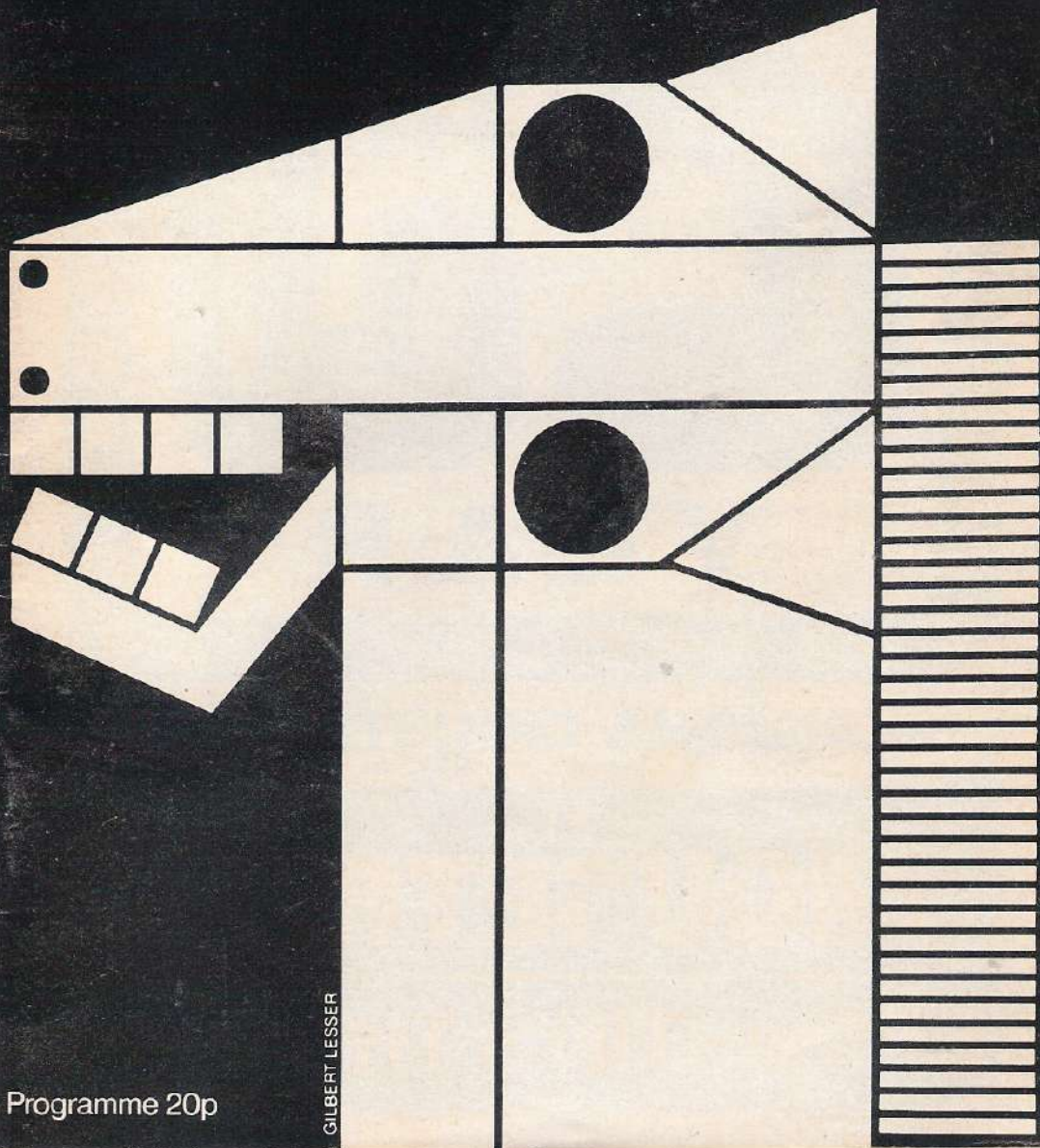


ALBERY THEATRE

NATIONAL THEATRE
PRODUCTION

EQUUS

PETER SHAFFER



Programme 20p

GILBERT LESSER

PETER SAUNDERS presents the

25TH YEAR

of AGATHA CHRISTIE'S

THE
MOUSETRAP

ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE

PROGRAMME
by
theatre
print

No. 21 JUNE 1977

Editor Martin Tickner

Published monthly by Theatreprint Ltd
Editorial and advertisement offices
6, Laxgley Street, London WC2 (01-836 7187)
Printed in Great Britain by
Garrod and Lofthouse International Ltd
This programme is fully protected by copyright and
nothing may be printed wholly or in part without
permission.

This Month

EXHIBITIONS

Silver Jubilee exhibitions now running include: *This Brilliant Year*, the collection of royal Victorian paintings and memorabilia at the Royal Academy of Arts (until 10th July); *Royal Box* at the Theatre Museum in the Victoria and Albert Museum covers command performances and royal visits to the theatre (until 2nd October); *Happy and Glorious*—subtitled 'Six Reigns of Royal Photography'—at the National Portrait Gallery (until 2nd October). The Imperial War Museum has, for its Jubilee exhibition, *Women at War 1914-1918*. This runs until 30th October and illustrates through photographs, films and other documents, the role of women during the First World War. The Imperial War Museum is in Lambeth Road, SE1 and both Lambeth North and Elephant and Castle underground stations are nearby.

BOOKS

Fontana Paperbacks have produced a book linked with the last exhibition above, under the same title—*Women at War 1914-1918*. The author, Arthur Marwick, is Professor of History at the Open University and his copiously illustrated book is a fascinating history of the time. Two new 'royal' books from Hamish Hamilton—Philip Howard's *The British Monarchy* traces the role of the monarchy in the twentieth century while Russell Bradton's *All the Queen's Men* covers the history of the Household Cavalry and The Brigade of Guards. Both books are very well produced and illustrated. Royal photographer Reginald Davis's *Elizabeth Our Queen* is published by Collins and contains nearly one hundred colour photographs. Batsford have a paperback called *Our Royal Heritage* and its forty-eight pages include a fascinating text by royal commentator Godfrey Talbot.

RECORDS

The Queen's Silver Jubilee is the title of a double album from AJP Records. Subtitled 'Music from 25 Years of Royal Occasions', the 'occasions' include The Coronation, The Investiture of The Prince of Wales, Princess Anne's Wedding and Trooping the Colour.

This page will, during this month and next, carry information relating to The Queen's Silver Jubilee.

Played by the Bands of The Goldstream and Welsh Guards, the items include *Zadok the Priest*, *Nimrod*, *Austria*, *Orb and Sceptre 1953* and *Radetzky March*. The whole album is elaborately and attractively packaged and includes a 16 page colour booklet.

FILM

The Rank Organisation is re-releasing its full-length film of The Coronation—*A Queen is Crowned*. This has a commentary written by Christopher Fry and spoken by Sir Laurence Olivier with special music by Guy Warrack, Sir Malcolm Sargent as musical adviser and Castleton Knight as producer. It will be shown at selected cinemas during the year.

SHOPPING

The Wedgwood Group has produced over one hundred items relating to the Silver Jubilee. They range in price from 75p to £750.00. Two particularly attractive items are the Wedgwood mug designed by Lord Snowdon which costs £5.95 and The London Celebrations mug from William Adams. The latter includes the London Celebrations Committee's emblem and is £1.45. The souvenirs are available from all good china shops and stores.

Particulars of all Silver Jubilee events nationally can be obtained from *The Silver Jubilee Central Information Service*, PO Box 5, London SE1 (Telephone 01-261 1843 or 01-261 1853).



"THEY MUST LIKE ME FOR MYSELF"

by

ANGUS MCGILL

Everyone stay right where they are! No one leaves the theatre until I've got to the bottom of this! WHO'S GOT MY GEORGE V JUBILEE MUG?

I haven't seen my George V Jubilee Mug for years but I'll know it when I see it. It is a sturdy white mug with the face of George V looking like the bearded sailor on Players cigarette packets on one side and Queen Mary looking like Wendy Hiller in *Crown Matrimonial* on the other.

I was given it at school. All of us at Westoc Road Mixed Infants got one. I ran home with mine at lunchtime and my mother hung it on a hook in the kitchen and it isn't there now so come on, WHO'S PINCHED MY GEORGE V JUBILEE MUG?

Good Old George V. Was there ever a less glamorous monarch? Bedeck him in jewelled decorations, swathe him in gold braid and he was still unmistakably the country squire hoping all this carry-on isn't going to take too long.

He was, indeed, just the king the nation needed in those 25 years of crisis and change. As the world got steadily more dangerous and the news from abroad got worse people found this solid, serious man, himself apparently impervious to change, comforting and reassuring. They came to trust him and ended up by actually *liking* him. He was surprised and touched when he found out.

It was during his Silver Jubilee that he made this surprising discovery. 6 May, 1935, marked his 25th year on the throne and it was made clear to him that some kind of celebration was expected.

