

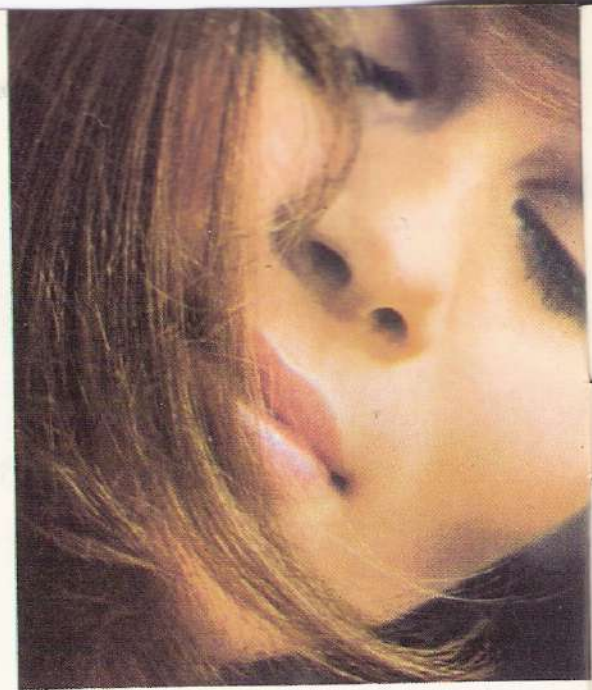
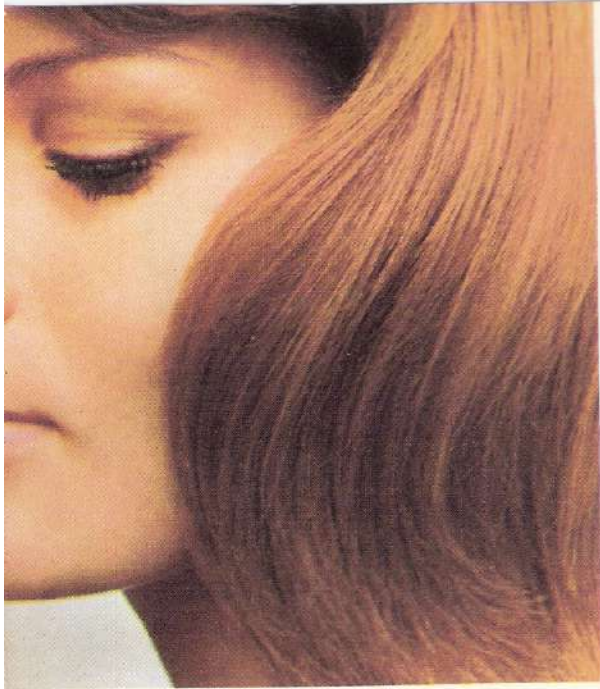
PICCADILLY THEATRE



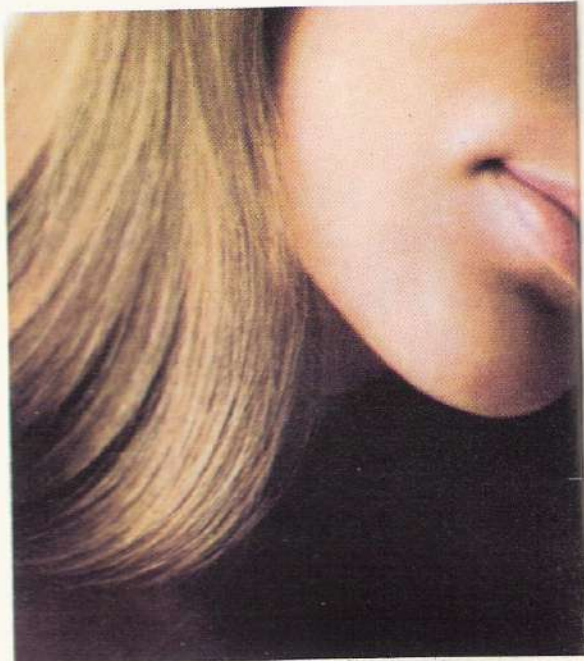
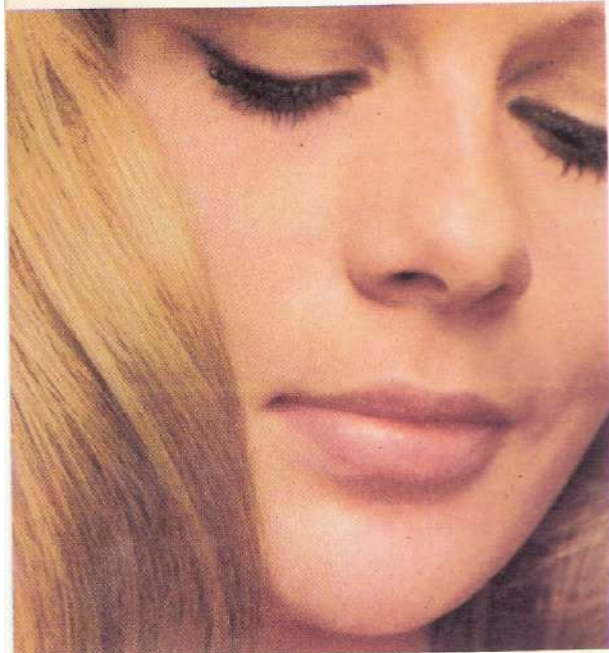
OSCAR WILDE'S COMEDY

