



He seemed larger than life. Saw things with more clarity. More brilliance. More impact.

Some said it was the Pentax 645, a professional format motor drive SLR that he handled with the agility of a 35mm.

Who could have guessed that a medium format camera with all the latest automatic modes still could be had at a price that compared to a premium 35mm SLR outfit?

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Could that explain why his pictures look twice as good?



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Innovation for Inspiration

University of British Columbia

### Frederic Wood Theatre Presents

# Tennessee Williams

Directed by Stanley Weese

## September 18-28 1985

University of British Columbia FREDERIC WOOD THEATRE 1985/86 Season

> The Glass Menagerie by Tenessee Williams Directed by Stanley Weese September 18 - 28, 1985

Love for Love by William Congreve Directed by Arne Zaslove November 6 - 16, 1985

Major Barbara by Bernard Shaw Directed by Antony Holland January 15 - 25, 1986

As You Like It by William Shakespeare Directed by John Brockington March 5 - 15, 1986

Bonus Production (Not included in Regular Season) World Premiere of a New Musical by John Gray

The Thirty Nine Steps a musical version of Alfred Hitchcock's greatest film April 7 - May 3, 1986 (Subject to rights approval)

For information and reservations phone 228-2678

Frederic Wood Theatre Magazine

PUBLISHER Joseph G. MacKinnon DIRECTOR OF SALES Doug Henderson

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Any comments or enquiries regarding the contents of this publication may be forwarded to the publisher at the above address

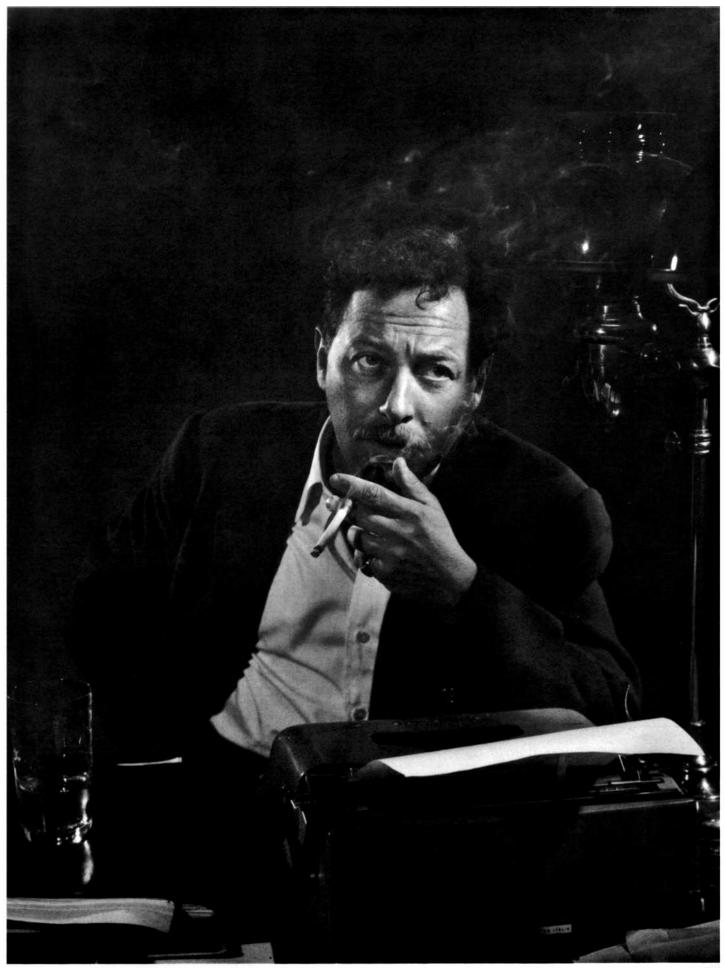
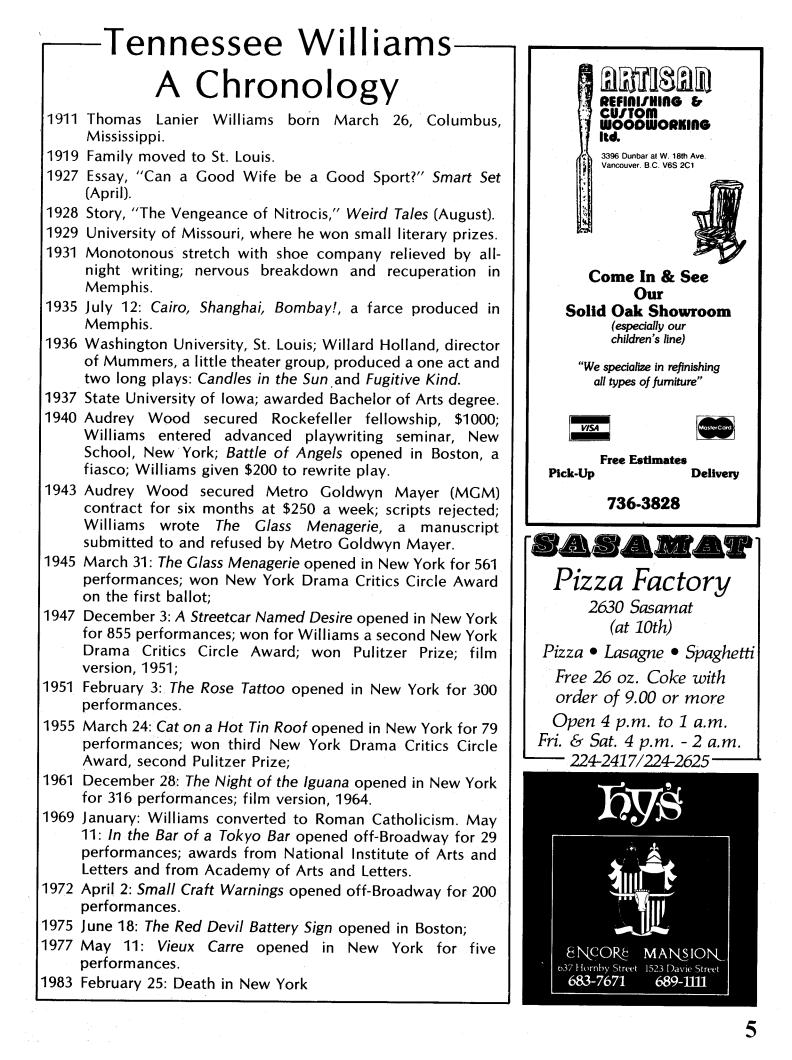


