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PHOENIX THEATRE
CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C.2
Licensed by the Lord Chamberlain to PRINCE LITTLET
General Manager: FREDERICK CARTER

INTERNATIONAL PLAYWRIGHTS' THEATRE
Director: PETER HALL
Board: TOBY ROWLAND, LARS SCHMIDT, CAMPBELL WILLIAMS, PETER HALL

presents
DIANA WYNYARD
HARRY ANDREWS
DENHOLM ELLIOTT
FRED JACKSON
ELIZABETH SEAL

in

CAMINO REAL

by

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

Directed by PETER HALL
Decor by AUDREY CRUDDAS

First Performance: Monday, 8th April, 1957

Monday to Friday: Evenings at 7.30 Saturday at 5.30 & 8.30
Matinee: Wednesday at 2.30

In accordance with the requirements of the Lord Chamberlain—
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 entrances must be kept entirely free from cheap or any other obstacles.
3. Persons shall not in any circumstances be permitted to stand or sit in any of the gangways intersecting the stage or to sit in any of the other gangways. If standing be permitted in the gangways at the side and rear of the seating, it shall be strictly limited to the number indicated by the notice displayed in those positions.
4. The safety curtain must be lowered and raised in the presence of each audience.

PRINCE LITTLET and LOUIS DREYFUS
present
BARRY NELSON
in the
MAURICE EVANS — EMMETT ROGERS production of

no time for sergeants

A New Comedy by IRA LEVY (Adapted from the novel by Max Levin)

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE
HAYMARKET, S.W.1
WHITEHALL 6806
Don Quixote, a traveller ...... JOHN WOOD
Sancho Panza, his servant ...... RONALD BARKER
Gutman, proprietor of the Siete Mares Hotel ...... HAROLD KASKET
Guards ...... KEFFE WEST
Edward Argent
Streetwalkers ...... BANDANA DAS GUPTA
Sheila Chong
Vendors ...... SHEILA CLARKE
Annette Green
Beggar Girl ...... AUDREY MENDES
Prudence, an old bawd ...... HAZEL HUGHES
Casanova ...... HARRY ANDREWS
Olympe, a friend of Marguerite ...... ISLA CAMERON
The Survivor ...... ALAN EDWARDS
Rosita ...... GOLDA CASIMIR
The Dreamer ...... LESLIE BRAVERY
La Madrecita ...... EILEEN WAY
The Gypsy ...... FREDA JACKSON
Abdulah, her son ...... JAMES BREE
Kilroy ...... DENHOLM ELLIOTT
Nursie ...... RONALD BARKER
Streetcleaners ...... ALEX BREGONZI
Elroy Josephz
A. Ratt, proprietor of the “Ritz Men Only” ...... GORDON GOSTELOW
Baron de Charlus ...... MARTIN MILLER
Lobo ...... GARRY WATSON
The Loan Shark, proprietor of a pawnshop ...... GERTAN GLAUBER
Bum ...... RONALD BARKER
Esmeralda, the gypsy’s daughter ...... ELIZABETH SEAL
Lord Mulligan, a wealthy industrialist ...... JOHN NETTLETON
Lady Mulligan, his wife ...... LALLY BOWERS
Marguerite Gautier ...... DIANA WYNYARD
Waiter ...... GERTAN KLAUBER
Byron ...... ROBERT HARDY
Pilot ...... ALAN EDWARDS
Eva ...... MAXINE HOLDEN
Bubu de Montparnasse ...... ALAN EDWARDS
Medical Instructor ...... MARTIN MILLER
Streetpeople, Guests at the Siete Mares Hotel, Medical Students

Directed by FREDERICK HALL
Decor by Audrey Cruden
Movement by Lizzi Piek
THE INTERNATIONAL PLAYWRIGHTS' THEATRE

The I.P.T. has been instituted in no spirit of reform. Its policy is based on the conviction that there is a wide audience for out-of-the-ordinary plays. It is a commercial venture in that it has no subsidy, no exemption from entertainment tax, and aims to make money if it can. We believe—perhaps naively—that a "commercial" play is something that strikes a chord in the heart of contemporary audiences, whatever its period or nationality.

