The National Theatre

Equus

The part of the
Horseman
is played by
Pip Miller
A fully illustrated programme for

**EQUUS**

is on sale at 15p from the usherettes. It contains a note on the play by the author; an article on Peter Shaffer by Sheridan Morley; biographical notes on the actors; many pictures...

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**Food and Drink**

During intervals, refreshments may be obtained from the bars and buffets in all parts of the theatre.

The stalls and dress circle bars and buffets are open for one hour before each evening performance. The dress circle buffet specialises in salads, and table reservations may be made in advance by telephoning 01-929 2033 until 4 pm on the day of the performance.

**Bookstand**

The Bookstand in the main foyer is open before and after performances, as well as during intervals. Together with the National Theatre’s own publications and recordings, there is a wide variety of theatre books on sale, as well as magazines, posters, postcards, programmes and texts of plays in the repertoire.

Items may be ordered by post and a current price list will be sent on request.

The management reserves the right to refuse admission and to make any alteration in the cast which may be rendered necessary by illness or other unavoidable cause.

First-aid facilities in this theatre are provided by St John Ambulance Brigade members who give their services voluntarily.

In accordance with the requirements of the Greater London Council –

1. Persons shall not 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 limited to the numbers indicated in the notices exhibited in those positions.

2. The safety curtain must be lowered and raised in the presence of each audience.
Equus

Peter Shaffer

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Staff Director  | Alan Brown   |
Stage Manager  | Diana Boddington |
Deputy Stage Manager | Elizabeth Markham |
Assistant Stage Manager | Tim Spring |

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

There is one interval of 15 minutes.

Smoking is not allowed in the auditorium, nor the use of cameras and tape recorders.

This cast list is free of charge.

Phillips 85 Pocket Memo loaned by Phillips Electrical Ltd

Settings constructed by E Babbage & Co and painted in the theatre workshops. Metal work by P E Kemp Engineers Ltd. Properties made in the theatre workshops.

Lighting supervision by Theatre Projects Lighting Ltd.

The National Theatre receives financial assistance from the Arts Council of Great Britain and the Greater London Council.
The National Theatre: A Short History

1848 The first concrete suggestion for the establishment of a National Theatre is put forward by Effingham Wilson, a London publisher.

1903 Plans are formulated in a book written by Harley Granville Barker and William Archer.

1910 The Archer-Barker scheme is combined with another movement already afoot to provide a national memorial to William Shakespeare: hence the official name of the new body—the Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre Committee.

1946 The Joint Council of the National Theatre and the Old Vic is set up.

1949 The National Theatre Bill is passed through both Houses of Parliament without a division. By this Act the government of the day is empowered to contribute up to one million pounds towards the building and equipment of the theatre. The date of its implementation, however, is left to the discretion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

1951 A foundation stone is laid by the Queen Mother, on a site adjacent to the Festival Hall.

1952 It is agreed with the LCC that the National Theatre should occupy a better site, adjoining County Hall.

1958 Laurence Olivier appointed a trustee of the National Theatre.

1961 The Chancellor, in association with the LCC, declares himself ready to consider a scheme which would include the re-housing of Sadler’s Wells in an opera house under the same roof as the National Theatre.

July 1962 The National Theatre Board is appointed by the Chancellor. An agreement is reached with the Governors of the Old Vic, whereby the Old Vic Theatre becomes the temporary home of the National Theatre. The Chancellor also sets up the South Bank Theatre and Opera House Board to design and build the National Theatre and the new Opera House on two separate South Bank sites made available by the LCC between Hungerford Bridge and County Hall.

August 1962 Laurence Olivier appointed Director of the National Theatre.

October 22 1963 Inaugural production: Hamlet.

November 1963 Denys Lasdun appointed architect of both the Opera House and the National Theatre.

March 1966 The South Bank Board decides to go forward with the building of the National Theatre at a capital cost estimated at £75 million, the Government and the Greater London Council having agreed to provide up to £33 million each. No decision taken about the new Opera House.

July 1967 The Government having stated that they will not contribute to the cost of building the Opera House on the South Bank, and the GLC having also stated that they will not contribute unless the Government provide an equal share, no real hope remains that the Opera House will be built. The GLC have therefore proposed, and the South Bank Board has accepted, another site for the National Theatre—immediately downstream of Waterloo Bridge opposite Somerset House.

September 1969 The South Bank Board announces that work on the new site is due to start later in 1969.

