

# *The* Rattigan

The Newsletter of  
The Terence Rattigan Society

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# *Version*

## An evening of quiet delight




**T**he Annual Dinner in June, marking Terence Rattigan's birthday, was held this year in the spacious and very elegant environs of the Hurlingham Club in southwest London, where our Founder, Barbara Longford, is a member. Attendees braved the tube strikes and turned out in their summer finery (dress code 'summer smart') to gaze at the well-mown lawns and abundant greenery as they sipped Prosecco, before retiring into the Palm-Court-like interior of the Terrace Room for dinner.

It seemed like the perfect setting for a murder mystery as we sat down and the staff flitted about

filling our wine glasses. Fortunately, no one came to grief over the herb gnocchi and truffle pesto. No one's glass was laced with a devilish poison, and our guest of honour, Dan Rebellato (*pictured, left, with Barbara*), was able to complete his fascinating speech without any mishap from a malicious microphone.

Barbara survived the potential threat of a suspiciously harmless-looking bouquet of flowers presented by our Secretary Martin Amherst Lock, who clearly had no ill intent in his heart at all. And so it proved to be a most satisfying evening. There were no dramas, no Poirot-like investigations were required, and we all departed in very good spirits to find taxis, walk over Putney Bridge to the mainline station, or drive ourselves home.

It was an evening of quiet delight, and one that will be remembered both for its lush and sophisticated surroundings and Dan Rebellato's highly perceptive words on the difficulty of writing about, studying, or indeed teaching, Rattigan's plays. This was reminiscent of the conference we held in Trinity College, Oxford, in 2015, where Dan, and others, addressed us on many aspects of Rattigan's work.

Dan's speech is printed in full, with his kind permission, on pages 4 to 7. As well as the book of essays that he is currently editing, he also edits, as he reminded us, the Nick Hern series of Rattigan's plays, providing an introduction to each one. He is most definitely a star in the TR firmament. 

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## The Terence Rattigan Society

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Editor's note: Any views expressed in this newsletter are those of the individual author and do not necessarily represent the views of The Terence Rattigan Society or its Committee.



Photo: broadwayworld.com

## Is the Corn still Green?

**Phill Ward reviews the recent production at the National Theatre seen by members on a Society outing in early June**

Opportunities to see the works of Emlyn Williams on stage are rare occurrences. Even his big hit, *The Corn is Green*—the subject here—which in its day was best known as a celebrated film starring Bette Davis, has not enjoyed a professional production in the past decade and a half. Every now and again the National wakes up and stumbles into delivering its mission statement: to explore great, and not-so-great, titles of the recent and historic past alongside developing work by established writers and supporting emerging playwrights.

When this production was announced, like so much else delayed for a year by the pandemic, the attachment of director Dominic Cooke set the pulse of expectation racing. Well, at least my pulse! Of late, Cooke has been responsible for two really

outstanding productions at the NT – the glorious staging of *Follies* (perhaps the most convincing production of Sondheim's supposedly "problem" musical) and an incendiary examination of August Wilson's *Ma Rainey's Black Bottom* – the finest staging of any of this wonderful American playwright's work in the UK for many years. What would Cooke make of Williams' semi-autobiographical tale of the poor boy from the Welsh coal mining valleys who escapes to the dreaming spires of Oxford University? In performance history Williams' play has gained a reputation for sentimentality. Cooke's vision was gratifyingly devoid of that. Some might balk at the director's imposition of a narrator, rivetingly played by the witty Gareth David-Lloyd, as the playwright himself, visibly struggling to construct his play – but it was convincing as a delivery mechanism for a text unfamiliar to the majority of its audience. It added a layer of intrigue too, since this is essentially an autobiographical piece.

As with his Wilson staging, Cooke started with an empty stage – here a simple platform dominated the first act, with sound effects marking the opening and closing of doors, entry and exits, advancing and retreating footsteps etc. Again, some may have found the insertion of a Welsh male voice choir a distraction, but for this observer it was simultaneously a charming novelty, enabling the continuing presence on stage of the many subsidiary characters – mostly the miners, acting as a Greek chorus observing the action. The coup de théâtre for Act 2 was the reveal of a conventional set – the schoolroom where the action is set. **Cont. on p7...**

# It was Frank wot dun it

**Roger Mills responds to the last issue with his own early recollections of falling in love with the theatre**

**K**im Maddox, a sociology student of mine, put up, womanfully, with being called Frank from the first day we met each other in a classroom in 1978. Well, she tolerated it until the old 'red mist' descended, probably when she hit fifteen; inevitably something snapped and she demanded with some justifiable ferocity "why the heck have you always called me this stupid name?" (To be fair by that time it had 'taken' so well I think her original name had been almost forgotten by all.) All I could bleat in reply was the enigmatic but true answer "it's all about when the rot set in" explaining it was a tribute to one Frank G. Maddox whose family ran (some would say into the ground) the Theatre Royal Bath from the mid-30s until the mid-70s.

