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Citation	大阪大学大学院文学研究科紀要. 2001, 41, p. 17-50
Version Type	VoR
URL	https://doi.org/10.18910/12661
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“This England”: the first half of the Henriad performed by the RSC in Stratford-upon-Avon, Summer 2000

Paul A. S. Harvey

Beginning in March 2000, the Royal Shakespeare Company inaugurated its millenium project to perform the whole cycle of Shakespeare's History plays over a period of twelve months, under the umbrella title of "This England". Each play was to be directed by a different director, and there would be no overall integration of style and period, though there would be some internal reference to the other plays in the cycle. There would, however, be continuity in the actors, with key parts continuing over two or three productions. This happened most notably with David Troughton, who played Henry Bolingbroke, and William Houston, who played Hal, and later, Henry V, and Desmond Barrit, who played Falstaff. Minor parts also carried through, notably, Hotspur played by Adam Levy, Christopher Saul's Northumberland, Prince John of Lancaster by Dickon Tyrrell, David Lyon's Westmoreland, Arthur Cox's Bardolph, Richard Bremmer's Pistol, and Sandra Voe's Mistress Quickly. The second half of the Henriad was performed from autumn 2000, and this review considers only the chronologically earlier four plays, which were actually written later. It is a most appropriate cycle of plays to be putting on in the year 2000, the transitional year between the two milleniums. As with the other plays the RSC performed in summer 2000, the sequence takes the opportunity to look back on past history and provide food for reflective thought. As Paul Taylor puts it, "this involve[d] a reconsideration of how the Man of the Last Millennium examined, over a panoramic sweep, profound questions of leadership, national identity, the social fabric and the private and public face of power."⁽²⁾

***Richard II* (The Other Place—TOP)**

Richard II was directed by Steven Pimlott at TOP, the first of the cycle of English history plays that the RSC is staging to commemorate the millenium. Pimlott directed *Antony and Cleopatra* in the main theatre last year, to mixed acclaim, but has received universal plaudits for *Richard II*. It surpasses the earlier History plays (*Henry VI*, *Richard III*) in its meditative lyricism, including one or two set pieces that are the best thing of their kind that Shakespeare wrote. *Richard III* impresses by the demonic energy and comic wickedness of the lead part, memorably played by Olivier in the film, but in *Richard II*, Shakespeare goes a step further, and gives the lead part an interior depth and a personality that provokes a complex reaction in the audience. Richard is both attractive and repellent, and crafting this complex reaction is how Shakespeare later sets about the characterization of the great tragic figures, such as Macbeth, and Lear. Samuel West played Richard (a role he has performed on radio for the BBC, directed by Richard Eyre, available on CD). West is celebrated for his rich bass voice, and has done a great deal of work recording audio books, giving recitations, and doing voice-overs for TV commercials. He comes from a theatrical background, his father being Timothy West, and his mother Prunella Scales, both of whom very distinguished British actors. The venue, the company and the role obviously suited him well, for he gave an inspired performance, letting the verse sing as it should, and giving the part a strong and clear characterization.

Design was by Sue Willmington, who, like Pimlott, has done extensive work in opera. The set and design was simple, and costumes were extremely eclectic, giving the impression that the actors had organised a workshop, brought along their own ideas, and were being allowed to work them out. The whole of the inside of TOP, which is simply a large square single story building, like a warehouse, with entrances at either end, and lighting rigs slung from the ceiling, had been painted white, floor, walls and ceiling, and even chairs. The 200 odd seats were banked up bleachers-style on one side of the room. In other productions they had been placed either side, leaving an aisle-like playing area. The players played right before us. Stage right there was a mound of earth heaped onto the white stage surface, which looked like a freshly dug grave (Gloucester's). It looked most incongruous and lay there making a silent statement

through the course of the play. (There are references in the play to English soil—when Bolingbroke is banished he says: "Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu," 1.3.306 and Gaunt picks this up in his famous lines: "This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England, / This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings" 2.1.50.) There were different light systems in operation overhead: white fluorescent lights, which were dimmed, and lights round the base of the walls. The whiteness of the room had a clinical feel to it; the fresh earth brought in a range of opposing associations.

The play began in a kind of half-light, when, almost as a prologue, the lines from 5.5, "I have been studying how I may compare / This prison where I live unto the world; / And for because the world is populous, / And here is not a creature but myself, / I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer it out," were intoned by Richard. Bright white fluorescent lights came on abruptly, suggesting that nothing would be hidden, the actors were before us, and the play began. These lines recurred through the play, spoken half way through by Richard's queen, and again at the end of the play, by Richard himself standing up in his "coffin", (a long wooden box that Richard used as a prop—a gun case according to Richard Edmonds⁽³⁾) and then again by Bolingbroke sitting on the coffin brought in by Exton containing Richard's corpse, and thereupon the play ended. This is of course a rewriting of Shakespeare (the programme calls it "minor cuts-and-pastes"). The speech is rightly one of the most celebrated in the histories, and for that reason it might be good to hear it repeatedly, but we should not be hearing it before the play began. After all, it is not what the play is about (being an extraordinary response by Richard to his imprisonment), and we simply cannot make all plays like a *Macbeth* that circles back on itself, with a wicked Malcolm come to take over where Macbeth left off, or to say that all kingship is a prison. The importance of the soliloquy is that it allows us to glimpse the poetry in Richard's soul, the ability to soar with the creative mind beyond confines, a Shakespearean theme, hinted at by Hamlet, and met in the *Henry V* prologues, and introduced at this point because it generates a powerful surge of sympathy for the beleaguered Richard. There was one further example of "cut-and-paste", an outright interpolation, and this occurred when Exton, who has murdered Richard, leaves with Bolingbroke's words at the end: "Where'er I wander, boast of this I can, / Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman" (1.3.306). A parallel was set up, presumably to stress that a cycle was taking place, though the original needs no further elaboration. Exton, the murderer of Richard (acting on Bolingbroke's suggestion), is

the same as Bolingbroke. The responsibility for killing an anointed king cannot be ducked, and though Exton departs, plagues come to Henry in the form of turbulence and rebellion, led in *Henry IV Part II*, by Thomas Mowbray, the son of the Thomas Mowbray with whom Bolingbroke quarrelled (over the murder of Gloucester, carried out by Mowbray, instigated by Richard) at the beginning of the play.

West's characterization of Richard rendered him perhaps more likeable than usual, partly because the fluency of verse and voice made it difficult to dislike him (the critics disagree with me here). West sounded like Derek Jacobi every now and then, and has obviously studied Jacobi's technique. West had the confidence to stop and hold the action, taking the lines as they came, savouring them, pausing and making the audience wait, while not losing his nerve. He contrasted well with David Troughton's Bolingbroke, who went through the lines a lot more quickly, with vehemence and energy, scowling and looking stern; the lines drumming forward ferociously. Richard was perhaps less weak and vacillating than usual, though capricious and histrionic. West played him as enchanted with his own eloquence, quick to despair and enjoying the opportunity despair gives for talking about it. He says memorably to Aumerle, "Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth / Of that sweet way I was in to despair" (3.2.204), as though despairing was indeed "sweet".

Richard wore a variety of costumes. He wore an ermine robe for the Mowbray and Bolingbroke challenge, and then later, a grey velvet dressing gown for 3.2, and in the scene in which he hands his crown over to Bolingbroke, he comes on wrapped in the Union Jack (not the cross of St. George), carrying a crown studded with diamonds and rubies (different to the golden crown used in *Henry IV Parts I & II*). In the prison scenes he wore ordinary street clothes. The lack of fixed period costume (all the cast were eclectic in what they wore) did not matter until the scene with multiple challenges (4.1), when it was difficult to distinguish who was who, and costume might have helped with this, with heraldic badges. The lack of period coherence in costume emphasized that the production was not limited to one particular period, yet at the same time the costumes made local and specific points: Richard was wearing his grey velvet dressing gown when he should have been wearing armour. He was not acting as a king should, and that was his weakness. Later, his entrance wrapped in the flag (symbolizing nation and anachronistically, empire) was histrionic and feeble: instead of calling attention to his defeat, he should have been taking action to defeat Bolingbroke. When he wore

ordinary clothes, he had been reduced to the status of an ordinary man. The lack of specific period was also indicated by a range of historic recordings by British politicians making statements connected with Empire which was played before the play started – I recognized Macmillan's comments on the winds of change in Africa. The programme also invited us to speculate on the personal issues involved in monarchy in the twentieth century, with a quote from Edward VIII's abdication speech, and a fictionalized quote from the Prince (Prince Charles) from *Divine Right* by Peter Whelan (1996), about how difficult it is to be a Royal. The eclectic costume, and the lack of period that went with it, together with the venue, allowed the production to have an intimate rehearsal feel about it, and this perhaps contributed to the uninhibited power of the acting. I would have enjoyed seeing these same actors close up in detailed period costume (such as one has at the Globe), acting at the same pitch of excellence. It would have added further aesthetic depth.