He wasn't at all keen. He didn't really go in for that sort of thing. But he was persuaded and the plans went ahead, gathering momentum as the idea caught the public imagination. By Jubilee Day itself the entire nation was hung about in bunting. Union Jacks waved from every public building, there were balloons and fairy lights by the million, Jubilee tea parties in thousands of streets and I was presented with the most beautiful Jubilee Mug and COME ON, WHO'S GOT IT?

Jubilee Day itself was a triumph, everyone agreed. Sir Henry Channon—Chips Channon, who went everywhere and knew everyone—wrote in his diary* that night:

"I couldn't sleep for excitement and got up at 7.15. I dressed, woke Honor, and we walked through Green Park to St James's Palace to the Ponsonby's house where a group of friends had collected to watch the Procession.

"The usual people fainting in the heat (Royal weather) . . . guards lining the street,

bunting . . . and after a long wait the first procession and the Speaker (Honor's cousin, Fitzroy) passed at a walking pace in a gorgeous coach. Then came the Prime Ministers of the Dominions, led by Ramsay MacDonald seated with his daughter Isobel. He looked grim and she dowdy. No applause. Then the Lord Chancellor, wig and all; then the minor Royalties—a few cheers. Then masses of troops, magnificent and virile, resplendent in grand uniforms with the sun glistening on their helmets.

"Then thunderous applause for the royal carriages. The Yorks in a large landau with the two tiny pink children. The Duchess of York was charming and gracious, the baby princesses much interested in the proceedings and waving. The next landau carried the Kents, that dazzling pair; Princess Marina wore an enormous platter hat, chic but slightly unsuitable. She was much cheered.

"Finally the Prince of Wales smiling his dentist smile and waving to his friends but he still has his old spell for the crowd. The Norway aunt who was with him looked comic, and then more troops and suddenly the coach with Their Majesties. All eyes were on the Queen in her white and silvery splendour. Never has she looked so serene, so regally majestic, even so attractive. She completely eclipsed the King. Suddenly she has become the best-dressed woman in the world.

"In the evening we saw the bonfire in the park and crawled home in the car, cutting a way through the vast crowds. In Dover Street we abandoned the car and walked down St James's Street, it was like Ascot on Gold Cup Day. One met everyone. Honor and I walked to Buckingham Palace which was floodlit and joined in the chorus of calls and cheers for the king. All night the crowds in Piccadilly kept us awake with their shouts and singing . . ."

The King, was much moved by the obvious affection of his subjects. He had not expected anything like it. Wherever he went that month his reception was tumultuous.

"I'd no idea they felt like that about me," he wrote after a state drive through East London. "I am beginning to think they must really like me for myself."

He was right. Indeed they did. But he had little time left to him to enjoy this new rapport with his people. Only seven months later he was dead.

One feels George V wouldn't have cared much for 1977 if he could come down here on a visit. There would surely be one bright spot though. He would rightly be proud of his granddaughter, the older of those tiny pink children who enjoyed themselves so much at his Jubilee.

He would surely rejoice as we do in her long-running success as Queen and delight in the triumph of her Silver Jubilee, remembering the totally unexpected pleasures of his own . . .

*The Diaries of 'Chips' Channon, edited by Paul Channon are published by Wodenfeld and Nicolson.



The home of the Burberry look is halfway down the Haymarket.



Burberrys



Burberrys Ltd, 18-22 Haymarket, London SW1Y 4DQ. Tel: 01-930 3343 Telex: 264866 and 165 Regent Street London W.1. Tel: 01-734 4060

Open six days a week. Late night shopping Thursday. American Express, Mastercard, Eurocard and Diners Club Credit Cards welcome. Also at: 8-10 Boulevard Malesherbes, Paris 8^e and 7 Avenue Louise-1050, Brussels.

CORONATION DAY

by J C TREWIN

It would be easier if it were the Coronation Day before last. That was in May 1937; I was in the Abbey for the *Morning Post*, the senior London daily, then (though we did not know it) moving towards the end of its great history. High in the triforium, I sat beside an agreeable journalist who later became Arundel Herald Extraordinary, and waited with him for the moment when the Archbishop poised Saint Edward's Crown above the anointed, robed, and sceptred King.

This—but now it was a Queen—was what I looked for sixteen years later, in Hampstead before a television set seldom used at any other time. Unromantically, we were sustained by an enormous tin of biscuits, rather special ones at an hour still clouded by rationing. A few weeks earlier, Mark, then three-and-a-half, had found a flaw in one of his own biscuits, a lesser brand, and the makers had promptly compensated him (and us).

So there we were, amply provided and watching the immutable Abbey ceremonial on its platform called the Theatre, 'a stage . . . set up four-square' at the crossing of the transepts. Colour enough in the Abbey: none then in the picture. We had to imagine the splendid polychrome, the variegation of hue and texture. In Central London a sustained noise of expectation sounded along

the processional route like a breaking wave; sound changing to a thunder that accompanied the crowned Queen as part of her entourage when presently she drove back to the Palace. In a Hampstead by-road, utter silence on road and pavement; no passer-by, not a single car. Within, a silent telephone; only, from a distance, the voices of the Abbey, the 'Vivats' of Westminster School, the surge of music.

It remained quiet in the first hours of the afternoon. For once Hampstead Heath was nearly deserted; hardly anybody, even on Parliament Hill, to look over to the airborne bubble of St Paul's. Curiously, it is difficult to evoke the weather. I am told it had been drizzling; that umbrellas were up along the West End route. What stays with me is the silence that, in mid-afternoon and suddenly as if at a signal, splintered into the world's familiar noises. I could not help thinking of Tennyson's 'All the long-pent stream of life/Dash'd downward in a cataract.'

No play that night. In the previous week *Gyps and Dolls* had opened at the Coliseum. For some reason I recall first a determined costume piece at an outlying theatre in the week of the Coronation. As Queen Elizabeth I seated herself at the virginals, the instrument collapsed and swept the actress with it into the wings while the audience, after a startled laugh, tried to look sympathetic. Yes; I remember it rained that evening.

J. C. Trewin, writer and critic, contributes the second in the series of recollections of Coronation Day.



*Moss Bros invites you to
an Exhibition of
Coronation Robes in Covent Garden
Open May 10-July 4*

We look forward to seeing you at our Covent Garden store.

Don't miss this unique Exhibition of ceremonial robes and other regalia, as worn by peers and peeresses at the Coronation of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. It's at our Covent Garden branch.

Go places. Go to Moss Bros
Bedford Street, Covent Garden WC2. Nr. Leicester Square Stn.

One of the traditions that makes Scotland famous.



Lyle & Scott knitwear. The finest traditions of style, colour and quality: in cashmere, lambswool, shetland wool, camellair and merino. Available from the best stores and shops throughout the country.



Lyle & Scott
HAWICK SCOTLAND



Enjoy the low tar King Size

John Player King Size Extra Mild give you King Size taste in a low tar cigarette. No wonder so many smokers enjoy Britain's most popular low tar King Size.

**JOHN PLAYER KING SIZE
EXTRA MILD**



JKM12MW

The tar yield of this brand is designed to be **LOW TAR** Manufacturer's estimate, September 1976, of group as defined in H.M. Government Tables.
**EVERY PACKET CARRIES
A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING**

THE ALBERY THEATRE

On January 1st 1973, the New Theatre in St Martin's Lane was renamed the Albery as a tribute to the memory of the late Sir Bronson Albery who presided over its fortunes for many years.

The New Theatre was built by Sir Charles Wyndham and Sir Bronson's mother Mary Moore (who later became Lady Wyndham). Late in 1839, Wyndham had opened the theatre in Charing Cross Road to which he gave his name. Just over three years later—in March 1803—on land acquired at the same time as the Wyndham's site, the New Theatre was completed. The architect—W. G. R. Sprague—was the same as for Wyndham's.

The theatre opened on 12th March 1803 with a limited number of performances of *Rosemary*, in which Sir Charles and Miss Moore appeared. Other famous names associated with the early years of the theatre include Fred Terry and Julia Neilson who played annual seasons from 1905 until 1913 and Dion Boucicault who presented a Christmas production of Barne's *Peter Pan* each year from 1816 to 1919. Noël Coward's first produced play—*I'll Leave It to You* was presented by Mary Moore in 1920. The same year saw the production of *Carnival* under the management of Matheson Lang—another name associated closely with the New Theatre at that time.

In the early twenties Sybil Thorndike was at the New and productions included *Jane Clegg* and *The Gaze* culminating in her great triumph as Bernard Shaw's *St Joan* in March 1924. A great success later in that decade was Margaret Kennedy's and Basil Dean's adaptation of Miss Kennedy's book *The Constant Nymph*. This was produced in September 1926 and ran for five hundred and eighty seven performances first with Noël Coward and later with John Gielgud in the role of Lewis Dodd.