Each winter from as early before Christmas as he dared, until as late in the spring as he thought he could get away with, he mounted a must-see pantomime. Always raucously noisy, exciting, glamorous and hilarious, complete with audience songs—words flown in of course—fantastic costumes and custard pie slapstick, they simply enraptured me. After that lot I was doomed to end up somewhere trying to do something like it. John Sanders directed a production of Britten's *Noye's Fludde* at Cirencester which also had a big effect in a slightly different way – no custard pies.

In truth I had two competing loves—music and the stage—and looking back I was lucky in both. Drama League courses like Giles recalled were not my experience; I spent summers in Royal School of Church Music courses at places like Dean Close, Cheltenham - but Gloucestershire was an ideal spot for the young theatregoer. In Bristol we had the Hippodrome and the Bristol Old Vic, Cheltenham had the Everyman, Swindon the Wyvern and Stratford was a convenient hop away.

And by the time I reached the sixth form we went to all - by hook or by crook we went. Sometimes in coaches, sometimes in groups in teachers' cars, sometimes by bus. Once the future Mrs M and I, and the future Mr & Mrs Brendan Hewett, fitted into Brendan's three-wheeled Berkley (seen from the front this resembled an MG - from the rear a Dodgem) and actually made it there and back.

All this really took off with the joint arrival of John Ryan as Head of English at my school – an Irishman who for obvious reasons we delighted in trying to get to say any sentence with 'third' in it – and the move to a brand new building with decent stage facilities. The Theatre Club met in the evening for play readings and visits to shows - not always professional.

One which had a big impact was Sheridan's *The Rivals* by the Bristol Old Vic in the lovely little theatre above the foyer of the Colston Hall - now used as a bar, I understand. The performances were exhilarating but the set had the biggest influence. It used two wings slightly slanted up stage and two small revolves with flats mounted, à la the CND symbol seen from above, giving speedy and flexible scene changes. I used the same idea, usually with built pieces on casters, too many times in later years.

Moving north, I've written in these pages before of the excellent producing house at Cheltenham overseen by Malcolm Farquhar. Rosemary Leach in *A Streetcar* sticks in the mind, but the night was memorable for another reason. It was power-cut winter 1972 and, in the alleyway alongside, one of local showman Billy Danter's fairground generators was chugging away. Sure enough, half way through the mains went and the show was completed by—I suspect—a lash-up of pageants converted to 110v. Lesson – the show must go on.

*Streetcar* is not a play I have ever sought out since and I don't think I have ever had another chance to catch Peter Luke's *Hadrian the Seventh* based on the 1904 novel by the English novelist Frederick Rolfe, who wrote under the pseudonym 'Baron Corvo'. Nicely staged, again using a revolve, but also on trend by taking no pains to hide the lighting or indeed the grid. Lesson – masking not required!

This lovely theatre offered one of my most magical nights in the theatre with Malcolm's own production of *Twelfth Night* with – inspired casting this – Peter Goodwright as Feste. I have never since seen a production to match this for sheer magic.

These years were a bit of a golden period for Stratford and three productions were memorable. First up, Trevor Nunn's *Hamlet* with Alan Howard in the title role. RSC programmes were always well presented and I have mine still. It's jet black with the title embossed on the cover and has been with me wherever I've lived ever since. Helen Mirren played Ophelia, Sebastian Shaw Polonius, and Brenda Bruce Gertrude. I have been a fan of Trevor Nunn from that day and he has rarely let me down. **Cont. p8...**

# Rattigan and Contradiction

*The complete text of the address given at the Annual Birthday Dinner  
by Professor Dan Rebellato*

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Ladies and Gentlemen, friends, first thank you for the flattering invitation to speak to you about one of my favourite subjects, the wonderful Terence Rattigan. As some of you know, I have been writing on Rattigan for almost thirty years. There have been the – so far – thirteen editions of Rattigan’s selected plays for Nick Hern, each of which has involved the pleasure of descending into the Rattigan Archive at the British Library to sort out the winding path – personal, social, and textual – that led Rattigan to the final version of his play, in some cases (such as *First Episode*) establishing for the first time what that final version *actually is*. I’ve returned to his work throughout my academic writing. In my other life I’m also a playwright and have just written a how-to book on playwriting for the National Theatre (out next year) and because I believe that Rattigan still has things to teach playwrights in the twenty-first century, I’m pleased to say I’ve got a few examples of Terry’s immaculate stagecraft into that book too.