November 3 1969 Work on the Prince’s Meadow site inaugurated by Miss Jennie Lee, Lord Cottesloe, Lord Chandos and Mr Desmond Plummer at an informal ceremony.


November 1973 Peter Hall succeeds Laurence Olivier as Director.

April 1975 National Theatre planned to open in new building at the South Bank.
Reserve a box for the interval.

EVERY PACKET CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING
“I will tell you all about it over a large Martini at the bar...”

The right one

Welcome to Great Burberrys.

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Half-way down the Haymarket.
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Late night shopping Thursday.
Mummy bought this at Jaeger last week. Daddy thought she looked so nice that they've both gone to Jaeger again to buy themselves some more clothes. Granny's looking after me and she says that I'm too small to wear it. Why don't Jaeger have a children's department? And a grannie's department? Then we could all go.

Jaeger where else?

London: Jaeger House, 204 Regent Street, W.1. 94/98 Brompton Road, S.W.3.
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EVERY PACKET CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING
You may notice that this programme has fewer pages than usual. The reason is that the previous size had become hopelessly uneconomic. So rather than keep to that size and greatly increase the price, we thought it better to reduce the content and also the price — from 20p to 15p. We do hope you agree with our decision. Free cast lists are of course still available.

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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
But that free servitude still can pierce our hearts.
Our life is changed; their coming our beginning.

Edwin Muir: The Horses
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
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.
1 1958 Comedy Theatre: Five Finger Exercise
Adrianne Allen, Michael Bryant

2 1962 Globe Theatre: The Real Eye (one-act)
Maggie Smith, Richard Pearson and Kenneth Williams

3 The Private Ear (one-act): Terry Scully and Maggie Smith

4 1964 National Theatre: The Royal Hunt of the Sun
Colin Blakely as Pizarro

5 Robert Stephens as Arhualipa

6 1965 National Theatre: Black Comedy (one-act)
Derek Jacobi, Maggie Smith, Albert Finney
7 1968 Lyric Theatre: *The White Lies* (one-act)
Dorothy Reynolds and Ian McKellen

8 1970 Lyric Theatre: *The Battle of Shrewsby*
John Gielgud and Patrick Magee

9 1974 National Theatre: *Equus*
Rayner Boulton, Michael Jayston, Dai Bradley
'Peter Shaffer', wrote Irving Wardle in The Times when Equus first opened at the National 'is a writer of formidable intelligence and traditional stage technique whose consistent purpose has been to invoke the primal dramatic forces which would blow his own equipment sky-high'.

And looking back now across the sixteen years which separate Equus from Shaffer's first success, Five Finger Exercise, it's possible to see in the light of Wardle's review a series of strong links which bind the four major Shaffer plays together. Five Finger Exercise (1958), The Royal Hunt of the Sun (1964), The Battle of Shrivings (1970) and Equus (1973) are all ultimately two-character conflicts in which the struggle between mind and body, intellect and emotion, rational modernity and primal force is fought within strictly and classically drawn limits.

But Shaffer cannot be defined by these four plays alone. Born in Liverpool in 1926 and educated at St Paul's before going down the mines as a Bevin Boy in 1944, he first started writing for television in the early 'fifties after a brief spell as a librarian in New York. The Salt Land was an ambitious TV tragedy set in post-war Israel and Balance of Terror was an espionage thriller. But the success of Five Finger Exercise took him away from television and, opening in the West End at the precise moment when the new wave was cresting at the Royal Court, it marked him as an outsider whom critics, in search of yardsticks, labelled the new Rattigan. After all, was it not a well-made play about upper middle-class domestic upheaval?

Shaffer followed it in 1962 with a double-bill, The Private Ear and The Public Eye which destroyed that yardstick by offering an eccentric dual-control vehicle for Maggie Smith and Kenneth Williams. The plays, widely different in tone in that the second was a comedy and the first a minor tragedy, suggested a gift for one-act writing which was fully realised three years later with the triumph at Chichester and then the Old Vic of Black Comedy (again with Maggie Smith, by now under National Theatre auspices) but before that came The Royal Hunt of the Sun, the Inca saga which managed to be simultaneously an epic and a two-character play about an atheist and a God.

Given the full resources of Chichester plus (originally) Colin Blakely as Pizarro and Robert Stephens as Atahualpa it remains for many of us the most striking of all Shaffer's theatrical images and the one that his name brings first and foremost to mind. But, like the rest of his work so far, it has defied adequate translation to the cinema screen.