AN IDEAL HUSBAND

Playbill
PROGRAMME 1st



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LONDON PARIS NEW YORK

Playbill

The magazine|programme for theatregoers

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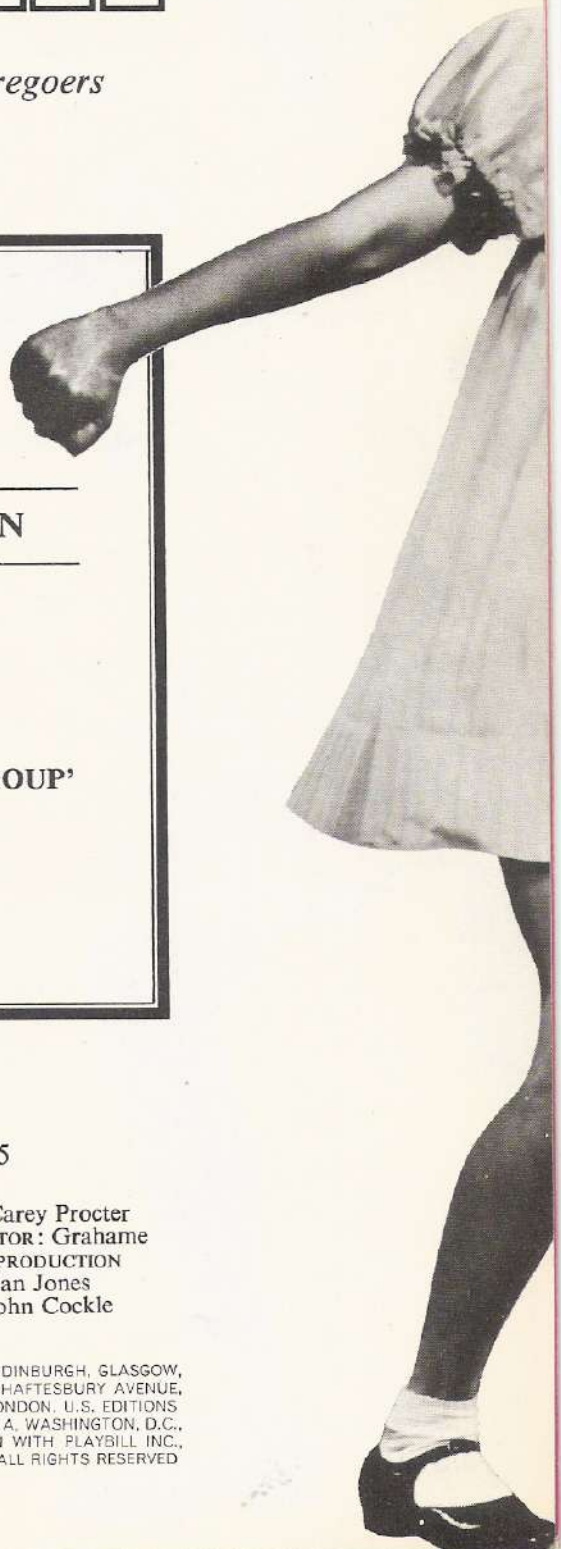
34. TABLE TALK

by Leslie Mainwaring

AUGUST 1966 VOLUME 1 No. 5

EDITOR/PUBLISHER: Stanley E. Flink **ART DIRECTOR:** Carey Procter
ASST EDITOR: Tessa King-Farlow **ADVERTISEMENT DIRECTOR:** Grahame
Edwards **ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER:** John Moriarty **PRODUCTION**
MANAGER: Terence Golding **BUSINESS MANAGER:** Ian Jones
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER: Ellic Howe **ART ASSISTANT:** John Cockle

PLAYBILL PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE UNITED KINGDOM IN LONDON, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW,
LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER AND NEWCASTLE BY PLAYBILL LIMITED, 51 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE,
LONDON, W.1 (REGent 2288) PRINTED BY WATERLOW & SONS LIMITED, LONDON. U.S. EDITIONS
OF PLAYBILL PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN NEW YORK, CHICAGO, PHILADELPHIA, WASHINGTON, D.C.,
BOSTON, LOS ANGELES AND SAN FRANCISCO BY OR IN ASSOCIATION WITH PLAYBILL INC.,
579 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y., 10017, U.S.A. © 1966 PLAYBILL LTD., ALL RIGHTS RESERVED





After the extremely successful London run of 'FUNNY GIRL' and Barbra Streisand's brief but celebrated appearance in it, PLAYBILL thought it appropriate to take a look at

FANNY BRICE

the original 'Funny Girl'. Stuart Little sketches the life and times of this remarkable woman, whose friends ranged from known racketeers to the Prince of Wales.

Fanny Brice as Baby Snooks, the comedy character she performed on radio.

TO her contemporaries on the stage, and particularly to the pretty girls in the chorus lines of Florenz Ziegfeld's Follies, Fanny Brice must have seemed an unexpected triumph of determination and will power over lack of physical endowment. She was a gawky child when she first fixed on a career in show business, rather too tall for a stage heroine, too stringy for a dancer, too plain to be noticed at all without an extra show of effort. There are later pictures of her as an established Ziegfeld star that reveal an incongruous elegance, and she was indeed a handsome, greying, rather sedate grandmother in the last years (she died in 1951 at the age of 59) in Beverly Hills, California. But the clothes of her middle period only seemed to emphasize the physical ungainliness. In her wedding photograph with Billy Rose in 1929 she is an awkward bride, nearly a head taller than Rose, with a cloche hat fitted to eye level like an upsidedown waste-paper basket, and ropes of pearls looped against a loose-fitting flowered blouse that elongated her figure. The 'Baby Snooks' pictures during the final phase of her career as a radio comedienne, when she imitated a child in a high squeaking voice and wore that ridiculous bow in her hair, ludicrously over-emphasize her facial plainness.

IT was clear from the start that no physical flaw or limitation was going to divert Fanny Brice from the pursuit of an important career, or prevent the outpouring of a unique talent. On the front steps of her Brooklyn home, Fanny became a performer (a professional enough one from the beginning to solicit pennies from passers-by) before she was old enough to be conscious of her looks. And when she did notice that, physically, she was hardly cut out for stardom, she simply turned all her lia-

bilities into laughs. The wide mouth assumed an overstated grin.

From the time she first appeared on Brooklyn amateur nights at the age of thirteen, Fanny Brice exhibited all the quick-thinking, fast-talking resourcefulness of the show business climber. She acquired a Yiddish flavour from Irving Berlin, to whom during the make-or-break early days of her career she once hurriedly applied for emergency material. She had rashly claimed a non-existent speciality number in winning a job in a new Broadway musical, and then had to scramble to manufacture one. Berlin supplied her with 'Sadie Salome' out of his song bag, and taught her the dialect. 'It was the crucial moment in my life,' she said later. 'If Irving had given me an Irish song and done it with a brogue, I'd have been an Irish comedienne forever.'

The great Ziegfeld noticed her in this show and signed her for a small part in the Ziegfeld Follies of 1910. In his office she was unnaturally tongue-tied, but the two understood each other. Together, conspiratorially, they outwitted Ziegfeld's disapproving general manager, who had objected to Fanny's rendition of the one song permitted her, 'Lovey Joe'. Ziegfeld advised her to agree with the man in private and do what she wanted when she got before the audience. She delivered the song her own way and won twelve encores. Sudden stardom.