Photo of Tennessee Williams by Yosuf Karsh, 1956

Miller Services



	Directed by Stanley Weese	Tennessee	W
Set designed by	Costumes designed by	Lighting designed by	
Don S. Davis	Brian H. Jackson	Robert Hamilton	
	CAST	1	
AMANDA		Marjorie Nelson*	
ΤΟΜ		Bruce Harwood	

SCENE: An Alley in St. Louis TIME: The Thirties ACT I: Preparation for Gentleman Caller ACT II: The Gentleman Calls

There will be one 15 minute intermission.

LAURA ...... Sarah Rodgers

JIM ..... Bruce Dow

THE GLASS MENAGERIE is produced by special arrangement with Dramatists Play Service Inc., New York

\*Ms. Nelson is currently Artist in Residence with the Department of Theatre

#### Marjorie Nelson Artist in Residence

The Glass Menagerie marks Ms. Nelson's third appearance at the Frederic Wood Theatre, having previously acted in The Trojan Women and Mother Courage, both under the direction of Klaus Strassman. Ms. Nelson was also seen in Samuel Beckett's Happy Days and Play at Simon Fraser University with the Floating Theatre Company, under the



direction of Arne Zaslove. For many years Ms. Nelson has performed in professional theatre, in Hollywood, on and off Broadway and in regional theatres nationally. Ms. Nelson's home base is Seattle and she has been in over 50 productions at the Seattle Repertory and in other Seattle theatres as well. Her most recent appearances were at the New York Public Theatre in Michael Weller's The Ballad of Soapy Smith and in Seattle at the A.C.T. in Sam Shepard's True West. Late this season Ms. Nelson will be seen at the Empty Space Theatre in C. Churchill's new play. Ms. Nelson is a London graduate of the Alexander Technique and presently teaches at the Cornish School in Seattle. She would like to dedicate this performance to Victor Steinbrueck.

