

THE DIRTIEST
SHOW IN TOWN

DUCHESS
Theatre

Programme 5p.

This is a
Theatreprint
programme

Editor Martin Tickner
Design Consultants Russell/James Limited
Advertisement Director Richard Gambier-Parry
Advertisement Manager Anita May
Theatreprint Ltd.,
51, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1. (01-437 0814)
Vol. 1 No. 5
Published by Westby and Co. Ltd., 2, Charing Cross
Road, W.C.2. in association with Theatreprint Ltd.
Printed by Waterlow and Sons Ltd and
Garrod and Lofthouse International Ltd.

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Telephone - Pitlochry 233

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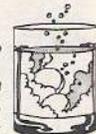
A fuzzy thing happened to me on the way to the theatre tonight

Unfortunately, the Fuzz plays a part in most people's lives from time to time. The Fuzz is that all-over rotten feeling that comes from an upset stomach and headache, or from a cold and it's always a bad scene.

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AVIS CAMINEZ

On the Town

The West-End is a cornucopia of entertainment in the theatres and on the streets as well.

A coming West-End event is the London Festival of Stores (embracing a fortnight from May 31st to June 12th). This year is the fourth of the Festivals. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent has graciously consented to be patron. She will salute the inaugural parade accompanied by the new Mayor of Westminster, Councillor John Wells, and will lunch with him before the festivities at the Inn on the Park where the parade begins.

Last year 1,250,000 people lined the route, which traditionally passes through the heart of the West-End, and an even larger crowd is expected this year. Over 500 musicians and a thousand participants in carnival costumes will escort the scores of decorated floats in a three mile procession of music, colour and gaiety which will provide a brilliant opening for the 1971 Festival.

Of all the shops in the Festival making preparations for their individual promotions, to my way of thinking the most original is Peter Robinson – a store located on one of the most important corners in Europe, Oxford Street and Regent Street. Peter Robinson have branches here, there and everywhere. They cater for the smart, young, feminine fashion set and are known throughout the world for to-day's *chic*. The Peter Robinson Fashion Handicap Stakes is their special event on Oaks Day, June 5th, at Epsom Race Course during Derby Week. All the fillies will be on parade. The Peter Robinson Handicap is to be a £2,000 race for three year olds. Peter Robinson's Oxford Street store will have a racing atmosphere. Many equestrian personalities will be making appearances there. Shoppers and visitors to the famous corner will have a fashion field day.

Down Regent Street toward Piccadilly is Mr. Fogg – a restaurant offering different moods in a choice of rooms each inspired by one of the scenes from 'Around the World in Eighty Days'. My favourite is the one they call 'My Apartment'. There you can choose your Angus steak and charcoal broil it to your own taste. The pit rests ingeniously in the centre of your table.

But to go a little further afield from the West-End, let me tell you of Leith's Restaurant situated around the corner from the Portobello Road at 92, Kensington Park Road, W.11. It is a delightfully quiet and spacious hideaway. Open for supper every weekday and lunch on Saturdays. I suggest you get to know Leith's when you next make an antique hunting expedition to the Portobello Road.

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backstage to meet
the stars, chances
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with them
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"... let me assure you that the play's mystery is superbly maintained until the very end" DAILY MAIL

"There is none of this hiding of vital facts in Mrs. Christie . . . it is this honesty of procedure that puts her so high in the ranks of police novel writers" SUNDAY TIMES

"Thrilling suspenseful theatre" SUNDAY CHRONICLE

"Even more thrilling than the plot is the atmosphere of shuddering suspense. No one brews it better than Agatha Christie"
DAILY EXPRESS

"This was first-rate fun, as well as being good theatre"
SUNDAY EXPRESS



AGE-OLD CEREMONY AT MUMBLES

by KINGSLEY AMIS

'NOW LET'S SEE, you must be Mr. Ames,'* the manager said, looking at one of the pieces of paper in the large sheaf he held.

'Amis is my name,' I said for perhaps the five thousandth time in my life. Often, of course, I just let it ride, depending on how I feel.

'Right, now this is Mrs Roberts,' he said. A plump smiling lady in an orange hat shook my hand. 'Like you to meet Mr Ames,' he added.

This time I let it ride, especially since somebody was giving me a glass of whisky at that moment.

'Shall we have a look at the forms?' Mrs Roberts said. 'It's quite straightforward. We mark them for General Appearance, Beauty of Face and Teeth, Attractiveness and Beauty of Hair (I'm going to keep my highest marks for the natural blondes, I don't know about you), then Figure (that's where you men come in, isn't it?) and Deportment. They do that downstairs.'

'What sort of marks do we give them?' I asked. 'Supposing we get an absolute smasher, how many—?'

