

Behind the Scenes With Simon Jones

The *Private Lives* star dishes the glamorous life.

by Gerard Raymond

SIMON JONES IS AN INTERVIEWER'S dream. Place a tape-recorder in front of him and he will talk—and talk. He puts on a thoroughly entertaining show—a bubbly mix of disarming honesty and self-deprecation, sharp wit, keen observations, and a no-nonsense professional attitude.

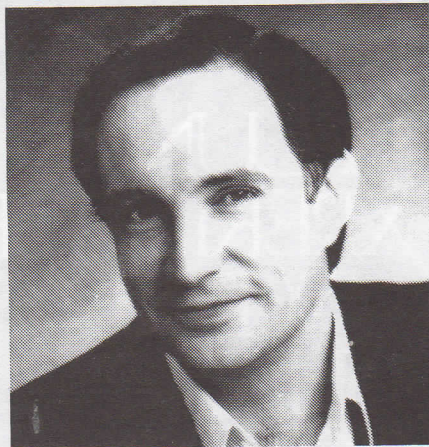
Known in this country for his television performances as the humorless Bridey in *Brideshead Revisited* and the much put-upon Arthur Dent in *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, Jones very often plays the quintessential Englishman in American productions of British plays. His previous Broadway appearances include Tom Stoppard's *The Real Thing* and Michael Frayn's *Benefactors*. He gave two of his best performances in the off-Broadway productions of Peter Nichols's *Privates on Parade* and Alan Ayckbourn's *Woman in Mind*.

In October of last year, Jones embarked on the pre-Broadway tour of Noel Coward's *Private Lives*, starring opposite Joan Collins. He was accompanied by his wife Nancy (the American agent for the members of Monty Python) and his two-and-a-half-year-old son, Timothy. In *Private Lives*, Jones plays Elyot, who meets his ex-wife, Amanda (Collins), while he's honeymooning with his second wife, Sybil (Jill Tasker). Amanda is on her second honeymoon as well, with Victor (Edward Duke), and old affections and animosities between the former husband and wife are rekindled. The 16-week tour was a grueling and often incongruous affair, but Jones tells the story best. . . . All names have been retained to incriminate the guilty.

Getting the Role

"Getting the role was a piece of cake, actually. The advantage was that I was here in New York, under their noses, when they were looking around for somebody who could play Elyot, someone who had the right sort of period flavor. I was doing *Getting Married*, that Shavian extravaganza at the Circle in the
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Square. My agent telephoned to say that Joan Collins wanted to see me. I said, 'Bully for her but I can't see her. She's in Los Angeles, isn't she? I'm doing a play here.' They said she was going to be in Philadelphia, which was



Simon Jones

the nearest she was getting to New York and asked if I could get down there in a day.

"I nearly went to the completely wrong city and the wrong hotel. It turned out she wasn't in Philadelphia but in Fraser, PA, the headquarters of the QVC Shopping Channel. She was doing two days of recording a whole lot of conversations extolling the virtues of her particular line of jewelry. They provided a car, it was pleasant day, and I met her at the Sheraton. A huge bottle of Cristal and a most enormous plate of beluga arrived, and we stuffed ourselves silly. I'm sure QVC was paying for this. It went very well, I thought. I came back to New York and she called up the agent to find out what I thought of her. I thought she was endearing. And the deal was done. Well, I thought, if it is going to be like this in the future, I will be very happy. Perhaps even a bigger tin of beluga next time!

"Yes, Elyot is a change for me. I said to Jonathan Pryce, 'I am doing *Private Lives* with Joan Collins,' and he said, 'Oh, Victor?' [the supporting male role]. I picked up the nearest dessert and was ready to throw it at him, but of course he was absolutely right. I am obvious casting for Victor, which is probably why I decided to do the play; Elyot was huge challenge. And whether I will or won't pull it off, we'll find out."

Joan Collins

"Did I have any qualms about playing opposite Joan? Yes, I did. I thought, is she going to be like the other great stage divas? Is she going to be a monster? Well, I have to say she is not."

(At this point Jones, gesturing wildly, knocks over the tape recorder. There is a glitch in the recording here. I ask if there was any concern that Noel Coward's *Private Lives* would turn into "The Joan Collins Show.")

"Well, this has always been the debate all the way on the road. The original posters, which were left over from the English production, gave no indication of what the audience was going to see. It actually looks like a one-woman show, in which she, like Quentin Crisp, will talk about her private life, which mind you, is pretty well raked-over territory by now. In Texas, I understand, the impression was that she had yet another perfume to flog, called 'Private Lives.' There is no doubt that, in the hinterland, I have absolutely no box-office appeal at all. She is obviously the one, particularly if the audience didn't know who Noel Coward was or *Private Lives* as a play.