FROM 1910 to 1923 she was in the Follies off and on doing parodies, burlesques, imitations, Indian dances. Some of the songs were 'Rose of Washington Square', 'Oy, I'm an Indian', 'Goodbye, Becky Cohen' and, of course, the torch song 'My Man', which she first sang in 1921 but which later became associated with her unhappy romance with Nicky Arnstein, the 1920s gambler. She had three marriages: the first, a

three-day mistake when she was twenty, ending in annulment, the others in divorce. The Arnstein marriage lasted ten years to 1928. There were two children, William Brice, the painter, who took his mother's adopted name (she was born Borach and took the name of an Irish family friend) and lives in California, and Frances, who is now the wife of Ray Stark, the American film executive and producer of *Funny Girl*. When she was married to Rose in 1929, he was a songwriter of a dozen hits, she a great star. 'As Fanny's husband', he said, 'I was always Mr. Brice or Billy *who?*'

ADMIRED for her honesty, Fanny could be deadly direct. When Arnstein was arrested as the mastermind of a stolen securities ring, she was sceptical and succinct. 'Nicky couldn't mastermind an electric bulb', she said. Again, when Fanny gave birth to her first child and Irene Castle, a month or two behind her, asked what it was like, she was graphic. 'Like pushing a grand piano through a transom', she said. Eddie Cantor recalled Fanny's outraged reaction to a \$20 seance they attended together on the road. Fanny had asked if she could hear from her Jewish Uncle Leo. Pretty soon, as the lights dimmed, a voice could be heard wailing, 'Is my niece Fanny there?' The two exchanged greetings and then Fanny inquired where her Uncle was. The voice came back in reply, 'I'm in Heaven and it's paradise'. He described Heaven for a few moments, then asked considerately, 'Fanny, dear, do you have any questions you'd like to ask?'

Fanny's voice dropped to a thunderous growl. 'Yes. Since when did you learn to speak English?'

FANNY drew friends from every circle. They ranged from known racketeers to the then Prince of Wales,

*Fanny Brice
in costume for
the song 'Shall I Do
It Or Not',
Ziegfeld Follies*



whom she once ushered into her kitchen with the greeting, 'You look tired, kid. Take off your shoes and I'll make you some eggs.' She was friends with Noel Coward, Beatrice Lillie, Cole Porter, Gertrude Lawrence, George M. Cohan and Katherine Hepburn, who placed complete trust in her artistic judgment. 'I brought all my scripts to her and read them aloud', Miss Hepburn said. 'If Fanny didn't like a script, I was frightened.'

Fanny's one true love was Arnstein. She somehow realized that her rebound marriage to Rose wouldn't last. And, indeed, it ended when he met Eleanor Holm in 1937. In a moment of deep sincerity, the normally wise-cracking Rose paid her a tribute. 'She was the warmest and wittiest lady I ever met', he said. The following year Fanny moved out of New York to Hollywood and her radio career commenced.

Out of the Arnstein marriage, besides her two children, she took one memento. On the day he packed up and left, as she tearfully looked on, she remembered the tortoise-shell comb he always used. It was something, suddenly, she desperately needed to have. When he was packing in the bedroom, she slipped into the bathroom and hid the comb under the bath mat. He left without it. She kept the comb until the end of her life. □

Stuart Little is a leading American drama critic and reporter, and has covered the New York theatre scene for many years.



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CHARLIE CHAPLIN: 'I had laryngitis for four years when I was a boy. It took away my voice. That's why I went into silent films.'

ALFRED HITCHCOCK: 'Too many films today are just photographs of people talking. It's just an extension of the theatre; it has nothing to do with cinema.'

MICHAEL CAINE: 'I spend my money not on luxuries but on necessities. A villa in the South of France is a necessity—like buying books.'

ALFRED HITCHCOCK: 'Suspense (in the entertainment sense) is agony suffered by a spectator, endured in the comfort of a seat.'

GEORGE ADE: 'A good musical comedy consists largely of disorderly conduct occasionally interrupted by talk.'

HERMIONE GINGOLD: 'In England, when a play gets ghastly reviews, people go to see if it's really as bad as the critics say it is.'

CARROLL BAKER: 'There's a very simple reason behind the great tradition that the show must go on. The producer doesn't want to give the ticket money back.'

PATRICK DENNIS: 'How do you write a play? I always start writing with a clean piece of paper and a dirty mind.'

SHIRLEY BOOTH: 'There is an audience for every play. It's just that sometimes it can't wait long enough to find it.'

AL NEWMAN: 'Never call an actor a ham. A ham can be cured.'

ALFRED LUNT: 'All there is to acting technique is that the actors don't run into each other.'

DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE: 'I want a live audience. I'd rather be a nun than be in films all the time.'

STANISLAWSKI: 'There are no small parts, only small actors.'

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: 'The theatre is continually occupied with sex appeal. It has to deal with sex appeal exactly as a costermonger has to deal in turnips.'