John Gielgud was again associated with the theatre in the 1930s. This started in February 1933 when Gordon Daviot's *Richard of Bordeaux* began its run of four hundred and seventy two performances.

John Gielgud then directed the same author's *John Bull in London* with Gwen Frangcon-Davies and both directed and played *Hamlet*. This became one of the longest-ever runs of Shakespeare's play. Hugh Walpole's *The Old Ladies* adapted by Rodney Ackland was directed by Gielgud who followed this by playing the title role in Andre Obey's *Noah*. October 1935 saw a famous revival of *Romeo and Juliet* in which Laurence Olivier played Romeo with John Gielgud as Mercutio. They later reversed these two roles. Juliet was played by Peggy Ashcroft with Edith Evans as the Nurse. Gielgud's last association with the New at this time was in 1936 when he played Trigorin in Chekhov's *The Seagull*.

More Shakespeare followed in 1937—*As You Like It* from the Old Vic with Edith Evans and Michael Redgrave; *The Taming of the Shrew* with Edith Evans and Leslie Banks and, also from the Old Vic, *Macbeth* with Laurence Olivier and Judith Anderson.

Between then and the outbreak of War notable productions included Eugene O'Neill's *Mourning Becomes Electra* and J. B. Priestley's *Johnson Over Jordan*.

From January 1941 the theatre became the headquarters in London of the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells companies in plays, opera and ballet. The first season opened on 14th of that month and many notable productions were presented between then and 1944 when the theatre became the home solely of the Old Vic Company. The 1944 season included *Peter Gynat*, *Arms and the Man* and *Uncle Vanya* and the Company did not finally return to its home in the Waterloo Road until 1950. Later productions at the New included, *Henry IV*, *King Lear* and the notable

double bill of *Oedipus* and *The Critic*. The Company was headed at this time by Laurence Olivier and Ralph Richardson. Whilst the Old Vic was on tour other productions seen at the theatre included *Our Town*, *Crime and Punishment* and *The Glorious Smile*.

The fifties brought T. S. Eliot's *Cocktail Party* which began its run of three hundred and twenty five performances on 3rd May 1950. Later successes during this decade included, *The Young Elizabeth*, Katherine Hepburn in Bernard Shaw's *The Millionairess*, *Dear Charles* with Yvonne Arnaud, *I Am a Camera* with Dorothy Tutin, *The Remarkable Mr Pennyfather* with Nigel Patrick, *Gigi* with Leslie Caron, *Under Milk Wood*, *Summer of the Seventeenth Doll* (with an all-Australian cast), *The Rose Tattoo* and *The Long and the Short and the Tall*.

The major part of the next decade was taken up with one show, *Oliver!* opened on 30th June 1960 and its two thousand six hundred and eighteen performances took it up till September 1967. The remainder of the sixties was made up with a number of productions among them—*Jarrocks*, *Howard's End* and *The Constant Couple*. Paul Scofield transferred from the Royal Court in John Osborne's *The Hotel in Amsterdam* with great success and the sixties ended with the controversial play *Soldiers* and the musical *Anne of Green Gables*.

In January 1970 Glynis Johns appeared in John Mortimer's *Come As You Are* and in November that year Kenneth More starred in a revival of Terence Rattigan's *The Winslow Boy*. During the Summer of 1971 the National Theatre Company gave a season of plays which included *Amphitryon 38* and the notable production of *Long Day's Journey into Night* with Laurence Olivier. In April the following year came the Royal Shakespeare Company production of *London Assurance* with Donald Sinden and Judi Dench and it was during the run of this that the theatre changed its name to the Albery.

More recent productions have been Somerset Maugham's *The Constant Wife* with Ingrid Bergman and John McCallum, Shaw's *Pygmalion* with Alec McCowen and Diana Rigg, Dorothy Tutin in *What Every Woman Knows*, Judi Dench and Daniel Massey in *The Gay Lord Quex*, a limited season of the Royal Shakespeare Company's production of Tom Stoppard's *Travesties*, Wendy Hiller in *Leaf*, a season from The Prospect Theatre Company including *A Month in the Country* with Dorothy Tutin, and now the National Theatre Company's production of *Equus*.

The Albery Theatre is one of four in the West End under the management of Sir Donald Albery (son of Sir Bronson). The others are the Criterion, Piccadilly and Wyndham's. Sir Donald Albery was General Manager of Sadler's Wells Ballet (now the Royal Ballet) from 1941 to 1945 and Honorary Director and Administrator of London's Festival Ballet from 1965 to 1968 and currently Chairman of the National Theatres Committee. He has also produced over eighty plays (in the West End and on Broadway), including—at the Albery: *I Am a Camera*, *The Remarkable Mr Pennyfather*, *Gigi* and *Oliver!*, and at other theatres, *The Living Room*, *Waiting for Godot*, *The Waltz of the Torzadors*, *Tea and Sympathy*, *A Taste of Honey*, *The Hostage*, *The World of Susie Wong*, *A Passage to India*, *The Miracle Worker*, *Beyond the Fringe*, *A Severed Head*, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, *Portrait of a Queen*, *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*, *The Italian Girl*, *Conduct Unbecoming*, and the musicals *Zuleika Dobson*, *Irma La Douce*, *Fings Ain't Wot They Used To Be*, *Blitz*, *Man of La Mancha* and *Very Good Eddie!*

M.T.
Assistance in the preparation of this article is gratefully acknowledged to Raymond Mander and Joe Mitchinson's book *The Theatres of London* published by The New English Library.

"It's the food...!"

Ask our waiters. What more perfect way to round off the evening after the theatre, than a meal at San Martino. For some people it's the Romanesque atmosphere, for others the live background music. But for everybody - it's the food which makes San Martino so extra special. The menu filled with so many exquisite Italian dishes and the very best wines. Our waiters aren't alone for long!

Reservations Phone 240 2336

Ristorante San Martino
St. Martin's Lane between the Odeon & Coliseum

Chez Solange
RESTAURANT FRANÇAIS

Ideally situated right in the heart of Theatreland - we open for Dinner as early as 5.30 and do not close until 2.30 am. (last orders 12.15)

There is a full menu with a wide choice of attractive dishes and a comprehensive wine list

You may if you wish enjoy hors d'oeuvre and main dish before the Theatre and return for coffee and sweet after Theatre

Come as early as 5.30 to meet your friends in the Bar

Enjoy your meal -
Enjoy the Theatre

Lunch is served from 12 - 4
FULLY AIR CONDITIONED
Tel. 01-836 0542 & 01-836 5886
35 CRANBOURN STREET
LONDON WC2
(Next to Leicester Square Underground)

**LONDON
THEATRE
GUIDE**

A copy of this guide sent regularly for 1 year on receipt of £2 P.O./Cheque payable to

United Kingdom Advertising Co.
Aspen House, 25 Dover Street
London W1X 3PA

Albery Theatre

St Martin's Lane
London WC2
01-836 3878

This theatre, which is listed by the Department of the Environment as a building of special architectural and historic interest, was formerly known as the New Theatre. On 1st January 1973 it was renamed the Albery as a tribute to the memory of the late Sir Bronson Albery who for many years presided over its fortunes.

Chairman and Managing Director
Sir Donald Albery

Deputy Managing Director
Ian B Albery

Consultant
V W Hunter

Lessees
The Wyndham Theatres Limited

The National Theatre
by arrangement with DONALD ALBERY presents

MICHAEL JAYSTON

in

EQUUS

by

PETER SHAFFER

with

**JONATHAN DAVID,
EDWARD JEWESBURY,
MARGARET LAWLEY, KATE NICHOLLS,
COLETTE O'NEIL,
ANTONIA PEMBERTON,
PETER SCHOFIELD, GILLIAN WEBB
JOHN ARTHUR BARON, PETER MANTLE, ALAN McMAHON,
HARRY MEACHER, EMILY MOORE, WILLIAM PARKER,
JEREMY WOOLSTON, GRAHAM WYLES**

