

SAMELA HARRIS – REVIEW OF LAST SHOW.



Saw the last production [Bakehouse Theatre](#) last night, A Streetcar Named Desire.

It was superbly designed, opening up the theatre to immerse the audience in a sense of almost being inside that crumbly little New Orleans apartment. And, even as the rain hammered down, there was no other reality.

Melanie Munt was a simply stellar Blanche and Marc Clement took the tragedy of poor Mitch to another level.

Paul Westbook's Stanley Kowalski elicited a gut-wrenching breadth of emotions from repugnance to sympathy while Justina Ward brought home the psychopathology of the classic battered wife.

With a strong supporting cast and live pianist in the background, director Michael Baldwin gave the beloved Bakehouse Theatre a truly worthy wave goodbye.

One was tempted to applaud at the significance of the guest vignettes of Bakehouse legends Pamela Munt and Peter Green - but, the poignant intensity of the play's denouement discouraged any stir from the audience.

And then, come curtain call, the audience seemed stunned and sapped...emotionally spent from an intense experience of classic good theatre. And the double sorrows of a last hurrah.