"In Sacramento, on a evening when the curtain was late, Nancy [his wife] heard two old ladies talking: One said, 'Well, I expect she is having a tantrum.' And the other one replied, 'No, no, no, she is probably doing her make-up from top to bottom all over again. Probably had to, you know.' That's how they talked about her before they had even seen her. On another occasion, a man in a very laid-

"The *Private Lives* tour was designed by a spider who obviously fell into a glass of gin."

back Californian jig-saw puzzle shop said, 'Oh, Joan Collins, when you see her, give her a good slap from me.' That was when I began to realize her fame was a two-edged sword, and the curse of Alexis was hanging heavily around her neck like a millstone."

The Tour

"The tour was designed by a spider who obviously fell into a glass of gin and then crawled across a map. In England, people seemed to go in droves to see Joan, so the calculation was that we would stuff the auditoria in this country, and we were booked into 3,000 seaters. One of the problems of playing in these huge auditoria was that, with a certain amount of technical assistance, the audience could hear us, but we couldn't hear them at all. We got no response. If they were chuckling quietly, we couldn't hear a thing. It was like doing a dress rehearsal, and therefore it was impossible to time, to make any judgments as to how it was going. Totally unsuitable for this sort of play. It was just grueling. We have got a better show now, just by trial and error.

"We started in Denver. The theater is a mile high, in the foothills of the Rockies, so we had to have an oxygen cylinder in the wings. Maggie Smith reported that when she did *Private Lives* there, after Act II she always needed to have a quick gasp. We did occasionally have a quick snort too, because it was fainting time, Mexico City Olympics, that sort of thing. The critic there liked the cast in general, but she said: 'Here is a couple who smoke, drink, and beat each other up. Do we really want to spend time with them? Does the play really speak to the sensibilities of the kinder, gentler '90s? Hasn't it seen its best days?'

"Oh yes, she really said that. The kinder, gentler '90s! I'd rather have Salem, Massachusetts in the 17th century. It was like that very often. In San Francisco, it was horrendous:

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Amanda says 'I expect you had lots of affairs,' to which Elyot replies, 'That's a little different, I'm a man.' I was booed when I said that line. When she said, 'That was the first time you ever hit me'—a sharp intake of breath. In Los Angeles, presumably in reference to the fact that we both say we don't believe in God, I received several Biblical tracts. My urge was to say, 'Lighten up, America! We are doing a comedy from the 1930s. We are not Democratic Presidential candidates.'

"Ah yes, the tour. In Dallas it was cold and miserable. It started raining and it hasn't really stopped since. The opening night was quite extraordinary. The curtain came in, admittedly rather slowly, and the manager of the theater was ready to deliver a bouquet of flowers to Joan, but when the curtain went up again, the auditorium was totally empty! I have never seen an auditorium empty as quick as that. Whether they were all worried that their cars would get stolen, because it was not a very salubrious area, I don't know. We were all aghast. I mean the applause was quite healthy till the curtain came down, and then when it went up again—nobody there, just a few re-treating backs.

"Houston was slightly different. We were wined and dined by high society. There were some great names, and they came forth in large numbers, it was the thing to do. We did very well in Houston. Sacramento was a sleepy governmental town, and I must say if you walked past the theater you wouldn't know we were on there at all. I didn't see anywhere to hang a poster. The response there was alright, though.

"From Sacramento to Phoenix, again a huge auditorium, designed by Frank Lloyd Wright—seats 3,023 people. It was turned down by a Middle Eastern country and was snapped up by the University of Arizona, and a very stylish building it is. However, the acoustics only work one way: They could hear us, but we couldn't hear a thing. A complete nightmare. But the local critic came over and asked for our autographs so we knew we had a good notice. And Timothy [Simon's son] rode a camel at the zoo and had his hand licked by an ant-eater. So that was all very interesting.

"Then San Francisco. We opened

with an AIDS benefit, which was a mistake, because it was so boisterous. This is a play that can get out of control, and it did. And unbeknownst to us, the critics, who should have come the following night, came that night. A pity, because they were particularly vicious. And it was our own fault, because it was the producer's home town. But business was quite respectable.