Mrs Roberts vigorously explained to me what ten out of ten meant, and how it came about that five such sets of marks gave a possible maximum of fifty. I then met the other three judges. By the use of great cunning I wormed out of them what their occupations were, for I had already decided, naturally, that the occasion of the selection and crowning of the Mazda Queen of Light (Swansea Heat) would have to be written up. The trio who confronted me were the editor of a South Wales newspaper, the wife of a police sergeant and the wife of a director of the Casino Ballroom, Mumbles. This last structure was the scene of tonight's competition, and the office of its manager, the small earnest man with rimless glasses who had known at the start what my name was, had been set aside for the judging and the preliminary drinking in which I was now engaged. The room was small and meagrely furnished, except for a table, five chairs, and a great number of bottles.

The manager got us sitting down, drove some of the supers from the room, and brought the contestants in to pick their numbers. 'It'll give you a kind of preview, you see,' he told us.

'What do you think of them?' I muttered after a minute to the editor.

'Well, there's nothing to start a riot there, eh?' he said.

It was true. With exceptions, the entrants were such as to arouse mild wonder that they were indeed entrants for a beauty contest. (The same thought struck me last night while I was watching the selection of Miss World on television. None of the six finalists, as far as I could tell, would have looked much out of their element in, let us say, first-year English at the University College of Swansea.) All this lot were blondes, as they had to be to enter at all. This was less rigorous than might appear, since, in the words of the hand-out, 'you could decide to become blonde for the contest or you could have changed to blonde because it suited you', though Condition 6 added rather grimly: 'Competitors must agree to remain blonde for 12 months following the contest.'

This hand-out was informative in other ways, too. Until reading it I had no idea that in 1956 there will have been forty-eight preliminary heats, six regional finals and a Grand Final in this business, with over a thousand pounds in cash prizes. And before 1956—but I cannot do better than recall the author of the hand-out and allow his historical sense and knowledge of the development of ritual to speak for themselves:

The competition was first held in this country in 1954 when it reintroduced a popular ancient custom after a gap of hundreds of years. . . . The source and inspiration of the competition was originally provided by the fact that for thousands of years the blonde races of the North chose a 'Queen of Light' each year to preside over their feasting on December 21—the 'shortest day and longest night'—when the old year turned its face to the coming spring. As with many other ancient customs, the churches eventually adopted the ceremony and 'Queen of Light' celebrations were popular in Merrie England

*The late Evelyn Waugh shared the manager's view of the pronunciation of my surname. An acquaintance told me how he once asked Waugh: 'What do you think of Kingsley Amis?'

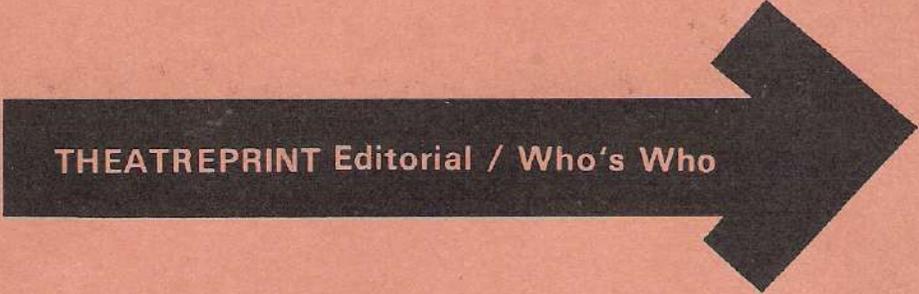
'Ames,' said Waugh.

'Amis, actually.'

'You mean Ames.'

'Look, I happen to know him, and he pronounces it Amis.'

'The man's name is Ames,' said Waugh, so firmly that the discussion of my works was broken off at that point.



THEATREPRINT Editorial / Who's Who

Editorial Consultant,
Theatreprint Ltd.,
51, Shaftesbury Avenue,
London, W.1.

Practically all West End theatre programmes now contain a four-page Theatreprint editorial section. In these sections, which differ from theatre to theatre, there is a main article by a notable writer together with general matter and also a monthly crossword puzzle especially compiled for theatregoers. In addition we hope readers will use this page to air views and comments on the theatre. Letters for possible inclusion should be sent to the address heading this page and we would retain the right to publish or not and also to edit letters where necessary.

WHO'S WHO?

Below is an extract from the early career of a well-known theatrical personality taken from 'Who's Who in the Theatre', published by Pitman. Can you guess who it is? The answer is given at the foot of the page.

At the Empire, New York, December 1925, played Sarah Hurst in 'Easy Virtue' and played the same part at the Duke of York's, London, June 1926; appeared at the Playhouse, New York, January 1927, as Meta in 'The Road to Rome', and continued in this 1927-8; at the Majestic, November 1928, played Vermilia in 'The Jealous Moon'; Forrest, April 1929, Nita in 'Paolo and Francesca'; Booth, October 1929, Nora Gerrish in 'Jenny'; Maxine Elliot, October 1930, Olivia in 'Twelfth Night'; November 1930, Sonia Tippet in 'Art and Mrs. Bottle'; Empire, February 1931, Arabel Moulton Barrett in 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street'; Selwyn, January 1932, Chrysothemis in 'Electra' of Sophocles; Belasco, December 1932, Emilia in 'Lucrece'; in August 1933, toured as Mary Howard in 'When Ladies Meet'; on returning to London, appeared at the Phoenix Theatre, November 1933, as Celia in 'As You Like It'; Ambassadors, January 1934, Julia Melville in 'The Rivals'; Wyndham's, October 1934, Lady Farrington in 'Sweet Aloes'; again visited America, and at San Francisco, played in 'The Shining Hour', and at the Martin Beck Theatre, New York, February 1935, played Arabel in a revival of 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street'; on returning to London, resumed her part in 'Sweet Aloes'.