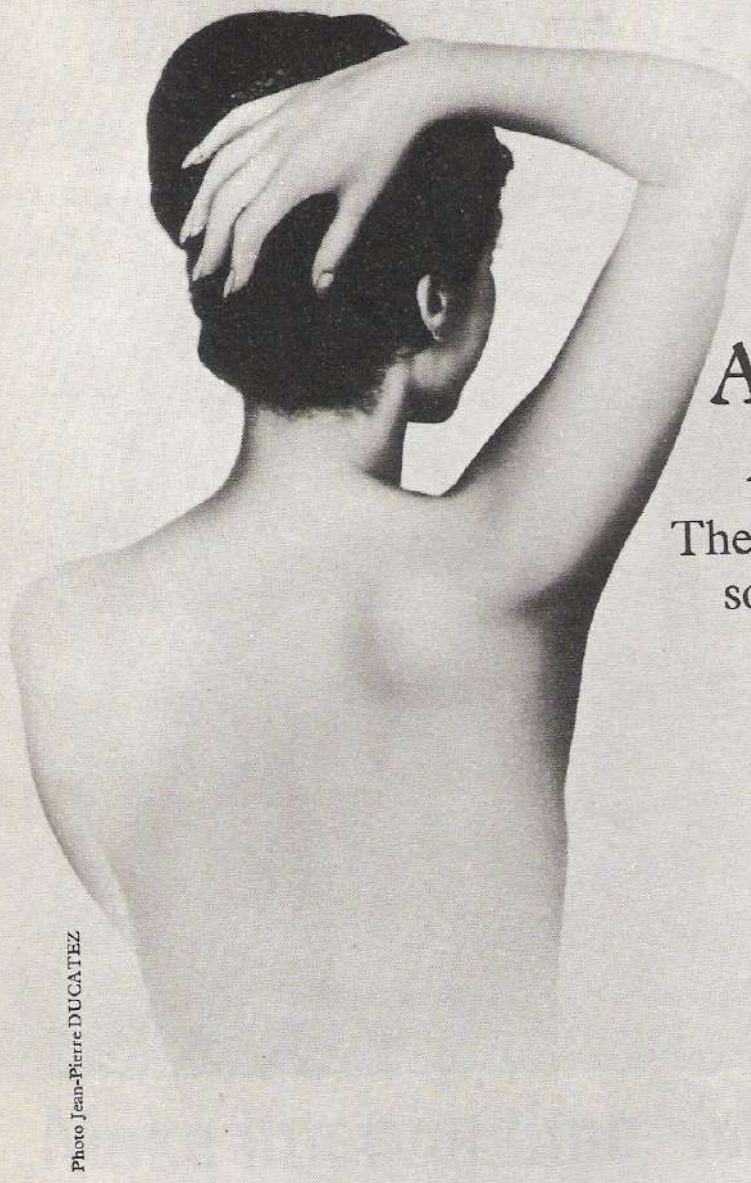


Photo Jean-Pierre DUCATEZ

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presents

MARGARET LOCKWOOD

RICHARD TODD

ROGER LIVESEY

URSULA JEANS

MICHAEL GOODLIFFE

RACHEL GURNEY

IN OSCAR WILDE'S COMEDY

AN IDEAL HUSBAND

WITH

CYRIL WHEELER ANNE CAMERON RICHARD DENNIS

YVETTE REES LEADER HAWKINS

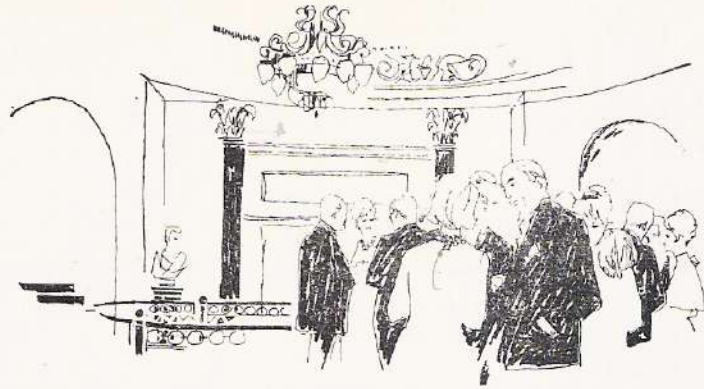
LESLEY LEE KEITH BOWLES

PERLITA NEILSON

Directed by JAMES ROOSE-EVANS

Designed by ANTHONY HOLLAND

First performance at
the Piccadilly Theatre
Saturday August 13th 1966
following 250 performances at the Strand Theatre



CAST

IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

Mrs. Marchmont Yvette Rees
Lady Basildon Anne Cameron
Mason (butler to Sir Robert Chiltern) Leader Hawkins
The Earl of Caversham, K.G. Roger Livesey
Lady Chiltern Rachel Gurney
Miss Mabel Chiltern Perlita Neilson
(Sir Robert's sister)
Lady Markby Ursula Jeans
Mrs. Cheveley Margaret Lockwood



Sleep in something beautiful tonight...



Vicomte de Nanjac Richard Dennis
Sir Robert Chiltern Michael Goodliffe
James Keith Bowles
(footman at Sir Robert Chiltern's)
Lord Goring Richard Todd
Mr. Montford Keith Bowles
Phipps (butler to Lord Goring) Cyril Wheeler
Harold (footman) Martin Fowler
Maid Lesley Lee

The play directed by James Roose-Evans

Designed by Anthony Holland

At the piano Eddie Richmond

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Woodhue... Flambeau
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by

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ACT I

Sir Robert Chiltern's house in
Grosvenor Square

INTERVAL

ACT II

The same. The next afternoon

INTERVAL

ACT III

Scene 1 The Library of Lord Goring's
house in Curzon Street. Later that evening

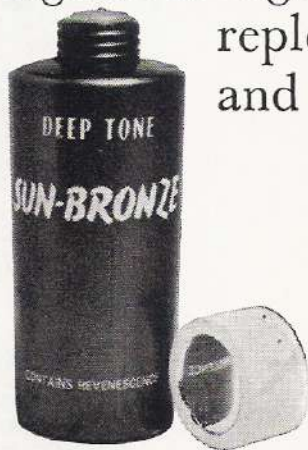
Scene 2 Sir Robert Chiltern's house.
The following morning

Time 1894





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People
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The Second Barbra Streisand
 Album (S) 62216



The Barbra Streisand Album
 (S) 62161



My Name is Barbra Two . . .
 (S) 62603





Margaret Lockwood

MARGARET LOCKWOOD

made several stage appearances in the West End before becoming an international star in a number of famous films such as *The Lady Vanishes* and *The Wicked Lady*. Miss Lockwood returned to the stage in 1949 to play Amanda in a tour of *Private Lives* and, later the same year, played 'Peter Pan' at the Scala. Since then, she has appeared in several plays in the West End, including *Signpost to Murder* and *Every Other Evening*, in which she appeared with her daughter Julia. She has recently completed 26 highly successful weeks in the BBC TV series *The Flying Swan*.



Richard Todd

RICHARD TODD

was born in Dublin and educated at Shrewsbury. His first job was with the famous Ben Greet Players and this experience was followed by a season with the Open Air Theatre. He then became a founder member of the Dundee Repertory Theatre. During the war he served with the Parachute Regiment, rising to the rank of major, and then went into films. His successes in films range from *The Hasty Heart*, through over 30 others up to *Operation Crossbow* and *The Affair at the Villa Fiorita*. *An Ideal Husband* marks his return to the stage after an absence of 15 years.



Roger Livesey

ROGER LIVESEY

comes from Barry in South Wales. He was educated at Westminster City School and trained for the stage with Italia Conti. His first appearance on the stage was in *Loyalty* at the St. James's in 1917, and he then played in the West End before touring the West Indies and South Africa. He appeared again in the West End in 1929 in *The Misdoings of Charley Peace* and since then has created many parts in London and in New York. His career also includes films such as *Colonel Blimp*, *A Matter of Life and Death* and *The Entertainer*.

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Ursula Jeans



Michael Goodliffe



Rachel Gurney

URSULA JEANS

was born in India and studied for the stage at RADA. Her first West End appearance was in 1926, when she played 'Angela' in *The Firebrand* at Wyndham's. During the war, she toured with ENSA in *Dear Brutus* and appeared also in the West End. At the re-opening of the Old Vic Theatre in November, 1950, she appeared as 'Olivia' in *Twelfth Night* and played various other parts during the same season. Miss Jeans has acted in the USA and has also toured Australia and New Zealand with her husband Roger Livesey, and has appeared in numerous films.