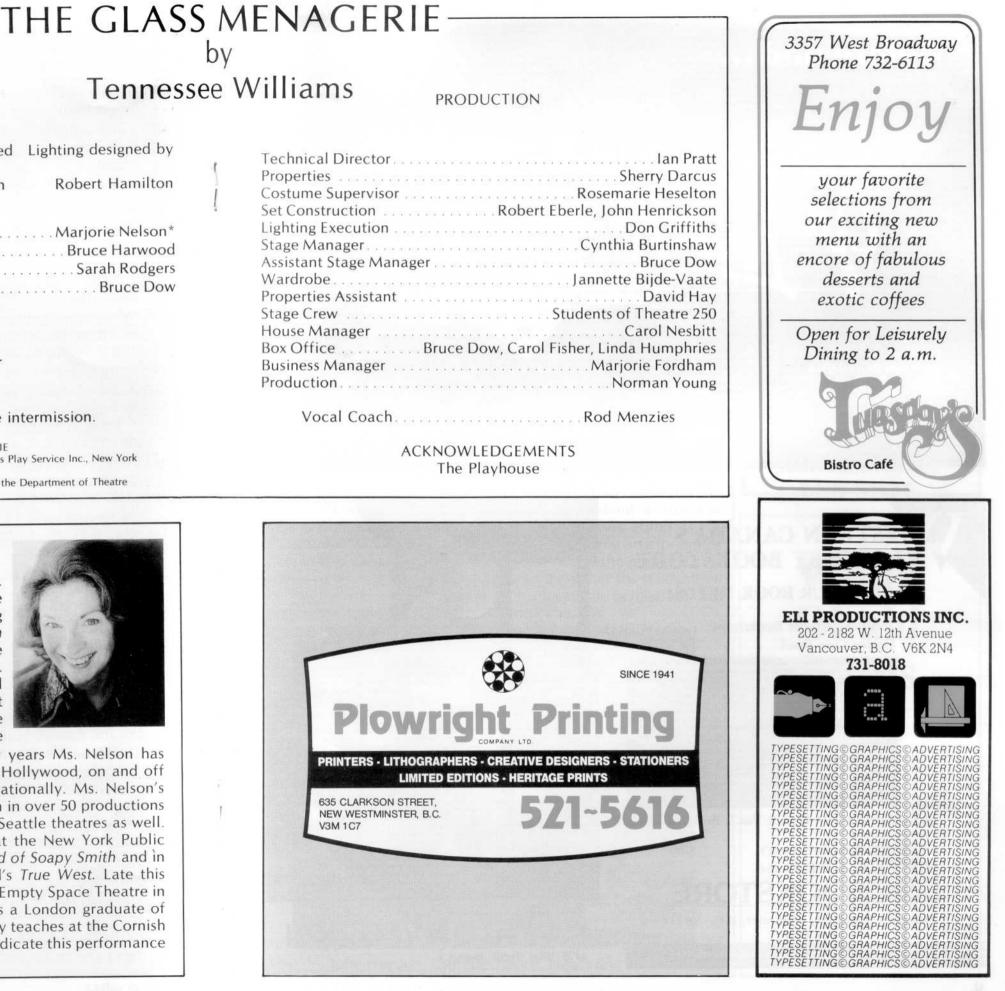
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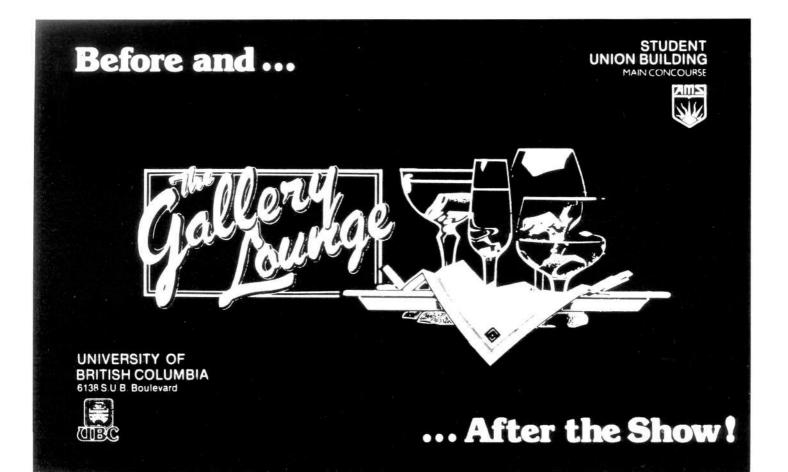
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PRODUCTION