But I can’t say I’ve been part of a swelling throng of academics working on Rattigan. Over those thirty years, the number of academic articles on Rattigan’s work struggles to get into double figures. While his near-contemporaries – such as Noel Coward, JB Priestley, John Osborne and others – have a voluminous stream of books, articles, chapters, and doctoral theses on their work, academic writing on Terence Rattigan remains piecemeal. There have been some excellent biographies of course, a valuable and growing library of pieces in *The Rattigan Version* and other articles for a non-academic audience, but Rattigan remains absent from much discussion in the Academy.

Now, you might think, why does that matter? Rattigan’s work is regularly revived (as the glorious centenary programmes of work demonstrated). Academic writing is a rather niche area in which specialists talk, often incomprehensibly, to one another. What impact can it really have on Rattigan’s ongoing reputation if academics choose to talk about other things?

But there are consequences. Academics expect undergraduates to engage with the wider debates around the writers’ work that we set, so if there isn’t much of a wider debate, their work becomes more difficult to set. And those undergraduates later become graduates and

our theatres and schools tend to be run by graduates who, if they haven’t encountered Rattigan in their degrees, are less likely to programme his work in their theatres or set his work in their classrooms. So, for the long-term place of his work in the repertoire, we need academics to engage with Rattigan.

First, the good news. I am co-editing a collection of new academic essays on Rattigan for Cambridge University Press, to be published in 2023. With my co-editor Alex Feldman, we have gathered a truly interdisciplinary group of scholars to write about Rattigan from several new perspectives: Rattigan and Englishness, Rattigan and Empire, Rattigan and the Law, Rattigan and the Body, and much more. I hope this book – *Terence Rattigan: New Critical Perspectives* – will provide the spur to further academic study and debate of this writer that means so much to all of us.

But why has academia remained so apparently uninterested in Rattigan hitherto? I think there are a couple of interesting reasons that I’d like to explore because they start to bear on at the complexities and puzzles of Rattigan’s craft.

The first reason is, no doubt, a product of the way Rattigan was swept aside by the great wave of young writers of the mid-1950s. Led by Kenneth Tynan at the *Observer* and John Osborne at the Royal Court, stages were being filled with younger, often working-class characters and stories, representing the new generations that had emerged from WW2 into a world of universal state education, the NHS, widespread nationalization, the Arts Council as well as the nuclear threat, continued rationing, the shadows of the Holocaust, and Britain’s collapsing Empire. The new generation – Osborne, Pinter, Arden, Delaney, Wesker – addressed these new circumstances with brash directness. Rightly or wrongly, Rattigan’s playmaking was considered incapable of addressing this new world.

I’m going to risk the displeasure of the Terence Rattigan Society by saying that I don’t think they were wholly wrong. Rattigan’s preferred milieu was a world of wealth and privilege from which, to some extent, the challenges of the post-war world were at a distance. I do think that *The Deep Blue Sea* and *Separate Tables* capture some of the anxieties of the postwar world beautifully, but in both he is more interested in an old world dying than a new world struggling to be born.



Generationally and stylistically, Osborne, Delaney and Wesker were better placed to capture the completion of that cultural shift.

However – let me say hastily – I think this has also mistakenly given some an impression that Rattigan’s sympathies lay with the declining class of imperialists and pre-war conservatives. We know biographically that Rattigan’s politics were never on the conservative right and in many ways, I think we can see his postwar plays as elegantly and incisively anatomising the decline of that old world. We might see Hester’s transfer of affections from Sir William to Freddie, or Alma Rattenbury’s from her architect husband to George Wood, to be an image of a patrician class’s declining hold on the public imagination, while ‘Major’ Pollock’s numerous deceptions are another example of the threadbare image of the establishment class being exposed and replaced with something more liberal, open, and empathetic. The dramaturgical struggles of *Less Than Kind* as it turned into *Love in Idleness* (and *O Mistress Mine*), with their various shifts in family, wealth, location, and politics are themselves more symptomatic of the way a new postwar settlement was starting to be glimpsed by the mid-forties than any particular version of the play. The failures of Alexander and Lawrence in *Adventure Story* and *Ross* seem to me symptoms of Britain’s increasingly implausible military pre-eminence, the Suez fiasco – non-coincidentally – midway between those two premieres, making that decline explicit. That all said, the misrecognition of Rattigan as expressing sympathy for the class in decline (rather as Chekhov was thought – wrongly I think – to be bemoaning the erosion of Russian aristocracy) has damaged him. Scholars are disinclined to spend time on a writer who appeared absolutely tied to the fortunes of an obsolete class.

