

# *The* Rattigan

The Newsletter of  
The Terence Rattigan Society

ISSUE NO. 44 JUNE 2023

# *Version*

## A memorial dinner for Denis



**A** DINNER WAS HELD at the Oxford and Cambridge Club on 25 May in celebration of our late Chairman, Denis Moriarty, although his chairmanship of our Society was just one of the many strands of Denis's very busy and active life. The dinner was attended by Denis's family and many of his friends and was also a fundraiser for a prize to be awarded each year in his memory. As you may know, Denis and his wife Jinnie (*pictured*) founded a local charity in 2015 to support and encourage young musicians: the

Kensington and Olympia Festival of Music and Arts, or KOFMA for short. Six of the many very talented people who were given a platform by KOFMA entertained the assembled guests before, during, and after the dinner, with a selection of music that would have delighted Denis himself. We heard pieces by Vaughan Williams, Ivor Gurney, Chopin, Bach, Poulenc, Hahn, Elgar, Debussy, Verdi, di Capua and—of course—a rousing finale (in which we all joined) of the Hippopotamus Song by Flanders & Swann (which Denis can still be seen singing on YouTube)!

The Denis Moriarty Prize for Musical Excellence will take the form of an elegant silver cup—being shown to us very lovingly in the photograph by Jinnie—and a donation of £1000 to assist the winner's further studies. It was the hope of the organisers of the dinner that the occasion might raise perhaps £8000 to help fund the award for some time to come. Double that figure was achieved. A huge tribute to the affection with which Denis is held and his wonderful enterprise in creating a charity to support young musicians.

It has to be said that the majority of those attending knew Denis through university, the BBC or the world of music. Your editor was therefore able to enlighten those around him of the virtues of this Society, to which Denis devoted so much of his time while he could.

We enjoyed at least two Annual Birthday Dinners at the O&C courtesy of Denis, so it was very fitting to be present at such a joyful celebration for, and of, him and his legacy. *Ed.* ☞

☞ A DINNER FOR OUR FORMER CHAIRMAN, P 1

☞ REVIEW OF 'PRIVATE LIVES', P 3

☞ RATTIGAN AT THE MOVIES 3, PP 4, 5, 8

☞ UPDATE ON RATTIGAN MEMORIAL RESTORATION, P 8

☞ 'SEPARATE TABLES' REVIEW AT BROMLEY, PP 2, 7

☞ MAHLER AT THE RAH, PP 6, 7

☞ DATES FOR YOUR DIARY, P 8



## The Terence Rattigan Society

*President:* Sir David Suchet CBE

*Vice-Presidents:* Michael Darlow, Lord Fellowes, Dr. Holly Hill, Greta Scacchi, Geoffrey Wansell

*Founder* Barbara Longford

*Treasurer* Alison Du Cane

*Membership Secretary* Susan Cooper

*Events Secretary* Phill Ward

*Chairman & Secretary*

*Newsletter Editor*

*Theatre Liaison*

*Drama School Liaison*

Martin Amherst Lock

Giles Cole

Michael Wheatley-Ward

Prof. Michael Gaunt

*US Representative* Dr. Holly Hill

**Email:** [terencerattigansociety@gmail.com](mailto:terencerattigansociety@gmail.com)

**Website:** [www.theterencerattigansociety.co.uk](http://www.theterencerattigansociety.co.uk)

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.

## Enduringly relevant

***Lindsay Johns is delighted by  
'Separate Tables' in Bromley***

**T**his bravura amateur production of Rattigan's 1954 masterpiece at the Bromley Little Theatre was by far the equal of, and in many respects infinitely superior to, much one might see in the West End, with the additional bonus of there being no exorbitant ticket prices, no unduly inflated thespian egos and no frenetic rush to catch the last train home after the final curtain.

Rattigan's magisterial, elegiac examination of loneliness, vulnerability, flawed humanity, the choices broken people make and the over-riding need for compassion and human decency in our interactions with others, *Separate Tables* is, like all truly great art, both timeless and universal, and thus has the emotional potency to resonate with contemporary audiences.

Directed with sensitivity and panache by Hilary Cordery and Kay O'Dea, and with deft touches of humour and pathos, this superbly cast - and superbly acted - production effortlessly demonstrated what a thoroughly modern playwright Rattigan is - and how enduringly relevant his work still is, some seventy years after it was first performed.