MICHAEL GOODLIFFE

was born in Cheshire and educated at St. Edmunds, Canterbury and Keble College, Oxford. He made his debut in repertory at Liverpool in 1936, and in 1938 appeared in London at the Old Vic as 'Montano' in *Othello*. Latterly he has been in several West End successes, including *The Gazebo* (Savoy), *Variations on a Theme* (Globe), and *The Lark* (Lyric, Hammersmith). Among his many films are *The Seventh Dawn*, *Von Ryan's Express*, *Woman of Straw* and *Jigsaw*. He has just completed work on *The Night of the Generals*. Television appearances include the BBC serial *The Idiot* and such series as *The Power Game*, *Redcap* and *The Avengers*.

RACHEL GURNEY

was born in Eton and studied for the stage at the Webber-Douglas School. Her first appearance in London was in 1946 as 'Lynne Hartley' in the long-running *Guinea Pig* at the Criterion. Numerous West End roles have followed including 'Valerie Carrington' in *Carrington V.C.*, at the Westminster in 1953, 'Olivia' in *The Chalk Garden* at the Haymarket in 1956 and 'Hilary' in *The Grass is Greener* at St. Martin's Theatre in 1959. In 1958 she toured India for the British Council in a Shakespearean programme. She first appeared on television as 'Jennifer Dubedat' in Shaw's *The Doctor's Dilemma*, and has since made many appearances, including 'Portia' in *The Merchant of Venice*.



Perlita Neilson

PERLITA NEILSON

was born in Bradford and played her first notable part in *The Power of Darkness* at the Lyric in 1949. She is probably best remembered by West End audiences for her performances as 'Nina' in *The Seagull*, at the Saville, 'Anne Frank' in *The Diary of Anne Frank*, at the Phoenix and, more recently, as 'Ellie' in *Heartbreak House*, at Wyndham's. Miss Neilson has just returned from a continental tour with the Birmingham Repertory Company, playing 'Ellie' in *Heartbreak House* and 'Prossie' in *Candida*.

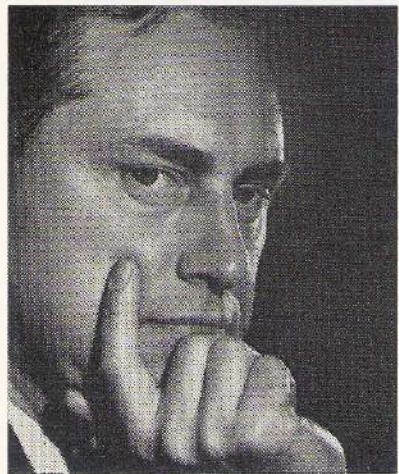


James Roose-Evans

JAMES ROOSE-EVANS

(The director)

After graduating from Oxford, he worked in repertory and later became resident director at the Belgrade Theatre, Coventry. For five years he was on the producing staff of RADA, and for a year taught at the Julliard School of Music in New York. He directed *The Dumb Waiter* at the Royal Court, *Under Milk Wood* at the Lyric, Hammersmith, *Private Lives* at the Duke of York's and designed and directed *Cider with Rosie* at the Garrick. He founded and is artistic director of the Hampstead Theatre Club, and is at present completing a book entitled *Theatre of Imagination*.



Anthony Holland

ANTHONY HOLLAND

(The designer)

studied art at the Manchester School of Art. His first job was with the Liverpool Repertory Theatre, followed by a spell at the Oxford Playhouse, after which he joined the RAF for the duration of the war. One of his first productions afterwards was *An Ideal Husband* at the Bristol Old Vic and, since then, he has designed many famous West End productions, including *The Eagle has Two Heads*, *Lady Frederick*, *The Cocktail Party*, *The Amorous Prawn*, *Return Ticket* and *Hostile Witness*. In addition, he has designed the revue at the Carré Theatre, Amsterdam, every year since 1959.

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William Squire Andrew Crawford
Dorothy Reynolds

in
THE PRIME OF MISS
JEAN BRODIE

by Jay Presson Allen

Based on the novel by Muriel Spark

"Furiously funny, the play is a triumph for Miss Redgrave" — *Daily Express*



Theatre Guide

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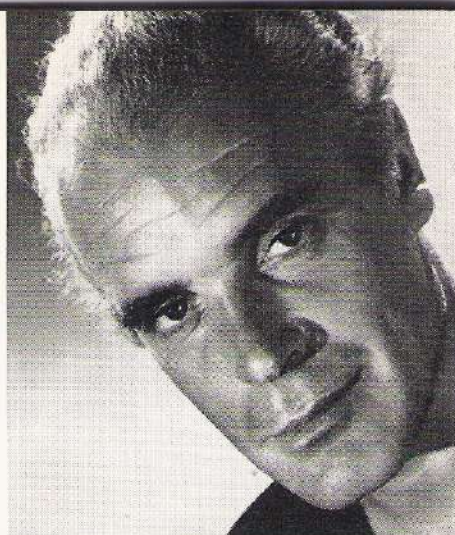
**VANESSA REDGRAVE IN
THE PRIME OF MISS
JEAN BRODIE**

by Jay Presson Allen
Based on the Novel by Muriel Spark
"Furiously funny, the play is a triumph
for Miss Redgrave".—*Daily Express*

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Notably...

*Names and faces in the news
of the lively arts*



Patrick Magee (*above right*) will star with Paul Schofield in *Staircase* by Charles Dyer, the fourth of the RSC's new modern plays in their 1966 season, opening at the Aldwych Theatre in the Autumn.

Coral Browne (*right*) will play Mrs. Erlynne in a revival of *Lady Windermere's Fan* which will be at the Opera House, Manchester for a fortnight from 6th September, and at the Royal Court, Liverpool, for a week from 26th September, before opening in the West End.



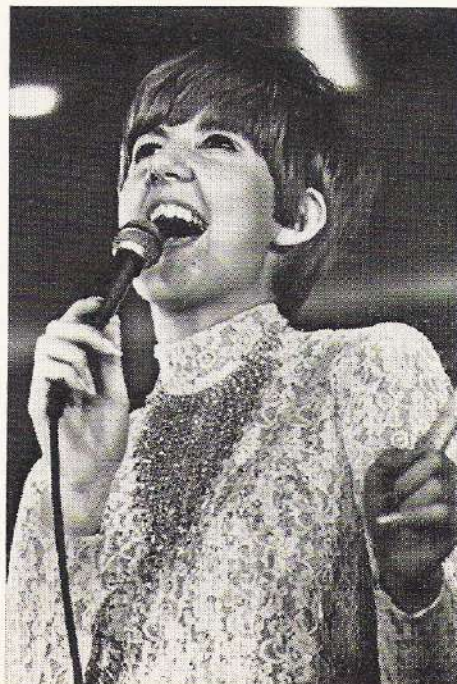
Patricia Kern as Pippo and **John Fryatt** as Isaac the Pedlar (*below*) in the Sadlers Wells production of Rossini's opera *The Thieving Magpie*, touring Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow & Manchester this Autumn.