and

JEFF RAWLE

Designer

Music

JOHN NAPIER **MARC WILKINSON**

Lighting

ANDY PHILLIPS

Director

JOHN DEXTER

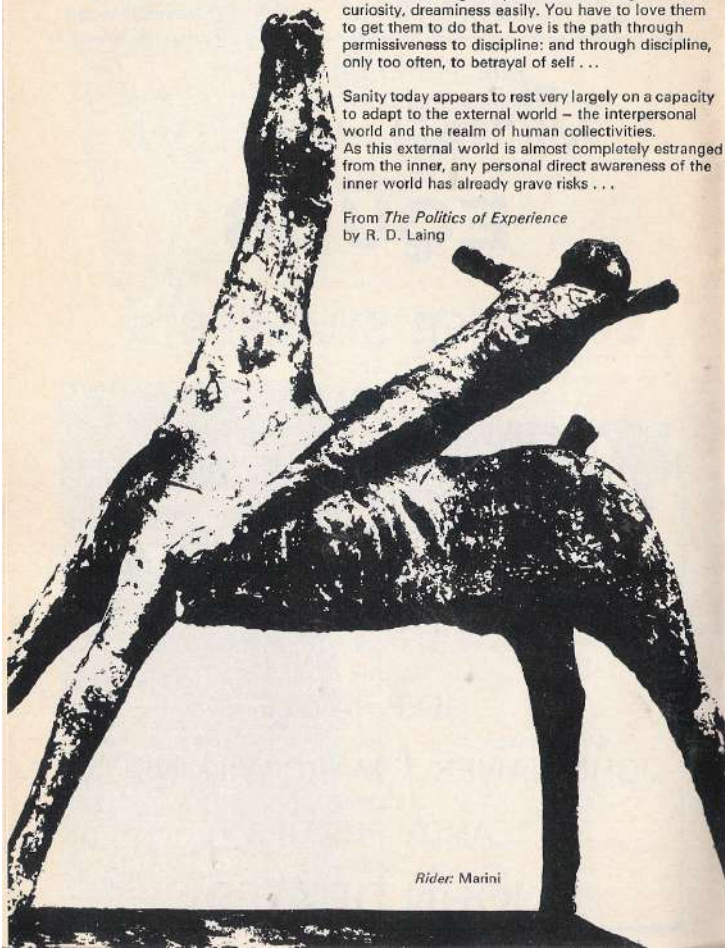
"FABULOUS STEEDS..."



Children do not give up their innate imagination, curiosity, dreaminess easily. You have to love them to get them to do that. Love is the path through permissiveness to discipline: and through discipline, only too often, to betrayal of self . . .

Sanity today appears to rest very largely on a capacity to adapt to the external world – the interpersonal world and the realm of human collectivities. As this external world is almost completely estranged from the inner, any personal direct awareness of the inner world has already grave risks . . .

From *The Politics of Experience*
by R. D. Laing



Rider: Marini

A Note on the Play by Peter Shaffer

One weekend over two years ago, I was driving with a friend through bleak countryside. We passed a stable. Suddenly he was reminded by it of an alarming crime which he had heard about recently at a dinner party in London. He knew only one horrible detail, and his complete mention of it could barely have lasted a minute – but it was enough to arouse in me an intense fascination. The act had been committed several years before by a highly disturbed young man. It had deeply shocked a local bench of magistrates. It lacked, finally, any coherent explanation. A few months later my friend died. I could not verify what he had said, or ask him to expand it. He had given me no name, no place, and no time. I don't think he knew them. All I possessed was his report of a dreadful event, and the feeling it engendered in me. I knew very strongly that I wanted to interpret it

in some entirely personal way. I had to create a mental world in which the deed could be made comprehensible. Every person and incident in *Equus* is of my own invention, save the crime itself: and even that I modified to accord with what I feel to be acceptable theatrical proportion. I am grateful now that I have never received confirmed details of the 'real' story, since my concern has been more and more with a different kind of exploration.

I have been lucky, in doing final work on the play, to have enjoyed the advice and expert comment of a distinguished child psychiatrist. Through him I have tried to keep things real in a more naturalistic sense. I have also come to perceive that psychiatrists are an immensely varied breed, professing immensely varied methods and techniques. Martin Dysart is simply one doctor in one hospital. I must take responsibility for him, as I do for his patient.

And then, that evening
Late in the summer the strange horses came.
We heard a distant tapping on the road,
A deepening drumming; it stopped, went on again
And at the corner changed to hollow thunder.
We saw the heads
Like a wild wave charging and were afraid.
We had sold our horses in our fathers' time
To buy new tractors. Now they were strange to us
As fabulous steeds set on an ancient shield
Or illustrations in a book of knights.
We did not dare go near them. Yet they waited,
Stubborn and shy, as if they had been sent
By an old command to find our whereabouts
And that long-lost archaic companionship.
In the first moment we never had a thought
That they were creatures to be owned and used.
Among them were some half-a-dozen colts
Dropped in some wilderness of the broken world,
Yet new as if they had come from their own Eden.
Since then they have pulled our ploughs and borne our loads,
But that free servitude still can pierce our hearts.
Our life is changed; their coming our beginning.
Edwin Muir: *The Horses*



Chinese Pottery Horse (6th Dynasty)

A DREAM OF HORSES



Symbol of St Luke (9th century Breton Gospel Book)

We were born grooms, in stable-straw we sleep still,
All our wealth horse-dung and the combings of horses.
And all we can talk about is what horses ail.

Out of the night that gulfed beyond the palace-gate
There shook hooves and hooves and hooves of horses:
Our horses battered their stalls; their eyes jerked white.

And we ran out, mice in our pockets and straw in our hair,
Into darkness that was avalanching to horses
And a quake of hooves. Our lantern's little orange flare

Made a round mask of our each sleep-dazed face,
Bodiless, or else bodied by horses
That whinnied and bit and cannoned the world from its place.

The tall palace was so white, the moon was so round,
Everything else this plunging of horses
To the rim of our eyes that strove for the shapes of the sound.

We crouched at our lantern, our bodies drank the din,
And we longed for a death trampled by such horses
As every grain of the earth had hooves and mane.

We must have fallen like drunkards into a dream
Of listening, lulled by the thunder of the horses.
We awoke stiff; broad day had come.

Out through the gate the unprinted desert stretched
To stone and scorpion; our stable-horses
Lay in their straw, in a hag-sweat, listless and wretched

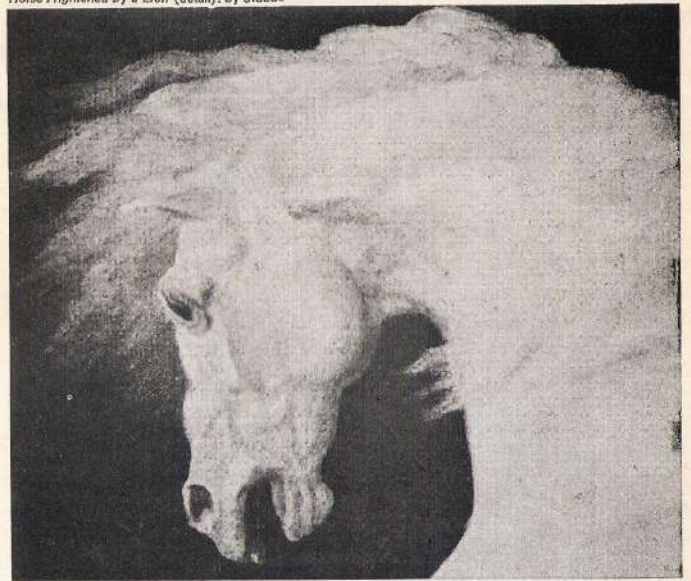
Now let us, tied, be quartered by these poor horses,
If but doomsday's flames be great horses,
be forever itself a circling of the hooves of horses.

Ted Hughes: *A Dream of Horses*



Costume design for a Centaur (17th century)

Horse Frightened by a Lion (detail): by Stubbs



Horse of 5th century BC (Acropolis Museum)

I walk, I lift up, I lift up heart, eyes,
Down all that glory in the heavens to glean our Saviour;
And, eyes, heart, what looks, what lips yet gave you a
Rapturous love's greeting of realer, of rounder replies?
And the azurous hung hills are his world-wielding shoulder
Majestic – as a stallion stalwart, very-violet-sweet!

Gerard Manley Hopkins: *Hurrahing in Harvest*

How the horse dominated the mind of the early races!
... You were a lord if you had a horse. Far back, far
back in our dark soul the horse prances ... The horse!
The horse! The symbol of surging potency and power of
movement, of action in man.

D. H. Lawrence: *Apocalypse*

Equus

by Peter Shaffer

Martin Dysart		Michael Jayston
Nurse	<i>(until 28 May)</i>	Gillian Webb
	<i>(from 30 May)</i>	Margaret Lawley
Hesther Saloman		Antonia Pemberton
Alan Strang		Jeff Rawle
Frank Strang		Edward Jewesbury
Dora Strang		Colette O'Neil
Horseman		Jonathan David
Harry Dalton		Peter Schofield
Jill Mason		Kate Nicholls

and
John Arthur Baron
Peter Mantle
Alan McMahon
Harry Meacher
Emily Moore
William Parker
Jeremy Woolston
Graham Wyles

Director	John Dexter
Designer	John Napier
Music	Marc Wilkinson
Lighting	Andy Phillips
Staff Director	Alan Brown
Movement	Sue Lefton
Production Manager	Richard Bullimore
Company and Stage Manager	Barbara Penney
Deputy Stage Manager	Mark ap Robert
Assistant Stage Manager	Alex Alec-Smith
Sound	Bill Cadman

The main action takes place in Rokeby Psychiatric Hospital in southern England. The time is the present

There is one interval of 15 minutes

First performance of this production the Old Vic 26 July 1973; returned to the repertoire 21 August 1974; first performance in the West End Albery Theatre 20 April 1976

Head of Horse: Picasso



One might compare the relations of the ego to the id with that between a rider and his horse. The horse provides the locomotor energy and the rider has the prerogative of determining the goal and of guiding the movements of his powerful mount towards it. But all too often in the relations between the ego and the id we find a picture of the less ideal situation in which the rider is obliged to guide his horse in the direction in which it itself wants to go.