Answer: Joyce Carey

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THE DIRTIEST SHOW IN TOWN

(a documentary of the destructive effects of
air, water, and mind pollution in New York City -
not to mention the Village Voice)

Written by **TOM EYEN**

Directed by the Author

Author's Note: We no longer lead complete lives - stop - only parts - stop -
and even those parts are not our own - STOP!

New York settings by T. E. Mason

London production designed by Charles Dunlop

Lighting by Robert Ornbo

First performance at the Duchess Theatre, Tuesday May 11th, 1971.

THE DIRTIEST SHOW IN TOWN

Laura MADELEINE LE ROUX
Lucy MARY JENIFER-MITCHELL
Mona SOMMER SALLY
The Countess/Waitress PEGGY LEDGER
Jonathan PAUL-MATTHEW ECKHART
Cyril JEFFREY HERMAN
Bill BRADFORD RILEY
Sergeant LAWRENCE TRIMBLE
Jiffy Mover MARK RUSSEL
Daphne FELICITY LAM
Sybil JEAN GILPIN
Charlie LAURIE ASPREY

The play will be performed without intermission

The taking of photographs and the use of tape recorders in this theatre is strictly prohibited.



TOM EYEN (Playwright - Director) (Cambridge, Ohio. Leo) has been presented in New York with over 75 productions since he began writing and directing seven years ago after graduating from Ohio State University where he graduated in philosophy and mathematics. Among his unknown plays are "The White Whore and the Bit Players", "November 22 and Grand Tenement", "The Three Sisters" (from Springfield, Illinois), "Why Hanna's Skirt Won't Stay Down", "Who Killed My Bald Sister Sophie?", "What Is Making Gilda So Gray", "Court", "The Four No Plays", "Sarah B. Divine" (part 1), "Caution: A Love Story", "Miss Nefertiti Regrets", "The Last Great Cocktail Party" and "Gertrude Stein and Other Great Men". His children's musicals include "Can You See A Prince", "Cinderella Revisited", and "Alice Through The Glass Lightly at the Electric Circus". Mr. Eyen was the recipient of a Rockefeller Grant in 1967 and a Guggenheim Fellowship in May 1970 for Playwriting. A film based on his "The White Whore and The Bit Player" will be released this fall by the Cannon Group and with Peter Cornell he wrote the theme song for Milos Forman's new film "Taking Off". Mr. Eyen, who is never seen in public with his identical twin brother Jerome, lives in New York City with his wife, three sons and four palm trees. A volume of his plays entitled "Sarah B. Divine and Nine Other Plays of Tom Eyen" will be released for publication this spring by Press. His new play "2008½, A Space Odyssey" will be produced and performed by The Theatre of the Eye Repertory Company at the La Mama New York this fall through the auspices of Ellen Stewart.

LAURIE ASPREY was born in Salford, Lancashire and studied at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. He has appeared with the Royal Shakespeare Company, The Old Vic Theatre Company and at the Royal Court and Mermaid theatres. He appeared in Arnold Wesker's "Chips With Everything" both at the Royal Court and in the West End and was in the films "Poor Cow" and "He Who Rides The Tiger". He is also a highly successful professional photographer and has taken the photographs for this production of "The Dirtiest Show In Town".

PAUL-MATTHEW ECKHART was born in Long Beach, California in 1950 (Virgo). He was brought up in Newport, Rhode Island. In 1969 he went to New York and joined the original cast of "The Dirtiest Show In Town" at the Cafe La Mama and the subsequent Off-Broadway production. He has appeared in several T.V. series and with Shirley MacLaine in "The Possession of Joel Delaney". Later this year he is to play Laertes in a production of "Hamlet" in Cincinnati, Ohio and after this has contracted to play the lead in a new film called "Sheila".

JEAN GILPIN at the age of 15 wrote "an 18th Century Comedy" and at school specialised in playing male roles. She studied for three years with the Bristol University Drama Department and as a result became accustomed to playing women. This led to a confused idyllic career in repertory at Nottingham and a short spell at the Drama Centre. She appeared at the Open Space Theatre in "Morning Glory" and following this was cast for the London production of "The Dirtiest Show In Town". She is relieved that at last her sex is firmly established.