"It was very cold and dank and it was so politically correct that I wanted to scream. I think San Francisco has always been like that. It is, in a way, the most liberal of cities, and at the same time one of the most puritanical. Absolutely no one will hear a bad thing being said about anyone else. Which is unfortunate, I suppose, because humor does depend on putting somebody else down. The only jokes that were going around were Robert Maxwell ones, because he was safely dead. It was very depressing, really; we were glad to get away.

"But San Francisco was where the stage fight finally was changed. It required Joan to stand around taking decorous poses, while I threw myself extravagantly against local pieces of furniture. I was covered with bruises, and padded like Arnold Schwarzenegger. I mean Schwarzenegger is not padded, but I looked like him after I was padded, in all the wrong places. I crashed into a chair, and I thought I had broken a rib, I could hardly breathe throughout the play. Michael Smuin, the choreographer, who was in town, came in and redid the dance scene [a tango] and redid the fight. It vastly improved. Suddenly there was a bit more wit, which was very much needed there. So it was a turning point.

"Then we went to Seattle, and played in a huge barn of a theater there. It's a nice theatrical town, and the audience was very friendly even though they were a very, very, very long way away. Joan was ill for two performances and the understudy went on, which was fairly disastrous financially, because we had to repay the producer.

"Los Angeles. Los Angeles is Los Angeles, what can I say? It started to rain there as well. Everywhere we went the weather changed for the worse. We probably had something to do with it, but I don't want to talk

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“I suppose that if it were Shakespeare, after 16 weeks on the road we would have discovered inner meanings of the text. But this is *Private Lives*.”

about it too loud in case we get sued! Let me know if this is boring you. Are we talking roughly to the point?

“Los Angeles was a serious miscalculation. I thought everybody knew it is not primarily a theater town. They think anybody who works for the theater is insane because there is no money in it, and that is all they are interested in. We were there at Christmas. Disaster! Nobody lives in Los Angeles if they can help it, least of all in the festive week. They all left to go to Aspen and Vail and places east. There was nobody there. The producer gave us a week off to cut his losses, because there weren't enough bookings to make it worthwhile for him to go on. It looked terrible in the trades.

“So that didn't look very good—the Joan Collins band wagon had suddenly halted in Los Angeles. But we got a rave review from Sylvie Drake [critic for the *Los Angeles Times*], which was considered fairly remarkable, because she never likes anything in Los Angeles. We then came back for a third week and did boffo business. People suddenly realized that we were going to leave and they started climbing the walls trying to get in, but it was too late.

“From there to Miami, and not a moment too soon, because the rain was fairly continuous already in Los Angeles. In Miami, we arrived in time for the art deco festival. They are all getting very trendy now in Miami Beach. The theater is very nice—pastel shades, the Jackie Gleason Memorial auditorium. The hotel we stayed at was something out of *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*. It was full of South Americans on holiday, speaking fluent and very rapid Spanish, and very irritable old people who were slowly being pushed out. But it was near the beach and Timothy had a really good time at the beach.

“I think the most traumatic experience in Miami was that we were told that Alex Witchel was flying down to see the show and interview Joan for a piece in the Sunday *New York Times*. This seemed like a very

unreasonable gun to put to our heads. It was not the ideal place for us to be seen. We couldn't hear any laughs and we were working too hard to get them. The actors were getting desperate, and the play was not in its best form. However, there was no choice. I mean if we said no, we wouldn't get any support at all from *The New York Times*, or least that is the perception. Well, she came down and the two women really respected each other and it was a very good piece.

“We were glad to get away from Miami because our whole production was falling apart at this stage—we didn't know what we were doing. Without any response from the audience, we didn't know what was working or wasn't. So we arrived in Washington, D.C., and suddenly we could see the audience. Joan came off and said, ‘I can see them, there are people there. They are almost at foot level!’ And there they were, indeed, and instantly there was a rapport. We could communicate; you knew what they were thinking because you could hear them.

“Here we decided to hold it in, give a restrained performance, work together as a team. And it worked. But the critics had axes to grind in different ways and they both contradicted each other. One said it was much too sitcom, which is precisely what it is, actually. You can't better describe this play than as a situation comedy. I think he was probably making some snide reference to Joan and television. Maybe he thought we should have sat at the table making pretty, brittle, witty comments and then enchanted them with the excellence of our delivery. Well, tough luck! The other one said he thought we all ought to be a bit more goofy. So that left us totally confused. However, the National Leukemia Society threw a benefit tea at the White House and Joan and I, and Charles Duggan, the producer, were invited and we shook hands with Barbara Bush. Joan went up to her and said ‘Hello, I'm Joan Collins.’ And Barbara Bush said, ‘Yes, of course you are.’