After Black Comedy came a less successful one-acter, The White Liars and then The Battle of Shrivings which remains for me one of the most bizarrely and incomprehensibly underrated plays since the days of John Whiting and Marching Song. Reviews for Shrivings ranged from the patronising (unfavourable comparisons to Iris Murdoch) to the hortatory (Shaffer was frequently told to get back within his depth, whatever that may be). What no one said was that here was an elegant, exultant, erudite, civilised, witty and unashamedly theatrical construction in which the now-familiar Shaffer Man-versus-God battle was fought out by John Gielgud and Patrick Magee over the course of one tumultuous and unforgettable stage weekend.

Delusions of dramatic grandeur was the basic accusation levelled at Shrivings, but in the recent architecture of our theatre there have been many highly-decorated rooms set in unfinished corridors: here at last was a fully-constructed house, not that it was allowed to stand for long in Shaftesbury Avenue.

Equus marks Shaffer's return from the West End to the National, after a three-year gap marked only by an intriguing but thus far unproduced play about the effects of LSD on a middle-aged English professor in Greenwich Village. Like almost all its predecessors, Equus is a play about faith: what sets it apart from the rest is that it's based on reality, and that it seems to conclude the struggle which started with Pizarro and Atahualpa in this theatre a decade ago. What Mr Shaffer will come up with next is anybody's guess, but then it always has been.

Sheridan Morley
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 are.

Out of the night that gulped 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

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
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 azureous 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*

Rayner Bourton (Horsemann). Repertory at Birmingham, Chichester and Glasgow. Stage appearances include The Rocky Horror Show and Off the Peg. Television: 30 Minute Theatre, Bedtime Stories. Film: The Movie Makers.


Michael Jayston (Martin Dysart). Repertory at Bristol and Salisbury, then with Royal Shakespeare Company. Television: The Power Game, Callan, Dickens, Beethoven, Jane Eyre and the NT's The Merchant of Venice. Films: Nicholas and Alexandra, Cromwell, Alice in Wonderland, A Bequest to the Nation, The Homecoming.

Edward Jewesbury (Frank Strang). Repertory at Birmingham, Colchester, Ipswich and Edinburgh. London appearances include Look Back in Anger, The Man Most Likely To, Romeo and Juliet, The Taming of the Shrew (the latter two at the Young Vic).


Appearing by special request.

EVERY PACKET CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING
Backgammon is decidedly in — but I don’t have to tell you that! I became a devotee of the game when Charles Benson won the Dunhill International Backgammon Tournament on board the QFZ, Cunard’s great flagship on a voyage I made from New York earlier this year. The pleasure of backgammon is very much in evidence in London. Crockford’s, that elegant gaming club, have a special Backgammon Room in their exquisite Regency mansion at 16 Carlton House Terrace, SW1. This famous building with those magnificent ceilings by Owen Jones is a Nash house. It has recently been painstakingly restored by Jon Bannenberg, and with great success.

Crockford’s, the most famous club in the world, overlooks The Mall and St. James’s Park. The cuisine there is an epicurean delight, and for the night-owls breakfast is served from midnight until the sun comes up. Since Benjamin Disraeli first went to Crockford’s one hundred and fifty years ago members and guests have included the ‘smart set’. Today the ‘jet set’ continues the tradition.

A ‘jet set’ leader, Pan American World Airways, which made the first transatlantic passenger flight, is celebrating its 35th anniversary of service between the United States and Europe. This summer Pan Am offers more direct flights to more places in Europe than any other airline. In the exciting world of jetting here, there and everywhere there are fewer and fewer places one cannot jet to. One non-jet place I know in England is Orford, in Suffolk, where there is famous sea-food, a fine hotel and an ancient ruined castle. It is not very far from Aldeburgh, home of the Benjamin Britten Festival. A Trust House Forte inn is The Crown and Castle Hotel. As the name implies, it is adjacent to the castle grounds. The Crown and Castle is a good place to stay while discovering the area. Blithe Spirit, Easy Virtue and Conversation Piece, those delightful fragrances by Stanley Hall, are named after Noel Coward’s famous plays. They are a Fortnum & Mason exclusive in the perfumery department on the first floor. Award-winning jewellery designer Andrew Grima, in a mere decade, has become the greatest modern name in the field. His many honours, including Jeweller to H.M. The Queen, have only enhanced his brilliance. His current collection surpasses them all.
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*Member of the National Theatre's Planning Committee
†Associate Director whose services are part-time

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