Set in the Hotel Beauregard on the south coast, a collection of misfits, loners, spinsters, has-beens and pariahs live out their days, taking their meals at (the eponymous) separate tables in the dining room, some sheltering furtively from the world, others hiding from it in plain sight. As so often

with Rattigan, given the nature of his manifold genius, he is able to transmute the banal, the prosaic and the quotidian - in this case, the tawdry, suburban humdrum of post war Britain, into a thing of coruscating beauty and profound existential meaning.

In Act One, Abigail Moss mesmerises as Anne Shankland, the ex-wife of firebrand political journalist, alcoholic and disgraced Labour MP John Malcolm, who arrives out of the blue to see her former husband, in the hope of re-kindling their tempestuous and passionate but mutually destructive relationship. Carnality incarnate in a figure-hugging red dress, effortlessly exuding a palpable mature sexuality, her Rubenesque appeal - and pathetic desperation - are on full display, and Andy Solts, in a commanding performance as working class, socialist intellectual Malcolm, is both debased and ennobled by her Circean charms.

Debbie Hedges as Miss Cooper, the intrinsically decent hotel owner, plays to perfection the plain yet dependable lady who stoically sacrifices her own happiness for that of her lover Malcolm, realising that, despite benefitting from their own relationship of convenience, he is still in love with his ex-wife whom he was convicted of assaulting - the calamitous event which precipitated his spectacular fall from grace and his subsequent ostracism from the political arena.

Act Two focuses on the odiously judgmental Mrs Railton-Bell (played with masterful comedic timing, stage presence and superciliousness by Roxana Graves) and the innocent friendship between her histrionic, emotionally stunted daughter Sibyl, whom her **Cont. on p7...**

# The pleasure and the pain of love

**Graham Mander reviews the revival of the Coward classic, 'Private Lives' at the Donmar**



We had a break from Terence Rattigan to watch a play by one of his contemporaries, Noel Coward, at the Donmar Warehouse. Although a play about relationships, it was far more abrasive than Rattigan's work and also missed the social concerns that lie behind much of his writing.

From the opening scene of two adjoining balconies in the south of France we are introduced to the four antagonists—they cannot be described as two couples—who bicker with each other from their first appearance.

Stephen Mangan, who plays Elyot, is seen as having a self-centered rather sadistic character whose main interest is in his own feelings, and who tries to dominate his rather timid new wife. On the other balcony, his divorced wife Amanda, played by Rachael Stirling, shows that she has much the same nature, but with a weakness for the strength of her ex-husband.

The play is described as a comedy and this shows in Coward's skill in writing dialogue that brings out the humour behind every barbed comment. In this production the great acting of all the cast makes the most of the opportunities they are given.

However we soon move from the south of France to Amanda's apartment in Paris. This

scene transformation is neatly realised by the swift removal of a covering from the furniture which, with skilful lighting, had represented the sea seen from the hotel balconies.

Here the arguments and tensions between Elyot and Amanda build up from their initial sexual intimacy into arguments and eventually violence with both taking pleasure in hurting the other. It culminated in the couple hurling things at each other and breaking pieces of furniture in their bottled up rage. Although faithful to Coward's writing this did move the play into farce and for a time rather lost both the humour and the sharpness of his words.

The concentration of the play was clearly on the two main characters and the others inevitably had to appear rather insipid, but this did not detract from their performances which were an excellent foil to the aggression of their spouses. In fact, in the final scene Sibyl (Laura Carmichael) started to show by her biting remarks that she had learnt from her experiences.

The two musicians who played before the start and during the interval were well appreciated and they too had been drawn into the play's theme with their own musical bickering as the interval ended. ∞



How the 'look' has changed: Gertrude Lawrence and Noël Coward in the original 1930 production (also in New York, 1931) and, above left, Rachael Stirling and Stephen Mangan at the Donmar.

The last major London revival in Coward's own lifetime was in 1972, starring Maggie Smith and Robert Stephens, directed by John Gielgud, at the Queen's Theatre (now the Sondheim).



# Rattigan at the movies 3:

*Roger Mills takes a sideways look at*

## *The Way to the Stars*

---

**I**F YOU'VE NEVER HEARD of Al Bowlly, you'll know his unique tenor which someone once said "came on like Humphrey Bogart" - a certainty for any soundtrack trying to summon up 1930 to 1945. Bowlly, crooner with Lew Stone's band, often labelled 'the English Bing Crosby', had a voice that, contemporary critics agreed, got the romantic juices going; it was all about sex, some of his more earthy bandmates recalled. Women swooned as they danced past the bandstand. Al perished in an air raid in 1941 and was buried in a mass grave, but the voice sang on right through the war and into our times. Seventy-eight to Spotify, the music still speaks a sort of magic. Try this before you read further: <https://tinyurl.com/TRSRVAB> (I chose it deliberately - for reasons that will become apparent).