David Troughton had a major role in the first three plays, Bolingbroke in *Richard II*, and Henry IV. There will be more discussion of him later. Troughton's tough and pithy delivery, biting out the English lines, efficient and cold, was very good; he paired well with West's more emotional Richard. In this play, he wore a peaked cap, and entered and exited marching, dressed in black. Militaristic, fascist – there were hints of Mussolini body movements in some of the speeches. Bolingbroke was something of a Machiavellian, he had read *The Prince*, was an ambitious man, eager for power, to regain his own and go further. This was done by facial acting, something that TOP is very good for, because audience and actors are so close. Critics commented on how, when the news came that Mowbray had died in the crusades, Bolingbroke asked the assembled lords to rise in his honour, we the audience being included in this (though some people didn't stand up). Troughton had a subtle expression of dignified respect, laced with a hidden of satisfaction at the news. This was a curious moment in the performance, breaking the membrane between the audience and the actors, putting us on the stage. This kind of intervention tends to fail when the audience is too sophisticated, wondering what the thought is behind the direction, instead of just joining in. The suggestion here was that we could, indeed, stand in respect for dead Mowbray, though we felt nothing for him. We stood at Bolingbroke's command. It was a lesson in Bolingbroke's political skill: he stood there, grave and serious, with only a hint that he was completely insincere. It was the sort of feigning that Richard could not do, but which Bolingbroke's son, Hal, would be

good at.

Troughton contrasted with Paul Greenwood's Mowbray, who ranted and did not deliver the verse properly, and seemed in fact to be an amateur, even though he was a good Aegeon in *Comedy of Errors*, and has extensive theatrical experience. There was a cold ruthlessness in Bolingbroke's execution of Bagot and Bushy. He lacked nobility as a character. We were supposed to consider that his actions had set in motion the future wars of the roses. This was indicated symbolically on his arrival at Flint Castle in Wales (3.3), when he dropped a handful of soil onto the mound of earth: the suggestion was that Bolingbroke was casting soil on the graves of the future slain. Shortly after this, Richard came to the same mound and dropped a handful of earth through the circlet round his temples, and cast upon the mound a white rose (of York, ultimately defeated by the future Henry VII) which he called his sceptre, and the flag with which he was wrapped, laid over the grave as over a coffin. This was a symbolic moment, a prelude to the wars to come, not so much *Henry IV* but the whole Henriad. Perhaps we also could read it as a symbolic moment foretelling and grieving all future national conflicts in which the national flag was implicated, asking us to look back on British history and regret the unnecessary bloodshed down the centuries.

Northumberland (Christopher Saul) and Hotspur (Adam Levy) were played by the same actors as in *Henry IV*. Northumberland, dour and competent, had a resemblance to Bolingbroke, which was to be exploited in the later play. Hotspur was dressed as some kind of modern day SAS parody, marching on and off in an exaggerated way, with a radio contact in his ear. The exaggerated action-man movements were doubtless a satirical comment on Hotspur, but they impaired the dignity of the performance and struck one as curiously "student drama". He carried a pistol with a silencer with which he carried out executions—this was the fascistic gangsterlike (Arturo Ui) aspect to Bolingbroke's takeover. Hotspur was not at all the man of honour we meet later, and this was a weak link with Attenborough's *Henry IV*. The main theme of the play was the nature of kingship, whether a king may be dethroned or not, coupled with interest in the personality of Richard, and on what grounds one might depose a king. Although Richard is described as being a terrible king, he never comes across that way quite as strongly as he might. Likewise, from my reading of the play, I do not remember Bolingbroke being quite so antipathetic as Troughton made him—that he was admirable as well. But this is the dark vein of interpretation given to the series.

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The critics reacted very favourably to Pimlott's production. The *Financial Times* reviewer rated the production highly: "Take it on its own terms, however, and this is the best production of this play that I have seen. Why? Ironically, because it makes you hang on the text. It is at first alienating, and only gradually does it become entertaining, illuminating, absorbing. There is no kind of theatrical illusion here. ... The acting style is more or less Brechtian: the actors stand inside and outside their roles at the same time, the audience is directly addressed at many points, and there is no decorative attempt to add 'realistic' characterising flesh upon the roles beyond the central task of rendering the text pellucid. The few external strokes whereby people are 'characterised' are broad, emphatic: John of Gaunt has a wheelchair; Harry 'Hotspur' Percy an exaggerated military behaviour; the Queen is outfitted at first like a wholly artificial fashion plate." John Gross (STel) criticized Pimlott for overstrong direction in the past: "Shakespeare plays directed by Pimlott have tended to end up as plays by Steven Pimlott" but "when he isn't busy trying to show how desperately relevant Shakespeare can be made to seem today (with a little help), Pimlott offers a lucid and concentrated exposition of the action, and its emotional shifts." The criticism in this case is unfair. Gross's comments are, however, the sort of thing that used to be said (and can still be said perhaps) about the RSC. Michael Billington's (G) astute general comment on how the production in the context of the Millennium (looking back over the past century) "rescue[s] Richard II from medieval pageantry and reveal[s] its modern relevance as a study of the way revolution often begets tyranny" locates the production firmly in the mainstream of RSC political drama (influenced by Kott). He further elaborated this in an excellent review comparison with Jonathan Kent's production (Ralph Fiennes) at the Gainsborough Studios: "For Kent, politics seem marginal: for Pimlott, you feel, they are the main reason for doing the work. And what hit me like a thunderclap is that the real key to *Richard II* lies in how you interpret Bolingbroke: the man who seizes the throne. In the old days you cast your smooth actor as Richard, your hairy one as Bolingbroke. It was John Barton who shattered the stereotype in 1973 by having Ian Richardson and Richard Pasco alternate the two roles: suddenly they became a mirror image of each other." He goes on to discuss West and Troughton: "West's Richard is a heedless tyrant, David Troughton's Bolingbroke is a purposeful one. What both have is the absolutist's ability to hide behind the sanctity of God and nationhood. In the Westminster deposition scene, West, quite literally, wraps himself in the national flag.

Troughton meanwhile, appealing to a divine right he himself has shattered, at one point asks the audience to rise in prayer. This brilliantly pins down the tendency of dictators, and even democratic politicians, to cloak themselves in convenient abstractions, a point Pinter has tirelessly made in his recent political plays. Shakespeare's history plays are not just about the Tudor myth: they are actually about the daily practice of power. In that sense, they are the greatest political plays ever written. ... Put Bolingbroke at the centre, as they do at Stratford, and you have a profoundly political work. Make Richard the spotlight focus, as they do in *Shoreditch*, and you have the lesser form of tragedy."

Robert Butler's (IS) comments indicate the success of the ensemble due to the political interpretation: "The most striking effect of this is to shift Samuel West's Richard to one side. This is partly because there are strong articulate performances from the nobles. David Killick's York is a brisk, alert and fully imagined portrait, while Christopher Saul's Northumberland is the model of the senior civil servant, sidling up to Richard in his pinstripe and discreetly asking him to sign a confession. David Troughton's fiercely impressive Bolingbroke is a staunch English oak, who drives the play forward and looks as if he will always usurp the willowy pallid Richard. West's Richard is a dislikeable figure, callow and petulant, with smirking grins and a heightened self-awareness that makes him seem to dance around his own character. He is hard to pin down and West keeps our sympathy at bay. It's as if West's Richard feels more pressure from previous interpretations of the role than from Bolingbroke."

In general, there was high praise for West. John Peter (STim) was critical of the production: "Samuel West's performance is stranded between his instinct to explore Richard's character and his director's drive to show him as a loser in a game of realpolitik. ... If you do not find him regal and glamorous, a golden boy as well as a flawed ruler, there is no sense of loss and therefore no tragedy: Richard becomes simply the man crushed by David Troughton's magnificent Bolingbroke." Nightingale (T) has high praise: "Sensitivity, sophistication, a laid-back wit and a rich sense of irony distinguish him from most of those around him but should probably disqualify him from ruling them. He is less effete and spoilt, shrewder and sharper than most Richards. He has simply had the ill-luck to have been born a medieval Plantagenet, not a modern Windsor." The *Financial Times* reviewer has some sensitive comments on West: "West's acting style is very simple: he presents the role with a riveting mixture of modesty and authority. At first, we are more alienated from Richard II than any other character:

West begins with a formal, correct, head-boy manner, and only after some scenes drops this mask to reveal a more relaxed, scheming malice. But Shakespeare's masterstroke is that Richard only shows the nature of his royal majesty just as he yields the crown to Bolingbroke. Most Richards here use a grand manner and/or actorly virtuosity: while his fortune declines, his spirit soars. But West just stays very precise: he grows more ironic, more intense, and shows in dynamic terms how surely he is in intellectual command of each scene." Paul Taylor (I): "But Samuel West's excellently spoken, if rather uncharismatic Richard is impressive in the abdication scene. Instead of lyrically luxuriating in grief, he arrives whistling the National Anthem and draped in the flag of St George. Richard's instinct for theatre hasn't deserted him yet as he determinedly upstages Troughton's rattled Bolingbroke. West's waspish irony disintegrates, though, into nervous despair when Richard registers the full implications of what he has surrendered." Susannah Clapp (O): "This will be the making of Sam West, an outstanding speaker of Shakespearean verse, who is a crisp, intelligent and original Richard. He begins in thin-lipped composure; he turns to lip-curling ironies and when you expect him, in defeat, to become lyrically expansive, he instead becomes more caustic. He picks his way through mooning lines with a painful prickliness. He never obviously appeals for sympathy and, as a result, is the more sympathetic."