Sigmund Freud



plays by PETER SHAFER first presented by the National Theatre



1. 1964: *The Royal Hunt of the Sun* Colin Blakely as Pizarro, Roy Holder as The Boy (photo: Angus McBean)

2. *The Royal Hunt of the Sun* Robert Stephens as Atahualpa (photo: Chris Arthur)

3. 1965: *Black Comedy* (one-act) Derek Jacobi, Albert Finney

4. *Black Comedy* Derek Jacobi, Maggie Smith, Albert Finney (photos: Angus McBean)

5. *Equus*. Production photograph (Zoë Dominic) 1977 Albery Theatre. Michael Jayston as Martin Dysart. Jeff Rawle as Alan Strang.



Peter Shaffer was born in Liverpool and educated at St Paul's School and Trinity College, Cambridge. His first major success in the theatre came in 1958 with *Five Finger Exercise*, which ran for nearly two years at the Comedy Theatre and was subsequently presented in New York as well as being filmed. *The Private Ear* and *The Public Eye* were produced in London at the Globe Theatre in 1962 and also later in New York. His first play for the National Theatre was *The Royal Hunt of the Sun* in 1964 with Colin Blakely and Robert Stephens—a work which met with universal acclaim, has been seen in most countries, and was also filmed. In 1965 came another National Theatre production, Albert Finney in *Black Comedy*. In 1970, Shaffer's *The Battle of Shrivings* (subsequently reworked as *Shrivings*) ran for a London season at the Lyric Theatre. When *Equus* was given its first performance at the Old Vic in 1973, it completed a much-praised trio of productions for the National Theatre all directed by John Dexter. *Equus* has subsequently been an immense success in virtually every country in the world, with both critics and public, most recently on Broadway. It is the first play to win every critical award that the New York critics can bestow: the Tony Award, the New York Critics' Award, the Outer Circle Critics' Award and the Drama Desk Award. He has written the screenplay for the film of *Equus*.

For the National Theatre

Casting
Company Manager
Wardrobe
Publicity

**Gillian Diamond
Barbara Penney
Doris Parsons
NT Press Office
(928 2033)**

PRODUCTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY ZOE DOMINIC

Production credits

Philips 65 Pocket Memo loaned by Philips Electrical Ltd. Settings constructed by E. Babbage & Co and painted in the theatre workshops. Metal work by P. E. Kemp Engineers Ltd. Masks and hooves made in the National Theatre Workshops

Programme Acknowledgements

Programme designed by Richard Bird and Michael Mayhew. *A Dream of Horses* from *Lupecal* by Ted Hughes (Faber & Faber). The National Theatre receives financial assistance from the Arts Council of Great Britain and the Greater London Council

Additional lighting, stage and sound equipment for the Albery Theatre supplied by Donmar Hire (01-836 3221)

For The Wyndham Theatres Limited

General Manager
Manager

**A. F. Langridge
John Gill**

Box Office open Monday to Saturday from 10 am 01-836 3878

Box Office Manager
First Assistant

**Jan Harkett
Richard Wingate**

When writing to enquire about seats, letters should be addressed to the Box Office, and it would be appreciated if a self-addressed envelope could be enclosed. Any other correspondence including suggestions or complaints should be addressed to the General Manager

Technical Departments

Supervisory Master Carpenter
Chief Engineer
Master Carpenter Albery Theatre
Chief Electrician Albery Theatre
Sound Consultant

**Harry Pegg
Stan Coppin
Peter Cascarini
Paul Hunt
E. R. Webb**

Catering Department 01-836 9074

General Manager

Meg Johnson

For your convenience coats and umbrellas may be left in the PARALOK security system free-of-charge at locations marked thus:

There are the usual fee-paying cloakroom facilities at Foyer level



Smoking is not permitted in the auditorium

Patrons are reminded that it is strictly forbidden to take photographs or use any form of recording apparatus in the theatre

Outside performance hours this theatre is available for conferences or similar gatherings. For information telephone General Manager (01-836 5650)

In accordance with licensing requirements:

1. The public may leave at the end of the performance by all exit doors and such doors must at that time be open.
2. All gangways, passages and staircases must be kept entirely free from chairs or any other obstruction.
3. Persons shall not in any circumstances be permitted to stand or sit in any of the gangways intersecting the seating or to sit in any of the other gangways. If standing be permitted in the gangways at the sides and rear of the seating it shall be strictly limited to the number indicated in the notices exhibited in those positions.
4. The safety curtain must be lowered and raised in the presence of each audience.

Jonathan David (The Horseman)

Theatre includes: Repertory at Exeter, Ayr, Sheringham, Brighton, Canterbury and with Prospect Productions. Recently in London: *Double Talk*.

Television includes: *Death or Glory Boy, Private Affairs, Microbes and Men, For God's Sake*. Films include: Major role in *Intimate Reflections, The Princess and the Pea*.

Michael Jayston (Martin Dysart)

Theatre includes: Repertory at Bristol and Salisbury.

RSC: *Hamlet, The Hollow Crown, Henry V, The Homecoming*.

NT: *Equus, Eden End*.

Travelling Playhouse: *Equus*.

Television includes: *The Power Game, Dickens, Beethovens, Jane Eyre, King Lear, The Importance of Being Earnest, and the NT's The Merchant of Venice*.

Films include: *Nicholas and Alexandra, Cromwell, Alice in Wonderland, A Bequest to the Nation, The Homecoming*.

Edward Jewesbury (Frank Strang)

Theatre includes: Repertory at Birmingham, Colchester, Ipswich, Edinburgh, Oxford and Nottingham. London: *Look Back in Anger, The Man Most Likely To, A Winter's Tale, A Midsummer Night's Dream* (both with Frank Dunlop's Pop Shakespeare Company); *Romeo and Juliet, The Taming of the Shrew* (both at the Young Vic); *The Importance of Being Earnest* (Shaw Theatre).

NT: *Equus* (1974), *Grand Manoeuvres*.

Television includes: *Daniel Deronda, Crown Court, Special Branch, Marked Personal, Edward VII, I Claudius*.

Margaret Lawley (The Nurse from 30 May)

Theatre *The Pelican, Forget-Me-Not Lane, The Sea, Merry-Go-Round, Chez Nous, Harvey, 1976 Beckett Season*.

Television *The Doctors, Z Cars, Comet to the Stars, 1999 Space Odyssey, Starting Out and All About Babies* (educational TV).

Kate Nicholls (Jill Mason)

Theatre includes: *The Reluctant Deb* (on tour), *Time and the Comways* (Guildford).

Television includes: *Private Practice* (Play for Today), *The Skin Game* (Play of the Month), *The Palisiers, Carbon Copy, The Early Life of Stephen Hind, The Eleventh Hour, Ten from the Twenties, Kate in Nicholas Nickleby*.

Antonia Pemberton (Hasther Saloman)

Theatre includes: Edinburgh Lyceum: *Three Sisters, The Cherry Orchard, Macbeth*; Edinburgh Traverse: *Stay Where You Are, The Technicians Cartoons, Straight Up* (also in London); Prospect Theatre Company: *Richard III, Ivanov*. NT: *Next of Kin, The Marriage of Figaro*.

Television includes: *Within These Walls, Z Cars, Village Hall, Beryl's Lot, The Naked Civil Servant, Prometheus, Chester Mystery Plays, A Divorce, A Place Like Home*.

Colette O'Neil (Dora Strang)

Theatre includes: Repertory at Glasgow, Nottingham, Welsh National Theatre Company. London: *Progress to the Park* (Theatre Workshop), *Celebration* (Duchess), *Gay Landscape* and *A Pagan Place* (Royal Court), *Henry IV Parts 1 & 2* (Mermaid). RSC: *Duchess of Gloucester in The Wars of the Roses, Lady Percy in The Histories, Butley* (Criterion).

Recent television appearances: *David Copperfield, Couples, Crown Court, Morecambe and Wise, The Lively Arts*.

Jeff Rawle (Alan Strang)

Theatre includes: Repertory in Sheffield, Newcastle, Liverpool (Playhouse), Cheltenham. National tour of *Five Finger Exercise*.

Television includes: name part in *Billy Liar*

(series), *The Water Maiden* (Bedtime Stories Series), *Death of a Young Young Man* (Play for Today).

