eugene Onegin* (Tchaikovsky), *The Elixir of Love* (Donizetti) and *Die Fledermaus* (Strauss). Bim was the winner of Marion North Choreography Award.

FIONA O'MAHONY

Fiona read French and Theatre Studies at Birmingham University. After 3 years of marketing alcopops in Paris she returned to the UK. Fiona has been working for Natalie Steed Productions since August 2004. She is also a Co-Producer of Brian. www.briantheatre.co.uk

PATOU SOULT

Patou is a vegetarian costume making prop making percussionist, recording engineer and artist, musician, herbalist, environmentalist and ecologist. For money she often works as a cat sitter and has been a personal assistant to many disabled actors. She would like to thank Gaspar for his inspiration and endless love.

NATALIE STEED

Natalie works with companies and artists developing and touring new and unusual work that usually has a music focus. Current clients are Tête à Tête and The Shout. She has previously worked as marketing consultant to BAC (Opera and Sharp Intake of Music) and as administrator for The Right Size and Peepolykus. Natalie produced the scratch performance of *Thalidomide!! a Musical* in 2004.

ANNA WINSLET

Anna performed in the previous scratch showing of *Thalidomide!! a Musical* at BAC in 2004. Her recent acting credits include: Helena in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Macbeth* for the Portsmouth Theatre Royal, Dora in *The Cater St Hangman*, ITV's *Inspector Pit Mystery*. In addition, she runs Hogarth Productions and the Sustainability Forum Theatre with husband Ed Harcourt. Forthcoming roles include: Gertrude Miller in the feature film *Red Rose* (Palm Tree Productions). Anna also plays Samba Techno for *Drumhedz* and *Beetroots Bateria* and has played Ambrosia in *Mutant Shagathon 5*.

photos: www.benjaminlovega.com - design: www.jarred.demon.co.uk