JEFFREY HERMAN was born a Libra in New York City in 1942. He was raised in Arlington, Virginia. He first studied acting at the University of California in Berkeley, where he appeared in numerous productions including "The Merchant of Venice", "The Tempest", "A Passage to India", one of the "Ubu" plays and others. His first Off-Off-Broadway production was at the Old Reliable Theatre in October 1967. Since then, he has appeared in some twenty original Off-Off-Broadway shows, most of them at the Old Reliable. He has worked at La Mama as well, where he directed and appeared in "The Maids" last summer. He is a member of the original cast of "The Dirtiest Show" with which he made his off-Broadway debut. Most recently he has appeared in a production of "The Confession" by Sarah Bernhardt, performed in English at the Workshop of the Player's Art in New York. Mr. Herman studies dance and singing and hopes to include these in his performance repertoire. He is interested as well in directing and choreography and in film acting.

MARY JENIFER-MITCHELL was born an Aquarian in Lima, Peru. She was brought up in Oklahoma and Colorado. She studied drama at the University of Colorado and started acting in repertory and in stock in Denver, Colorado and New Hampshire. She made her first appearance in New York Off-Off-Broadway and has appeared at the Cafe La Mama, Cafe A Gogo and The Extension Theatre. She joined Tom Eyan's Theatre of the Eye Repertory Company and appeared in "Four No Plays", "Caution A Love Story" and "Areatha in The Ice Palace". She has been in "The Dirtiest Show In Town" from the start. She sings a song "Ode To A Screw" by Tom Eyan in Milos Forman's new film "Taking Off" which has just been released in New York.

FELICITY LAM was born in 1947 and studied at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama. In addition to the theatre, films and television she has also appeared in variety, cabaret and circus. On television she has appeared in the serial "Vanity Fair" and the series "Doctor at Large" and "Doctor in the House". In films she appeared in "Interlude" and in the forthcoming Ken Russell film "The Devils".

PEGGY LEDGER was born in Dublin and educated at a Convent in Kensington. She has had an extremely varied career and amongst numerous talents has been a ballerina, an opera singer, a variety entertainer, an antique dealer, a ballet teacher and a short story writer. She studied singing at the Guildhall School of Music and began her career in Opera. As an actress she has appeared with numerous repertory companies throughout the country and has played practically every type of part in everything from Shakespeare to pantomime. She used to own her own cinema in New Brighton and other former "sidelines" were running a ballet school and her own antique shop.

BRADFORD RILEY was born a Virgo in Chicago, Illinois. He studied at the Ohio State University and came to New York at the age of 19 and appeared with the Theatre of the Eye in "Four No Plays" and "Eye In New York". He appeared in the films "John and Mary" and "The Out-Of-Towners". "The Dirtiest Show In Town" marked his off-Broadway debut and he has been with the show ever since.

MADELEINE LE ROUX was born a Gemini at Laramie, Wyoming. She studied at the University of Cape Town and returned to the United States two and a half years ago. Since then she has worked mostly at the Cafe La Mama and Theatre Genesis and has appeared in plays by Cy Jackie Curtis, Paul Foster, Rochelle Owens, Julie Bovasso, Sam Shepard and of course Tom Eyen. She also appeared with John Vaccarro's Playhouse of the Ridiculous. She has played the leading roles in two soon to be released films - the film version of Tom Eyen's "The White Whore and the Bit Players" for Cannon Productions and "Cry Uncle" for John Airdsen.

MARK RUSSEL was born in Brooklyn, New York and for the last four years has worked in numerous off-Broadway Theatres including Theatre of the Eye, Cafe La Mama, Cafe Cino, The Judson Poets Theatre, and the Old Reliable Tavern Theatre. He appeared in the New York Shakespeare Festival production of "The Wars of the Roses" and directed "Lily of the Valley of the Dolls" at the Cafe Theatre. He has been a member of the cast of "The Dirtiest Show In Town" since its inception.

SOMMER SALLY for the past five years has been involved in experimental theatre in New York. For two years she was a member of the Keystone Company, a group of writers, directors and actors who worked in improvisational theatre. They created the play "The Hawk" which was produced Off-Broadway. A book has since been published of the play and the work involved in its creation. She has appeared in plays at the Theatre Genesis and Cafe La Mama, where Tom Eyen first saw her in "Wanton Soup". For the last year she has been in "The Dirtiest Show In Town" being one of the original cast.

LAWRENCE TRIMBLE was born in Albany, Oregon and was educated there and in New York and Paris. He came to London in 1964 and trained for three years at the Central School of Speech and Drama. His professional debut was as Paris in "Romeo and Juliet" at the Liverpool Playhouse where he stayed for two seasons in leading roles. A national tour of "The Glass Menagerie" followed in which he played The Gentleman Caller. His London debut was as Flash in "The Body Builders" and Frankie in "Birdbath" at the Open Space. He then played Archie in "Stimulation" and opened the Soho Theatre, playing Jo Jo in "Bad Bad Jo Jo". He joined the National Theatre for the 1969 - 70 seasons and left the Old Vic to play Christ in Ken Russell's forthcoming film "The Devils". He has just completed his first starring film role, opposite Michel Simon and Jacques Perrin in the French film "Blanche" in which he plays a 13th century crusader.