Peter Schofield (Harry Dalton)

Theatre includes: Royal Court: *The Changing Room*. RSC: *Sherlock Holmes, Section 9* and *A Slight Ache* (in London and on tour).

Mermaid Theatre: Falstaff in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

NT: *Equus* at the Old Vic.

Television: *Z Cars, Sporting Scenes, Georgian House serial, How We Used to Live* (Schools).

Gillian Webb (The Nurse until 28th May)

Theatre includes: repertory at Leatherhead Guildford Oxford, Windsor. London: *Macbeth, The Enchanted, Listen to the Wind, Richard II, Nude With Violin*. RSC: *The Marrying of Ann Leete, Too True To Be Good*.

Television includes: *Z Cars, Compact Blackmail, The Brontës, Dombey and Son, General Hospital, Reflax*.

John Dexter (Director)

Theatre: Royal Court includes: *Roots, Chicken Soup with Barley, I'm Talking About Jerusalem, Chips with Everything, The Kitchen, The Blood of the Banbergs, The Old Ones*. West End: *In Praise of Love, Half a Sixpence, Pygmalion*.

NT: *Saint Joan, Hobson's Choice, Othello, The Royal Hunt of the Sun, Black Comedy, A Woman Killed with Kindness, Armstrong's Last Goodnight, The Storm, The Good-Natured Man, The Misanthrope* (also in New York) and *Equus* (also in New York and Paris) *The Party, Phaedra Britannica*.

Opera includes: *Benvenuto Cellini* (Covent Garden), *The Devils of Loudon* (Sadler's Wells), *The House of the Dead, Boris Godunov, Billy Budd, Un Ballo in Maschera* (Hamburg), *I Vespri Siciliani* (New York and Paris), *La Forza Del Destino* (Paris). Is Director of Productions at the Metropolitan Opera, New York. Has recently directed *Le Prophète, Dialogue of the Carmelites* and *Lulu*.

Films: *The Virgin Soldiers*.

John Napier (Design)

Theatre: NT: *The Party, Equus*.

RSC: *Richard II, King John, Cymbeline, Macbeth, Hedda Gabler* (Aldwych, Australia and USA tours) *Richard III, Comedy of Errors, Much Ado About Nothing, King Lear*. Other London productions: *The Huling Class, Knuckle*. Foreign productions: *Equus* in Stuttgart, South Africa and Genoa. *Richard III* for the Burgtheater in Vienna. *Twelfth Night* for the Comédie Française.

Opera: *The Devils of Loudon* (Coliseum).

Marc Wilkinson (Music)

Theatre: NT: music for more than twenty-five productions, including *The Royal Hunt of the Sun, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead, As You Like It, The National Health, Jumpers, Equus*. London: *Carte Blanche* and *Wild Oats*. Films include: *The Hurling, Triple Echo, Family Life, The Darwin Adventure, If, The Royal Hunt of the Sun*.

Andy Phillips (Lighting)

Theatre: Seven years resident Lighting Designer at the Royal Court Theatre. European productions of *Hadrian VII* and *Edward Bond's Lear*. London: *Pygmalion* (Albery); RSC: *Hedda Gabler* (Aldwych Australia and USA tours); *Macbeth*; more recently: *Stevie*.

NT: *The Beaux' Strategem, Tyger, A Woman Killed with Kindness, The Misanthrope, Equus* (also in New York and Paris), *The Party, Spring Awakening, Phaedra Britannica, The Playboy of the Western World, Watch It Come Down*. Operas: *The Devils of Loudon* (Coliseum), *La Forza Del Destino* (Paris).

THE WYNDHAM THEATRES LTD THE PICCADILLY THEATRE LTD

A family business at your service since 1875

If you have



you may **PURCHASE** theatre tickets by **TELEPHONE**.

The tickets you order may be kept at the Box Office for your collection **AT ANY TIME** or mailed to your home.

Simply phone the Box Office number listed in your newspaper or note our **CREDIT CARD HOTLINE**

01-836 3962 (from 9.30am to 5.30pm Monday to Friday)

ALBERY THEATRE	MICHAEL JAYSTON in the NATIONAL THEATRE production of EQUUS by PETER SHAFFER. Directed by JOHN DEXTER. Must end 18th June.
CRITERION THEATRE	LESLIE PHILLIPS, JULIA LOCKWOOD, PETER BLYTHE, CAROL HAWKINS, ANGELA SCOLAR, JULIAN FELLOWES in SEXTET by MICHAEL PERTWEE.
PICCADILLY THEATRE	THE ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY in WILD OATS by JOHN O'KEEFFE.
WYNDHAM'S THEATRE	MAGGIE FITZGIBBON, GAY SOPER, DAVID FIRTH and ROBIN RAY in SIDE BY SIDE BY SONDEHEIM.

Our Box Offices are open Monday to Saturday from 10am until 15 minutes after curtain up on the evening performances, and Credit Cards, Cheques with Bank guarantee cards and US Dollars are accepted.

BOOKING IN ADVANCE SECURES THE BEST AVAILABLE SEATS

If you change your mind or your babysitter lets you down, simply return the seats not later than the morning on the day of the performance to exchange your tickets for another day or, if appropriate, we may arrange a refund—we will still try to help at even shorter notice.

For disabled persons in wheelchairs we can usually make special arrangements—our Box Office staff will gladly advise.

If you can get twelve or more friends together for an evening at the theatre and would like details of reduced prices for groups at most West End shows please telephone 01-836 3962 or write for details to: The Party Organiser, Albery Theatre, St Martin's Lane, London WC2.

CIRCLE LUNCH BAR AT THE ALBERY

Pub prices (spirits only 25p) and enjoyable food.
Open Monday to Friday (except Public Holidays) midday to 3.00pm.
Meet your friends at the theatre—enter through the foyer.

STARS REMEMBERED

An Occasional Series by
MATTHEW NORGATE
THE GRIFFITHS BROTHERS

The Griffiths Brothers, perhaps you're saying, who on earth were they? Well, if you ever went to music halls when there were still music halls to go to, you would certainly have seen them, and whether you did or not I shall try to persuade you that they are abundantly well worth recalling.

They were, in fact, the two component ends of Pogo, the world's most headstrong, recalcitrant, insolent and entirely lovable performing horse.

First of all Miss Lutie came on. Nine tenths of the audience knew what to expect, and some of us, myself joyously included, could anticipate practically every moment of the act. But we were not going to offend Miss Lutie, who through the years must have acquired some of Pogo's own acute sensitiveness, and we pretended to be as innocent as we had been on the great day when we heard her introductory speech for the first time.

She began by preparing us for the worst. Despite the re-markable skill of her performin' horse, she said, his trainin' had necessitated ab-so-lutely no cruelty whatsoever in any shape or form, and he enjoyed his tricks every little bit as much as did all the crowned heads before whom he had been privileged to appear, come along Pogo. And Pogo's head emerged from the wings. It was apparently a perfectly normal horse's head, and we could maintain our friendly dissimulation.

But only for a second. On came Pogo, and the game was up. To begin with, Miss Lutie's horse, unlike others in his genre, was wholly conscious of his audience. Your common or circus performing horse must pitifully ape the human to succeed, dancing, for instance, with the hideous lack of grace which is the prerogative of all horses that dance. But not Pogo, who was grandly superior to all things biped, let alone equine.

He would bow a lofty acknowledgment of our welcome, then strut about complacently while Miss Lutie sang his praises. Reams could be written about his character, so complex a creature was he. Ask him to jump a fence, and he went through all the preliminaries proper to one about to do something superb, miff it at

the first two attempts, then gingerly climb over. Sometimes his front legs disagreed with his hind legs and there was some interlimbular kicking. Or he would think he saw a friend in the dress circle, and stop to stare, find he was mistaken, then interrupt his next trick to stare again and make sure. Or tap an impatient hoof on the floor while he waited for Miss Lutie to become more reasonable in her demands. Or shrug his shoulders in despair of ever making her understand that he was not the docile kind. Or register, in his superequine way, reproach, disdain, insouciance, hilarity, pride — all without moving a muscle of his realistic, immobile countenance.

If there was one thing he really cared for it was dancing. Here he made concessions to humanity, employing the steps of all stages and ballrooms but never those of the lesser cornucopian quadrupeds, though his favourite tune was evidently the one affected by so many of them, the one that goes *tum-ti-toodle, dum-ti-doodle, tum-ti-tiddly-iddy-um*, if I have made my musical annotation clear.

Only at the end, when Pogo had taken his quota of calls — which he did as avidly and selfishly as did Marie Tempest or Robert Loraine himself — could we express our gratitude to his perspiring manipulators, and that was the moment I used to dread, for then I had to return to a world of reality and criticism, and ask myself once again just why I had been lost in happy, helpless, agonising, affectionate laughter. Not that it was a difficult question to answer, but this did not mitigate my regret at having to ask it, and thereby cut myself off from the fortunate majority who had paid for their seats, who knew what they liked but need not worry about why they liked it so much.

