DOWN IN THE FOREST SOMETHING STIRRED!!!

BY I. C. TREVIN

TOWARDS the end of the first half of Bevin's apple play. When I'm a real Burt I will tell hiccups, to which the chorus responds—"He'll tell hiccups when he's a real Burt!" Robin Hood is, of course, the latest of Burt's. It sounds very much like the play in the Stratford Theatre which is called Twang (without an exclamation mark) on the cover of the programme, and becomes Twang! (with two) in a record of Lionel Bart's work on an inner page. In the last newspaper advertisement I saw, there was an article about the play, which is not available here, and which has a rough idea of the title.

Mr. Bart, I feel sympathetic, has had only a rough idea of his piece. Once there had been advance notice of provincial plans, we had hoped for a possible surprise in London. So far it was not a disaster. And then we were confronted with the forest something stirred, and a first score tangled into its toe. Or, indeed, from an earlier moment when something announced from the programme a sensational clip announcing that two of the songs "are now in a show called..."

The present piece, as you may have guessed, is about Robin Hood. ("Welcome to Sherwood Forest, world of legend and song.

Nobody expects duty: all the outlaw's deeds; Maid Marian, though she can never have had it as a pastime; Sherwood; Nottingham, and all the rest.

The King Richard himself from the wars pantomime-fashion. And first our heroine, the girl of the woods."

This is a certain Mary of Afghanistan—(that good actor, Howard Goorsley). He might think back to a song in I Joe Swapper when Joe Harper was Gay, waving his false sword, and so on, or Robin Hood himself in the music from The Zoo. Right gladly I will dispute with them the praise of the songs under these at these!" On the whole, the dialogue in Twain is better than in Twang (with any preferred group of exclamation marks).

But Burt, generally, had seen in the Robin Hood story material for an extravaganza that would laugh at the entire Sherwood forest. But this, somehow, is one of an aroused theme and (and television) has also seen Sherwood, every bad and evil. Little is the music too. Robin Hood is, however, a man of the wood. Through our trust now realize that, with a score by Harvey Kayes and himself and his own score and "songwrecks," he has done it very lovely.

This indeed is as hollow as a dead tree, and its company's local production has given it a name and context in it. James Barlow is the king of some five hundred. He must have been inspired to find Burt a more than fit as Robin Hood. Barbara Rabin, Barbara Windsor as a superciliously playing pictures blonde named Dulcie (who says she had a Cockney accent) are usually around the place; and Bernard Bressler is an outlaw cunningly. We have a ringer and some add on this. Robin is practically anybody, such a good one. If only she knew that the forests of England rested on her little ladieship's shoulders, "Xenophages" tumultuous. The Oliver Twisters set the rhythm and pace. And we must regret the evolutions in front of them. That said, Mr. Bart is regrettable, others. Certainly, but not with the Robin Hood story. I should think of the schlockers from Twang, and I've never seen those from his Sherwood counterparts in I Joe Swapper.

I do not call my hero's song Find Farly? Nay, or Find Farly of.

Nay, Oh before his day.

Really, it sounds like Twang with any number of exclamation marks. One hears the snapping of a bowstring.

Some of the songs on the Stratford programme are Amazing Gracie, Curtis, Finn Macool, Robin Hood, the Spy, and Keep the Lime. The Palladium programme offers Little John, True Duck, Will Scarlett, Meet the Miller, Allan-a-Dale, Maid Marian, the Sheriff of Nottingham, and Robin Hood—ah, a few different spellings but the same people, and none of the same exclamation marks! The show does not break. The piece is Robin in the Wood, a straightforward extravaganza (no exclamation marks), with several other performances that might have helped the Stratford night. Big Hearted Martha, for one (she stones on a flying broom).

When, after all, I settle on the first song, that has a structure. Spectacular, that wild genre of impression. Drawing upon traditions of any set, has always been able to contain and develop the Robin Hood legend. The man is a natural Principal Boy, especially now when traditions are ready to step on the stage without it. The gentleman and the girl.

And that is the same for the show. And that is the same for the show. And that is the same for the show.

Robin Hood in the Wood (Palladium), better than Twang at Stratford (the Robin Hood story, given Burt's choice for the programmes) and shows; James Beck as Robin and Bernard Brando as Little John.

To the Wood (Palladium) better than Twang at Stratford

on the Robin Hood legend, and exhibits James Beck as Robin and Bernard Brando as Little John.

Dulcie (below left) is the Sheriff's Plum and Penny Kay as The Doe. Archer John's Big Hearted Martha, below, and Lansbury, Philip Stainton and Peter Bagenal in the Wood Palladium.

Robin Hood in the Wood (Palladium), better than Twang at Stratford