The minor characters were well-received. Michael Billington (G) on Troughton: "David Troughton's Bolingbroke is also brilliantly effective: an overweening politician who cloaks driving ambition under a sense of wrong 'I am a subject and I challenge law' and who swiftly dispatches Richard's followers with a bullet through the brain. But, having staged his takeover, Troughton also captures the hermetic isolation of power, making redundant the decision to end the play with the opening lines of *Henry IV Part One*." Charles Spencer (DT) on Troughton: "David Troughton brings both gallows humour and a real edge of thuggery to the role of the usurper, Bolingbroke. He has a commanding stage presence that suggests furious violence within, and there's something dead behind the eyes. Yet in the final scene Troughton also memorably anticipates the awakening conscience and the oppressive care of kingship that will burden Henry IV in the subsequent plays." Nightingale (T) praises Alfred Burke: "I have seldom heard Gaunt's famous speech about England delivered with more love and pain than by a wheelchair bound Alfred Burke or Bolingbroke's voracious energy and passing self-doubts better embodied than by David Troughton." John Gross (STel) praises David

Killick, who “is particularly good as York, the almost comic yet deeply serious royal servant who switches allegiances.” John Peter (STim) praises Christopher Saul as “a bustling, creepy Northumberland.”

There was a varied response to Adam Levy’s Hotspur, from *The Scotsman*, which describes him as a new RSC star, “all dark curls and glinting heroic energy, who plays Hotspur as a comically keen young SAS officer in *Richard II*, and as a classic battlefield knight in gleaming armour in *Henry IV*”; Billington (G) commenting that, “Adam Levy’s armed-to-the-teeth, SAS-style Harry Percy lend[s] unflinching support”; Charles Spencer (DT), “Adam Levy is a hilarious gung-ho Harry Percy”; and others, such as Nightingale (T), who complains, “Why must Adam Levy play Harry Percy, alias Hotspur, as a black-clad nerd who enters doing a military crawl and is doomed ever afterwards to strut, salute and polish off the odd foe with his pistol?”

***Henry IV Part One* (Swan)**

Henry IV Parts I and II were directed by Michael Attenborough in the Swan Theatre. Attenborough has a great number of RSC productions to his credit, his most recent productions being *Othello* last year, and *Romeo and Juliet* three years ago, which came to Japan (both productions with Ray Fearon and Zoë Waites). Design was by Es Devlin, and consisted in a large throne set on a brown-red earth-textured surface which rose towards the back of the stage as a steep ramp. Above it there was a screen angled to send the voices back into the auditorium. The set was kept as simple as this, varied only by some trees being brought on towards the end of Part II. Dry ice was used to create mist and smoke. Costumes were quasi-medieval. Hal wore a long cloak, and Falstaff wore a leather jerkin and sporran-like purse. There were medieval leather hats for Bardolph and others. The armour for the battle scenes was all working armour as it were, dulled-metal and serviceable. The tone of the production eschewed technicolour, except in one instance when Blount stood on the top of the earthen rake, bathed in a golden light, bringing terms to the rebels, and his armour shone like gold (honourable Blunt) which reverted to dull metal when he descended. The simplicity of the set with props such as tables and chairs (the throne) being brought on gave the costume greater prominence (as it does at the Globe), particularly during the battle scenes, with four figures standing in armour before us conjuring up the landscape of medieval England.

The Swan is a small theatre, with everybody close to the action, and one would not normally expect *Henry IV* to suit such a small playing area, given the important battle scenes at the end of Part I. But it worked extraordinarily well, though one of the audience complained of excessive shouting on the afternoon that I attended, and a reviewer complained about the stage smoke.

There was much anticipation of Barrit's Falstaff, the most obvious choice for the part. This was not disappointed, though he was less amusing than one had expected him to be. His great skill lies in adlibbing, and addressing the audience directly, and he used this to great effect in *Midsummer Night's Dream* (Bottom) and *Twelfth Night* (Malvolio), both at the RSC with Adrian Noble. But the great danger with a clown like Barrit is that he can take over the show. Attenborough was carefully reining him in so that Hal could have more spotlight, and inviting us to see the play from Hal's point of view. On the occasion that I saw *Part I*, Barrit appeared somewhat worn out and this affected pace and delivery. At the same time, there was directorial emphasis on the weaker, pathetic side to Falstaff, as opposed to the vital jovial scoundrel. A sharp light was thrown on the disjunction between honourable and dishonourable action, producing a critical view of the play's action, critical of Falstaff, calling into question Hal's behaviour in the early scenes, providing a contrast between Hal and Hotspur – this tended to darken the play. This problematic aspect to Falstaff was most in evidence when he led the conscripts into battle with a cold repellent ruthlessness – only three would survive, and those would be beggars. Barrit's charisma and stage presence were thus not used to fill the part and give it warmth. He also came across as slightly melancholy. But although I would have preferred more laughs (and there were quite a few) the production had a coherence and balance that was most satisfying.

Falstaff and Hal's first entrance was quite brilliant: Falstaff was born out of the earth, struggling up onto the stage through a slit set in a trapdoor, and Hal emerged from under the throne which was draped with a golden cloth, raising his arm to stretch and the cloth was whisked away. This was breathtaking direction, and most thought-provoking. Falstaff coming up from below – from the unconscious, from the lower regions, from Hell even (which is what the under-stage was known as in the Globe), and Hal from under the throne as though born from there – the high and the low meeting in a middle region, which might be a metaphor for Shakespeare's achievement in the play, uniting different styles. There was a suggestion here also that Falstaff was made of

earth, like the globe itself (to which he is likened of course), the medieval equivalence of flesh, desire and worldly corruption, which a true king would have to put aside in order to lead his people well.

Hal was played by William Houston, like Samuel West, still a youngster, but without West's extensive radio and film experience. He has performed Troilus for the RSC, and has spent four years in Stratford. His roots are Northern Ireland. He must be in his late twenties, perhaps ⁽⁶⁾29. If there was a man of the season award for the summer (and there should be) I would have to give it to him. He gave a strong and consistent interpretation that carried right through both the *Henry IV* plays and into *Henry V*. A huge number of lines to learn for one season, and although one could see the tiredness in the face, there was no lack of energy in performance. He was a glaring steely tough character, not really very likeable at all. His speech justifying his counterfeiting was the keynote to the character, coldly given, and looking forward to the rejection of Falstaff (1.2.195). When Falstaff is actually told that he will be rejected, "Banish plump Jack, and banish all the world. —I do, I will," (2.4.479) this was a chilling and accentuated moment. This was Attenborough's interpretation of the world of *Henry IV*: harsh and less comic than we usually expect. Hal's joke on Falstaff, set up with Poins, was less funny than it might have been. But as with Samuel West, the great pleasure of Houston's performance was the way that he made the lines resound through the Swan with a rich bass timbre, given with sufficient speed that the lines lived, and with enough variation in speed and tone. There was an emphasis on voice quality in this production which was very welcome: the three leads, Hal, Henry IV and Falstaff, all had deep colourful resonant basses, though one might cavil that Hal should perhaps have been more tenor, and Falstaff tended towards the tenor rather than bass. In Verdi he is a baritone. Just as in opera, variety in voice colour is very important, and a big voice is essential for the lead part. This is especially true for the Globe.

Houston's face is not handsome in a conventional sense. It has a streak of brutality in it, which one associates with medieval monarchs, and this fitted the interpretation very well. He instilled into it authority and acted with absolute command, giving commands as though he was born to it. His grim demeanour put a seam of menace into the play that is not usually so noticeable on a first reading. He was no lathe-like wand to Falstaff's corpulence—there was too much steel in him. The only time that he really showed warmth towards Falstaff was when he thought that Falstaff was dead. He did

a rather cruel imitation of his father, sitting on the throne placed high on the table (2.4.434).

The beginning of the play started very strongly with Troughton on his knees, a wan tired figure facing the audience, giving the lines: "So shaken as we are, so wan with care." These lines had been added to the end of *Richard II* pointing forward—an unnecessary addition by Pimlott, as Billington stated in his review. Troughton gave these and other speeches with a forceful edge. He was a leader used to command, and the lines had a kingly dignity about them, though he was wearied by the burdens of kingship: he thus managed to convey strength of will, dignity and weariness, a great achievement. This weariness was very nicely captured later in the play before the battle, as he put the crown on his head and winced visibly: it was painful to be the King. One of the strengths of the production was the way that it highlighted Hal's relationship with his two rival "father" figures, Henry and Falstaff. There were echoes in the body language of Falstaff and Henry (both limped), and this theme was also taken up in the relationship between Northumberland and Hotspur. There was a very effective moment just before Falstaff's speech on honour, where Henry stood and glowered at Falstaff before he walked off (5.1).

Adam Levy (who had been rather misdirected in *Richard II*) produced a "young" Hotspur, and showed some inexperience in delivering the verse properly. The parting scene with his wife was slightly overplayed. Singing in Welsh by Mali Harries who played Lady Mortimer, was very beautiful. In general, Hotspur was characterized as a likeable honourable youth, in strong contrast to Hal. An old-style fiery youth of honour defeated by the colder up-and-coming Machiavell, Hal, not quite as honourable but a more effective leader, a more modern king. This was brought out very clearly in the fight at the end, when Hotspur was killed because he allowed Hal to pick up an extra sword without which he would not have been able to fight. One might also comment here on the splendid battle scenes, with men in armour rushing on, and hubbub and turmoil being realistically conveyed. Terry King, who advises both the Globe and the RSC on the fights had done a good job—this was particularly true of Douglas the Scot (Kenneth Bryans), who fought with Celtic passion.

