



presents

A bright pink silhouette of a sleeveless, floor-length dress with a fitted bodice and a full skirt, centered behind the title text.

Love, Loss, and What I Wore

A play by Nora Ephron & Delia Ephron. Based on the book by Ilene Beckerman.

Directed by Anne Drecktrah

September 16 - 19 & 24 - 26

"Love, Loss and What I Wore" is presented by special arrangement with Dramatists Play Service, Inc., New York

We'd like to dedicate this show to our dear friend Sara Slayton.
Keep telling stories.

“Finally after six weeks of looking and completely stressed, I went to another town to get my car repaired and I walked into a new dress shop and found something I liked but didn’t seem right for the wedding and so I bought it and a shawl just to have since I own so few pieces of clothing. The next day I realized it is the dress! What I have wanted all along is a dress I can wear again and again and I’m able to with this one. So, with nice shoes and piece of jewelry, I’m set! THANK GOD!”

Anne Waxman

Love, Loss, And What I Wore

PRODUCTION TEAM

Director	Anne Drecktrah
Stage Manager	Molly Frey
Sound Technician	Luke Erikson

CAST

Diane Breaser	Susan Fox
Mary Leonard	Diane Foust
Nancy Noelke	Mary Lansing
Jean Saladino	Dominique Luecke
Ellen Ullsvik	Emily Ware
Terry Visger	
Lynn West	

Biographies



Diane Breaser

Back in the early 2000s, I was a working single mom with two Middle-schoolers in the house. The oldest, daughter Emily, was the culture-conscious social butterfly; my son Ian was *my partner in all things sports-movies-TV-History-trivia-overall weirdness.

Anyway, one night as I was making dinner, I suddenly heard Emily yell, “Mom! You should be on this show!” And I’m thinking she’s watching “Jeopardy” or “Who Wants to Be a Millionaire,” and I’m like, “Wow, my kids must think I’m an amazing mother!” Or something like that.

So I go into the TV room, only to discover that it’s neither of those iconic shows. Even worse, it’s “What Not to Wear.” When I protested, she defended herself by bringing up my “old lady coat”-- a blue quilted snap-closure item with matching blue corduroy at the collar and cuffs-- to which I answered, “But I got it at Target!”

Oh, well. Not long after that ugly incident, I discovered Emily looking in *my* closet for something to wear.



Anne Drecktrah

When I was in 8th grade, my beloved sister-in-law, Mary, asked me to be in her wedding (to my brother). I was so excited. It was a blue and lavender floral shirt-waisted dress with a jaunty pillbox hat. I got my first high heels and I got to wear make-up for the first time. I felt so grown-up walking down the aisle with Carol, Mary’s sister, who I thought was so chic as she was in high school. After Mary passed away in 2002, I asked my brother if I could have Mary’s blue topaz ring (she was born on Christmas Day). I’d always loved that ring. And he gave it to me. I still wear it every December.



Luke Erikson

I grew up wearing primarily pastel shirts and pants made by a friend of my mom's, Yvonne. She always kept us on our toes with her quick wit while we made breakfast, lunch and dinner. I am so glad my mom had such a good friend at that time. She literally fed and clothed us.

**Diane Foust**

Before she began working outside our home, my mother made most of my dresses. I had some favorites: the dark purple one with a print pattern that I wore in my big portrait at age nine; the plaid jacket and skirt with an olive green top that I wore for my fifth-grade picture; the pinwale corduroy dress with print on a blue background that I wore in my sophomore photo. The big portrait hangs in my bedroom now, so I see that dress all the time. When my mother died, I found a quilt top in her house that she had sewn together. I recognized pieces of cloth from her clothes, my grandmother's clothes, and even a couple of swatches from my own wardrobe. I had that quilt top made into a quilt--a cozy way to bring back those good memories.

**Susan Fox**

My usually strong and healthy mother wore a beige cardigan sweater on the rare occasions she was sick. Through my childhood eyes I remember her wearing it only those times when she was vulnerable and fragile. One day she put the sweater on, maybe because it was chilly in the house and I asked her what was wrong. She gave me a quizzical look and said, "Why do you think something's wrong?" And I replied, "Because you're wearing your sick sweater." Beige looks terrible on 98 percent of people, in my opinion. I look dull and lifeless in beige and I don't go near it or tan or flesh-tone clothing when shopping. No one in my family, with our skin tone, can wear beige. As the youngest of six children I witnessed the later years of my parents' marriage. Being the last single and childless sibling it was my task to spend one Christmas with them in their winter place in California. We opened our gifts and there was one last box that had come in the mail for my dad. Inside was a very expensive looking finely knit beige cardigan sweater with buttery soft suede inserts stitched into the body of it. St. Croix was on the label. A card fell out and it said, "To Roy, with love, Margaret." My mother's name was Jeannette. I'm not sure if that's the reason or if it's just that beige sweaters look like crap on people. It's just a shitty color, especially for a sweater, if you ask me.