Years later, Joyce Stone, Lew's widow, interviewed about Al, said: "Oh no, I didn't go to the funeral. So many people were dying you couldn't go to all of them."

Which is really what *The Way to the Stars* is about when you boil it down - living with death all around and how you deal with that reality and its antidote, sex. Not a war film - it's about the war for flyers.

Set on an airfield 'somewhere in England', home to first British then US bomber squadrons, all the action is firmly rooted at ground level: crew room, control tower, accommodation blocks and the bar of the nearby hotel supervised by the manageress Toddy (Rosamond John). In a striking and memorable scene a line of patently exhausted airmen files back into the crew room, ashen, unshaven, worn out after another night pounding the canal formations at Calais. As far as military action goes that's about it - we're mostly in off-duty hours.

Same territory as *Flare Path* you might think—yes—but the denizens of the Beauregard Hotel will also come to mind.

Station commander David Archdale (Michael Redgrave) courts Toddy. New arrival Pilot Officer Peter Penrose (John Mills) falls for resident Iris Winterton (Renée Asherson), servile niece of Miss Winterton

(Joyce Carey in vinegary mode). When the Yanks arrive so do Johnny Hollis (Douglas Montgomery) with sidekick Joe Friseli (Bonar Colleano) who discover that bombing raids over Germany are not quite as simple as they thought. Stanley Holloway, overplaying a bar room habitué, is unbelievably awful. Trevor Howard (film debut) as a CO killed off in the first few minutes shows he understands the camera in a way Holloway simply doesn't. Jean Simmons is given an entire scene as a dance band singer - enjoyable but pointless. Felix Aylmer dons a dog collar and Basil Radford is the 'best friend'. A personal favourite Rattigan work, but one maybe likely to leave a young audience with more questions than answers.



I say a favourite movie but the Royal Central's 2018 *Flare Path*, sponsored by the Society's French Fund, forced a personal reassessment. You see, aside from being a very fine production, this *Flare Path* hit home harder with a cast the right age: 18-21, not blokes who, to put it kindly, might have been driving a desk or serving in the Home Guard. Bomber Command pilots were usually 18-25, fighter pilots even younger on average. Guy Gibson, dam-busting under his belt, was 26 and a Group Captain when he was killed. On release Redgrave and Mills were both 37, Howard 32, Montgomery 36, Asherson 30 and John 33. The only one anywhere near the right age is Bonar Colleano, at 21. In fact, from top to bottom they are all pretty well too old, and even to me (69) they look it. Sadly too they act it - though to be fair

what else can they do? You can put years on with the motley - but not vice versa.

Same as any war film of the time, I hear you cry. Well, yes (although mercifully this one didn't boast Dickie Attenborough having a breakdown of some kind). But this isn't your derring-do, smash the Hun, bullet and bomb fest where any bloke with a handlebar tash would do - it is a film by and large about sex and death and relationships amongst young people barely out of sixth form facing a future that could be short, scary and might end with McIndoe or mortality.

When Hollis ignores the bullseye and gets that dart right in the 'giggle band' (on the clip too) he skewers the driving force of the paper-thin plot - grabbing happiness and a mate while you can.

And therein lies the problem. You see, there is no sex, at least not outside marriage, just restraint. 'Understatement' features as a compliment in all the favourable reviews in 1945. Maybe the studio mores of the time, or Rattigan himself, determined this but the very different reality speaks for itself. Sex was everywhere - the species had to continue after all.

Distrusting self-reporting (goodness only knows why), those in my old trade, Sociologists, have always looked for other indicators of extra-marital nookie and the obvious one is illegitimacy rates. To be honest, I don't know if that rather judgmental term is used any more; for youngsters it meant births where the parents aren't married. The last century saw two peaks before the Sixties - one in 1920, the Scott-Fowler set I suppose, and 1945, twice the rate of 1920 and well above the running average. Considering that London Rubber was given special supplies of latex to up production for distribution of condoms to the military - where there must have been at least a perceived need - and most couplings don't end in pregnancy anyway, well, the conclusion seems to be obvious.