The Killing of Sister George will soon be running concurrently in London and New York: **Margaret Courtenay** (left) remains in the London production and **Beryl Reid & Eileen Atkins** (right) open in the Broadway production in October.



Frankie Howerd & Cilla Black will star in a new musical show, now in preparation, which will open at the Prince of Wales Theatre on 3rd November. Authors are Ray Galton, Alan Simpson & Eric Sykes.



WHO'S DOING WHAT

Hermione Baddeley, brilliantly re-interpreting the title role of a 'written-out' popular radio star in *The Killing of Sister George* at the St. Martin's Theatre, is greatly amused by her latest film role. She plays Mrs. Chips, the Headmistress, in the cinematic spy send-up, *Casino Royale*.

'They don't seem to know who James Bond is in the film', she laughs. 'I wonder if it's me?'

What does a world-famous symbol of silver screen success from Hollywood do on a rainy night in London? Svelte Cyd Charisse, in London for a few days before flying into Morocco's arid interior to film *Maroc 7*, went to the theatre. In fact, only hours after her arrival she was asking for tickets to see Vanessa Redgrave in *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*. Seems Miss Redgrave's stunning interpretation is the talk of the sunny film colony and Miss Charisse had been told it was a 'must'.

'It certainly is', she agreed. 'But, of course, with Vanessa Redgrave it had to be great.'

Tow-headed Sheila White, who 'Bleep-Bleep'-ed her way to stardom with her show stopping song/dance routine in *On The Level*, is putting the finishing touches to her first film—a topical musical romp, *The Ghost Goes Gear*. Speeding out to countryside locations at 6 a.m. after exhausting herself on stage each night didn't seem to worry Sheila White. Munching a vitamin tablet she told us, 'You think you'll be absolutely useless. But then everyone is so great, and it's so exciting, that you just forget about feeling draggy'.

Those lucky enough to have seen

Sheila belting about the Saville's stage will agree that if this bubbling seventeen year old doesn't have the energy, no-one else will have!

Young Irish newcomer Sean Caffrey who burst onto the scene with his co-starring role in the film *I Was Happy Here* is an actor by accident.

Sean originally intended to be a stage designer and armed with sensational 'A' level results and a session at Pittsburgh's Carnegie Institute, which he attended as a Fulbright Scholar, he returned to London to find the theatre world somewhat wary of his advanced ideas.

'I didn't seem to have much luck with my designs', says Sean, 'so I decided to try for some acting bit-parts to keep the wolf from the door.'

One year later, he has two films to his credit and a third at present being shot in Ireland.

Although certain that she has exhausted herself and others by talking about her Australian experiences, Miriam Karlin, whose triumphant return to the West End in *The Bellow Plays* at the Fortune Theatre was universally acclaimed, does still have something to say when asked to compare Australian and English audiences.

'Surprisingly, there's no difference', she says. 'Despite the common opinion in this country that Australians are basically "upside-down Englishmen", they have a very different character all of their own—except as an audience. Then, the fact that they eat Christmas pudding in bikinis rather than snow boots is immaterial—the only difference is that on first nights everyone in the audience throws paper streamers and flowers at the end of the performance and the theatre looks really festive.'

Aubrey Woods, fourth and longest-playing 'Fagin' in Lionel Bart's musical *Oliver* at the New Theatre, clinked celebratory champagne glasses not too long ago. The evening that he completed his first three years as 'Fagin', coincided with the completion of *Oliver*'s first six years. On stage after the show to help the celebrations was Cedric Dickens, great-grandson of Charles Dickens, and a methuselah of champagne.



NOTEBOOK

by Susan Cowles

Some pertinent comments on going backstage after the show

Are you going backstage after this show is over, and will you be received with open arms if you do?

I laughed at Margaret Leighton's mimicry of the empty-headed, over-dressed woman who came back to see her after an evening of tense drama (in which the star had reduced her own beauty to staggering plainness for the sake of Tennessee Williams' story).

Sitting at her dressing-table, removing the greasepaint, Margaret could see the woman in her mirror as she arrived. Then usual wildly excited 'Hello, darlings!' were exchanged but then, without even a glance at Margaret, the visitor concentrated on the mirror. Preening herself, patting her hair, applying lipstick, powdering her nose, viewing her dress and profile intently, the visitor babbled on until she was shown the door and hurried out without, of course,

having ever mentioned either the play or Margaret's performance.

Does every actor long to dispose so summarily with unwelcome visitors? I asked other friends in the business their views.

The outright question, '*Do you like having people backstage?*' they all answered in the affirmative—although Edith Evans wants only friends 'because I'm much more unbearable and sensitive than.' Joyce Grenfell thinks it depends on whether they know when to go. Noel Coward defines it this way: 'Old friends, new friends, fellow actors—yes. *Certain people—no.*'

Why do actors like having backstage visitors?

Joyce Grenfell: 'Because it is complimentary and rounds off the evening's work, and turns it into an occasion. Movies, TV and radio leave one with a



MARGARET LEIGHTON



JOYCE GRENFELL



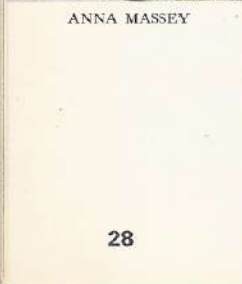
DAVID OXLEY



MARY MARTIN



NOEL COWARD



ANNA MASSEY



faint sense of incompleteness . . . Backstage visits confirm that a communication has been made.'

Kay Medford: 'It's good to know that blackness out there is alive. We always refer to it as a good house or a bad house—not as people.'

Larry Adler: 'The ego likes to have beauty cream rubbed over it. It can be faintly chilling when no one at all comes backstage . . . Doubts set in. Best of all visitors are pros and friends. A respected professional, actor or musician, who can criticize with authority, is like a shot of adrenalin.'

David Oxley: 'The loneliest time in the world is immediately after a performance, when one is still in limbo between the character one has assumed and one's own real-life personality.'

Mary Martin: 'When I'm feeling high—stimulated—keyed-up, and playing in a long-run show; this is practically the only time to see friends backstage.'

Anna Massey: 'After a performance one is wound up and excited and I consider people coming round a treat—like a horse getting a lump of sugar after a gallop.'

