

## The 'Battle of Pots and Pans' or Diary of the Singer

### Don't be shy!

Complete with period costumes the cast of the Battle of Pots and Pans lay siege to Edinburgh's chaotic High Street in maneuvers that would have made the Bonnie Prince Proud! It is no easy task to wrestle for the attention of thousands of visitors to the city of Edinburgh but, hey, aren't Pans folk made of stern stuff - the unicyclists, bearded women, Balloon blowers and jugglers had no chance? At least 700 leaflets were inserted into the hands of unsuspecting Redcoats (ok Americans, French, and Chinese etc) - we came at them from behind - complete with a smile and a short explanation of the significance of the Battle of Prestonpans so if they didn't come to the show they have heard about one of the most significant events in Scottish History. But hey, the atmosphere was breathtaking, the city electric and alive.

### First night nerves!

I'm worried now. Despite the number of flyers that have gone out I'm worried that the venue is off the beaten track and that no one will come – no passing trade (you don't count the ghosts in the graveyard). I get inside and see a few friendly faces, Alasdair is tuning his guitar and Gavin warming up, and suddenly there is a sinking feeling in my stomach. I have done many music performances before and I wonder why this is having this effect on me. I guess it is because I am part of a company now, not the soloist, and that I depend on my fellow performers and they on me.

I see Gordon Prestongrange and his wife Avril, beaming big smiles at all of us which has the effect of calming me, at least, down. I'd better get out of the way since the audience is arriving. I can almost taste the atmosphere.

Andrew has told us now to get into position and all of us assemble at the bottom of the stair, eerily silent (does anything ever trouble Andrew – he is so relaxed). We hear the faint murmur of the crowd as Ronan starts chanting 'its no, it's no, its no, it's no locked then.' Seconds seem to go by until I hear Bob screaming that Rangers have scored. As I ascend the stairs I seem to float to the stage vaguely aware of Steve, Ronan and Malcolm and passing an animated footballing Bob.

Each actor in turns plays out of their cotton socks – there is so much energy – you can almost feel the electricity, everyone supporting each other. I love this.

As the play unfolds, the cues taken and each individual performs the audience seem to warm to the play. And it is almost a full house!!! But it is also fleeting before the final scene is played out and the audience applauds, some standing to their feet! First night over.

### The run

Final night, I think we are all tired now but it is a good and wholesome tiredness. We have been near full every night with a couple of nights being sold out and people actually waiting for ticket returns - all my fears unfounded. Still even in our tiredness the excitement of the actual performance remains. It was good of the 'Scotsman' to sing our praises but I think justified for the immense effort that has gone on with the show from writing to the last bow. I have made wonderful friends here and had great experiences.

### **Its over**

The scenery has been packed away and the 'battle bus' has just taken off. Although full of satisfaction I can't fully understand the emptiness I now feel. I am missing it already – the running around of the girls, the banter with the boys, the emotions. This last night we are going to the pub to talk show stories, laugh, shake hands - which will develop into heart warm hugs - and then, finally, go our separate ways. I will really miss this and them.

However, September beckons!