In his memoir *Clinging to the Wreckage*, John Mortimer, writing in 1980, commented: "When any middle-aged or even, let's face it, old person talks about the promiscuity of the young, I wonder what they were doing forty years back". Today, teenagers seem determinedly monogamous, sticking to their steadies, however unsatisfactory, with unbelievable devotion and fidelity. Their mothers, perhaps their grandmothers, thought little of packing their overnight bags and fighting their way through the blackout to another shared flat, another tolerant hotel, to keep in touch with a floating and transient population of lovers. Neither was love as safe and harmless

as it is today - in the years before the Pill, every month brought days of anxiety followed by unexpected relief or incredulous despair.

Yet in the movie, Archdale's death, leaving a widowed Toddy and son, so traumatises Penrose that he calls off his pursuit of Iris (such as we are shown, which isn't much), an act of selflessness, as he sees it. At least until Toddy tells him she has no regrets. Grab life while you can. Seventy years later I don't think screenplays would show such restraint - they'd have at least, in Frank Muir's memorable phrase, got them to the bedroom door if no further. Anyone coming to *The Way to the Stars* after say *Enigma*, or even *The Battle of Britain* would be wondering why the hell not.

Agreed, they might also ask why Iris doesn't do a Sybil Railton-Bell to her aunt's proto dominator sooner. Actually, I buy that bit of the plot. It's tempting to think the dominated daughter, or for that matter the subjugated son, is a thing of the past, but I've met classic examples of both in the last few years - holding to the whim of 'obligations'. I reckon, though, Terry missed a trick or two here which he didn't miss sitting at Table No 7.

Now to the treatment of the relationship between Toddy and Johnny Hollis, which turns—we suspect—into the kind of companionship their spouses would give if they were there. Some of their scenes hint at a sort of intensity that could go over the edge but, as did Coward with Laura Jesson and Alec Harvey, they (or at least the script) do the 'right thing'. It's close to the Crock's ideal of love I think...In the end, with Hollis' death, Toddy is widowed a second time really.

For modern eyes the mystery and maybe discomfort in all this might be termed the 'When Harry met Sally' problem - as Harry Burns puts it crudely: "Because no man can be friends with a woman he finds attractive, he always wants to have sex with her." Mind you, Harry proves this assertion wrong for some time. But with Hollis and Toddy the real difficulty is what's in it for either - long term. Most of all, maybe what's in it for Toddy? Surely she'd be looking for a future? For me it works - sort of - and maybe it was a comfort sop to blokes coming back perhaps after years. But it all rings a bit false.

Conversely, the companionship of the aircrew and teamwork with the ground staff is utterly convincing, also the contrast between home grown service formality and **Cont. on page 8...**

# A hybrid of romantic modernism

**Phill Ward reports on a new departure for the Society**

**A**T THE END of April a small but enthusiastic ensemble of TRS members gathered at the Great Rotunda of South Kensington. We were there for two reasons – a guided tour of this iconic building and later to wallow in a hybrid of romantic modernism in one of Gustav Mahler's larger symphonies.

The Royal Albert Hall, built with the combined largesse of gate-receipts of the Great Exhibition of 1851 and by public subscription, is a beloved London landmark. It is well worth taking the guided tour during which one learns many interesting facts about a structure we sometimes refer to as the Nation's village hall. Should you find yourself visiting during the Proms – pitch up early and book a tour, it will be an entirely well-spent hour.

Ah, the Proms – the venerable summer concerts mark their 128<sup>th</sup> Season in July – in our own times these events are to many what the RAH is best known for. However, when they're over every September, and the audience deserts for the cultural splendours of the South Bank and Barbican Halls, it pays to keep an eye on what happens during the rest of the year on Kensington Gore.

For instance, the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra are frequently found here giving part of their London concert season. Over 22/23, under their comparatively new Music Director Vasily Petrenko, the RPO have given us Mahler's three great choral symphonies – postponed from the pandemic years. Last Autumn a capacity 5000 thrilled to Petrenko's barnstorming performance of the massive 8<sup>th</sup> Symphony—to which the original Munich concert promoter appended the unsolicited title *Symphony of a Thousand*, much to Mahler's displeasure, though undoubtedly that helped sell out several performances of what would be the most successful premiere in his lifetime.

At the end of March we had an airing of The Resurrection Symphony (No.2) and to round off and welcome in the spring, my own touchstone: the life affirming radiant 3<sup>rd</sup> Symphony.