ROBERT STIGWOOD (producer) is one of Britain's youngest impresarios and, at 37, he heads one of the most powerful showbusiness empires in the world. He has been responsible for launching many of today's famous names in the pop world, including the Bee Gees and Cream. At one time he was joint managing director of The Beatles' Company, NEMS Enterprises, together with the late Brian Epstein. After forming his own company, he merged with Associated London Scripts and Films whose artists include Frankie Howerd, Rita Tushingham and Lionel Jeffries, as well as leading script-writers like Ray Galton and Alan Simpson, of 'Steptoe' fame, and Johnny Speight, creator of Alf Garnett. Robert's associate companies are responsible for presenting the controversial musical "Hair" at the Shaftesbury Theatre (now in its third successful year) and for the hit films of "Till Death Us Do Part" and "Up Pompeii". He is co-producer of "Oh! Calcutta!" and is currently preparing the Broadway production of the Rock Opera "Jesus Christ - Superstar" for this Autumn.

BOB SWASH (producer), has produced or co-produced in the West End, "Belle", "Clap Hands" a Canadian Revue, "Chips with Everything" by Arnold Wesker, "Everybody Loves Opal" by John Patrick, "The Four Seasons" by Arnold Wesker, "A Heritage and Its History" by Ivy Compton-Burnett/Julian Mitchell, "Lets Make An Opera" by Benjamin Britten, "The Provoke'd Wife" by Vanburgh, "Sing A Rude Song" by Sherrin/Brahms, "South" by Julien Green, "Stranger In My Bed", "Three Months Gone", by Donald Howarth, "The Winter's Tale" by Shakespeare, "Woman in a Dressing-Gown" by Ted Willis, and on tour "Charlie's Aunt", "A Family and A Fortune", "Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'be", "The Hostage", "Oh What A Lovely War", "A Taste of Honey" and "Tom Sawyer".

MICHAEL WHITE (Producer) 34, has presented over thirty productions in the West End. He started working in the theatre in Westport, Connecticut followed by six years as assistant to Peter Daubeny. Among the plays he has produced or co-produced are "The Connection" by Jack Gleber, "The Voice of Shem" by James Joyce, "The Blood Knot" by Athol Fugard, "Cambridge Circus", "Son of Oblomov", "Saints Day" by John Whiting, "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning" by Alan Sillitoe, and David Breet, "The Trials of Brother Jero" by Wole Soyinka, "Loot" by Joe Orton, "America Hurrah" by Jean Claude von Itallie, "Tom Paine" by Paul Foster, "Fortune and Men's Eyes" by John Herbert, "The Beard" by Michael McClure, "Soldiers" by Rolf Huchhuth, Berthold Brecht's "Arturo Ui", Jonathan Miller's "Hamlet" and Bernard Shaw's "Widower's Houses". He is producer of Anthony Shaffer's hit play "Sleuth" currently running at the St. Martin's Theatre, London and The Music Box Theatre, New York. He is co-producer of "Oh! Calcutta!". He has also presented modern ballet and contemporary music concerts. He is married with three children.

STAFF FOR THE PRODUCERS

Company and Stage Manager Rosemarie Beatie
Deputy Stage Manager Robert Baker
Assistant Stage Manager Sally Raymond
Wardrobe Mistress Diana Hecksher

Assistant to the Director **ROLAND REES**
Production Photographs by **LAURIE ASPREY**
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Carpenter George Wilkins
Electrician Ray Dibblee

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In accordance with the requirements of the Greater London Council:-

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 obstructions.
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.

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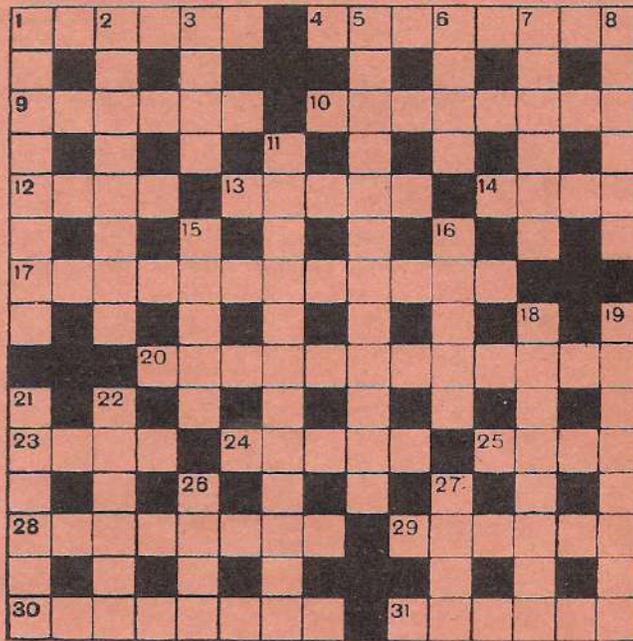
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Theatregoers' Crossword Puzzle No. 3