What about strangers?

Noel Coward and Edith Evans prefer not to have you go back. Irene Worth? 'Yes and No.' Kay Medford thinks that strangers who are sincere are no longer strangers. Mary Martin says, 'Some of our dearest friends were strangers—once.' David Oxley considers it an immense compliment for a stranger to take the trouble to go back.

What can you do to give the performer the most pleasure? Larry Adler is delighted by young people and by harmonica players with serious questions. Noel Coward wants 'unstinted praise'. David Oxley prefers it to be 'unmitigated'. Mary Martin asks for 'Talk! Talk! Talk!'. (Noel Coward once advised Mary to burst into an actor's dressing room repeating, 'What a performance! What a performance!' when she didn't know what else to say about the play). Joyce Grenfell says, 'I expect

Police nab sniff-and-run attacker in Bond Street

Beautiful woman arrested for Cedar Wood sniffing



The victim recovers after the attack. "I can't wait for it to happen again", he says.

EYEBROWS were raised in London's fashionable West End yesterday when a beautiful woman committed an extraordinary breach of the peace.

Coming out of an expensive jewellery shop, the woman suddenly began to pursue a man along Bond Street. Witnesses heard her call out: "He's wearing it! I *must* have a sniff!"

Passion

She overtook the unsuspecting man, seized him round the neck, and *sniffed* him. Police arrived in the nick of time to prevent further scenes of passion.

The victim admitted wearing Cedar Wood After Shave at the time of the attack.

"That stuff has an amazing effect on women", he said, breathing heavily, "I don't know how they do it for 6/- a bottle."

Secret

An official spokesman explained Cedar Wood's secret.

"The fragrance is a blend of 15 subtle essences. Men hardly notice it, but women..."

He shook his head, and left the rest unsaid.

Meanwhile, the beautiful sniffer languishes in her cell. Is she repentant?

"Never!" she says "I'll do it again if I get the chance".

Men of England, beware.



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Playbill

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What irritates actors most? Joyce Grenfell doesn't want her dresses admired; Larry Adler loathes verbiage. 'Gush' annoys Edith Evans, and Irene Worth. Uninformed criticism irritates Noel Coward; and don't upset Anna Massey or David Oxley by going backstage and never mentioning the play.

Every actor has his favourite anecdote on backstage calls. Noel Coward's: 'Once after *Private Lives*, a dressing room visitor said she thought that the quarrel scene was overdone. "No married couple really goes on like that, rolling about and yelling and breaking gramophone records over one another's heads."

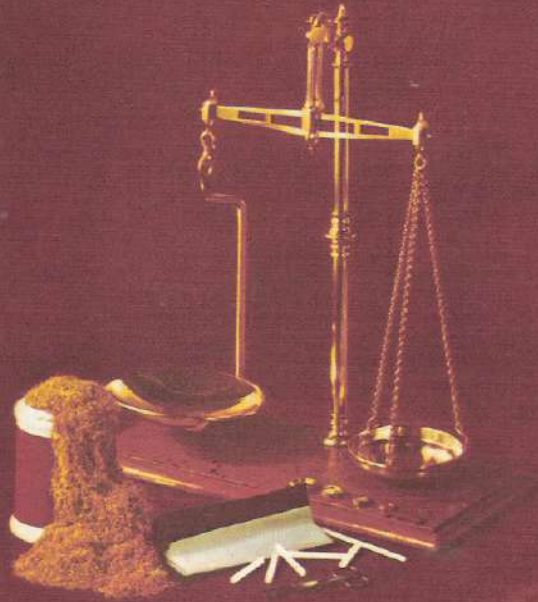
Me: "Oh yes they do—look at the So-and-So's."

Visitor: "I am Lord So-and-So's mother!"

Me: "Then you know *exactly* what I mean!" □

Fleur Cowles, writer, painter and unofficial diplomat extraordinary, is finishing two books, and will contribute regularly to Playbill.





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Although you would hardly think it, there are people in Britain who prefer ski-ing, or art galleries in Florence, or cathedrals in Hereford. To lying on the beach, I mean. For to read the gossip columns, or look at the shops and the magazines around now, you might be forgiven for thinking that the whole of our sun-starved country had plunged like lemmings into the Mediterranean.

For the minority group there is a demand, not for dazzling mini-shifts and bikinis to rock them in St. Trop. but neat, comfortable and above all happy-to-travel summer clothes. I think we tend to forget how tremendously hot it can get on the continent, especially inland. Shopping around with a Spanish girl friend the other day, I noticed how she turned down almost everything as 'too hot for Madrid'. This goes specially for the charming summer dresses around in heavy furnishing-weight cottons. They are fine for unpredictable England, but suffocating abroad, where sight-seeing is a hot and exhausting business anyway.

I always think natural fabrics, like cool

linen and fine cotton, are best from the heat point of view, but any synthetic mixture has the advantage of drip-drying and crease-resisting. And these are important factors to bear in mind with, perhaps, only a hotel basin for washing. All cities are dirty, too, and pale clothes especially should be chosen for their washability.

It's polite, too, to be respectably dressed in foreign cities. I can never believe that the people who actually live in them enjoy seeing tourists slopping around in shorts, any more than we do in London, however much foreign currency they are pouring into the exchequer. Catholic churches prefer their female visitors to wear dresses, and dresses with sleeves at that—though short ones will do.

English fashion is out on such a limb at the moment, that reports are filtering back of foreigners horrified by mini-skirts that wouldn't raise a second look over here. 'Skirts are shorter in Budapest than in Paris at the moment,' someone just back from Hungary told me.

A holiday can demand quite a lot of clothes.



CLOTHING THE 'MINORITY GROUP'

Left: Seersucker is the fabric that has all the crease-proof, cool qualities needed on a sight-seeing holiday. Suit has a long jacket, gently flared skirt, striped in blue/white, charcoal/white, brown/white, red/white, green/white cotton & Dacron seersucker. Sizes 7 to 13, 11gns. To wear with it, a spotted batiste blouse, also sizes 7 to 13. In navy with white spots, white/navy, black/white and white/black, 4½gns. Both from the Ginger Group.

Right: For evening gaieties, a neat cotton lace dress with a high waist, trimmed with ric-rac braid. Colours ecru, brown or black, sizes 34" to 40" hip, in 5' 2" fittings as well as ordinary. By Wendy.

Far Right: Seersucker again for a classic belted shirt dress with crisp pique tab front and cuffs. Eminently washable. Striped in turquoise/white, gold/white, pink/white, grey/white, sizes 10 to 16, 12gns. by Susan Small.

