

Reversing The Process

Haydon Noble

After Henry's ascent on Mount Sinai (New West End's Adytum / Sky Parlour), the gripping details of which you have read, the main chandelier made its dramatic descent into the Shul and I had a slight fear that there was going to be a replication of a scene from Phantom of Opera/Only Fools and Horses!

Communications with Henry were somewhat difficult as, en route, the walkie-talkie had fallen from his pocket so it was a case of resorting to primitive methods of loud shouting from the floor to the dome and vice versa, via a very small aperture through which any sound waves could just about carry.

After the Chandelier had reached its nadir the two bulbs that were not working needed to be changed and this was duly done only for the new bulbs to blow immediately. Two more long life bulbs were brought and they suffered a similar fate. How did I know that that was bound to happen!

I summonsed Henry down from his roost.

After due consideration, it was decided that only a re-wiring job would solve the problem. So after all that effort (and bravery) the Chandelier would remain without two bulbs.

It was time for Henry to ascend again. However, I noticed that he was looking at me in a rather tentative and dare I say calculating way. I knew what he was thinking and sure enough the next thing I knew was that I was in a harness following in the great man's footsteps on his epic journey to the skies - but not by El Al!

Henry's article has graphically set out the tortuous route but I would like to emphasise that the walk along the parapet worried me a little as I had no parachute! *Volentia non fit injuria* I thought to myself and why had I taken this task on! Once inside the roof space I felt safer. In retrospect I think this was a job for three people, not two, as one has to coordinate from downstairs.

The raising of the Chandelier went without a hitch as Henry had already worked out the mechanics and I made sure that there was a walkie-talkie next to me via which I was given first class instructions in relation thereto, together with the safety wire and the electric cable.

All this being completed and I was on my way back - the last instructions I heard while exiting onto the parapet was "Don't forget to close the door!". By the time I had reached the safety of the Ladies Cloakroom where the trap door was situated I happened to glance in the mirror and saw looking back at me a character from a Dickens novel who had just emerged from cleaning a chimney!

This whole exercise involved in changing light bulbs was exhilarating to say the least. An experience I would highly recommend!!

WHO'S NEXT?

Names please to the Beadle!!