Clues

Across

- 1 Flecker's outstanding dramatic achievement (6)
- 4 Does work of vital importance in the theatre? (8)
- 9 He sets out the linen on the bed. (6)
- 10 The actor must be present to do it, of course! (4,4)
- 12 It turns to a leading man in South-East Europe (4)
- 13 Rustic character who is in part amusing (5)
- 14 Not an extra skylight? (4)
- 17 The thriller that has proved best in the long run! (3,9)
- 20 Suitable cake for a virtuous damsel? (4,2,6)
- 23 A barrier playing little part in *As You Like It* (4)
- 24 A record whose days are numbered (5)
- 25 Come up against an objection? (4)
- 28 The 16 down opera game that amuses one. (8)
- 29 Cautious advocate of socialism in *Twelfth Night* (6)
- 30 All the money received when the act is finished? (8)
- 31 Kind of sandwiches available in the buffet on guest night (6)

Down

- 1 Certain actors wont do it! (8)
- 2 He sat around before he'd put the sword away (8)
- 3 Plays a role in the New Testament (4)
- 5 It's a dangerous thing to do, act passionately! (4,4,4)
- 6 Type of dance in which competitors are eliminated (4)
- 7 I start turning out characteristic features (6)
- 8 Tries a different kind of ridicule (6)
- 11 Kept only the stalls and gallery open for an exclusive clique? (6,6)
- 15 A raiding expedition otherwise covered by Miss Compton? (5)
- 16 The London theatre that belongs to the French (5)
- 18 Making twice as much as a substitute player? (8)
- 19 An excuse for acting? (8)
- 21 A motorist's dog laid down in the foyer? (6)
- 22 Words to conjure with, perhaps (6)
- 26 Old comic - one making a come-back after fifty (4)
- 27 I go after a notorious villain (4)

Solution to Crossword No. 3

ACROSS: 1 *Hassan*, 4 Operates, 9 Sheets, 10 Take part, 12 Tito, 13 Clown, 14 Star, 17 *The Mousetrap*, 20 Maid of honour, 23 Adam, 24 Diary, 25 Abut, 28 *Pantance*, 29 Fabian, 30 Turnover, 31 Tongue.
 DOWN: 1 Hesitate, 2 Sheathed, 3 Acts, 5 Play with fire, 6 Reel, 7 Traits, 8 Satire, 11 Closed circle, 15 Foray, 16 Savoy, 18 Doubling, 19 Pretence, 21 Carpet, 22 Patter, 26 Leno, 27 Iago.

Solution to Crossword No. 2

ACROSS: 1 Curtain-call, 9 Moth, 10 Advertiser, 11 Tiff, 14 Lindens, 16 Shingle, 17 Splay, 18 Sore, 19 Herb, 20 Recap, 22 Oranges, 23 Shearer, 24 Pipe, 28 Presentable, 29 Airs, 30 Gets excited.
 DOWN: 2 Undo, 3 Tree, 4 In turns, 5 Cast, 6 Lengthy, 7 Losing heart, 8 *Shaffersbury*, 12 Close of play, 13 In great part, 15 Spies, 16 Sages, 20 Reserve, 21 *Phoenix*, 25 Uses, 26 Maxi, 27 Glee.

continued from first coloured page

and continued without a break as a national custom in Sweden.

'I'll start bringing them in now,' the manager said. While we waited I first reflected that, in South Wales at any rate, 'now' is going the same way as 'presently' did in the seventeenth century, and then read through the forms on which the girls had entered some personal details. Ages ranged from seventeen to twenty, no further, though crones of up to thirty were admissible under the regulations. Occupations included salesgirl, cashier, secretary, typist, housewife, advertising and consignment clerk and clerk. Favourite hobbies were the best. There was singing, dancing, swimming, dancing, ballet and ballroom dancing, dancing, swimming, and swimming and dancing. (Honest, now. That is the order I copied down on the ruled faint lines of my Challenge tablet.)

The girls started coming in. All were constrained in manner, and stood awkwardly smiling while the manager put them through a little rigmarole he had devised, first assuring them that they were among friends and then putting a string of questions to which 'Yes' was the almost invariable answer. 'It's really to show off their teeth, you see,' he explained during an interval. I had guessed that several of the girls would have made it a habit to go round beauty contests picking up what prizes they could, and this was confirmed, but their demeanour was notably at variance. 'You wouldn't think that one was thirty-nine, would you?' Mrs Roberts said at the departure of the girl I had liked best. 'Oh no, sorry, that's her hips.'

There was a pause while the Department was being got ready in the ballroom itself. Hastily comparing notes, I found some evidence that the girls at present in the lead were those who came closest to the appearance of models in the women's magazines: neat, refined, underweight, on or over the brink of insipidity, over elegant as to hair. Sexual attractiveness, what there was of it, was not doing so well. 'That's the trouble when you get a crowd of women on the judges,' the editor murmured when I showed him my findings. 'I knew this would happen.'