On the beach one can get by with a bikini and a toothbrush, but concentrated sight-seeing needs a handful of cool dresses, perhaps a light suit and a pair of pretty near-party dresses, to do justice to the delicious foreign dinners, lazy *citron presses* at pavement cafes, and all the other evening gaieties our British weather forbids us to rely on.

But the very fact that you are buying normal summer gear means that you can absorb some of the extra cost by incorporating it into your ordinary summer wardrobe. In fact the clothes we've sketched here are designed to appeal to someone who is not taking a holiday at all this summer. Dusty offices and the commuter battle inflict a good deal of punishment on clothes, and bosses in general prefer a neat, crisp secretary. The shirt dress would grace any English spectator sport and the lace dress goes happily to an informal dinner party. And the fact that they are designed on fairly classical lines means they won't be hopelessly 'out' next year. □

CRAZY DAISIES ○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○
'In London at the moment there is a market

for anything that's slightly way-out,' said Humphrey Barclay, and acted on it. With his girl friend Sally Empson, he dreamed up Crazy Daisies—huge, absurd coloured paper flowers with wacky messages in the centre, like 'I'm the Lone Hydrangea', and 'It's OK, I didn't see you pour your drink into this vase.' You can use them instead of greetings cards, decorate a dinner table, fill a vase with them, or even wear them.

At the moment the enterprise is strictly an evening one, as Humphrey and Sally both have full time jobs. But their current success, Sally's overflowing flat and their ideas for Christmassy gimmicks (a deadly secret at the moment to keep the copiers away) may mean a transition to a full time industry. 'We've learnt so much in the past six weeks,' Sally says, 'that now we're getting used to ordering in bulk instead of one's and two's. At the moment we seem to spend as much as we make.'

Crazy Daisies come in three sizes, prices are 9/6d, 7/6d and 5/6d and you can find them at Fenwicks, Bond Street. □





by Leslie Mainwaring

Whether swinging or merely swaying a little, London is as fine an eating-out town as any in the world. Here are some abiding thoughts on where to dine before or after the theatre.

The Mirabelle, 56 Curzon Street, W1 (GRO 4636) is a place for celebrity-spotting as well as for extremely lush eating. Also their wine list is impressive. But be warned, it is not for the budget-minded. £5 plus per head should see you through if you stick fairly closely to the table d'hôte.

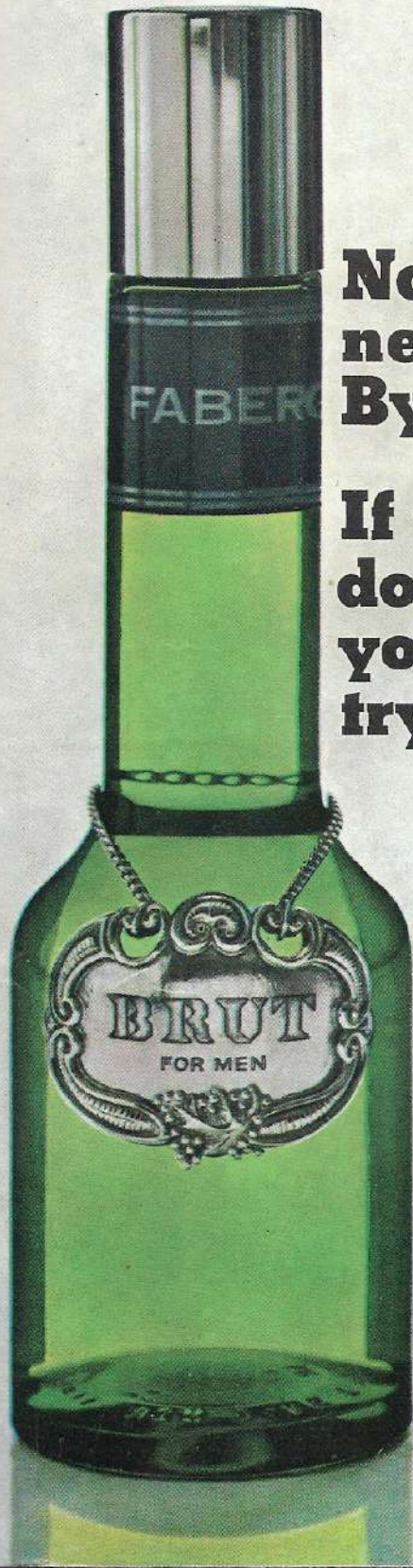
The International Restaurant at the London Hilton overlooks Park Lane, so book early if you want a ring-side seat. Only one of the Hilton's several fine restaurants, it is of particular interest to theatre-goers because of its special pre-theatre dinner for 27s. 6d. Or you can dine in a more leisurely manner choosing from the restaurant's extensive à la carte menu, serenaded by Gipsy violinists. Or if you feel like a Polynesian evening, with South Sea Islands décor and food, and exotic drinks served in coconuts with gardenias floating in them, try **Trader Vic's**, also at the Hilton. Open 5.30 to midnight. HYD 8000 for reservations.

Stones Chop House, Panton Street, SW1 (WHI 0037), well-known for its lunch-time bustle, is also open in the evening, from 7.30 to 11.30 pm. The speciality here is roast beef in particular and English food in general, and the standard is high. There is a bar with comfortable chairs, and lots of iced water and melba toast at the wave of a hand. They do a special theatre dinner, from 6 p.m. to 7.45 p.m.; the very moderate price of one guinea does not include cover charge, coffee or service. Stones is under the same management as the celebrated **Simpsons-in-the-Strand**. Here too, the accent is on English food, with great trolleys of rare roast beef wheeled lovingly about. (TEM 7131).

The Rib Room at the Carlton Tower Hotel, Cadogan Place, SW1 (BEL 5411) has panelled walls, regimental red felt and drawings by Topolski. It specialises in very good prime beef, in enormous quantities, carved under a huge copper canopy in full view of the diners. It is open from 6 p.m. to 11.15 p.m.

The Caprice, Arlington Street, W1 (HYD 5154) is in the period style with lots of red plush banquettes and mirrors. People who go in for inverse snob-appeal have been known to order tripe and onions there. In general the cooking is very professional and excellent, and the clientele well-dressed and well-heeled. Last orders at about 11.15, but they have a licence till midnight.

The Garden, 9 Henrietta Street, (COV 0088) goes in for unusual English food—collops of veal, soft roes in white wine sauce, game casserole. They have wonderful fresh vegetables straight from Covent Garden Market. It is not, in fact, set in a garden, but in a cellar, decorated by David Hicks. Last orders at 11.45 (convenient for after Covent Garden and Strand theatres): reckon about £6 for two, with wine.



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