

## BOOKS

### IES CODE FOR INTERIOR LIGHTING

The Illuminating Engineering Society  
York House, 199 Westminster Bridge Road,  
London SE1 7UN

The IES Code discusses the problems of interior lighting and makes recommendations. Much of the book is concerned with light *quantity* but there is a welcome stressing of *quality* throughout. There is some attempt to quantify the quality and while this may seem somewhat abhorrent to the stage lighting practitioner, it should be remembered that the architectural lighting designer has to pre-plan much more precisely at the drawing board. After all, a stage lighting design is not poured in concrete before the first switch-on! The book certainly has a message for every entertainment lighting specialist and that message is *professionalism*. The Code was first published in 1936 and a new edition has been issued every few years since. The new edition takes into account the recent awareness of the need for energy conservation and, while stressing that a saving by reduction in illumination levels would be counter-productive, it examines means by which energy may be used more efficiently and selectively than it has sometimes been used in the past. An indispensable volume for anyone who has to light any kind of interior from the simplest room upwards.

### THEATRE CRAFTS

Published six times per year by Rodale Press, 33 East Minor Street, Emmaus, PA 18049, USA.

A word of enthusiasm for the continuing excellence of *Theatre Crafts*, a magazine for those of us who have to get the show together, for those of us who have to make it happen. Nuts and bolts, nitty-grittys, case-histories. Nobody with an interest in the future development of lighting should miss Peggy Clark and John Gleason's December article *Training the Lighting Designer*: an account of the United Scenic Artists 1976 admission examination which was set and evaluated by the authors.

### WHO'S WHO IN THE THEATRE

Sixteenth Edition. Pitman Publishing,  
39 Parker Street, London WC2B 5PB

A new edition of that long-running biographical record of the contemporary stage. Over 1400 pages of fact (including careers, production credits and theatre dimensions) garnished with some entertaining fiction (recreational interests). Like all the best reference books, once taken from the shelf to check a reference, inevitably ends up as an extended browse.

## Tabman's Diary

a personal  
view

### Me tayater tekniker

I am indebted to the box office ladies around the world who try to stop me buying tickets for shows in languages with which I obviously do not have even a nodding acquaintance. It does my heart good to find such a long-term concern for audience welfare taking precedence over short-term receipts. The lady at the ticket window of Amsterdam's *Carre* theatre was particularly persistent. She had only side seats at the back of the gallery and it was in "Hollands, all in Hollands, comedy in Hollands!" My protestations of "Musiek? Tanz!" were brushed aside for she was determined to save a tourist tabman from an evening of indigenous commercial theatre. "Ah, but" I said desperately in my best pidgin, "Ich bin ... Je suis ... Me ... Tayater Tekniker". With a shake of the head and an "Ah, so" she reluctantly pulled me a seat. No pundit committee anywhere would today approve the building plans for the Carre Theatre (and neither would I)—a vast circus where the encircling galleries focus on the arena seating rather than on the small hole-in-the-wall proscenium stage. Yet the audience, totally united with each other and with the stage, greeted every comedy line or gesture with a great swell of laughter. Which is why the Carre can present such a lovely smiling floodlit façade towards the Amstel canal.

### Respect and rapport

I live in hope of finding children's theatre companies who respect their audience enough to avoid resorting to such crude participation devices as the ghost gag ("its behind you") or the oh-yes-he-did gag ("oh no he didn't"). *Ramayana* at Berlin's Theater der Freundschaft was delightfully done. No conventional vocal participation—just total rapport between actors and children. Lots of magic including imaginative use of the fly tower for scenic movements.

### In the Pantheon

Inspecting one of the world's oldest and greatest dual purpose luminaires. Admiring the simultaneous diffuse and directional light produced by the single source. Gazing enthralled up into the dome of the Pantheon. But there is no escape. Into the circle of sky drifts an advertising airship.

### Propman

Even without memories of epic movies, imagination can easily people the *Colosseum* with a full-house of 50,000. Standing in the ruins, I had a distinct feeling of *deja vu*. Tabman reincarnated. As an emperor? No. As a citizen? No. As a slave? No. Looking down into the remains of the intricate understage area, I had a certain feeling that I was once the prop man who cleaned out the lions' dressing rooms while they popped up into the arena to eat a plateful of vanquished gladiator.

### Affogato

Tabman is a Scotsman and so inclined to regard the addition to whisky of anything (other than perhaps a drop of water) as the eighth deadly sin. But sinning can be a pleasure and so I must record the pleasures of a Roman delicacy: ice-cream served *affogato*. The ice-cream must be vanilla and the whisky must be very mature. *Affogato* means drowned.

### Restrained rococo

The adjective new in Potsdam's *Neuen Palais* is relative: it was built in 1755. After the exuberance of the decorations of the rest of the Palace, the elegant restraint of the intimate little rococo *Schlosstheater* (1769) in the south wing is very telling. Was this simplicity in the auditorium a conscious effort to highlight the art of the painter which would have been an extravagant feature of the stage decoration?



The Potsdam Schlosstheater (From Margarete Baur-Heinhold's *Baroque Theatre*, published by Thames & Hudson).

### Roman Opera Houses

*Salome* at the *Teatro dell'Opera* had some good projections—used as magic and not, as so often happens, as a substitute for something that could be done much better by other scenic means. Powerful colours reflecting the orchestration. But successful theatre is all about pacing and poor old Richard Strauss gets nowhere near ten out of ten—on every page he rushes towards a climax, then pulls back from the brink. The *Teatro dell'Opera* is young by Roman standards and the auditorium has a touch of severity. Unlike the restored 1731 Teatro Argentina, a golden opera house now used for drama—and demonstrating with the temporary thrust and Brechtian curtain of a Strehler Goldoni tour that the opera house as a building form is surprisingly adaptable. Back home, I read in Donald Mullin's *Development of the Playhouse*:

"The Argentina was an extremely large house, with six tiers, built in the latest fashion with no forestage. There it was not the orchestra which needed amplification but the actors upon the stage. From the back of the house it was difficult to distinguish dialogue. Soon after the theatre was