(7)
Reaction by the critics to *Henry IV part I* was very favourable. Charles Spencer (DT) praised Attenborough, who "has always been the most humane of directors, with a particular talent for suggesting that mankind is both fallible and redeemable." Houston

“with his cruel mouth and the bullying instinct of a public-school head of house, mercilessly exposes how unattractive a character Hal is. There is an element of cold calculation in everything he does; he knows more about political spin than Alastair Campbell. Houston also captures the consistent cruelty with which Hal treats Falstaff, from whose great heart he could learn so much.” Falstaff’s “beautiful delivery of the famous ‘honour’ speech here becomes a totally persuasive indictment of the hollow, macho posturing of war, and there are also deeply affecting moments of vulnerability. This is a Falstaff with a haunted horror of mortality and a desperate need to be loved. Beyond the jokes lies a terrible loneliness.” Michael Billington (G) was impressed with the production, with high praise for Troughton: “The main link with Pimlott’s *Richard II* lies in David Troughton’s dazzlingly pivotal performance. A dominant Bolingbroke, he now turns into a guilt-wracked Henry IV, ever-conscious that he seized the throne by force. Yet, although first seen at prayer in penitent’s gown, Troughton’s king is still a brutal pragmatist who seeks to pre-empt rebellion by squashing his fractious nobles. Troughton also gives us the anxious father aware that he is in danger of losing his son to the taverns and the fat knight: there’s a great moment when his path crosses that of Falstaff in battle and he shoots him a wounded look. But it is Troughton’s magnificent verse-speaking that makes this the key performance so far of the Stratford Histories.” John Gross (ST) is at odds with how I saw the production: “Desmond Barrit is a delightful Falstaff, wistful and affectionate rather than gargantuan—and never suggesting the ruthlessness which enables Falstaff to lead his poor conscripts to their death. He’s extremely funny lying about his exploits at Gad’s Hill, and drumming his fingers on his belly when he is found out; in his soliloquy on honour, melancholy gets the better of cynicism. The surprise of the production, given how easy it is to go wrong with the part, is William Houston’s Hal. He is neither Teflon hero, above criticism, nor a cold fish, but roughly what Bernard Shaw called the Prince—‘an able young Philistine’ moderately attractive, tough, rather than vicious. That he can see the point of Falstaff is to his credit; that one day he is going to have to drop him comes with the job.”

Benedict Nightingale (T) discusses the two father figures in the play: “But this is a tale of two fathers, one official, one not. It is clear that Troughton has an ex-officio rival as soon as Desmond Barrit’s Falstaff appears, a troll king who introduces himself by peering out of the same earth like an old mole or the head of a dilapidated John the

Baptist. He's funny, he's manipulative, he's mournful, but he scores in two particular respects. He makes much of his odes to life and dishonour, enunciating the survivor's code with more care and gravity than any Falstaff I can recall. He also offers paternal warmth to William Houston's Hal, rumpling his hair, cradling his shoulders—and wincing when the young boy freezes and tells him that, yes, he will reject him."

Alastair Macaulay (FT) was impressed by Houston: "Is there a greater gift in acting than spontaneity? And yet it's not solely a gift. It's a talent, and a technique. . . . William Houston . . . has, most of the time, this gift/talent/technique." But Benedict Nightingale (T) felt otherwise: "I wish I could say that Houston reconciles the inconsistencies, but he does the opposite, playing his fourth-form pranks at Eastcheap with such grinning relish you can't see the future victor of Agincourt beneath the gormless boy." Susannah Clapp (O) had some qualifications: "William Houston, though too often wearing an inappropriate smile, is an arresting, calculating Hal; as Bardolph, Arthur Cox has perfect pitch. But it is the tender episodes—the sad sequence of leave-takings, between husbands and wives and fathers and sons—that are outstanding. These would have been even more striking had not David Troughton turned the king into a creature of bombast and a choppy verse-speaker. The beguiling thing about Desmond Barrit's performance of Falstaff is his sense of complete relaxation. His body seems to be built on an entirely different scale from those around him. Melancholy murmurs escape him like the creaking of his big bones. He may adopt an actorly swagger to utter his biggest lies, but his most gorgeous phrases roll from him naturally, as if he were sweating adjectives." Paul Taylor (I) has some nice comments on Troughton, who "is first seen here in guilt-racked prayer, wearing a penitential gown and hefty wooden cross. His eyes stare hauntedly; he spits out the verse with an angry vehemence. But he never lets you forget that this careworn king is the same brutal operator who manoeuvred his way to the top. In his dealings with the rebellious nobles, there's a terrific trapped violence in Troughton's Henry, a feeling he can barely restrain himself from savagery." Taylor's interpretation of Barrit differed from mine: "Desmond Barrit's silver-maned Falstaff is beautifully mellow and relaxed and tinged with camp. There's an attractively stage-struck quality about some of his boastful economies with the truth that makes you feel that this is how Bottom would have essayed the role, had the script been available in Athens. But he also shows you the knight's unbombastic depths: I have never heard the famous speech questioning the value of "honour" delivered with such a

compelling, wry casualness. This is a Falstaff who, when he's supposed to return a signal at Gadshill, turns out, hilariously, to be one of nature's non-whistlers." John Peter's (ST) review reminds us that a production can change over the period of performance (and of course differ from day to day): "Desmond Barrit's Falstaff is a difficult, wayward old codger, but he is nice. Barrit and Attenborough should have a long talk about this: the first night need not be the end of the road. Shakespeare's Falstaff is not nice. Barrit makes him wistful, almost sad, that his ragtag soldiers got killed; Shakespeare's Falstaff does not care a damn." By the time I saw the production this seemed to have been addressed. Peter's comments on Houston are good: "William Houston plays him as an already practised manipulator, thuggishly attractive, with a lean, whippet-like body and a dangerous, predatory smile." Peter makes some sharp complaints about the eclecticism of different production styles, singling out Levy's widely differing performances as Hotspur in *Richard II* and *Henry IV Part I*. David Maddox (SH) commented on Adam Levy: "Adam Levy's inspired performance as Hotspur showed all the wild-eyed, empty-headedness of a young boxer in his prime. His posturing and lines were all delivered in the manner of a myopic youth shouting out "I am the greatest." Set against him was a surprisingly sober and manipulative Prince Hal."

***Henry IV Part II* (Swan)**

Part II was directed and designed by the same team, and the audience was given the opportunity to watch both parts on one afternoon and evening, though I preferred to savour the performance, and saw *Part II* a few days later.

The play begins with the Rumour induction, which was distributed to several voices placed at differing levels in the audience in the Swan. The induction thus came from all directions in the theatre, wittily realizing the lines: "from Rumour's tongues / They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs." It led straight into the scene with Northumberland being given the bad news about the death of his son, Hotspur, a scene which contrasts well with Richard II in front of Flint castle, who reacts differently to successive waves of bad news. The scene was played as a crescendo built around the gradual revelation of Hotspur's death, delivered by different messengers supplying different reports, enacting the prologue's description of rumour, with Northumberland stoically bearing up under the load of grief.

Troughton continued to excel himself in the production that I saw. The speech given in the palace at night, as Henry paces up and down sleeplessly was a tour-de-force:

Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. (3.1.26)

It is the pivotal scene in the play, as Melchiori, in the New Cambridge edition notes, and pivotal to the cycle in many ways. The speech harks back to Richard's meditations on kingship, and looks forward to Henry V's thoughts and prayers in the camp before Agincourt: what are the duties and responsibilities of kingship? Who would make a good king? Is a king like an ordinary person? Troughton gave the speech with great vocal skill, shaping the words with precision and forming the lines with a driving rhythm. He went quickly, which he did throughout, but nothing was lost and all the words rang in the air, even unfamiliar ones like "larum-bell". Charles Spencer talked about Attenborough's humane direction, and this was most clearly fulfilled by Troughton's Henry. We were made to feel with him during this series that to be king carried a moral weight that burdened every action, and this is surely what the dramatist intended.

Henry's death scene, with Houston and Troughton, glowed in the mind. Henry lay with the crown on his chest, asleep. Houston taking up the crown and placing it on his head, the spotlight glancing off the crown, an iconic moment that lives in the memory – and a tribute to Shakespeare who fooled us into thinking (the first time we read the play), with Hal, that Henry was actually dead. Henry stirred from sleep, and then followed the great set-piece attack on Hal. For a sick man, Henry leapt out of bed and fell to the floor with great vigour (which he had done at the very beginning of the play), ending up exhausted and cradled in Hal's lap, with his body stretched out in his nightgown as though he was in his winding sheet. Henry during his outburst was on all fours – slightly beneath the dignity of a king. Houston looked stricken in this scene, as though he was really feeling grief, and this went some way to humanizing Hal. There was subtle psychological interplay. When Hal took the crown, and crowned himself, there was some truth in the accusation that his ambition to be king had led him to wish his father's death; Henry replies to Hal's "I never thought to hear you speak again," with

"Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought" (4.5.92). From the start Hal had been coldly ambitious. Henry's distressed speech had been anticipated by Northumberland's grief at the beginning of the play for Hotspur, the flower of chivalry and honour. Hal, by not fulfilling his father's hopes for him, likewise provoked grief; except, of course, that Henry had got the wrong end of the stick, leading to the turnaround in the scene, and reconciliation. This reconciliation with Henry spelt the end of association with Falstaff.