The second reason for Rattigan’s academic neglect is more interesting. The problem is that Rattigan seems to leave us nothing to do. When I’m teaching Beckett or

Heiner Müller or Martin Crimp or Caryl Churchill there are evident mysteries and puzzles. What is the meaning of this cryptic image? Why this unusual patterning in the language? What effect do we think this radically fragmented structure has on how we might interpret this play? This is good for academics; it gives us a clear role as interpreter and guide between

the text and our sometimes bewildered students and makes us feel like we’re earning our salaries.

But Rattigan doesn’t offer these things (at least not obviously – I’ll come back to that). Instead, there is a luminous clarity to Rattigan’s stagecraft. His characters are complex and psychologically rich; his sublime use of subtext is precise and emotionally lucid. There is a transparency to his stories that draws in the reader or audience member without apparent confusion; his language rarely requires explanation, indeed is constructed to be profoundly ordinary but superbly articulate in context. I’ve often set Rattigan plays for students to read; never has a student come to class complaining that they don’t understand it; so vivid and accessible is his writing that quite often they come to class speaking about the characters as if they are people they have personally met (rather than words on a page). Students are sometimes a little cynical, but the only example of a student having difficulty reading a Rattigan play was a young working-class woman who admitted that she struggled to finish reading *The Browning*

*Version* because her tears made it difficult to see the page. (I think Terry would be very pleased to hear that.)

But it does mean Rattigan has an annoying tendency to bypass the academic. There’s apparently nothing for us to explain, to provide, no work for us to do. It’s all already there. He appears to make the academic obsolete with consequential risk to our feelings of self-worth.

But what is a play? The answer to that might seem obvious but in fact the assumptions **Cont. on p 6...**



# Rattigan and Contradiction

*Continued from page 5*

we bring to a play differ widely across time, context and attitude. One way Rattigan sits awkwardly in academia is because the perception of his plays as exquisitely – even perfectly – constructed is caught between two moments in the history of thinking about what a play is.

In the 1930s and 1940s, almost exactly contemporary with Rattigan's rising reputation, an influential idea about the role of the literary critic arose. The big idea of the 'New Critics' (as they were called) was to study 'the text in itself'. They stripped away everything they saw as secondary or external to the text in itself: the author's biography, the critics' personal response, the historical context from which the work appeared. Instead, they just read the play. (As it happens, they mainly worked on poetry, but their methods have been applied to plays.)

The implication of this is that a play is a complete thing in itself, separable from its context. What goes along with that approach then is a suggestion that this completeness is an aesthetic value: key terms of appreciation for the New Critics are balance, harmony, motif, echo, terms that suggest a text as a seamless whole in which every element contributes harmoniously to the total effect.

You can see how this has affinities with the way Rattigan is often talked about: the seamless craft, the exquisite construction, the 'well made'-ness of the plays. But thinking about what a play is started to change in the last decade of Rattigan's life. In the late sixties, critics started to become interested in the ways plays derive their meaning in relation to their particular historical context; they are created out of the materials and meanings of their time and then, each time they are read or produced, it is in a new context, generating new meanings and resonances in the plays. The meaning of airman Freddie Page's alcohol-fuelled dissatisfaction, in the 1950s, was evidently a response to disappointments in the immediate aftermath of the War, but it seemed to be anger at his wife in the 1980s, with their class differences in the 1990s and, at the National Theatre a few years ago, a manifestation of serious depression.

But of course, if the meaning of a play derives from the relationship between the play and its context, the idea of the play as a seamless whole starts to change. Instead the edges of the text seem porous and permeable. Deriving meaning from a text means looking not just at the text in itself but outside it too; meaning, indeed, is not like a substance inertly waiting to be dug out of a

text but is instead a process, continually changing, with which we interact. Literary works, then, are no longer treated as harmonious and unified but fluid and contradictory. By the 1970s, critics began to look not for seamlessness but contradiction, paradox, and playfulness. The presumption now was that literary works were never transparent portals into a fictional world but always, in subtle ways, commented on their means of representation in a way that revealed the fiction.