For the Department the five of us sat at separate little tables spaced round the dance floor while the girls, after an inexplicable delay reminiscent of procedure in the Armed Forces, paraded about us. The girl I had liked best walked briskly round in the manner of someone going to catch a bus. I marked her up for that. All the others produced mild imitations, with varying embarrassment potential, of the film-star wiggle or the mannequin's slow march. I marked them all down for that. This part was accompanied by the band playing 'A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody', oddly enough, and by almost continuous applause, recommended over the loudspeakers by the manager and set going by a man in a maroon jacket who seemed virtually crazed with amiability. Eventually our mark-sheets were collected and handed to the local knight who, with his wife, had turned up to perform the actual coronation.

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AGE-OLD CEREMONY AT MUMBLES is taken from 'What Became of Jane Austen? and Other Questions' by Kingsley Amis published by Jonathan Cape.

This ceremony I did not see, being un-forewarned and in the bar at the time, but the editor was able to assure me that immediately afterwards the crown had fallen off the queenly head and bent itself slightly. This did not much recompense me for my chagrin at seeing the three leading women's magazine incarnations—none of them with a Swansea address and one from as far away as Barry—receiving their prizes of ten pounds, five pounds and three pounds and being marshalled for their photographs. The editor and I shook our heads in sad unison. 'Always the same when you get a crowd of women on the judges,' he said.

Back in the manager's office, where my wife and six friends were having a drink or two while they waited, I worked out from the mark-sheets that the girl I had liked best had come bottom and the girl I had liked next best had come next to bottom. This made me feel guilty and humiliated in some way. I looked up to see a man, doubtless one of the Mazda representatives, looking round the room with the expression of one about to ask just who the hell all these people were. Instead of that he said: 'Now has everybody got a drink they fancy?' In case they had not he pulled a fresh bottle of whisky out of a fuse-box.

Rather later I was summoned on to the balcony of the ballroom to have my photograph taken congratulating the new Queen of Light. 'Don't look at her, Mr Ames, look at me,' the manager said. 'Then it'll look as if you're looking at her, you see.'

'Let's have it a bit more informal,' the photographer said, pushing the Queen's stole down off her shoulders. 'That's more like it. Now stand a bit closer to her, would you? Put your arm round her waist. No, I don't think we need you quite as close as that.'

With the Queen standing as if carved out of dough, with myself grinning mindlessly at the manager, and to the accompaniment of hundreds of feet thundering in the veleta and the crashing of chairs being piled, the photograph was taken. 'Where will it appear?' I asked diffidently.

'Oh, nowhere,' somebody said. 'It's just for records, that's all.' This was untrue. A few days later the photograph appeared on the front page of the *Swansea Voice*. It shows the Queen as quite a sweet girl and myself as a broken-down comedian in the grip of satyriasis—looking, moreover, quite unmistakably at something out of the frame. But perhaps that is just as well.

If any blonde clerk or typist of eighteen with a passion for swimming and dancing is reading this, I can put her in the way of an easy ten pounds. As I write there are still quite a few heats to run. And there's always next year.

POSTSCRIPT 1970: The interested will find a version of this incident in the poem 'Mauders' (cf. 'Mumbles'), in my verse collection *A Look Round the Estate* (Cape, 1967). The various dissimilarities between the two accounts, plus the nine-year gap between the dates of composition, afford a useful lesson on the relations of life and art.

A FAIRY TALE RESTAURANT.

By Henri De Rousard.

I am invited to a lot of cocktail parties and I find that people are always asking me where to eat or how to cook this dish or that, so it was a great change when at a house in Eaton Square Lady 'P'. took me by the arm, lead me into a corner, and sang the praises of a restaurant she had been to the previous week. Not having been able to get a word in until she had quite finished I then asked the name of the establishment. "Oh! how silly of me", she said, "I've forgotten". Now I was frustrated; fifteen minutes of superlatives and she's forgotten the name. Women! "Darling", she bellowed, almost bursting my eardrum. His lordship turned his head gracefully and said quite quietly, "It's either - L'Artiste Affame or the Secret Place in the Old Brompton Road". He had obviously heard every word.

Having promised I would go and sample it or them, she vanished back into the hub-bub of the throng.