In Part II Falstaff was made up to look older, and had a weariness about him that paralleled the aging of Henry Bolingbroke. There was a very skillful piece of acting by Barrit during the low life scene (2.4), when the jaded world-weariness seemed to drop away as soon as Hal entered. Falstaff was genuinely glad to see Hal, more so than Hal to see him, both Hal and Poins having pretended to be servingmen to eavesdrop on what Falstaff was saying. This lowlife scene was a tour de force. It began with Doll Tearsheet vomiting into the trap, followed by Falstaff emptying a john into it. This got a great laugh and also encapsulated the sleaziness of the scene. Music played during this scene was very good, a large drum being slowly beat, and a clarinet piping plaintively. It had a sense of living in unreality, that this was revelry that could not sustain itself, much as happens at 2.3 in *Twelfth Night*. Pistol made a notable impact. His bombastic interjections hurled into the trap were amusing, a satire on the clumsy verse of Shakespeare's contemporaries. Pistol was played by Richard Bremmer, who had been a strong Cassius last year at the Globe. Doll Tearsheet had a revealing low-cut bodice, and badly dyed yellow hair. She spoke with a London accent, and played Doll as hard-as-nails, whipping out a dagger when bothered by Pistol. She seemed to be genuinely fond of Falstaff, and produced quite a steamy scene with him. This ended with the call to the Prince and to Falstaff to leave. Falstaff said goodbye to Doll (duty calling), and then hilariously sent for her to visit him afterwards anyway. Falstaff had sworn to marry Mistress Quickly only a few scenes before, so the intimacy between Doll and Falstaff, observed by Mistress Quickly, reflected badly on Falstaff. This failure to keep his word to Mistress Quickly is another link in the chain of dishonour that attaches to him during the play. When Falstaff says to Shallow at the end of the play, "Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard was but a colour," (5.5.85) we know that he will *not* keep his word, and Shallow knows it as well. Oath-breaking was dishonourable, and on a different level, we meet it again in Prince John's expedient

deception of the rebels; this is an important theme in the play. At the end of the scene, as Falstaff walked out, he waved goodbye rather histrionically, which got a good laugh. It was this kind of clownery that we did not really see elsewhere. One might comment that Barrit carried off the paean to sherris rather well (4.3), though I would have expected there to have been more *joie-de-vivre*, but this was not the Falstaff we were being given.

Falstaff's paralleling of Henry in his relationship with Hal was visible in a number of ways. As mentioned above, the two characters shared physical characteristics, the most obvious being a pronounced tendency to limp. There also seemed to be a structural similarity in the way both characters tended to take a rather melancholic view, and this is where the direction was dampening down Falstaff's usual exuberant high spirits. There was also some similarity in the vulnerability of both figures as relating to Hal, seen when Henry lies in Hal's lap before he dies, and glimpsed also in the vulnerability of Falstaff as he kneels waiting to be acknowledged by the new king, Henry V.

Falstaff comes off rather badly in 3.2, the scene with Shallow where he behaves disgracefully, though the scene itself is highly amusing. Shallow and Silence (Benjamin Whitrow and Peter Copley) in dialogue reminiscing about the past got some good laughs, mainly through Whitrow's good timing, bewailing former acquaintances that had died: "Jesu, Jesu, dead! A' drew a good bow; and dead!" (3.2.50). These two old buffers endeared themselves to us, which had the effect of making Falstaff and Bardolph seem rather cruel. Bardolph used the pricking out of the recruits as an opportunity to take bribes, which meant that only the poorest were taken up. Those with money could buy themselves out. This was a very funny scene and Falstaff, incorrigible in his insistence that Wart, a man bent double with age, Shadow, a dithering grey-haired individual, and Feeble, a woman's tailor, be mustered. There was something unpleasantly predatory about Falstaff and Bardolph. One should comment on Bardolph here, played by Arthur Cox, the most Bardolph-like individual that one could imagine, with a nose that indeed flamed red, wearing a grey wool head-covering. He was excellent in the muster scene, being approached by Bullcalf and Mouldy with bribes, turning his hand round so as to receive the moneys from behind (literally a backhander) and sniggering surreptitiously as he did so.

Although one may sympathize with Falstaff at the end of the play, Hal, with the responsibility of the kingdom on his shoulders, is quite right to reject him, for after all,

in times of national peril, able-bodied men are what are required, and Shakespeare's audience would have understood this, having survived 1588. In the end, Falstaff condemns himself. This question of honourable dealing was brought out in an interesting juxtaposition. As mentioned above, Prince John of Lancaster had given the rebels fair terms, and received their surrender, only to use that as an opportunity to arrest them and send them to their death. It meant the breaking of his word—unknightly and dishonourable. This was immediately followed by the entrance of Falstaff in 4.3.1, as if to underline the connection—Falstaff, the dishonourable knight. We are inclined to view Falstaff sympathetically, but perhaps Samuel Johnson was right when he called him, “a character loaded with faults, and with those faults which naturally produce contempt.”⁽⁸⁾

For the second half of the play there were trees placed to the back of the stage area, suggesting a rural environment for the scenes with Shallow. At the end of the play, with a fanfare piped over, the Lord Chief Justice and others knelt facing the trees with their backs to us, and Falstaff, kneeling, waited downstage, calling out to Hal. Hal was robed in white, with a crown, in a bright yellow-golden spot, standing between the trees and advancing. He looked very solemn but at the same time august, elevated, majestic—a world apart from Falstaff and his cronies, so that the rejection seemed not so much heartless as inevitable, that as a king he could no longer associate with the low life of brothels and taverns, robbing and swizzeling as Falstaff does. After Hal had given his speech and swept onwards, Falstaff was left kneeling, disconsolate, and obliged to turn to Shallow, and excuse his inability to pay back the thousand pounds. This was a humiliating moment for Falstaff, and one felt for him. One might also note that the speech that Shakespeare gives Hal is somewhat harsh, but it is also elevated and judicious, with a driving rhythm and beautiful phrasing. In an earlier context Hal's comments on the grave gaping for Falstaff “thrice wider than for other men” might have got a laugh. Perhaps there is also a potential laugh at the bathos of Falstaff's comment immediately afterwards: “Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.” Falstaff and the others troop off to the Fleet, making the ending a little bleak, until mitigated by Prince John who tells us that they will be “banished until they are reformed,” which allows us to compare the play with Jonsonian satire.

Reaction by the critics to *Henry IV Part II* was again very favourable.⁽⁹⁾ A number of critics commented astutely on the atmospheric change that took place between Part I and Part II. Robert Hewison, in a sensitive review (STim), writes: “While the plot of

Part II repeats that of Part I, Attenborough sets it in an occluded, misty light, even in the country scenes, where Shakespeare deploys Justice Shallow and his colleague Silence as comic relief. The light is sickly, echoing Henry IV's remark about 'rotten times'. One of his opponents, David Killick's worldly Archbishop of York, comments that 'we are all diseased,' urging rebellion against the usurper Henry as a purgative. The national sickness is the crisis of legitimacy caused by Henry's seizure of the crown, and it has infected the king himself. Troughton no longer wears the virile, burly armour of Part I. His clothes become nightgowns, he limps, he cannot sleep, and the crown itself becomes increasingly painful to wear." Benedict Nightingale (T) comments on the decay in Falstaff: "Desmond Barrit's Falstaff even moves with the same hobble [as Troughton's Henry], although gout or gonorrhoea is probably the cause. He, too, has his defiant moments, yet has clearly been exhausted by years of punishing living. The red dye seems to have seeped out of his dirty, tattered coat and moved to the rims of his bloodshot eyes. And much of the old zest and fun has gone with it, to be replaced by the odd moment of quiet introspection: "Do not bid me remember mine end." Kate Bassett (DT) wrote: "Haggard and held together with bandages, he [Henry] is plagued with guilt and worries, feverishly wishing that his sins will go with him to the grave, and stewing over his heir's apparent addiction to debauchery. The whole land seems as sick as its ruler. At Mistress Quickly's bawdy house, Doll Tearsheet (Danielle Tilley) is staggering around vomiting, wan and white as a ghost. Even the irrepressible blaggard Pistol (Richard Bremmer) is skeletally gaunt. And, as another civil war looms, the shabby conscripts whom Falstaff scrapes together look half-dead."

Dominic Cavendish (I) found Houston's interpretation too sombre: "the play's central development, Hal's transition from reckless youth to high-minded, duty-bound sovereign, is strangely muted by William Houston's sombre performance." He qualified this with: "Houston's prince shines when he unleashes a torrent of emotion in the final act." Kate Bassett (DT) also has qualified praise for Houston: "Houston's Hal appears to be in danger of coming across as a one-dimensional cold fish. He shows no vestiges of fondness for his old low-life companions as his coming of age leads him to dwell on his imminent assumption of power. ... However, if you look closely, Houston's portrayal is more complex, betraying signs of sensitivity and a suppressed craving to be loved." Benedict Nightingale (T) disagreed: Hal "seems delighted to greet his old chums, yet even then his heart is clearly moving on to another plane." Robert Hewison (STim)

was enthusiastic: "such is the forward impetus generated by Houston's performance, I can't wait to see him on Stratford's main stage."

Troughton was praised. John Gross (STel) wrote: "David Troughton's haggard King Henry rounds off what has been a memorable performance right through from Richard II." Benedict Nightingale (T) elaborates: "David Troughton in particular justifies trip after trip to Stratford. You'll be able to see him as the thrusting Bolingbroke, then as an increasingly disillusioned and distraught King, and now as the sickly, stricken monarch who squirms with pain when he shoves on his crown but cannot help clutching it to him, like some comforting toy. Yet his Henry never loses the emotional strength, the intensity that originally won him the throne, not even when he's slumped on the floor in his nightshirt, fiercely warring with the son he passionately loves." Susannah Clapp (O) wrote: "The King, David Troughton, speaking more smoothly than he did in Part I, is compelling as a man whose power is seeping away. When he takes off the crown, you feel the strain in his hands and head, as if he were removing something soldered to his scalp."