Now, let me first say, that as an academic, I am absolutely a product of this era and I share a great deal of these convictions. But also as a reader and theatre-goer, I find much more compelling the picture of a great play as infinite, changing, complex and contradictory, generating new meanings with every era, and every reader than the rather banal New Critical vision of the text, in Terry Eagleton's words, as 'less like a process of meaning than something with four corners and a pebbledash front'. My introductions to Rattigan's plays have sought to draw attention to the ambiguities of meaning, the multiple possibilities within his work, the ways in which their surface meanings are sometimes troubled by hints and subtleties which may or may not be wholly deliberate.

However, I must say it's more usual for academics to look to those texts that display a level of paradox and playfulness that place their incompleteness on their surfaces. The era has seen a great burst of enthusiasm for *Tristram Shandy*, the self-aware novels of Calvino and Pynchon, the experimental plays of Martin Crimp. This is strange to me because, if the theory is right, then all texts, not just the obvious ones, are prey to this radical instability. So it remains unclear why one should favour *Tristram Shandy* over, say, George Eliot, or – more appositely – why we should favour, say, Tom Stoppard over Terence Rattigan.

And here's where we get to the academic problem with Rattigan. The conception of his plays is stuck in an old-fashioned view of what a play is. In saying that the plays are seamlessly crafted and luminously transparent, we are adopting a vocabulary that has been out of favour for half a century. And it's not just academics; I'm a playwright and I know a lot of contemporary British playwrights and the way we talk about plays is, more often than not, in terms of the way form might collide with context, how not everything needs to be intended, how juxtaposition is as valuable as consistency. You see some of the same ideas in the book review pages, and elsewhere.

So my question is: can we speak of Rattigan's plays only in terms of their seamless craft? What would happen if we saw him through a post-1960s critical gaze? Might this be a way of reinventing him not just for academics but for theatre-makers and theatre-goers too?


After all, in some ways, we are aware of the contradictions, paradoxes and puzzles in Rattigan's work. Most celebrated is the way he can create wildly opposed text and subtext: we Rattiganians know that an apparently banal and uninteresting line as *Separate Tables* 'No, Mummy. I'm going to stay in the dining-room and finish my dinner' said at the right moment can mean no less than that fascism and bigotry has been defeated! Has anyone better demonstrated the ability of language to generate new meanings in new contexts than Rattigan who places the utterly unremarkable line 'Oh it's you, Mab' in *While the Sun Shines* and manages to derive (certainly in the Orange Tree production) a huge shout of laughter followed by delicious aftershocks of laughter as people remember the moment and laughed again. These are effects of juxtaposition and contradiction, not seamlessness and harmony.

Further, and this is something I want to explore in my own contribution to our book, despite their apparent transparency, Rattigan's plays are very aware of language's semiotic instability, its complexity, and its risks. There are so many instances that run through his plays of writing itself as dangerous: the newspaper that Major Pollock desperately tries to hide; Hester's suicide note that Freddie stumbles across; the letter from her husband that Edith violently destroys in *Cause Célèbre*.

But also Rattigan shows so well the paradoxical ways language makes meaning: think of the inscription in the copy of the Browning translation of *Agamemnon*, the meaning of which is contested first linguistically, then emotionally, that makes and then unmakes Crocker-Harris; the signature that may or may not be forged on a postal order in *The Winslow Boy*; the doctor's bills in *In Praise of Love* whose very existence tells Lydia that her husband's hostility is exquisite proof of his complete devotion; the letter in *Bequest to the Nation* that Nelson returns unread but has, in fact, not just read but committed to memory – turning unreading into a kind of forgery. How many playwrights have examined the dangers and paradoxes of language like Rattigan?


In some ways, here Rattigan is partaking in one of the standard devices of the well-made play, the letter that goes awry, but even so, he pushes this device to extraordinary lengths, exploring the paradoxical relations between writers and readers, speech and writing, writing and forging. Just at the moment where intellectual fashions were moving from a vision of the play as holistic and seamless to see it as porous and open, Rattigan seems to me not to be complacently inhabiting the well-made play model but pushing at its edges, testing its limits, seeking to find ways of generating meanings out of almost nothing, mounting a sly deconstruction of traditional playcraft.