It was a few days later when I called a cab and asked the driver to take me to the Old Brompton Road. We had driven almost the whole length and were just crossing the junction of the Earls Court Road when I spied a black and white blind with The Secret Place inscribed upon it. It was No. 243 Old Brompton Road and down one wall was written L'Artiste Affame, so I had come

to the right place. It did not look particularly inviting from the outside but as soon as I opened the door I was in a fairy land. I could imagine how Alice might have felt when she walked through the looking glass. The decor was simple but incredibly unusual, there was an original carousel in the window which housed about four tables, old magic lanterns played nursery rhyme pictures on the walls. The tables, some of them old butchers chopping blocks, were scrubbed white. "Good Evening, Sir", somebody said almost making me jump. Everyone was friendly and I was made very comfortable downstairs in front of a roaring open fire. The copper was glowing and all the interesting objets d'art stood out against the white walls. I ordered my meal which was beautifully cooked and equally well served. There was a good selection of wines by Morgan Furze. I tried the carafe which at 83p. was good value. Sipping my coffee, watching peoples faces and the shadows created by the flickering candles, I wished I had brought a girl with me as this was surely one of the most relaxing and romantic little restaurants I had ever dined at. On the way out I passed the kitchen, which was spotless, and spoke to the chef who was French. I congratulated him on his food which was certainly some of the best I have tasted for a very long time. I have been back five times since and the standard hasn't faltered; try Avocat crème et Caviar, soupe aux moules, fruit aux bananes and soufflé.

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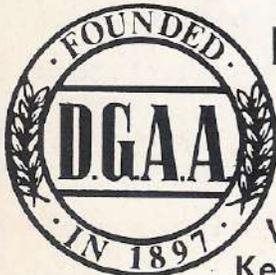


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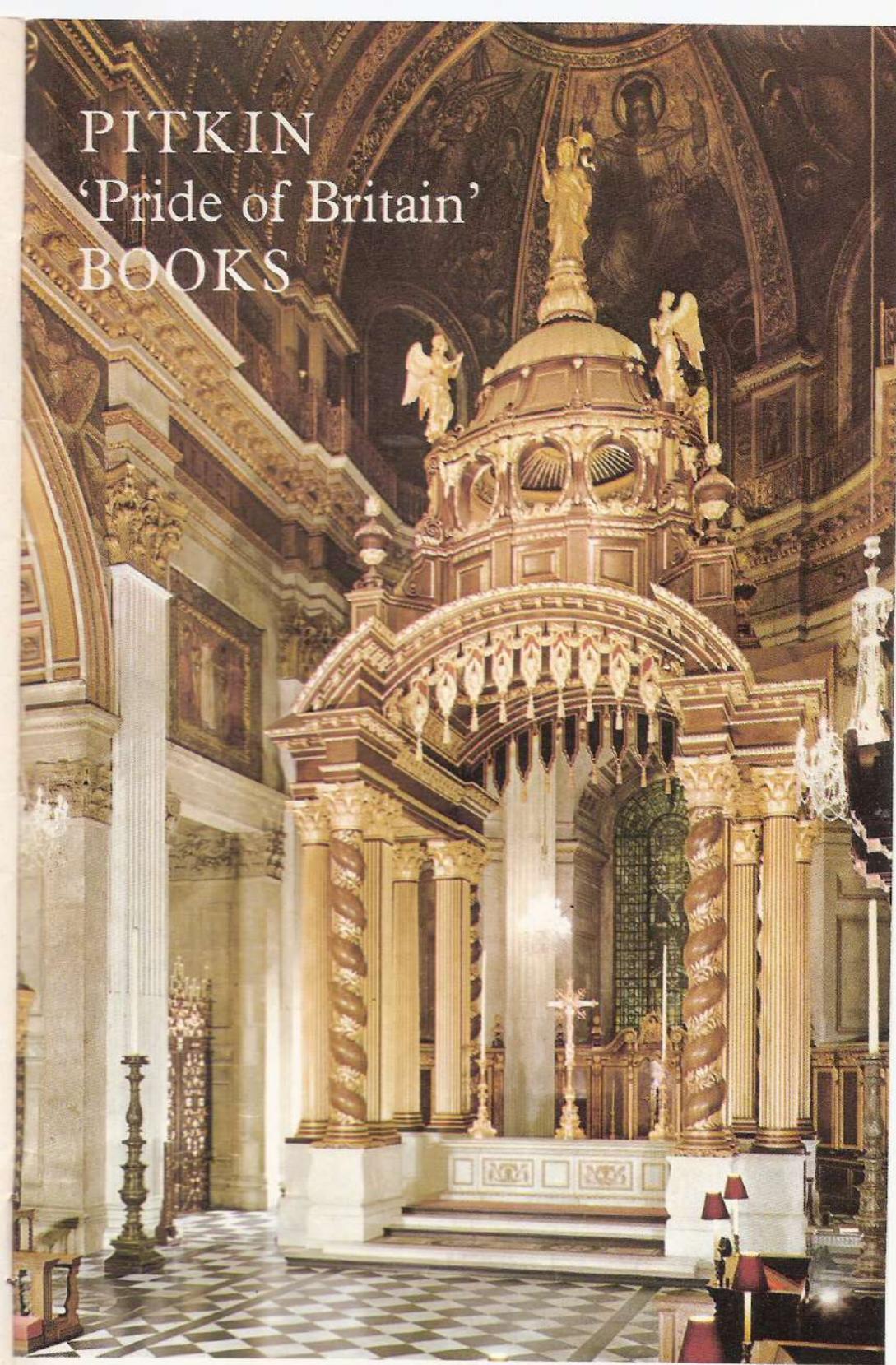
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