Critics commented (as above) on Falstaff embodying the weariness that is the theme of the play. Michael Billington (G) wrote: "You see this most vividly in Desmond Barrit's Falstaff. A limping, white-haired, bearded figure, he knows his end is near and is determined to make the most of it. But there is nothing sentimental about this Falstaff: he is predatory, parasitic and quite prepared, when Hal becomes king, to make the law his plaything. Barrit's achievement is to make you see the necessity of his rejection even while regretting it. The only quality missing was the racking awareness of his own childlessness which made Robert Stephens's Falstaff so memorable." Susannah Clapp (O) described Falstaff thus: "Barrit never makes you think he's nice: he plays Falstaff's moments of shabby betrayal unstintingly, without any attempt at charm. But the easy roll of his gestures and phrases marks him as the source of warmth in this abundant, melancholy play, which shifts so swiftly from the public to the intimate. He makes other characters look as if they're trying too hard. And when the ratter is ratted on, it feels not like justice but treachery."

There was praise for Benjamin Whitrow's Shallow and Peter Copley's Silence. Michael Billington (G): "my particular delight was Peter Copley's Silence, a spryly mischievous elder rolling his eyes heavenward at Shallow's Latinate pretensions and, when under the influence, breaking into song like a delirious thrush." John Gross (STel): "And along

with the many well-executed smaller roles carried over from Part One we now have an engaging Doll Tearsheet (Danielle Tilley) and as funny a Shallow and Silence as I can recall—Benjamin Whitrow mingling elderly impatience and self-satisfaction, Peter Copley tottering alarmingly as the drink takes over." Alastair Macaulay (FT) praised Doll Tearsheet: "The Doll Tearsheet of Danielle Tilley is original and haunting." Robert Hewison (STim) had praise for Bardolph: "a wonderfully discreet performance by Arthur Cox, exemplary as a supporting actor." Cavils included questions as to why Hal processed in coronation robes through the trees that were used for Justice Shallow's orchard in Gloucester; though I found this rather beautiful. In general reviews were favourable, and a survey of reviews (including one or two I have not seen) in *The Guardian*, awarded the production a high score.⁽¹⁰⁾

Henry V (RST)

Henry V was directed by Edward Hall (33), son of Peter Hall (who directed the play in 1960 at the age of 30, and went on to direct the acclaimed *Wars of the Roses* series). By coincidence, Hall is a name strongly associated with the histories—Edward Hall (c. 1498–1547) was one of the principal sources. Hall has directed a handful of plays in London and Edinburgh, and has directed *Othello* and *Richard III* for the Globe in Tokyo, which was televised by NHK. For the RSC he directed *Two Gentlemen in the Swan* in 1998. In an interview with Alastair Macaulay of the *Financial Times*, Hall discussed his intentions for the production: "I find *Henry V* is a violent, uncompromising piece of writing that celebrates national unity. That's a state of mind. It's not about ex-clusion but in-clusion. In terms of multicultural Britain, I think our current politics of ex-clusion is going to lead us into real trouble. Right at the end of the play, I'd like to give the audience a sense that something has been achieved."⁽¹¹⁾ In conversation with Terry Grimley of *The Birmingham Post*, he said: "We don't quite know how to think about nationalism because of the echoes it has with football hooligans and far-right politics. It belongs to them, that's what we feel. So it's quite difficult for us to think about nationalism and its positive aspects, particularly when England is a multicultural, multiracial society and has been since the Romans."⁽¹²⁾ Hall's comments are useful because they point us in the right direction for thinking about the production: he is trying to hold together the view from outside of the unacceptability of nationalism, with the view from inside

of coherence and purpose that it brings. Perhaps he was trying to achieve too much—is it not impossible now to allow a sense of achievement, of unity at the end, unsullied by the associations that he mentions? Perhaps in a national theatre, in a different context, it might be possible—a shared commitment to varied artistic goals shared between different cultural groups, this kind of diversity in unity. But this would be moving a long way away from *Henry V*.

The production was designed by Michael Pavelka, who worked with Hall on *Two Gentlemen*, and also designed *The Odyssey* for the RSC. The design for the play was intended to recall the Second World War (and also more recent conflict), and patriotic feelings associated with that period, referring back to Olivier's production of *Henry V* (1945), which acted in part as a morale booster in time of war, (which the original play also did, for England had been at war on and off for twenty years up to the accession of King James). Most of the cast wore battle fatigues and/or khaki, and the play opened in what might have been a military depot, with empty ammunition boxes used as benches. Camouflage helmets were also used, (modern army equipment), and the cast are seen wearing them in the programme, which contains snapshots of them spending a day with the Army Training Regiment at Lichfield. A red cross (made of red poppy petals) on a large cloth, the red cross of England and St. George, made for a powerful effect at the end of the first scene when it was whisked up and away stage right, and all the poppy petals fluttered down onto the stage. This symbolic gesture suggested that the first scene had set in motion events that would lead to extensive slaughter (Flanders poppies, reminding us of the First World War), and the moment encapsulated the production's hostile attitude to war and militarism in general. It was an ugly set, with dark brown colours, set with a contraption at the back with a wheel on, which reviewers called the winding wheel of a defunct coal mine, a potent symbol. It was transformed into the "breach" through which the soldiers had to pour in the scene before Harfleur (3.1). Other set elements included a parachute hung as a backdrop to the French court: again a reference to the Second World War period. The French battle armour was black riot gear worn by continental police. The reason for this was to stress a connection between soccer hooliganism and gung-ho patriotic sentiment, suggesting that patriotism at its ugliest is the same as the armies of English hooligans that battle with European police. This is not a new connection, however, since Kenneth Branagh, in his film of *Henry V* suggested the same thing—except in his film the muddy field was a

rugby pitch rather than soccer. Hall and Pavelka even went so far as to include soccer-chants, and beer drinking in the tavern scene, before the troops embarked.

The large cast played a choric role, dividing up the choruses between them, so that the prologue was spoken by about twenty people, with about two lines each. This dissipated the power of the prologue, since some of the speakers were less competent than others, and the flow of the lines was interrupted. The cast made their presence felt throughout the production, particularly with the rowdy football songs, such as "Eng-er-land" sung before the tavern scene. The unpleasant spectacle of drunken "football" chanting, and the harshness of the beer-swilled voices, made a negative comment on patriotic sentiment and the pursuit of glory. A later song "I long to go to battle for the king!" was sung to the same kind of tune. This was ill-conceived. How many soldiers sing of longing to go to battle on the way there? The songs had an alienating effect, diminishing the heroism of the English. The large cast moving about the stage played an important part in creating a sense of large numbers involved. Crossing the channel, they grouped in a square and swayed, imitating the movement of a shallow-draught landing vessel, bringing to mind the landings at D Day (I have seen similar techniques used in a Steven Berkoff production of *Coriolanus*). At the siege of Harfleur they grouped front stage while Houston rallied them with, "Once More!" Ladders were carried into the auditorium, and propped against the dress circle and the cast made as if they were going to scale. The mayor of Harfleur surrendered the city from the dress circle. It was a dramatic way of staging 3.1, and placed us with the French, facing the English (perhaps this is what the production as a whole was doing). At the end of the play the Union Jack, hung as a backdrop, a faded tatty flag, was let fall, a comment on the centripetal forces of devolution, separate parliaments in Scotland, Wales and N. Ireland. A weakness of the casting was a failure to include any actors of ethnic origin – if the production was designed to remind us of the Second World War, then great numbers of Indians, Nepalese, West Africans, West Indians and others fought for the allied cause. English hooliganism, however, may well be a largely white phenomenon. The play itself is multicultural, including the Welsh, Irish and Scottish. Since the range of the play was wide, from the Second World War up to a glance at modern British and English "identity" in the programme notes, then that identity has to include non-white British individuals.

Houston as Henry was unfailingly interesting. He made the language remind us *why* the play is still performed, and that it is the great eloquence that Henry has that makes him a great leader. Houston played him as an unlikeable man, driven, hard, talented—not a very sympathetic figure. It is a play in which all the other roles are secondary. If he is strong then the play works, and this is what happened. The scene with the traitors was very well handled, with Houston coolly and ironically setting up Cambridge, Scroop and Masham, and then delivering papers to them which detailed their treachery. After the prisoners had pleaded for mercy, his long speech condemning them seemed a trifle gratuitous, rather long winded, perhaps hinting to us that this Henry liked the sound of his own voice too much. Calling the traitors monsters, one could not help feeling that there was a little bit of the monster in him, a driven dictator-figure in the making. “Once more unto the breach” was delivered fortissimo, with Henry running on amidst very loud cracks and thunders. Henry enjoyed war and the success it brought him.

Houston was particularly good at coming out to the audience in the long soliloquy, “Upon the king” (4.1.230), speaking directly to us in character, with confidence and élan—though it was a mistake to have him fall to the stage during the speech, something that Troughton did on a few occasions, and perhaps Houston was reminding us that in his weaker more human moments he is like his father. The speech went some way to softening the harsh portrait. However, unpalatable incidents were not skimmed: the hanging of Bardolph was presented to us with his body hanged in front of us, and Henry commenting on it, while the corpse twitched. This recalled Branagh’s film, which had a similar ruthlessly unclouded appraisal, though the focus there was on the evil of war, rather than on Henry’s will. The slaughter of the boys was signalled by a dead boy (this was James O’Donnell the boy from the Tavern scene) with a huge bloody stomach wound; and this was followed by the retaliatory killing of the prisoners with very loud prolonged gunfire: “I was not angry since I came to France until this instant” (4.7.55). This incident, (in the film Olivier omits the killing of prisoners) is thus highlighted here. Following this, Henry’s comments on the numbers dead seemed very inglorious and hollow (4.8.80), a problem for any director since the discrepancy in numbers is so very great.

