

HOMEWARD BOUND

U3A Cinema Club marooned at Alhambra July 20th 2026

The journey started badly when on arrival at the meeting point I immediately noticed that the ice cream fridge had disappeared. A mint Magnum with the admission fee is a sine qua non at these fortnightly geriatric gatherings although on this occasion I had been in a high state of anticipation with the taste buds tuned for the new peach and/or pistachio variant. Alas, we were sans peach, sans pistachio, sans mint, sans everything. The foyer at the Alhambra is no place for those of us with limited vision. Indeed the auditorium isn't either. Fortunately, on acclimatising, the fridge was spotted in the dark recess just inside the door off the street. Alas the contents were not in depeche mode and the only shade of green remained the old faithful mint with nary a hint of pistachio.

We never expect anything less than a masterclass in cinematography from Christopher Nolan (remember Oppenheimer) and he does not disappoint with The Odyssey. The script however is ponderous, less epic poet and more Homer Simpson.

If I had to endure just one of the setbacks thrown at Ulysses by the Gods I would have no hesitation in being cast away with Charlize Theron for seven years while I took solace in my eight desert island discs (including one calypso)

I leave you with the thought that the redoubtable Penny Mordaunt was named after the even more redoubtable Penelope of Ithaca.

Eric