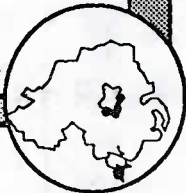


# Cityside Diary



By Charles Fitzgerald

## High time for Luther

The intriguingly-titled Nicodemus Productions, aptly sited at Cathedral Buildings in Donegall Street just next door to the Diary, has come up with yet another excursion into the world of the combined arts.

Nicodemus, you'll recall, was the fellow who climbed the tree to get a better view of Christ, a practice discouraged by most insurance companies.

Symphony on Luther is unlikely to have spectators hanging out of the lighting gantries at the Arts Theatre but it involves a spoken part, musicians, sculptors, painters, dancers and a chorus in an unusual production tracing Luther's conflict with Church and state and the effect of his ideas on the Ref-

ormation — not just on religion but, interestingly, on the arts, an influence significantly enhanced by the advent of the printing press.

The Luther gig kicks off with a display at Castlecourt on Thursday, a seminar on art and modern drama at the Old Museum on May 26, a costume event at Botanic Gardens on June 2, readings and extracts at Waterstone's on June 21 and the performance of the finished work in the Arts from June 22 — almost a mini-Lutheran festival but one, which, alas, has been refused anticipated support by the the Community Relations Council which decided it's not a cultural event.

Could it be that Luther is still persona non grata, non-cultural or just non-acceptable in some Stormont quarters?

## Guiding me to the light

That the Diary does not know everything has, alas, been made public. It is not as familiar with its Bible as it ought to be. Several readers, touchingly concerned, no doubt, for the Diary's spiritual welfare, kindly telephoned yesterday to alert it to the proximity of hereticism, for which — grateful thanks.

You were all right — Nicodemus wasn't the tree climber at all — he was the man who came by night. The (probably) uninsured climber who scaled the sycamore tree in Palestine to get a better look at Christ was Zacchaeus, the wee income-tax fella.

Well done, readers. This will teach the Diary not to take answers to its bothersome questions to colleagues at face value in future — they're all heathens.