The answer, of course, was that Pogo had no repressions or inhibitions or thwarted desires, he was behaving exactly as the child in us all wishes to behave but is not allowed to. It was the essential formula of clowning, but used in a way so accurate and imaginative that we delighted in it as completely as we did only in the handful of other perfect clowns. The Griffiths Brothers, had their medium been not deeds but words, might surely have made their way as psychologists. My old friend Georgie Wood tells me, by the way, that they were not brothers but father and son, that the father was one of the founders of that venerable music hall fraternity the Water Rats, and that he was well over 70 before he and his son ceased to be Pogo.

© Matthew Norgate 1977

THEATRE ARTS SOCIETY

PRICES RISING ...

YOUR THEATREGOING CAN BE MUCH CHEAPER ...

WE OFFER REDUCED PRICES FOR A WIDE SELECTION OF WEST END SHOWS

Plays, Musicals, Opera and Ballet. We usually offer some fifty shows each year at an average saving of £1 on each ticket purchased and of course there are no booking fees.

YOUR OWN THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE which includes current reduced price offers and theatre news.

WEST END CLUB FACILITIES AT THE ARTS THEATRE CLUB available to members; these include the bar, restaurant, coffee lounge and the theatre itself.

IN A MONTH SAVE YOUR ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION. Ring now for free copy of our magazine and details of membership or complete coupon below.

Application for Membership

(BY COMPLETING BANKERS ORDER YOU SAVE THE NORMAL ENTRY FEE)

Surname (Mr/Mrs/Miss) First Names

Address Tel. No.

Please find herewith Cheque/Postal Order for £5.50 (Entry fee of £1 plus first annual subscription) OR completed Standing Order (Entry fee £1 waived). I agree to abide by the Society's Rules.

Signature Date

BANKER'S STANDING ORDER

To Messrs

Branch Please pay now to the Midland Bank Ltd of 70 St. Martin's Lane, London, WC2 (Nat. No. 40.06.10) for the credit of Theatre Arts Associates Ltd (a/c No.: 50800295) the sum of £4.50 and continue to make a similar payment annually until cancelled by me.

Signed a/c No. (if known) Please return completed form to: TAS, Wyndham's Theatre, Charing Cross Road, London WC2 0DA Tel. 01-836 2671.

Take the right route for value and quality



Catch the Woolworth Silver Jubilee Bus.

At over 1,000 Woolworth stores you'll find quality and value in everything you buy. From Silver Jubilee souvenirs to attractive clothes for grown-ups and children - toiletries and stationery, travel goods, records, tapes, toys, sports goods, fishing tackle and fancy goods.

Wonderful Value. Great Quality.

So pop into Woolworth (there's one right in the middle of Oxford Street) - and purchase something to remind you that quality and value are alive and well at Woolies.



BALLET 1952-1977
(PART ONE)

by
CLEMENT CRISP

Beyond the feeling that anyone who carolled "Twenty-five glorious years" when talking about the Silver Jubilee needed heavy sedation, I had few retrospective thoughts about the past quarter-century until the request came for this article. But looking back, I had to concede that, for ballet at least, the years had been glorious in many ways. We have seen the Royal Ballet flourish and merit the Queen's accolade; Festival Ballet has prospered; Ballet Rambert came through bad times to better ones as a lively modern troupe; Western Theatre Ballet was founded and eventually translated to Glasgow to become our first regional company, The Scottish Ballet; Graham-style Modern Dance put down roots and became authentically British as London Contemporary Dance Theatre.

These are the enduring achievements of the Jubilee years, which have seen the Royal Ballet recognised as one of the greatest ensembles in the world, with dancers and choreographers universally admired. Sir Frederick Ashton has given us a sequence of ballets that are fundamental to the company's excellence, with the first night of *La Fille mal Gardée* in 1960 as one of the highest spots of the era; memories of Nerina and Blair, Grant, Holden and

Edwards are undimmed. Kenneth Mac-Millan's entire creative career comes within the period: the triumphs of Monica Mason in *Rite of Spring*; Lynn Seymour in *Romeo and Juliet*, *Anastasia* and so much else; Sibley and Dowell in *Manon*, are still part of today's joys. We must remember John Cranko, and be grateful for his ballets and for Marcia Haydee, Richard Cragun and Egon Madsen and the Stuttgart ensemble.

And there have been the visitors. In 1952 the New York City Ballet headed the list, and if there is a regret about the past 25 years it is that since then NYCB has made precisely one return trip; blame it on public indifference, or critical myopia, but it is a dismal fact. Yet of all our guests it is the Russians who have most firmly put their mark on the Jubilee years. The unforgettable first appearance of the Bolshoi came in 1956, preceded by all the cliff-hanging hoopah about a Russian girl athlete who was alleged to have stolen five hats, worth 32/11 (or £1.64½ in today's fairy gold) from G & A Modes at Marble Arch. "Provocation" said *L'Express*. "Will they come; won't they come," said the papers. They came, and were seen and conquered: with Ulanova as Juliet and the splendid paraphernalia of the whole company, and they altered our view of what ballet could be. That view was altered still further when the aristocrats of the Kirov Ballet came from Leningrad in 1961. Here was the glory of the noblest classical dancing.

Clement Crisp is the ballet critic for The Financial Times. The second part of this article will appear next month.



"SPARKLING"...
very enjoyable... **"IT WENT DOWN VERY WELL"...**

"QUITE OUTSTANDING"

"IT LEFT ME WANTING MORE"

"TREMENDOUS"

"Extremely tasteful..."

Now in its 107th great year.

Where can you find luxurious Scottish Cashmeres - authentic Scottish Tartans - stylish Scottish leisurewear - classic Scottish jackets - gorgeous Scottish lambswool - rugged Scottish sportswear - super Scottish accessories - charming Scottish children's wear - stunning Scottish Shetlands - traditional Scottish jewellery and formal Scottish dress?

In London, of course! Head for the Scotch House. In Knightsbridge, Regent Street, Oxford Street and Kensington. There you will find the cream of Scottish merchandise. Over 300 pure wool Tartans. Fabulous clothes for everyone you know. Children have their own Hop Scotch Shop. And gifts galore. Or, when you go to Scotland, shop at the Scotch House in Edinburgh. If you can't make it to either city, simply write for our catalogue - and select the best of Scotland at home.



Knightsbridge, London SW1X 7PB. Tel: 01-581 2151, 84 Regent Street, London W1R 5PE. Tel: 01-734 0203.
60 Princes Street, Edinburgh, EH2 2DF. Tel: 031-226 5271. 191 Regent Street, London W1R 7WA. Tel: 01-734 4816.
7 Marble Arch, London W1H 7AP. Tel: 01-402 4436. 187 Oxford Street, London W1R 1AJ. Tel: 01-734 8802.
129 Kensington High Street, London W8 6SU. Tel: 01-937 3034.
1224 Kings Road, Chelsea, London SW3 4PL. Tel: 01-589 2664.

Open 6 days a week including all day Saturday. Most European languages spoken. American Express, Mastercard, Eurocard and Diners Club Credit Cards welcome.

THE PASSING OF THE PAGEANT

by
VIRGINIA GRAHAM

One of this country's fondest traditions is that however dire the circumstances the "show must go on". Although, when questioned about this, we are not absolutely certain *why* it has to, we remain determined that come hell or high water, usually the latter, the entertainment we have devised shall take place, regardless.

The "regardless" bit is especially applicable to *al fresco* diversions which, with the utmost courage, not to say fool-hardiness, we insist on planning every year. It is true, of course, that if we waited upon the weather for our outdoor pastimes we might have to wait for ever (last year being the exception to the drizzly rule), and it is, I suppose, quite reasonable to try and enjoy ourselves in a modicum of damp. But it seems that even in torrential downpours we absolutely refuse to kowtow to the elements. Not until the water is actually up to our knees, and every single tent has collapsed, do we abandon the Village Fete. By the same token not until the entire cast of Great Cudlington's *The Gondoliers* has either fainted, choked or fallen into the orchestra do we think of calling it a night.

If the participants are faithful unto the end, so too are the audiences, and this year in particular, when there are thousands of celebrations taking place, these ranging from street tea parties to amateurs struggling with *Gloriana*, it is lovely to think that not only our good manners but our loyalty is being put to the test as we arrive at the beginning of everything and stick it out to the end.

Carnivals have long been a feature of the summer holidays, indeed, it is difficult to drive through an English town on a Saturday afternoon without becoming embroiled in one. It usually consists of a procession of appropriately named "floats" upon which are grouped wobbling tableaux depicting scenes from local history, such as the town's first biscuit being made, or John of Gaunt arriving at the Castle on the day he spent the night there, or else more abstract themes such as "The Spirit of Nuclear Fission" or "The Future". All these rumbling very slowly down the High Street, led by the Carnival Queen on a papier mache throne, surrounded by nymphs, soaked to the skin, and escorted by Scouts, Guides, and the WRVS.

