

CASTS: (In Order of Appearance)

THE BALD SOPRANO - Eugene Ionesco

Mrs. SmithSheila Setley
Mr. Smith Barry T. Miller
Mary, the Maid
Mrs. MartinMic Robertson
Mr. MartinDoug Shaver
The Firechief
(Produced through special arrangement with
Samuel French Inc.)

*THE SANDBOX - Edward Albee

The Young ManBob Barnett
MommyEllyn M. Davenport
DaddyTed Burke
The MusicianEric Brumbaugh
GrandmaKaryl Hoskins

· · INTERMISSION ·

*THE LOVELIEST AFTERNOON OF THE YEAR - John Gaure

She	.Gaylynn Montgomery
He	.Bill Kroner

*INTERVIEW - Jean-Claude vanItallie

lst	Interviewer
1st	ApplicantJudi Benson
	ApplicantJo Zimmerman
	ApplicantBill Zimmerman
4th	ApplicantMargaret Fletcher
2nd	InterviewerHarold Morgan
3rd	InterviewerMary Brumbaugh
4th	InterviewerGreg Blackmer

^{*}Produced through special arrangement with Dramatists Play Service Inc.

DirectorBill Kroner
Assistant DirectorDee Stockton
SoundDick McCracken
LightsBill Scully
Stage ManagerYana
Costume, Set, Poster and
Cover designBill Kroner
ProgramPauline Lussier
PropsAnn Kirkpatrick
Set ConstructionPat Bidelman

Special Thanks To:

Mike Argento, Beverly Lyons, Student Activities, Jack Funkhauser, Joe Capitanio, Instructional Communications, Jane Decker, Mama B., Susie Brumbaugh, Lou Boyd Hull, Maurice Lussier, Florida Junior College, Jacksonville University, Diana Robertson

U.N.F. Theatre Society - Officers 1975

PresidentBill	Kroner
Vice PresidentMary	Brumbaugh
SecretaryJudi	
Promotion SecretaryLloy	
Treasurer	

What is "Absurd"?

What is absurd, or rather what is unusual, is first and foremost what exists, reality. I realize I use the word absurd to express what are often very different concepts. There are several sorts of 'absurd' things or facts. Sometimes, I use the word to decribe what I don't understand-and this can either be because I'm not capable of understanding it or because the thing itself is incomprehensible, impenetrable, closed, like this thick monolithic hunk of reality, this wall which I see as a sort of massive, solidified void, a block of mystery; I use the word 'absurd' to describe my position in relation to this mystery; my state, which is to find myself faced with a wall which is as high as the sky and which extends as far as the infinite frontiers, which is to say the non-frontiers of the universe, and which I cannot prevent myself from doggedly trying to climb over or break through. even while knowing at the same time that this is impossibility itself; absurd, therefore, this situation of being here that I cannot recognize as being my situation; but which is mine, all the same. Another example of what I call absurd is man wandering without purpose-forgetful of his purpose, cut off from his essential, transcendental roots.

All this is the experience of metaphysical absurdity, of the absolute enigma; but there's also a kind of absurdity that is unreason, contradiction, the expression of my being out of tune with the world, of my being profoundly out of tune with myself, of the world being out of tune with itself. The absurd is also quite simply illogicality, unreason; it's nonsensical. It's difficult to see any of this very clearly, it would take a lot of sorting out.