

Twelfth Night at the Globe

Monday, 08 October 2012

Fabulous day yesterday.

Paul Gambaccini and his new spouse came round for tea; then we went off to Shakespeare's Globe where Stephen Fry had kindly left us his tickets to see him in Twelfth Night.

Apart from the uncomfortable seats (benches but I'd been told to bring a cushion so it was fine), Paul and Chris suffering slight discomfort from the end of a stomach bug and airplanes flying overhead, this was a superb evening.

In fact (and this is the greatest praise I can muster) it was the best evening in the theatre since Nicholas Nickleby from the RSC back in the 80s - the equivalent of a Springsteen concert in music.

The overwhelming and frankly incredible reality was that the entire audience loved it as much, and in exactly the same way, as they must have done 400 years ago.

Stephen is a magnificent Malvolio. Mark Rylance is so tremendous as Olivia that your breath is taken away. Paul Chahidi as Maria is amazing and stole every scene he was in. But the real star is William Shakespeare. This play is so well constructed, so funny, so absurd, so clever. I watched the audience bellow and shriek with laughter. Tears of merriment ran down my own cheeks.

And the production is so true, so faithful that it provokes precisely the same reaction at the same moments that it must have done in the 1600s.

What a joy!

The Globe (my first time) is wonderful. What a view across the river.

Afterwards we four went to dinner at the Delaunay, where Stephen was as funny as always, the food was delicious. A fine time was had by all.