Do you have some sort culture item that has accompanied you since childhood? – it could be a book, a poem or a painting? Mine is Gustav Mahler's 3<sup>rd</sup> Symphony. This year will be my 47<sup>th</sup> of living with it – as a boy chorister lucky enough to sing in it on

multiple occasions and even luckier for it to have become my training guide to understanding the orchestra. Not easy music for a child, you might concur, but the sheer intrigue and overwhelming



Vasily Petrenko, director of the RPO

excitement generated in the long first movement alone was enough to hook a receptive mind. Mahler's uniqueness in the crowded cross-over of 19<sup>th</sup>/20<sup>th</sup> symphonic repertoire is challenged only by his, roughly, contemporary Leos Janacek with his


remarkable canon of work for the operatic stage. In other words – no one sounds like Mahler and no one else sounds like Janacek.

Back to the matter in hand – in my concert-going lifetime I've been blessed hearing the great interpreters of Mahler in our times – but the complexities of the 3<sup>rd</sup> has always set apart the finest from the merely competent. Cards on the table here – I'm massively opinionated on the matter of interpretation of "my" 3<sup>rd</sup> – and when heard live as often as I have, well, I think I'm allowed that. Not that I've gone along as often as the 3<sup>rd</sup> is played – absolutely not! Only certain maestri are considered up to the mark and sadly many of those are now gone. The likes of the neurotic brilliance of Klaus Tennstedt, the glowing, quiet radiance of my ultimate Mahler hero Bernard Haitink, the saintly, ethereal perfection of Claudio Abbado, I doubt their like will come our way again. Life goes on though, and so must mine with the 3<sup>rd</sup> – there's Simon Rattle and the cycle currently being recorded by the redoubtable Semyon Bychkov with the Czech Philharmonic (worth a weekend visit to Prague and their lovely home – the Rudolfinum) – and now there is Vasily Petrenko.

The Royal Philharmonic are by no stretch the best orchestra in London – fault to be laid at the feet of Government and the more dubious notions of the Arts Council. Decades ago, it was decided to starve the RPO of reasonable funding hoping it would just

die off – although their enterprising management found other means of survival and now it is one of the hardest working bands in the orchestral world. Most of that is commercial work, films, popular events – the sort of thing that musical snobs, like me, frown upon. I couldn't tell you who their last few Music Directors were – but certainly paid attention during the transfer window when they signed Petrenko. The youngish Russian had gained a kind of rockstar reputation in Liverpool where he spent 16 years with Royal Liverpool Philharmonic when I frequently visited for top-notch fixes of Shostakovich.

So, I should opine a little on this performance and say that up until the charming choral movement of boys' and female voices it had all been perfectly acceptable. Then something quite extraordinary happened. Like football, I suppose, and in the knowledge that Petrenko is a big fan of Liverpool – you could say this was a game of two halves, the second half being Mahler's closing adagio—undoubtedly the most heartfelt and beautifully crafted pages he wrote, and for that reason the most difficult for the conductor to bring off with any degree of conviction.

Petrenko just took off and the performance lifted on to an altogether higher plain. Suddenly we, the grateful thousands listening, heard something of an intense spirituality quality. Perfectly paced with ethereally transparent string playing, a radiant brass choral leading to those blazing closing bars in majestic D-major. Can't ask for more! 

**Editor's note: the Committee would be grateful for members' thoughts on visits to notable concerts as part of our programme of theatre outings.**

## **Enduringly relevant**

***Continued from page 2***


over-bearing mother has cocooned, and Major Pollock, an inveterate, albeit harmless liar and fantasist, whose lubricious indiscretions with young ladies in the local cinema are exposed in the local newspaper and which result in his public shaming. James Strange is exceptional as the mercurial Major, part bounder, part sexual deviant, at times debonair, at times diffident, hiding behind the carapace of lies which bolster his plethora of insecurities and traduced self-esteem. Ironically, only when his duplicity about his educational and army back-

ground is ultimately exposed does it result in his finding true freedom and acceptance.

Much to the delight of any classicist in the audience, it is the Major's inability to properly quote the Roman poet Horace which exposes him as a fraud to Mr. Fowler, the retired schoolmaster pitifully waiting for visits from his former pupils which strangely never materialise (played with great poignancy and a capacity for self-delusion by Leslie Du Cane). Likewise the TRS's very own Alison Du Cane triumphs as Mrs Meecham, the shrewd, sagacious spinster who obsessively studies the racing form, evidently preferring the simplicity of horses to the complexity of human beings.

