

In Edward Bond's Bingo (1973). Shakespeare sat in his garden at New Place in Stratford in 1616, was harangued by his second daughter, Judith, and committed suicide. Peter Whelan, a milder, less dog-matic writer, moves round the cor-ner to Hall's Croft where, in The ner to Hall's Croft where, in The Herbal Bed, Shakespeare's first daughter, Susanna Hall, wife of the physician John Hall, is struggling within an ice-cold marriage to progress from preparing 'comfort-cordials' to making her own medical preparations. One of these, using lead plates, is a treatment for goografueea – her father's

gonorrhoea – her father's.

Taking the bald facts of what we know about Susanna, Whelan concocts a riveting play of emotional-complications, treachery and cross-examination, and of the impor-tance of the gentle handling of the truth. The play is set in 1613, the year in which Susanna brought a charge of defamation against a neighbour, John Lane, in the dioceneignoud, John Lane, in the dioce-san court at Worcester. The slander was that she 'had the runinge of the reynes [ie, the clap] and had been naughtly! with Rafe Smith!

According to her epitaph, Susanna was 'witty above hersex' and 'wise to salvation'. Whelan goes further, abetted by Teresa Banham's luminous performance. His Susanna is sanfidanthy acquiring than have confidently acquiring her hus-band's alchemical and medical band s actrement and medical nous, while dealing with her illicit longing for Rafe, a local haber-dasher. The couple meet in the herbal garden by night, fondle briefly, and this leads to the slander. Whelm also promoses that tabe

briefly, and this leads to the stander. Whelan also proposes that John, here Jack, Lane (David Tennant, this season's excellent Touchstone), a local gentleman from Alveston. is a defeated admirer of Susanna and a spurned apprentice of her husband. The emotional thicket in



Off the wall: Claustropho

Michael Attenborough's fine pr duction is further thicketed Susanna's servant, Hester (a love contribution from Jay McInne being in lovesick thrall to Rai whom Joseph Fiennes makes a fi ure of scintillating hesitancy a innate decency with a trouble stoop and a weeping voice.
'My tongue's my dog,' confes

the dissolute Jack Lane.



## Herbal Bed Coveney Observer



Clipped By: ianlharris Mon, Nov 8, 2021

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