Technical Director
Properties
Costume Supervisor Roser
Set Construction
Lighting Execution
Stage Manager
Assistant Stage Manager
Wardrobe Janne
Properties Assistant
Stage Crew Students
House Manager
Box Office Bruce Dow, Carol Fisher, Lin
Business Manager Ma
Production.

The Playhouse





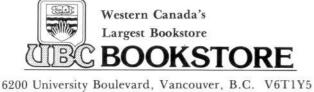
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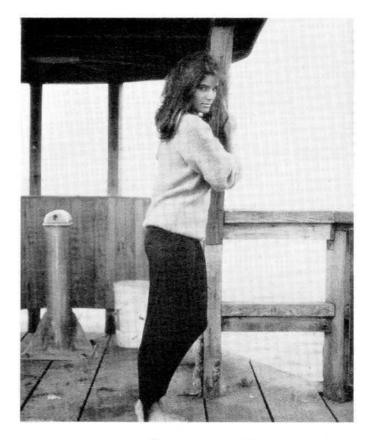
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#### A Note On The Play By William Inge

The Glass Menagerie was a great surprise to me when I saw it, during the first week of its try-out in Chicago, a few nights before the new year (1945) was celebrated, for I had met the play's author a few weeks previously in St. Louis and not suspected him of genius. Here, obviously, was a greater man than the one I had taken to be accompanying me to concerts and movies and bars while he visited his family in St. Louis. When I left the theatre, I felt uncertain how to talk to the new image I had of him. I felt very stupid for having taken him for no more than his shyness would permit him to express of himself in social situations.

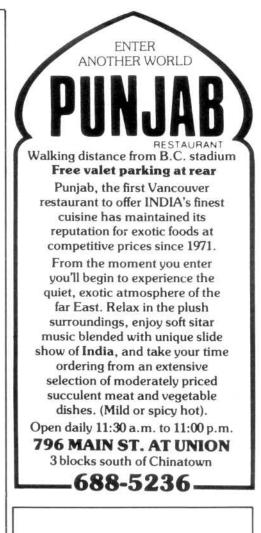
The play still remains in my memory as the most moving American play I have ever seen. The newness of its production when I saw it, and of all its fine performances, still shone on the play like the gloss on a new piece of silver. The acting of the late Laurette Taylor was of a calibre I had never seen before; the quality of the writing was a bright illumination in the dim course of American drama. I was conscious, upon leaving the theatre, of having seen a landmark made.

But at the same time there was little evidence in Chicago that anyone else felt similarly. The play had received excellent notices but the audicences were not attracted to it. The night I saw it, the theatre was about half-filled. The producers, I was told, were giving up their plans to bring the show into New York.

I was very bitter to think that such a beautiful play might have so short a life. But the happy ending finally came about, as surely as in a melodrama, the hero being such an unlikely group as the critics, all of whom began to work overtime writing articles urging people into the theatre. Business improved and the play's destiny was assured. It may be discouraging to think that the recognition of greatness can depend upon such precarious perception, but maybe Euripides had to take the same chances.



Julie Haydon, Laurette Taylor, New York, 1945



# Wong Obahi Seims Lee

Chartered Accountants Suite 1283-595 Burrard St. P.O. Box 49071, Three Bentall Centre Vancouver, B.C. Canada V7X 1G4 (604) 683-0333

#### Announcement

University Productions Inc. is pleased to announce that it has been awarded the contract to publish **The Vancouver Playhouse Program Magazines** for the 1985/86 Season at the Queen Elizabeth Playhouse Theatre.