“And then off to Pittsburgh to the best houses we had. Because it was the last week of the tour, we all fell prey to various illnesses. We had done 11 cities, we had been reviewed 11 times, and we still hadn't got to Broadway. When was this play ever going to settle down? We were still tinkering with it. One has to freeze the production at the end, because otherwise the whole thing could be described as 16 weeks of rehearsal, which it was in a way. It is just too much. I suppose if it was *Long Day's Journey* or Shakespeare, we would discover inner meanings of the text that you have never even begun to think of. But this is *Private Lives*.”

The Nature of the Play

“The odd thing about doing this comedy is that it is utterly ruthless. If you go a hair out in emphasis or timing, a line will drop dead from your lips and the audience will not respond. It is fiendishly difficult. It reads so much more easier because you hear the ideal delivery in your head.

“If you read John Lahr's book about Coward, he says actually there is no plot to this at all. All the plot takes place in Act I, the rest is really unwinding. It is also interesting and reassuring to discover from Noel's diaries, that there were nights that the play just didn't catch fire. God knows we had a few of those too. I am glad to say towards the end of this tour that happened less and less.

“When you go on in *Private Lives*, which sets itself up to be a witty sparkling comedy, and you are not getting any laughs, you are failing totally. And there is nothing more demoralizing. Modern comedies are much cleverer. Alan Ayckbourn is particularly clever in presenting a play that you can take in any way. If you don't chose to laugh at it, then you can take it as a drama, at least the actors don't look foolish.

“I never expected it to be so physical. You think of *Private Lives* as people lounging around in armchairs being witty to each other. But we real-

ized very early on that we could not do that. What passed for wit in the '30s, because they were catch phrases delivered by these two glittering people, will not work in the sober, gentler '90s, because basically there aren't any jokes there. There is an awful lot that is trivial repartee. Oh yes, I put it down to our incapacity and not to the weakness of the script, though I am not altogether sure of that. Act II is full of an awful lot of bad stuff. We had to throw a lot of it away, with the permission of the Noel Coward estate.

"I think this play requires bravura, larger-than-life characters both off stage and on stage. I am more like a chartered accountant when I am off stage rather than an actor, so it is actually harder for me than I think it is for Joan. You know, except for certain people in the business, no one knows who played opposite Tallulah Bankhead and nobody can remember who played opposite Maggie Smith. I have this horrible feeling no one is going to remember who played opposite. . . . No, no, I'm not fishing. What is interesting is that the play, which the playwright originally wrote both for himself and for Gertrude Lawrence, has been commandeered in recent years as a vehicle for the woman in it."

Previews in New York

"We are struggling at the moment with the technicalities of whether or not we should be miked. I am deeply irritated by the miking. I absolutely agree that it is insulting to the actors. And it is not for Joan, because she was easily heard at the Strand Theater in London without miking. We needed it in the huge auditoria we played in during the tour, but here it is utterly ludicrous. It's a nightmare and I hate it. I can't tell you how much it restricts one's movements. I have this wire down the back of my neck and I am terrified that it is going to stick out. And then of course there are all these mix-ups. I suddenly had a guitar solo on my mike, apparently from *The Secret Garden*. Also the night before last, several of my lines came out right in the middle of *The Phantom of the Opera*. I rather hoped it was the line, 'It is extraordinary how potent cheap music can be,' but it wasn't." □

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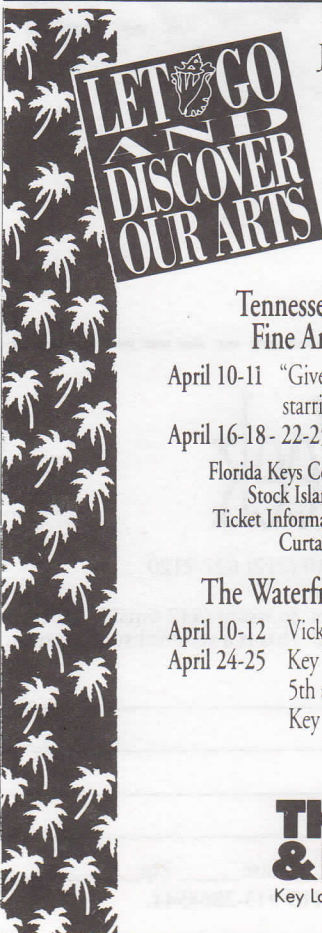
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