

Sunday Dec

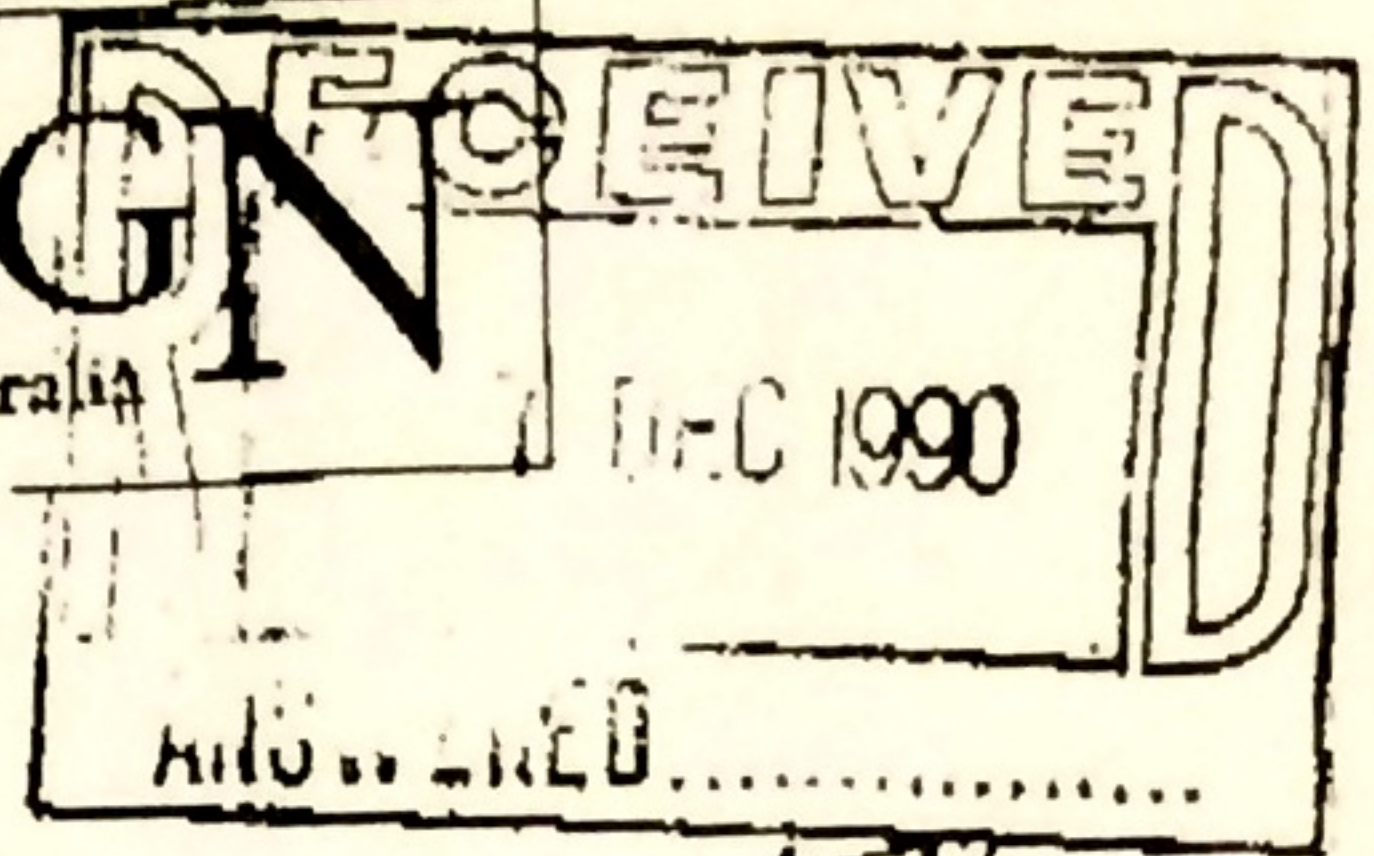
Dear Members of Handspan,

last night I saw your performance of the Wooden Child at the Universal Theatre. I sat in the front row entrance as I was with Smalls - the last of your performances I saw - and at the end I applauded along with the rest of the audience. I left feeling that applause was such an inadequate response to the skill I had just witnessed that I have decided to write to you to thank you so much for such a marvellous, challenging, thought-provoking performance. I admire your work immensely and wish you every luck, regards Deidre Wilson.



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6.12.90

Dear Handspan Theatre,  
I feel I must write to you. When I saw "The Wooden Child" some weeks ago I applauded along with the rest of the audience and the applause was acknowledged by the cast. But I walked away and thought, "I wonder if they really know what an experience they have created for the audience?" Certainly for me.

For the duration of the programme you held a total attention. So much so that I had a Split Down - the - Centre feeling. I was sitting off to one side and observing a whole new range of emotion and reactions that I thought I didn't have, approaching the age of fifty.

Perhaps I thought the responses were a prerogative of the young and sadly left behind, or not able to be recaptured - (which sounds strange coming from me as I am a writer and illustrator of children's picture books.)

It's also rather comforting too. Almost like someone reached down inside of you and pulled something out and said, "There you are. It was down there all the time and you never knew."

So Good for You,  
Bob Lyman