This year local history will have been entirely abandoned in favour of Our Island one, with a heavy accent on the Monarchy. God bless it, and we must be prepared constantly to applaud (however wet and cold, or alternatively hot and dry) King John and his Magna Carta, King Harold with an arrow in his eye, Charles II with Nellie tossing a whole grove of oranges into the crowd, and of course Queen Victoria

with an inverted teacup tied on to her head with a scarf, a hirsute John Brown playing the pipes beside her.

In the next county, instead of performing *Rookery Nook* the local amateur dramatic society will be having a brave bash at *Henry V* on the terrace of Bagley Hall. The raging wind precludes anybody from hearing what anybody else is saying, and the legs of the audience's chairs are gradually sinking up to their hubs in the sodden lawn (or alternatively their own legs are being gnawed by midges). But this is an offering of love and allegiance, and we shall be there until the very last rocket sounds.

Sadly gone from the contemporary scene, and what I hope is being revived for this great and very special year is the Historical Pageant. When I was young there was a plethora of pageants. It was hardly possible to stay with anyone in the country without being taken to one. Either that, or a Garden Fete, or Madrigals on the Mere, or, indeed, all three rolled into one.

Pageants are particularly suitable to royal occasions as they usually take place in fields that have to be filled somehow, and the best two ways of doing this are by long slow regal processions and by riders galloping in from all directions bearing "tidings", usually of the imminent approach of Queen Elizabeth I.

I remember a pageant in Sussex when Mrs Fanshawe, the local draper's wife, dressed as the Virgin Queen in a wonderful ginger wig and all the ruffs, baloon sleeves and pearl-bespattered velour you could wish for, cantered into the arena to review her troops at Tilbury. Unfortunately she was quite unable to stop Lord Canbury's cob, on which she was precariously balanced side saddle, at the appointed place. It went right on cantering, past the troops, past Sir Walter Raleigh who also happened to be there with his cloak at the ready, on, on and into the Tea Tent, where it knocked over two trestles and spread about a ton of rich madeira cake all over the grass.

It was led out by a startled caterer's assistant, but was still evidently out of control, so Mrs Fanshawe, shaken now, as well as being liberally peppered with egg and tomato sandwiches, sensibly took to her feet. She delivered her speech to her gallant army, standing on a hastily conscripted kitchen chair.

On another occasion I recall Richard Coeur de Lion returning from the Crusades with a couple of gooseberry nets floating out behind him, these having become entwined in his spurs as he made his entrance through the squire's kitchen garden.

Such mishaps as these, inevitable and endearing, made every pageant a pleasure, and it seems tragic that this mode of raising money for good causes has completely gone by the board. I am all for Morris Dancing and fireworks and Son et Lumiere and parties and theatricals and rous and jamborees and pop festivals, but I *would* like a nice rain-drenched, under-rehearsed, inaudible, accident-prone pageant too.

Any offers?

You won't find a finer gin.



James Burrough Ltd., the independent family firm who have distilled Beefeater Gin to the same standards of excellence since 1820.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF THEATRE

by

JOHN BARBER

After 25 years the changes in the theatre have left us, surely, feeling much better. Not so? We have got rid of the censor. Subsidies on a scale unthinkable when the Queen came to the throne have helped found a National Theatre and some 50 regional houses. From the fringe has emerged an Alternative Theatre. Our plays and our players have become the backbone of Broadway and the envy of the world. Whatever our financial troubles, standards surely have improved and we are better off than we were?

But turn back to Coronation Day and consider the facts. After cheering the great procession in Park Lane (I got up at 4.30) we could have booked tickets for five theatres now gone—Casino, Hippodrome, Saville, St James's, Winter Garden. Ah well, today we have six new ones—Mermaid, May Fair, Upstairs, Lyttleton, Olivier, Cottesloe. But I am not sure the programmes were inferior. The unsurpassed *Guys and Dolls* and *South Pacific* were among musicals playing. New plays included Graham Greene's *The Living Room* with this new girl Tutin, R. C. Sherriff's *The White Carnation* with Ralph Richardson, Nigel Patrick in Roger Mac-Dougall's superb *Escapade*, the Lunts in Coward's *Quadrille*. For revue, try Jimmy Edwards, Vera Lynn and Tony Hancock at the Adelphi, or Cyril Ritchard and Ian Carmichael at the Hippodrome. A thriller? *Dial M for Murder* at the Westminster. I would not care to field a team against that little lot from today's current offerings.

As I write, London has no Shakespeare, no Shaw, no modern classic unless you count Maugham's *The Circle*. On Coronation Day you had a choice of two Shakespeare's, a Wilde and Shaw's *The Apple Cart* with Noel Coward and Margaret Leighton. Venture to Hammersmith and you could see Peter Brook's production of Otway's *Venice Preserv'd* (1682) with Gielgud and Scofield in a lovely house now demolished. But surely, you say, the National Theatre offers—? As I write, they advertise an overstretched trifle by Ayckbourn and two considerable if elderly trifles by Coward and Ben Travers. Said the Lord, Children, have ye any meat? They answered him, No.

The Queen was hardly on the throne before our hearts leapt with hope. Just as the pseudo-poetic plays of Eliot and Fry were petering out, a crisp iconoclasm revitalised the theatre. Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*, opening in Paris in Coronation year, was to breed lilacs out of the dead land. Then Osborne's *Look Back in Anger* stirred dull roots with spring rain.

And everything happened at once. Young Peter Hall happened at Stratford-upon-Avon. Young Jonathan Miller and *Beyond the Fringe* taunted the accents and attitudes of what we began calling The

Establishment. Joan Littlewood happened at Stratford E, and sent plays to the West End about capital punishment, the IRA, homosexuals. Much influenced by Beckett, Harold Pinter happened and purified the language of drama. The Royal Court brought a great proletarian upsurge of writers (Wesker, Arden).

These had been writers concerned with the sickness of a society they satirised and defied. After Osborne's scream came Orton's derision. Social protest grumbled on, and grumbles on today. But the big new breakthrough from the late 60s came with the uninhibited roar of the liberated anarchist. *Hair* happened. The Royal Court routed the Lord Chamberlain and *Oh! Calcutta!* happened. Suddenly actors leaped into our laps from the stage—and happenings happened. Almost, errand-boys whistled choruses from *The Bacchae*.

Meantime, with unhurrying chase and unperturbed pace, the commercial theatre soldiered on, happy in its harmless business of supplying jolly nights out. But there is much to celebrate. Our great national houses have been known to perform a great work. Their fine productions often transfer to unsubsidised houses. Since 1952 the theatre has certainly seen far more plays about ordinary people, about the quality of society, the secrets of the soul and the whole comical and desperate business of day-to-day living. But, you must search to find them.

John Barber is the Theatre Critic of The Daily Telegraph.

"THE HIT OF THE
SEASON"—E. Std

Arts Theatre

(Leicester Square Tube)

836-3334/2132

**TOM
STOPPARD'S
DIRTY LINEN
& NEW-FOUND-LAND**

"THE HAPPIEST 85 MINUTES
IN THE WEST END"—E. News

Pride of Britain Silver Jubilee Souvenirs

These beautiful souvenirs are scarce. If you are lucky you may find them in the larger Woolworth and W. H. Smith branches and in department stores and china and gift shops. Special versions have been produced for Windsor Castle, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral and the Tower of London and are available to callers at these places.

Made in gleaming white English ironstone by Wood and Sons of Burslem to Pitkin Pictorial designs, and packed in attractive presentation boxes, the Plate, Coaster and Tankard feature the full achievement of the Royal Coat of Arms. There could be no more lasting gift for a friend, or more treasured memento for yourself, in The Queen's Silver Jubilee Year.

If you are unlucky in your search get in touch with Pitkin's. A small supply of these truly handsome souvenirs has been reserved for callers at 11 Wyfold Road and for direct mail customers. Prices are as follows:

	POSTAGE PAID	CALLERS
Plate:	UK (including VAT) £3.50; Overseas £4.30	£2.95 (including VAT)
Tankard:	UK (including VAT) £3.90; Overseas £4.75	£3.35 (including VAT)
Coaster:	UK (including VAT) £1.50; Overseas £1.75	£1.30 (including VAT)

Please send your cheque/postal order with your order and write names and addresses in BLOCK LETTERS. Kindly state the latest delivery date you will accept. If we cannot deliver by that date your money will be returned.



The Plate is 10 ins. dia.; The Coaster (ashtray, etc.) is 4½ ins. dia. and the 1 pt. Tankard is 4¼ ins. high.

Pitkin Pictorials Ltd. (Dept TP) · 11 Wyfold Road · London SW6 6SG · Tel 01-385 4351



SF60

MIDDLE TAR As defined by H.M. Government
EVERY PACKET CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING