



BRIDGEWATER STATE COLLEGE

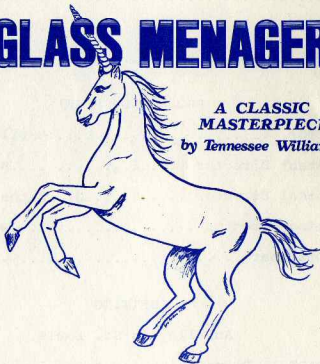
ENSEMBLE THEATRE

*presents*

# THE GLASS MENAGERIE

A CLASSIC  
MASTERPIECE

*by Tennessee Williams*



BRIDGEWATER STATE COLLEGE ENSEMBLE THEATRE

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

presents

THE GLASS MENAGERIE by  
Tennessee Williams

STUDENT UNION AUDITORIUM  
December 4,5,6, 1980

CAST

AMANDA ..... Denise Cormier  
TOM ..... Richard W. Camuso, Jr.  
**LAURA** ..... Sally Richardson  
JIM ..... William Kadra

PRODUCTION STAFF

Director ..... Marilyn McDonald  
Assistant Director ..... Sharon Silva  
Technical Director ..... Dr. Richard J. Warye  
Lighting Director ..... Beth Newbold  
Set Designer ..... John Heller

SETTING

An alley in St. Louis.  
PART I: Preparation for a Gentleman Caller.  
PART II: The Gentleman Calls.  
TIME: Now and the Past.

Stage Manager .....Sharon Silva  
Assistant Stage Manager .....Lynn Benoit  
Set Construction .....Don Baillargeon  
Set Painting .....Barbara Cahill  
Marci Miles  
Lighting ..... Donald Nadell  
Sound .....Leo Wiltshire  
Properties .....Jeanette Mercier  
Marion Norton  
Costumes .....Julie Glauben  
Kerri Rock  
Publicity .....Joe Lachimia  
Lori Pender  
Posters .....Illustrations-Lori M. Parker  
Designer -Lynn A. Rocha  
Tickets .....Lisa Caron  
House Manager .....Diane "Deej" DiGiampietro  
Program .....Janet A. Briand

CREWS

Don Baillargeon, Lynn Benoit, Margot Boland,  
Janet Briand, Terry Cooney, Diane DiGiampietro,  
Al Fleming, Mitzie Hayward, Ruthellen Hirr,  
Collette Holmes, Bill Kadra, Maryellen Keen,  
Stephen Lee, Jonna Leonardi, Barbara MacDonald,  
Tim McKellick, Bob Mello, Carolyn O'Neil, Jean  
Prall, Donna Ramos Donna Reynolds, Michael  
Riccardi, Lynn Rocha, Phyllis Schwendenman, Robyn  
Silva, Lori Sindone, Leroy Stafford, Thomas  
Sullivan, Raymond Surprenant, Alan Talbot,  
Jeannette Twig, Joe Wallace, Brenda Walsh, Karl  
Weidergott, Leo Wiltshire, David Winn

Special Thanks to: Donna Corio, and Lori Pender

## AUTHOR'S NOTES

When my family first moved to St. Louis from the South, we were forced to live in a congested apartment neighborhood. It was a shocking change, for my sister and myself were accustomed to spacious yards, porches, and big shade trees. The apartment we lived in was about as cheerful as an Arctic winter. There were outside windows only in the front room and kitchen. The rooms between had windows that opened upon a narrow areaway that was virtually sunless and which we grimly named "Death Valley" for a reason which is amusing only in retrospect.

There were a great many alleycats in the neighborhood which were constantly fighting the dogs. Every now and then some unwary young cat would allow itself to be pursued into this areaway which had only one opening. The end of the cul-de-sac was directly beneath my sister's bedroom window and it was here that the cats would have to turn around to face their pursuers in mortal combat. My sister would be lying under her window. Sight of the areaway had become so odious to her for this reason, that she kept the shade constantly drawn so the the interior of her bedroom had a perpetual twilight atmosphere. Something had to be done to relieve this gloom. So my sister and I painted all her furniture white; she put white curtains at the window and on the shelves around the room she collected a large assortment of little glass articles, of which she was particularly fond. Eventually, the room took on a light and delicate appearance, in spite of the lack of outside illumination, and it became the only room in the house that I found pleasant to enter.

When I left home a number of years later, it was this room that I recalled most vividly and poignantly when looking back on our home life in St. Louis. Particularly the little glass ornaments on the shelves. They were mostly little glass animals. By poetic association they came to represent, in my memory, all the softest emotions that belong to recollection of things past. They stood for all the small and tender things that relieve the austere pattern of life and make it endurable to the sensitive. The areaway where the cats were torn to pieces was one thing - my sister's white curtains and tiny menagerie of glass were another. Somewhere between them was the world that we lived in.

Tennessee Williams

## SPONSORS

Dr. John F. Myers

*SMOKING, REFRESHMENTS, AND FLASH PHOTOGRAPHY  
ARE STRICTLY PROHIBITED IN THE THEATRE.*

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## DIRECTOR'S NOTES

The Glass Menagerie is an acknowledged American classic. However, the author, Tennessee Williams, did not write his play for literary critics or even educators but for living audiences with hearts and souls of their own.

Being an artist and a playwright, he entrusted his work to actors who with all their frailties had the sensitivity, the soul, and the caring to perceive and convey to others his creation. The playwright's purpose is not fulfilled until the actor and the audience share in his vision.

He wrote for the Theatre — for the Theatre despite its pitfalls and potential for human error has undeniable power. It is a living art. Its very nature is transitory. Its Truth is not etched in stone or placed on canvas. It speaks to the human heart of the human condition and its life may span only a few hours on a stage. But if its life seems brief, its Truth and Beauty go beyond the moment. It has the power to touch the deepest truest part of us and if the poet's vision is successfully fulfilled we are somehow different from what we were before.

Marilyn McDonald