

Dulce et Decorum Est

By Wilfred Owen

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,
Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,
Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs,
And towards our distant rest began to trudge.
Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots,
But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;
Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots
Of gas-shells dropping softly behind.

Gas! GAS! Quick, boys!—An ecstasy of fumbling
Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time,
But someone still was yelling out and stumbling
And flound'ring like a man in fire or lime.—
Dim through the misty panes and thick green light,
As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.

In all my dreams before my helpless sight,
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.

If in some smothering dreams, you too could pace
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,
And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,
His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin;
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,
Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,—
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest
To children ardent for some desperate glory,
The old Lie: Dulce et decorum est
Pro patria mori.



Studio 61 presents

Forgotten Voices

by *MALCOLM MCKAY*

Adapted from 'Forgotten Voices of The Great War' by Max Arthur

Saturday 3rd November 2018 at 7:30pm
at The Church at Perton

www.studio61.org.uk

1918 - 2018



Director's Notes

I first saw *Forgotten Voices* at the Edinburgh Fringe Festival 10 years ago and was blown away by it. I have always wanted to direct the play as a tribute to the men who fought in The Great War and this year, marking as it does the 100th anniversary of the end of the war, seems an appropriate time to do it.

For a long time I have felt a sense of compassion for all those who were involved in the First World War. I was privileged to go on a school visit to the WW1 battlefields with year 9 students; one of the things we did was to lay wreaths on the graves of old boys of the school. Knowing that these graves belonged to men who had walked the same corridors as ourselves was very humbling.

Forgotten Voices puts the experiences of ordinary people centre stage, as it charts the consequences of the first world war on everyday lives. Set in London's Imperial War Museum in the early 1960s and based on real oral testimonies, the power of the material is never in question. Here are stories both familiar and not so familiar: chlorine gas attacks; the demise of a dysentery-afflicted soldier; a Vesta Tilly music hall turn being used by the army as a recruiting device; the bright-yellow skin of the girls in the munitions factory; the three years in the trenches in which only eight miles of ground was won.

I would like to dedicate this performance to all those who died during the war and to those who survived, particularly: Kitty Eckersley, Mrs M. Hall, Captain Phillip Neame VC, Captain Reginald Thomas, Sergeant Thomas Painting, Sergeant George Ashhurst, Rifleman Henry Williamson, Private F.B. Vaughan, Private John Figarovsky and Private Murray, the amalgam of stories you will hear tonight.



Maggie Smith

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by MALCOLM MCKAY

Adapted from 'Forgotten Voices of The Great War' by Max Arthur

Cast

Peter Newton Mike Smith

Kitty Proctor Jane Fosbrook

Kidder Harris Iain Coleman

Lawrence Todd Andy Alsop

Joe Haines Kevin Porter

Crew

Director Maggie Smith

Sound Martin Smith



There will be no interval. Refreshments will be served after the performance.

Please ensure that all mobile phones are turned off during the performance.

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