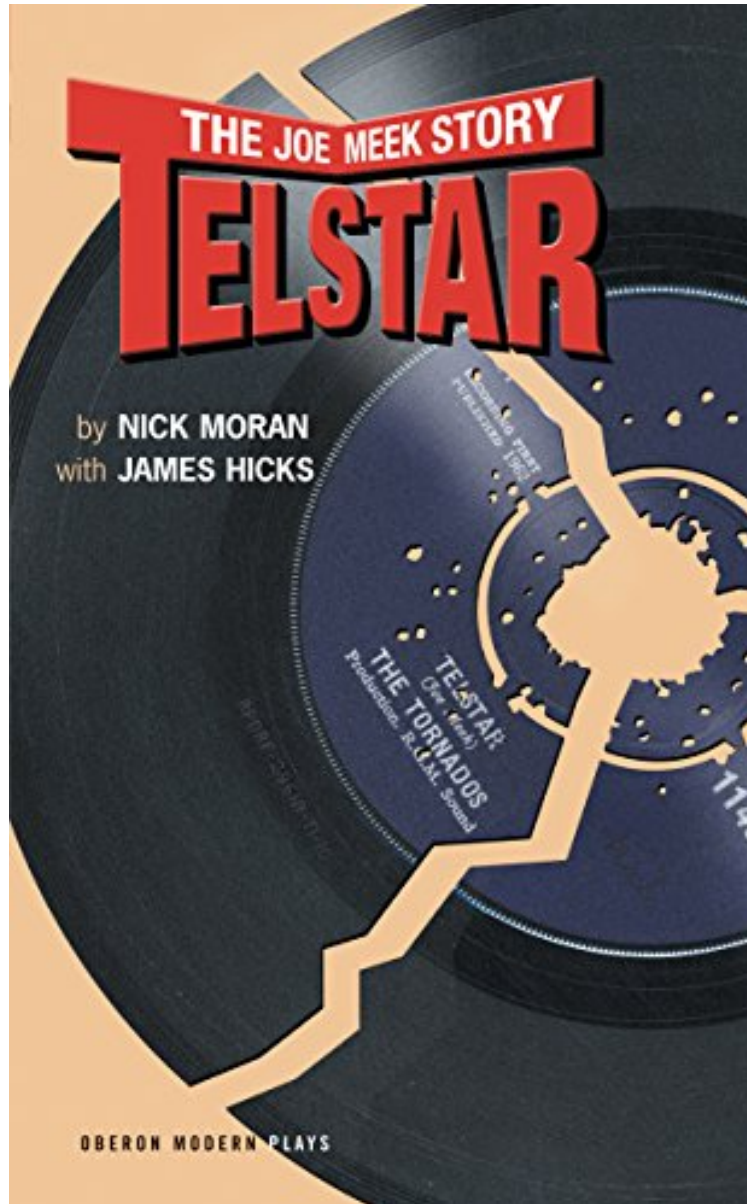


(Mobile ebook) Telstar (Oberon Modern Plays)

## Telstar (Oberon Modern Plays)

*James Hicks, Nick Moran*  
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**James Hicks, Nick Moran : Telstar (Oberon Modern Plays)** before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Telstar (Oberon Modern Plays):

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. FEBRUARY MADE ME SHIVER SO DID "SHUT YOUR CAKEHOLE" By THUMB TOM No dictionary in the world, or out of it on The Internet, contains the word "karsey" which occurs three times in this play-script. Neither Nick Moran nor James Hicks know how to spell "khazi"; and ill