The theatre has usually been expressionistic—creating the stage as a stage—a platform which is fluid in its mise-en-scène and place. The realistic conventions of the last 70 years are in no sense a final development, and in many respects are now moribund. Plays that enlarges the frontiers of the theatre have a great contemporary importance, and that—apart from its great intrinsic merits—is why we have chosen to launch this company with Tennessee Williams' most ambitious and unorthodox play—CAMINO REAL.

The next presentation will be a play of Anouilh's, LE VOYAGEUR SANS BAGAGE, translated by John Whiting. This will be produced in the early autumn. New plays will follow—we hope—at roughly six-monthly intervals. In these plays we shall try to build up a nucleus of actors. With present commitments in other mediums it is impossible to think in terms of a permanent company, but a style of presentation can only be developed if the group of actors remains more or less the same. Finally, we hope to run our plays in repertory. This is every actor's and director's dream.

CAMINO REAL—An Appreciation

The Camino Real is the frontiers of experience. The sudden movement, the mysterious and savage violence, and the silence cannot at once be comprehended but must be accepted. As in life the moments of beauty, when we are frightened and lonely, are not moments of reality.

Reality is the known, the understood. Let me put it this way. You are a stranger alone in an unshuttered room in a Southern city. There is a shoot in the street. There are running footsteps. Beyond the door of the room two unknown people are quietly speaking together in an unknown language. They may be lovers or they may be plotting your death. There is distant music. Later, you go out of the room and into the streets. Across the way words are chanted on a wall: an unknown name. A plane passes over towards an unknown destination. An old woman getting down from a tram is in tears. These incidents can only be accepted. They happen, but it is impossible to trace each to its source and discover why they happen. They cannot be related to personal experience which finds that the street ends, bringing you to the outskirts of the city to look out for ever the inland plains. The way to be travelled. You hearse. You turn back. And that is the reality. So it is on the Camino Real.

It is a play of the middle years. Don Quijote's lance droops and Marguerite's camelias are all white now. It is a play of the decision to be taken in the middle years. The way to be taken. To shock off the idealism, the romanticism of youth. Be realistic. But absolute realism leads to absolute disgust. Mankind is rubbish. Witness: the street cleaners. Very well. Keep the romantic ideals of youth beyond their time. Desperately stay young. Why the young. But this is very sad. Witness: the ageing vulgarity surrounded by the paraphernalia needed to whip up the flagging sensibility.

Yet in the middle years there is a middle way, not at all a compromise. It is found on the Camino Real. The terra incognita of age can be crossed in the light of that discovery. Or if the winds blow too hardly, or if the barrenness of the body and the land seem unbearable, well, there is always the gas oven. And the street cleaners.

Recently the play was summarily dismissed by a young English writer as a literary exercise, and a failure at that. The question the plays seeks cannot be the immediate concern of youth, but it is as well to remember that even the young grow old. If they are lucky.

John Whiting

The action takes place in the Plaza of a Tropical Town

There will be one interval of fifteen minutes

Programme Cover designed by Tom Kenig

Cigars by J. A. Freeman and Son. Virginia cigarettes by Abdullah.

For INTERNATIONAL PLAYWRIGHTS' THEATRE

General Manager
Company Manager
Stage Manager
Assistant Stage Manager
Wardrobe
Press Representative
Manager
Box Office

JOHN ROBERTS
Antony McEvoy
Ruth Atkinson
Alex Lanyon
Felicia Ward
George Tearson
For PHOENIX THEATRE
JOHN VARLEY

Temple Bar 481

SMOKING IS NOT PERMITTED IN THE AUDITORIUM

All the jewellery worn in CAMINO REAL
has been created by JEWELCRAFT

-makers of the world's loveliest costume jewellery
the MAN who wears JAEGER

is always well dressed

the cut of his coat to the fit

he goes into Jaeger for town suits and tweeds

—and in no time at all he finds just what he needs.

Comfortable, confident, walking on air,

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of the trouble they go to with shirtings and ties;

the style of their sweaters; the shades and the size

of pyjamas and dressing gowns, singlets and socks . . .

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The result is perfection, so even the box

that the customer carries is part of a plan

that Jaeger have made for the splendour of Man.