And Terry's enemies maybe sensed this too. After all, the two accusations levelled at him were that (a) his

well-made play carpentry created a complacent, silky-smooth, window into a privileged world, and (b) that he was smuggling queer meanings into apparently straight plays. It's curious to accuse him both of transparency and dishonesty, conservatism and subversion, but maybe in those very contradictions we might start to find a Rattigan for the twenty-first century. 

## Is the Corn Still Green?

*Continued from page 2*

There were some fine performances amongst the cast. Nicola Walker, the star attraction here, the likely reason this production sold out—given her many fans from her various TV roles—tackled the unlovable role of Miss Moffat with acerbic spikiness. Seen through modern eyes, the morals of a 1930s socially pioneering teacher may seem misguided, but Walker brought pathos, compassion and, yes, an air of loss to her portrayal. Just out of drama school, Iwan Davies was a stand-out as Morgan Evans – the right amount of surly indignation, initially concealing a burning desire for knowledge, and a growing confidence and eventual awareness that his academic destiny lay beyond the Welsh valleys – all thoroughly inspiring. 

## Editorial survey

After 41 issues of this newsletter is it perhaps time to rethink the way it is delivered to you?

Many members will no doubt enjoy receiving a printed copy in the post, but the print turnaround is not always a speedy process and it may be possible that some of you would be happy to receive each issue via email in PDF format.

Could all readers therefore please respond to these questions:

1. Would you prefer to continue receiving *The Rattigan Version* by post?
2. Would you prefer to receive it slightly earlier by email?
3. If 2, would you also like to receive it by post, subsequently?

*Responses by email, please, to:*

**terencerattigansociety@gmail.com**



## It was Frank wot dun it

*Continued from page 3*

Ronald Eyre directed an interesting *Much Ado* with dear old Sydney Bromley as Verges and Peter Woodthorpe as Dogberry.

And yes, I did see Peter Brook's *Dream* in its first season and everything you will have heard about this visually stunning presentation is true. I count myself very lucky to have been there at that time.

Sadly, by eighteen I knew, as you do, my instrumental career, cello, had reached the buffers and that I simply did not have the drive required to turn a fair bit of crude rustic talent into anything like an employable actor. So I applied to college for a Drama in Education and Theatre Arts Course (choice made solely because the theatre had a fly tower and revolving stage) and made it my business to learn everything about the backstage arts.

It was all down to Frank G. Maddox, but in my innocence I thought that managements like that were a thing of the past. Well, they might be now but they weren't thirty years ago - the last time I lit a show in a professional house (I was not a pro myself). It must remain nameless but had just been sold after nearly 40 years by a family management. When asked for the barndoor for a bar of Patt 243s, the LX chap simply replied "They disappeared. We had a tour in and there was some argument about the money."

The Grand Master was still on the perch (superseded by a Berkey numerical call up memory board of dubious reliability), the floor stands had Seecol cast into the feet, there was a complete Strand Samoiloff colour mixing installation in the store and the wiring was so ancient I was not surprised by a power failure half-way through Act 1.

In a way I suppose I'd come full circle. ☞



## Dates for your diary

**Friday 30 September 2022**

**John Gabriel Borkman** at the Bridge Theatre - Nicholas Hytner's production of the Ibsen classic in a new version by Lucinda Coxon, starring Simon Russell Beale, Clare Higgins and Lia Williams. More information and booking form enclosed with this issue.

**Sunday 20 November 2022**

**The AGM** at a West End venue close to the Duke of York's Theatre, followed by lunch and then a matinee performance of **The Doctor** by Arthur Schnitzler, adapted by Robert Icke and starring Juliet Stevenson. Details and booking form to follow.

**Saturday 10 December 2022**

A visit to the Orange Tree, Richmond, for a matinee of Shaw's rarely performed **Arms and the Man** followed by an early supper. Details and booking form to follow.



## PICTURE QUIZ

1). The photograph above was taken in 1971 on the occasion of Terry's receiving his knighthood at Buckingham Palace. Who is accompanying him (both names required)?

2). The photograph (left) shows a scene from which Rattigan play?

A prize for the first correct answer to both questions (no prize for naming the actors in picture 2)!

If any clues are needed, there is a double connection in picture 1 with another TR play, and picture 2 has a connection with this Society (other than TR himself). Send your answers to the TRS email address—**along with your survey answers!** (see page 7) ☞