



'for crying out loud'

a nuclear kiss is a nasty goodnight

"Cry my cold terror: a nuclear kiss is a nasty goodnight." This was just one of the many thoughts conveyed to us when a group from the senior portion of the school saw "For Crying Out Loud" at Suckling Hall, in Norwich. It was an intimate revue, presented by the Theatre Roundabout on behalf of S.P.G.

We travelled to and from Norwich in the Chieftain double-decker, and on the return journey had much to remember the evening by, with its many stirring quotations, taken from literature of all categories. On arrival at the hall we were either assigned as stewards to sell programmes and usher the audience to their seats or sat down and took heed of our surroundings. A large proportion of the audience, as could be expected, comprised of clergy. Never could you see a more varied group: young, lively and obviously new to the Ministry, to the old and dodderly. Being so taken up by one's surroundings or large, glossy programme, one hardly noticed the cast, comprising of William Fry and Sylvia Read, mounting the semi-octagonal stage. The incidental music faded and two spot-lights came on and the performance began.

The props were few and simple and the players' clothing quite ordinary. First they brought us to think of modern disputes; the nuclear threat and the refugee problems. This was especially expressed in quotations from "A Man Dies" such as, "We couldn't care less for the refugees, we've never had it so good." We were asked to think of our good deeds and soon brought to realise how few they really were. "Charity isn't real any longer" we were told. Our empty days were put before us and how we always formed a committee when anything needed to be done and then just "Talk, talk, talk. . ." Quotations from Saint Paul's Conversion, Oscar Wilde and again "A Man Dies" were made. The last of these, whose words "We suddenly felt he was still on our side and we didn't have to go it alone" we heard repeated several times during the evening and will remember as being very significant.

After a short break, the second part began and proved to be as equally inspiring as the first. Such things as, "He beat on the Bible till he wore it out" from Lindsay's "The Congo", were particularly vivid. We learned the good of punishing sinners and were treated to a wonderful scene from C. S. Lewis's "Screwtape Letters." Bishop John Leonard Wilson's words, "It is the Resurrection that has the final word" gave the reason for his faith, even when in a Japanese prison. Both William Fry and Sylvia Read gave polished performances throughout, playing the rôles of many different personalities. They closed with those by then familiar words of Ewan Hooper and Ernest Marvin's "A Man Dies": "We trusted his power and we remembered his words, and we didn't have to go it alone."

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