The Season includes:

Goodnight Disgrace September 21 - October 9

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf October 26 - November 23

Season's Greetings November 30 December 29

Of Mice and Men January 4 - February 7

Noises Off February 15 - March 15

A Chorus Line March 29 - April 26

For information on advertising rates and closing dates call:

Director of Sales: Doug Henderson 687-7763

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#### A Memory By Kenneth Tynan

In Spain, where I saw him last, he looked profoundly Spanish. He might have passed for one of those confidential street dealers who earn their living selling spurious Parker pens in the cafes of Malaga or Valencia. Like them, he wore a faded chalk-striped shirt, a coat slung over his shoulders, a trim, dark moustache, and a sleazy, fat-cat smile. His walk, like theirs, was a raffish saunter, and everything about him seemed slept in, especially his hair, a nest of small, wet serpents. Had we been in Seville and his clothes had been more formal, he could have been mistaken for a pampered elder son idling away a legacy in dribs and on drabs, the sort you see sitting in windows along the Sierpes, apparently stuffed. In Italy he looks Italian; in Greece, Greek; wherever he travels on the Mediterranean coast, Tennessee Williams takes on a protective colouring which melts him into his background, like a lizard on a rock.

It is unmistakably the face of a nomad. Wherever Williams goes he is a stranger, one who lives out of suitcases and has a trick of making any home he acquires resemble, within ten minutes, a hotel apartment. Like most hypochondriacs, he is an uneasy guest on earth. When he sold the film rights of his play Cat on a Hot Tin Roof for a half a million dollars, he asked that the payment should be spread over ten years, partly out of prudence but mostly out of a manic suspicion, buzzing in his ears, that in ten years' time he might be dead. He says justly of himself that he is 'a driven person'. The condemned tend always to be lonely, and one of Williams' favourite quotations is a line from a play which runs: 'We're all of us sentenced to solitary confinement inside our own skins.' He says such things quite blandly, with a thick chuckle which is as far from cynicism as it is from self-pity.

To be alone at forty is to be really alone, and Williams has passed forty. In a sense, of course, solitude is a condition of his trade. All writing is an anti-social act, since the writer is a man who can speak freely only when alone; to be himself he must lock himself up, to communicate he must cut himself off from all



communication; and in this there is something always a little mad. Many writers loathe above all sounds the closing of the door which seals them up in their privacy. Williams, by contrast, welcomes it: it dispels the haze of uncertainty through which he normally converses, and releases for his pleasure the creatures who people his imaginings — desperate women, men nursing troublesome secrets, untouchables whom he touches with frankness and mercy, society's derelict rag dolls.

He longs for intimacy, but shrinks from its responsibilities. Somewhere in the past, before he became famous, lies the one perfect passion; its object parted from him and afterwards died of cancer. Since then, too cautious to spoil perfection by trying to repeat it, he has kept all emotional relationships deliberately casual. He will incur no more emotional debts, nor extend any more emotional credit. His friendships are many and generous, ranging from Mediterranean remittance men to Carson McCullers; but love is a sickness which he will do anything to avoid. If his deeper instincts crave release, you may find him at a bullfight — or even writing a play.

Discussing the incidence of genius, Somerset Maugham once remarked: 'The lesson of anatomy applies: there is nothing so rare as the normal.' Williams's view of life is always abnormal, heightened and spotlighted, and slashed with bogey shadows. The marvel is that he makes it touch ours, thereby achieving the miracle of communication between human beings which he has always held to be impossible.

Yet he looks anonymous. One ends, as one began, with the enigma. Arthur Miller, after all, looks Lincolnesque, and Anouilh looks hypersensitive, and Sartre looks crazy. Williams, alone of the big playwrights, seems miscast. From that round, rubbery face, those dazed eyes which nothing, no excess or enormity, can surprise — from there the message comes, the latest bulletin from the civil war between purity and squalor. It will always, however long or well I know him, seem wonderfully strange.







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