Fluellen, played by Adrian Schiller, was consistently good. This was seen when it was his turn to speak two lines of prologue, the quality of verse-speaking and voice quality rose instantly. Pistol was good, his strange and somewhat obscure rants were

spoken with unexaggerated flourish—Richard Bremmer, from *Henry IV*.

Distinctions were made between the English pronunciation of French words and French pronunciation. When Exeter delivered the challenge to the Dauphin, he pronounced "dauphin" as "daupin", which was corrected by the Dauphin soon after. Agincourt was pronounced differently the first and second time it was mentioned, by a soldier with the English pronunciation and by Henry with the French. The idea was that the English were insular and bad at foreign languages. Katherine's English lesson was rather unsuccessful—hammy and inelegant, and not as amusing as it could be. Katherine had a bad French accent. The Dauphin's praise of his horse was given without a cut, and spoken well enough to retain interest, which was an achievement: Shakespeare is mocking the French, but the scene should not be overplayed. The scenes alternating between the French and the English camps were played by leaving the actors on stage while actors at the back came forward with the next scene, presumably done to emphasize the closeness of the two camps.

The programme for the production contained a great deal of commentary on questions of "Englishness." There were quotes from George Orwell, and from a range of journalists and politicians. No definition of Englishness was actually produced, beyond the conviction of some of the writers that England's identity was to be found in "the tinkle of the hammer on the anvil in the country smithy, the corncrake on a dewy morning, the sound of the scythe against a whetstone, and the sight of a plough team coming over the brow of a hill" (Stanley Baldwin); or John Betjeman celebrating "modest village inns, arguments about cow-parsley on the altar, the noise of mowing machines on Saturday afternoons." Baldwin and Betjeman's England has, of course, disappeared, even to the corncrake, now sadly very rarely heard. Some hold that the UK would soon fissure into its constituent parts. Norman Davies writes that he belongs "to that group of opinion which holds the break-up of the United Kingdom to be imminent." There are a number of Scottish voices, a young man from Dumbarton stating that he "probably wouldn't be prepared to fight for any country, but if [he] did it would be Scotland, Britain and Europe, in that order." The commentary in the programme served the purpose of offering the production as an artistic comment on the same problems, and this was a comment which gave the aggressive nationalism in the play an sharper and unwelcome edge. The value of this was that it required us to reexamine our chauvinistic impulses—is patriotic struggle, nationalism, military expansion just football hooliganism

on a grander scale? Is a successful military leader, a dynamic and eloquent leader necessarily something of a monster? Is cultural nationalism in Scotland necessarily good? These are serious issues, issues that Hall was hinting at in the interviews that he gave, and which he did not intend to resolve. In this production there was something rather chilling about Henry, a quality that Houston had cultivated from the beginning of *Henry IV Part I*. But there is more to the play than that. What we also have to ask ourselves is whether it is possible to look at qualities like courage and endurance, and find their literary evocation moving, without having to censor their occasion. For courage and endurance are the virtues of epic heroes, and the epic hero nearly always carries arms—Odysseus, Aeneas, Roland, Prince Arthur. The fragment of Anglo-Saxon poetry, “The Battle of Maldon,” comes to mind. One does not have to be English to be stirred by the rhetoric of “Upon St. Crispin’s day.” By overstating its case against nationalism and military aggression the production underplayed the delight the play can inspire in the triumph of the few against the many.

Reaction to Hall’s *Henry V* was generally favourable, all reviewers praising Houston, finding the production rich in ideas (some critics suggesting it was too much so).⁽¹³⁾ Alastair Macaulay (FT) found that it was over-inventive, but saw Houston as an actor of promise: “He has brains, poetry, oddity, humour; I can imagine him claiming a good many other leading Shakespeare roles.” *The Independent* likewise picked up on the production’s overabundance of ideas “too much needless effort has gone into making Shakespeare interesting,” but had praise for Houston: “Houston is charming in the play’s quieter passages, during which nothing distracts one from the generally high level of verse speaking. These include Henry’s night-time tour of the camp, and his courtship of Princess Katherine.” *The Daily Telegraph* goes into a bit more detail about Houston: “In the *Henry IV* plays he has been a notably cold Hal, betraying scarcely a hint of affection for Falstaff. The coldness and the cruelty continue here, the feeling that Henry has a pocket calculator where his heart ought to be. But Houston finds a touching vulnerability on the eve of Agincourt which suddenly persuades you that this is a character worth caring about, and his sense of kinship with his fellow soldiers is genuinely moving.” *The Daily Telegraph* has an interesting comment about the way that “Hall has rightly recognised that this is a play that says different things at different times. In moments of national peril it does indeed seem like a patriotic rallying call, as Olivier proved with his film. Today, however, with the union looking more precarious

than it has for centuries and increasing uncertainty about our role in Europe, the play comes across as a far more ambivalent and questioning piece about what it means to be English." Kate Bassett (IS) felt that Houston produced "an admirable soldier-king, not with rhetorical bombast but with psychological complexity," and that Hall "steers a dextrous course, managing to avoid crudely vaunting nationalism whilst declining to reduce Henry V's oratory to mere spin doctoring. Hall's updating of Harry's infantry to boisterous lager louts who set off to war singing football anthems ... also effortlessly bridges the centuries." John Gross (ST) had some detailed comments on Houston: "Houston is cold, watchful, efficiently insincere, adept at presenting his actions in a generous light, buoyed up by an enormous belief in himself. He keeps his feelings under tight control when he has to, but an almost feral quality peeps through. He is not particularly impressive physically, but he has acquired charisma though sheer force of will." Gross (ST) praised the Eastcheap characters. Richard Edmonds (BP) in an unfavourable review had good words for Alexis Daniel: "Alexis Daniel's Dauphin — a rare performance and one which soars in the act three 'Pegasus' speech." Michael Billington (G) is very favourable: "The first shock of this production is to find that we are in for a company show as much about the nature of Englishness and the ethos of war as about the qualities of kingship. The lines of the Chorus are divided up democratically and William Houston's Henry emerges as a dogged fighter who has to earn his claims to leadership. If a key point comes across, it is that the English possess a truculent chauvinism that only turns into heroism in moments of crisis." Billington qualifies this with: "The production confronts Shakespeare's ambivalence towards heroism." Susanah Clapp (O) praised Hall's inventiveness, but made the astute comment: "there's too much of everything. Again and again, *Henry V* appeals to the audience to be indulgent with the lack of resources on the stage. In the face of such extravagant visualisation, this sounds ridiculous. Too often the staging is expressive, rather than illuminating. Some of the play's problems — the seriously embarrassing scenes with comic Scots and Welsh, for example — are glossed over." Benedict Nightingale (T) made the same kind of comment, discussing the inventiveness of the production.

A few weeks in England in the summer are not long, and there are a great number of Shakespeare productions which one could go and see. Japan is a long way away, and although British theatre comes over to visit, they do not often come to Western Japan. Let us hope that more British companies will make more use of the excellent

halls and theatres that there are up and down Japan. If we were to judge a nation by the quality of its theatre, then, nationalism aside, at the end of the second millenium, we can say that British cultural life is thriving.

Newspaper Abbreviations

The Financial Times (FT)

The Daily Telegraph (DT)

The Sunday Telegraph (STel)

The Times (T)

The Sunday Times (STim)

The Observer (O)

The Independent (I)

The Independent on Sunday (IS)

The Daily Mail (DM)

The Guardian (G)

The Birmingham Post (BP)

The Stratford-upon-Avon Herald (SH)

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Weil, Herbert and Judith, eds. *The First Part of Henry IV*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1997: 37.

Cast Lists (These are taken from the production programmes)

***Richard II* (TOP)**

Dir. Steven Pimlott

Des. Sue Willmington

Environment des. David Fielding

Lighting: Simon Kemp

Music: Jason Carr

Sound: Andrea J. Cox
Dramaturg: Simon Reade
Fights: Terry King
Music Dir. Michael Tubbs
Assist. Dir. Emma Wolukau-Wanambwa
Assist. Des. Mandy Cole
Voice Work: Cicely Berry, Neil Swain,
Andrew Wade
Production Manager: Mark Graham
Stage Manager: Monica McCabe
Dep. Stage Manager: Klare Roger
Assist. Stage Manager: Robin Longley

Green/Keeper: William Buckhurst
John of Gaunt/Gardener: Alfred Burke
Willoughby: Sam Cox
Aumerle: Alexis Daniel
Ross: Keith Dunphy
Mowbray/Carlisle: Paul Greenwood
York: David Killick
Harry Percy: Adam Levy
Bushy/Exton: Paul McEwan
Northumberland: Christopher Saul
Welsh Captain/Gardener/Groom: Tim
Treloar
Bolingbroke: David Troughton
Bagot: Dickon Tyrrell
Isabel: Catherine Walker
Richard II: Samuel West
Duchess of Gloucester/Duchess of York:
Janet Whiteside
Marshal/Salisbury/Westminster: William
Whymper

Musicians
Trumpet: Andrew Stone-Fewings
Horn: Peter Morris
Bells: Kevin Waterman/Clifford Pick
Bells: Michael Tubbs

Henry IV Parts I & II (Swan)

Dir. Michael Attenborough
Des. Es Devlin
Costumes: Kandis Cook
Lighting: Tim Mitchell
Music: Paddy Cuneen
Fights: Terry King
Sound: Scott Myers
Music Dir. Michael Tubbs
Assist. Dir. Craig Higginson
Company Voice Work: Andrew Wade, Neil
Swain
Prod. Manager: Stuart Gibbons
Costumer Supervisor: Stéphanie Arditti
Stage Manager: Michael Dembowicz
Dep. Stage Manager: Ros Morgan Jones
Assist. Stage Manager: Cath Booth

