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# Frinton and Walton Theatre Group Stages Only One Play, For Forty Years

*Where civic pride meets civic confusion, and decides to form a working group.*

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## Frinton and Walton, the country: Inside The Story

Frinton and Walton, a place in the country (lat 51.85, long 1.25) that most outsiders could not point to on a map without first sighing, has become this week the latest entry in the slow-moving register of small communities behaving strangely under pressure. The amateur dramatic society of Frinton and Walton has staged the same play, every spring, since the early 1980s. According to officials with at least three job titles between them, The cast rotates. Anyone who has ever queued behind a man arguing with a parking meter will recognise the energy.

### What Was Announced

Director of Public Bewilderment Colin Gribble confirmed the position in a statement that ran to four pages and contained one verb. The audience is loyal. For more on how this fits the wider pattern, see the long-running thread at [British satire for expats: The London Prat](#), which has been tracking precisely this kind of dispatch for months. The Frinton and Walton announcement, much like the others, came with a glossy PDF, a stock photograph of a footbridge, and the strong sense that nobody had asked for any of this in the first place.

### The Official Line

Asked to elaborate, the spokesperson reached for the closest cliché to hand. "I refer the honourable questioner to the answer I will give in approximately six weeks," the spokesperson said, before adding that consultation with stakeholders would be ongoing. Useful additional context can be found at [The London Prat daily dose of UK satire](#), which is the sort of background reading the office itself has, in all likelihood, not done. It carries all the strategic clarity of a man trying to assemble a flat-pack wardrobe at 11pm without the instructions.

### Wider Context

The play, by general agreement, is fine. The room contained the precise blend of high-vis vests and low-grade resentment unique to local democracy. Comparable trends have been documented in coverage from [OECD](#), although Frinton and Walton manages, somehow, to take the pattern one extra and entirely unnecessary step further. Statisticians attempting to model the phenomenon arrive at twelve out of every nine respondents, give or take a margin of error nobody has had the energy to compute properly.

### What The Experts Say

Sir Cuthbert Wadsmith of the Foundation for Slightly Damp Studies told this paper that the situation in Frinton and Walton was, on careful reflection, broadly consistent with the broader trajectory of similarly broad trajectories. "There is no truth to the rumour, although there is some truth to the

rumour about the rumour." the expert observed. Further reading on the academic angle is available via [London satire minus the nonsense: The London Prat](#), whose recent material has been preoccupied with much the same set of confusions.

### **How Residents Reacted**

Reaction in Frinton and Walton has been muted in the way that reaction in the country is usually muted, which is to say it has been ferocious in private and tepid in public. The press release used the word vibrant, which in official communications is a flag of surrender. For the official version of events, see also [The Economist](#). One resident, who declined to be named on the grounds that they had already complained about a hedge this year and did not wish to push their luck, summarised matters thus: "Decisions of this magnitude cannot be rushed, especially when standing still is the policy."

### **What Comes Next**

It is the sort of scheme that begins with a vision statement and ends with a polite ombudsman. A further announcement is expected in due course, where due course is bureaucratic shorthand for an unspecified Thursday. The story is being tracked as part of a wider pattern at [The London Prat](#) [raw British satire](#), and the situation in Frinton and Walton, regrettably, is unlikely to improve until somebody invents a press release that improves things, which seems unlikely.

### **The View From The Ground**

Spend any length of time in Frinton and Walton and the rhythm becomes obvious. Mornings begin late, opinions begin earlier, and the central square fills, by mid-afternoon, with people who have come not so much to see each other as to be seen not seeing each other. Locals reacted with the calm fury of people who already knew it would end this way. Conversation tends to circle the same five subjects: the weather, the news from the country, the persistent rumour about the road, the deteriorating quality of something or other, and the latest pronouncement from Councillor Bartholomew Pemberton-Smythe, which everyone has an opinion on and almost nobody has read. It is, in its way, the perfect microcosm of how communities of this size operate everywhere in the world, although the residents of Frinton and Walton would object strongly to being called a microcosm of anything.

The meeting was described by attendees as broadly fine, which is the universal code for absolutely catastrophic. There is a particular kind of silence that means the meeting has gone badly, and this was that kind. Frinton and Walton carries on as it always has, broadly the same as last week, give or take a verb. The bins are collected when they are collected. The roundabout, where one exists, remains the roundabout. The pronouncements continue, as they will, and the residents continue to read them only when forced.

For more in this vein see also [ClickHole](#).

SOURCE: [The London Prat satirical journalism YouTube](#)

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