

The play that gave me most emotional satisfaction this week was Stephen Bill's *What The Heart Feels*, at the Orange Tree. It has plenty of faults which any critic can spot. But it offers an image of Britain which most of us can recognise; and its argument that we are all impoverished by the heedless individualism of the eighties and the loss of public-spirit is one that reverberates long after you have left the theatre. In an ideal world style and substance imperceptibly mix. But for me structural flaws and technical weaknesses pale into insignificance beside the spectacle of a dramatist gripped by necessity of analysing the state of society.

What The Heart Feels Billington Guardian



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