Musicians
Bass clarinet/saxophone: Sally Wyatt
Violin: Jeremy Ballard
Percussion: James Jones
Keyboard: Michael Tubbs

Cast for Part One

King Henry IV: David Troughton
Westmoreland: David Lyon
Walter Blunt: Don Gallagher
Prince Hal: William Houston
John Falstaff: Desmond Barrit
Poins: Robert Portal
Worcester: Clifford Rose
Northumberland: Christopher Saul
Hotspur: Adam Levy
John of Lancaster: Dickon Tyrrell
Carrier: Russell Layton
Carrier: Kenneth Bryans
Peto: Joe Renton
Ostler: James O'Donnell
Bardolph: Arthur Cox

Traveller: Rowland Davies
 Traveller: Sandra Clark
 Traveller: Emma Pallant
 Lady Percy: Nancy Carroll
 Francis, a drawer: Russell Layton
 Vintner: Christopher Saul
 Mistress Quickly: Sandra Voe
 Sheriff: David Killick
 Mortimer: Alexis Daniel
 Glendower: Rowland Davies
 Lady Mortimer: Mali Harries
 Douglas: Kenneth Bryans
 Richard Vernon: William Whymper
 Scroop, Archbishop of York: David Killick
 Sir Michael: James Albrecht

Cast for Part Two

Clifford: Kenneth Bryans
 Northumberland: Christopher Saul
 Travers: William Buckhurst
 Morton: Don Gallagher
 John Falstaff: Desmond Barrit
 Page: James O'Donnell
 Lord Chief Justice: Clifford Rose
 Servant: James Albrecht
 Scroop, Archbishop of York: David Killick
 Mowbray: Joe Renton
 Hastings: Rowland Davies
 Mistress Quickly: Sandra Voe
 Fang: Russell Layton
 Snare: Joe Renton
 Bardolph: Arthur Cox
 Gower: William Buckhurst
 Prince Hal: William Houston
 Poins: Robert Portal
 Lady Northumberland: Sandra Clark
 Lady Percy: Nancy Carroll
 Francis, a drawer: Russell Layton
 Vintner: Christopher Saul
 Nell: Emma Pallant

Doll Tearsheet: Danielle Tilley
 Pistol: Richard Bremmer
 Peto: Joe Renton
 King Henry IV: David Troughton
 Warwick: Don Gallagher
 Shallow: Benjamin Whitrow
 Silence: Peter Copley
 Mouldy: Kenneth Bryans
 Shadow: William Whymper
 Wart: William Buckhurst
 Feeble: James Albrecht
 Bullcalf: Russell Layton
 Westmoreland: David Lyon
 Prince John of Lancaster: Dickon Tyrrell
 Coleville: William Whymper
 Clarence: James Albrecht
 Gloucester: William Buckhurst
 Davy: William Whymper
 Beadles: Kenneth Bryans, Christopher Saul

Henry V (RST)

Dir. Edward Hall
 Des. Michael Pavelka
 Lighting: Ben Ormerod
 Music: Simon Slater
 Original Songs: Billy Bragg
 Movement: Ian Spink
 Fights: Terry King
 Sound: Matt McKenzie
 Music Dir. John Woolf/James Dodgson
 Assist. Dir. Matthew Smith
 Company Voice Work: RSC voice department
 Prod. Manager: Stuart Gibbons
 Costume Supervisor: Janet Bench
 Stage Manager: Eric Lumsden
 Dep. Stage Manager: Rosalind Morgan Jones
 Assist. Stage Manager: Cath Booth

Musicians	Grey: Gavin Abbott
Clarinet/Saxophone: Edward Watson	Fluellen: Adrian Schiller
Trumpet: Peter Fisher/Andrew Stone-Fewings	Gower: Gavin Abbott
Horn: David Statham	Jamy: Kenneth Bryans
Guitars: Nick Lee/David Carroll	Macmorris: Keith Dunphy
Double Bass/Bass Guitar: Simon Phillips	Sir Thomas Erpingham: Sam Cox
Percussion: James Jones/John Gibson	John Bates: Kenneth Bryans
Keyboard: John Woolf/James Dodgson	Alexander Court: Gavin Abbott
	Michael Williams: Joshua Richards
	Duke of Salisbury: Kenneth Bryans
The English	Duke of York: Vincent Brimble
Archbishop of Canterbury: Sam Cox	Soldier: Sandra Clark
Bishop of Ely: Vincent Brimble	
King Henry V: William Houston	The French
Duke of Exeter: Michael Thomas	Montjoy: Russell Layton
Earl of Westmoreland: David Lyon	The Dauphin: Alexis Daniel
Duke of Bedford: Joe Renton	King Charles VI: David Acton
Duke of Gloucester: Christian Mahrle	Constable of France: Nicholas Khan
Bardolph: Arthur Cox	Messenger: Claire Adamson
Nym: Joe Renton	Governor of Harfleur: Vincent Brimble
Pistol: Richard Bremmer	Duke of Orleans: William Buckhurst
Mistress Quickly: Sandra Voe	Princess Katherine: Catherine Walker
Boy: James O'Donnell	Alice: Ann Firbank
Lord Scroop of Masham: Keith Dunphy	Monsieur Le Fer: Christian Mahrle
Earl of Cambridge: Joshua Richards	Duke of Burgundy: Sam Cox

- (1) See my forthcoming review of the other productions: "Shakespeare in Stratford-upon-Avon with the RSC, *As You Like It*, *The Comedy of Errors* and *Romeo and Juliet*, Summer 2000," 『演劇学論叢』 大阪大学大学院文学研究科演劇学 *Engekigaku Ronso: Studies of Theatre Arts and Performances* 3 2000; "Shakespeare at the Globe, London, Summer 2000," *Newsletter of the International Globe Centre Japan* (国際シェイクスピア・グローブ・センター日本支部) No.6 2000 (see succeeding numbers).
- (2) Paul Taylor, *Independent* 31 March 2000: 9.
- (3) Richard Edmonds, *The Birmingham Post* 31 March 2000.
- (4) *Financial Times Arts* 31 March 2000; John Gross, *Sunday Telegraph* 2 April 2000, Review: 11; Michael Billington, *Guardian* 1 April 2000, Review: 4; Robert Butler, *Independent on Sunday* 2 April 2000, Theatre: 9; John Peter, *Sunday Times* 9 April 2000, Culture: 16; Benedict Nightingale, *The Times* 31 March 2000, 2 Arts: 30; Paul Taylor, *Independent* 31 March 2000: 9; Susannah Clapp, *Observer* 2 April 2000, Arts Review: 8; Charles

- Spencer, *Daily Telegraph* 31 March 2000: 27; *The Scotsman* 21 June 2000.
- (5) See the interview conducted by Paul Taylor, *Independent* 21 June 2000, The Wednesday Review: 11.
- (6) Terry Grimley, "Grooming of a Rebellious Youth Turned Warrior King: Terry Grimley Meets Young Actor William Houston Who has Grown Up Under the Wing of the Royal Shakespeare Company," *Birmingham Post* 17 April 2000.
- (7) Charles Spencer, *Daily Telegraph* 21 April 2000; Michael Billington, *Guardian* 21 April 2000: 22; John Gross, *Sunday Telegraph* 23 April 2000, Review: 10; Alastair Macaulay, *Financial Times* 5 May 2000; Benedict Nightingale, *Times* 21 April 2000, *Times* 2: 26; Susannah Clapp, *Observer* 23 April 2000, Review: 7; Paul Taylor, *Independent* 2 May 2000 Review: 11; John Peter, *Sunday Times* 30 April 2000, Culture: 16; David Maddox, *Stratford-upon-Avon Herald* 20 April 2000: 9.
- (8) See the discussion by Herbert and Judith Weil, eds., *The First Part of Henry IV* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1997) 37.
- (9) Robert Hewison, *Sunday Times* 9 July 2000, Culture: 19; Benedict Nightingale, *Times* 4 July 2000, Arts: 24; Kate Bassett, *Daily Telegraph* 3 July 2000: 19; Dominic Cavendish, *Independent* 6 July 2000: 12; John Gross, *Sunday Telegraph* 9 July 2000, Review: 10; Susannah Clapp, *Observer* 23 July 2000, Review: 8; Michael Billington, *Guardian* 1 July 2000: 23; Alastair Macaulay, *Financial Times* 17 July 2000.
- (10) *Guardian* 14 July 2000, The Editor: 17.
- (11) Alastair Macaulay, *Financial Times* 1 Sept 2000.
- (12) Terry Grimley, *Birmingham Post* 19 Aug 2000.
- (13) Alastair Macaulay, *Financial Times* 5 Sept 2000; *The Independent* 4 Sept 2000; *The Daily Telegraph* 4 Sept 2000; Kate Bassett, *Independent on Sunday* 3 Sept 2000; John Gross, *The Sunday Telegraph* 3 Sept 2000; Richard Edmonds, *The Birmingham Post* 2 Sept 2000; Michael Billington, *Guardian* 2 Sept 2000; Susannah Clapp, *Observer* 3 Sept 2000; Benedict Nightingale, *Times* 4 September 2000; Elizabeth Grice, *Daily Telegraph* 21 Aug 2000; Terry Grimley, *Birmingham Post* 19 Aug 2000. All articles in this note, and some others, were retrieved from the ft.com archive, and lacked bylines and page numbers.