met by moonlight, the publisher "Oberon Modern Plays" lets the hempen script stand. When Mrs Shenton means, "I had to POUR a tin of liquid rubber", we read the word "POOR", as in "piss-poor". Instead of "Preludin" slimming tablets, Joe Meek (several times) takes "PREULIN". Instead of the RAF "chocks away" we have "CHOCS". The name of the Frenchman "Ledrut", who was the nemesis of Joe Meek, is misspelt as "LEDOUT". The misquote from The Honeycombs cries out for justice: "I JUST CAN'T BARE IT." Once you remove the biography provided by The Joe Meek Fan Club and The Legendary Joe Meek: The Telstar Man you are left with the interference of this duo struggling to make farce from genuine laughter and successfully producing bathos from tragedy and toil. It's a dreadful piece of work, because it could have honoured the man instead of ridiculing him. Nonetheless I saw the play performed at The Devonshire Theatre in Eastbourne and enjoyed it. It works on the stage and as film. If you read this play however you will see clearly that it is the true story itself that is its strength. The narrative and the structure work, but the language of the time is not recreated; and it could have been. If you expect to hear much of that throwaway music again you'll be disappointed. It's a pity, because now this story's been told like this it will likely not be told again. If my father was delivered, as he always said he was, within the sound of Bow Bells, he was a true Cockney. Whenever we asked him where he was born, as if he was a little boy lost, programmed to respond in the event of being a long way from his home he would simper: " a firty four Peabody Buildings." He said it like this to make us laugh. Cockney rhyming slang is generally understood to be a serious code language apparently designed to allow conversation to be carried out disingenuously in front of bosses, army top brass or indeed any authority. This may have been true but I think generally it was used, as my father used it, to make fun of language itself. Wash your "deuce and ace". Up the "apples and pears" and lay your "Uncle Ned" on the "weeping willow" were rhymes to make it easy for children on their way to bed. It was said with a joyful expression to make us laugh. Whether the word "khazi" came from Kipling, the Italians or from The Zulu, no-one agrees; but it is clear that when London Cockneys first heard it, the word "khazi" was welcomed as a stranger; and in order to dress up the alien so that it fit within their arcane rhyming scheme, in the absence of anything better, they invented the original name "Karsie Moilet", so that "khazi" would be understood to rhyme with "toilet". It was as if the ludicrous name "Moilet" belonged to one of their own musical hall stars! It's so funny, without labouring the humour for a moment longer than necessary, because there never was such a star. If you were brought up with a Cockney you'd be in "the know" and the fun was to propagate such a tag with a straight face. In this way "Knock-knock-who's-there?" jokes became so sophisticated, before they all blew away, that the funniest denouement of the joke was "Go round the back!" or "Eff off!". How could you explain it all to a Russian? (or an American). It was the sophistication of this subtle and flickering interchange that cemented the culture. If you do not understand the whole gamut of the "Knock, knock" jokes, on a need-to-know basis, your loss is celebrated in "Tragedy on the Cliffs" by Eileen Dover. So Nick and pour ol' James prove, by their appropriation of a London lingo for this play, that they are foreign to it. Due to the restrictions under which I labour in order to produce an review I have been advised that it is not possible to quote examples because they contain "inappropriate language". Love's labours lost indeed. Anyone from The Oberon Press who has seen William Shakespeare's A Midsummer Night's Dream [VHS] [1999] on stage, will know the amateur play-within-the-play of "Pyramus and Thisbe", that is rehearsed in the woods out of town so that it might be fit to grace the wedding of Duke Theseus. Usually played for easy laughs like a farce, the truth is, that like the tragedy of Joe Meek, it is much funnier if it is played straight. Shakespeare, unlike the writers of Telstar, uses his Duke to teach us to honour the "homespuns" for their tongue-tied simplicity. I'm sixty now, unfortunately; and remember Telstar playing under autumnal starlight across the back gardens of my poor housing estate as I looked out beyond the exotic washing lines of Sandra and Heather Arnold, girls a little older than me, to the upstairs windows of Greville Billeyard, where the astonishing sound was coming from. I recall riding after the ephemeral film Live It Up [DVD] for which Meek wrote every song; leaving The Essoldo cinema behind, heading down that Tunbridge Wells Hill in the dark clicking my Sturmey Archer gears up and pedalling from that magic place as if my bike was Pegasus, never EVER to see or hear of that worthless masterpiece until nearly forty years had passed. Joe Meek and Van Gogh, were madmen driven to express something out of this world and craved like your reviewer, to be thanked for it. Enough galaxies wait to be named after us all. I can see Joe under those lights with me, as he was at the start, dressed up in a shawl of stars.

Set in the backdrop of early 60s London, Telstar is the story of the World's first Independent record producer, Joe Meek. A maverick genius who enjoyed phenomenal early success with 'Telstar', the biggest selling record of its time, before bad luck, depression, heart break and paranoia forced him to murder and suicide. A gay, amphetamine addicted, talented but deeply troubled soul who dabbled in the occult, Meek is already an iconic figure in the world of British pop, whose messy end had a bizarre inevitability. Far from being a maudlin tale, this stranger than fiction true story is a brilliantly sharp and beautifully observed satirical comedy. Telstar opened at the New Ambassadors Theatre in London's West End in June 2005, with a blistering central performance from Con

Orsquo;Neill as Joe Meek.