Just like at the end of *The Browning Version* (when Crocker-Harris informs the Headmaster of his intention to speak last at the final assembly), Rattigan's exquisite denouement stresses the noble, laudable heroism of the everyday. With the exception of the execrable Mrs. Railton-Bell - the self-appointed ringleader of the witch-hunt against the Major, the other hotel guests decide to acknowledge him at breakfast the following morning and engage him in conversation, thus ensuring that, by banishing the shame and social opprobrium, he does not have to seek alternative accommodation and start a new life elsewhere. Here, as we witness the human capacity for forgiveness, one's heart lifts with hope.

Moreover, the play is by no means dated, and is as perennially relevant today to the myriad dangers of our increasingly solipsistic, atomised society, replete with often discombobulating identity politics, and the baleful scourge of a strident and intolerant "cancel culture", where entire careers can be obliterated by a baying online mob for the crime of holding the "wrong" opinions, as it was back in 1954, when homosexuality was still a criminal offence.

The importance of treating our fellow man - especially those on the margins - with kindness, compassion and decency, and the unwavering conviction that humanity trumps bigotry - are perhaps Rattigan's message (even though he is never consciously didactic) and are conveyed with a delightful understatement which sent the audience out into the Bromley night with our faith in the human potential for benevolence, probity and virtue, not to mention love, restored. A superb evening's theatre, in a delightful setting. Marvellous, memorable and moving - *chapeau bas!* 



## Rattigan at the movies: 3

*Continued from page 5*

the American's more casual attitude. Rattigan seems much more comfortable in this male world, which he'd known of course.

One might be tempted to put all this sexual sublimation down to the screenwriter's own sexuality. I'm not. At least not now. I merely point it out.

No, after watching the DVD the other night (revision), it's another nagging cogitation that's bothering me - one suggested, I suspect, by Dan Rebellato's insightful musing on the paucity of academic analysis of Rattigan. *The Way to the Stars* presents a near emotional desert, a certain clunkiness, some pretty cardboard characterisation, a good measure of stereotyping, upper lips well-stiffened, John Pudney's execrable verse (*and* Stanley Holloway). Yet as a screenplay it still works so triumphantly, so satisfyingly, so movingly. I can't make it out. It shouldn't. I just know it does. Tears flow every time at Hollis' self-immolation...

So here, Dan, is the \$64,000 question that academics might like to look at. What 'music' does Rattigan know and play to us, time after time, that the average tin-eared dramatist doesn't? Why does he stay in the mind like 'Love Me Do'? What is he channelling that also makes every 64-bar chorus by Stephane Grappelli an occasion, and a few bars of Al Bowlly talk down the years when Harrison Birt-whistle will only ever be a footnote? Why does every viewing of a Rattigan piece feel, always, like the first time - like the best art does. Why is it never shopworn? Why do we always dance to its tune?

There's academia's task for the next few years. I look forward to the answer - because it defeats me.

✂



As can be seen in these recent photos, the restoration of the Rattigan Memorial is coming along apace.

Lee Penhaligan, who took these photos, says: "The inscriptions have been done and the monument is sparkling clean. Only the walls to

be replaced so it should be finished in the next one or two months. Lucy Briers has kindly agreed to plant some perennials in the ornate trough and is going to discuss whether to turf around the memorial or lay a membrane topped by stones."

A celebratory visit will be arranged on completion! ✂

## Dates for your diary

### 'After All These Years'

26 July 2023

[Now for a shameless plug!]. Winner of the Brighton Fringe Outstanding Theatre Award 2023, *After All These Years*, a bittersweet comedy by your editor, comes to **Jermyn Street Theatre** in July, starring TRS members Jeffrey Holland and Judy Buxton. A Society outing is being arranged for **Wednesday 26 July at 7.30pm**, with a possible supper nearby beforehand.

### 'Alone Together'

17 August 2023

A new play by TRS member Simon Williams, *Alone Together*, is premiering at the **Theatre Royal Windsor** and a visit is being arranged to see the matinee on **Thursday 17 August at 2.30pm**, with the possibility of a local supper afterwards. Flyers and booking forms for both these theatre visits will be issued shortly.

### Please also note:

A guided tour of the pictures in the Garrick Club is being planned for late summer/early autumn and a date will be advised as soon as possible.

This year's AGM will take place on **Saturday 22 November**. More details soon.



## Rattigan Family Memorial update