**Molly Frey**

I love clothes. I love buying clothes, looking at clothes but I especially love looking at clothes and gowns from old Hollywood movies. I had watched a movie called *Pal Joey* (1957) with Rita Hayworth and she had worn this beautiful gown that I absolutely loved. It was so elegant, and classy and yet so simple. It was cream colored on top, and formed a figure 8 and in the back had two train tails and the rest of the dress was black and had gloves to go with. I remember seeing this dress and absolutely falling in love with it and I started thinking, one day I'll get to make that exact dress and wear it to an award show one day.

**Mary Lansing**

Beginning my freshman year in high school I had my favorite ensemble. I wore boy's straight leg Levi jeans with white socks and short sleeve cotton blouses like my grandmother wore. Nobody wore straight leg jeans, as bell bottoms and "flares" were the rage. For sure no one wore white socks. My shoes were brown leather tie shoes, Bass Tacks. I wore out three pairs of Bass Tacks. I thought I had an independent cool look. I got the shirts at Woolworths or Kresges for less than \$5. I wore basically the same outfit through college and law school. Career, marriage, parenthood intervened. I miss it.



Mary Leonard

My wedding dress is one of the most beautiful dresses I could ever imagine. It was hand made for me by my husband – my then fiancé. It was a beautiful white satin dress in a 30's style with separate sleeves and beading taken from vintage dresses and applied to my dress and veil.

When I put it on, I felt beautiful. It was the perfect dress. I honestly never wanted to take it off! After the wedding, I had it carefully cleaned, packed and sealed and put away in my closet. I often thought about opening it up and just looking at it again, but I stopped myself from doing so. I didn't want to cause yellowing or any other damage from exposing it to the elements. It wasn't until my daughter got engaged that I decided to open the dress. After all,

what was I saving it for? It was not the style my daughter wanted, but she did want to use the same designer to make her dress. She wanted some aspects of my dress to be incorporated into her dress. My husband – her dad got busy making a new creation just for her. Carefully took off some beads and incorporated them into her dress on top of the lace. He also took a section of the lace applique and sewed it on the inside of her dress close to her heart. She loved her dress! What a wonderful way to keep a dress alive!



Dominique Luecke

One of my favorite things to do is share the stage with my husband, Dustin. When we found out we were going to be parents, we were thrilled but knew that performing together would now be difficult. This past winter we were asked to be in a one-act show about a late night romance in a disco hall. The schedule was - in a word - ideal. For my costume, I borrowed a dress my mother-in-law had worn in the 80s. It was soft and silky, with a skirt that would make any girl twirl at the slightest suggestion. It was creamy. It felt so good to wear it under the stage light, and better yet to see it reflected in Dustin's eyes.



Nancy Noelke

So many memories connected with clothes, which one do I pick? It's 1971 and my first high school dance. I wore purple crushed velvet hot pants, pinkish stockings, a lilac ribbed turtleneck sweater and boots. Oh, and did I tell you about the belt that tied it all together? It was crunchy black leather - probably vinyl actually - and had a big buckle that was so tight I couldn't breathe. I definitely rocked it that night.



Jean Saladino

My favorite outfit in high school was my Stockard Channing Ensemble. I had the requisite bushy black eyebrows which I paired with a black sweater over a white shirt with turned-up collar, blue jeans with rolled hems and black and white saddle oxfords. I felt invincible though in reality I was a well-behaved teachers-pet sort of person, far from my tough girl persona. A well-chosen outfit can camouflage many insecurities.



Ellen Ullsvik

I was in *The King and I* in college at UW-Platteville. I loved every one of the hooped skirt dresses I wore as Anna. My favorite costume, though, was for the song "Shall We Dance?" *The King and Anna* were clearly taken with each other at this point in the story, and the rollicking waltz around the entire stage showed our delight in being with one another. My dress was a beautiful shimmer of dusty pink with huge, puffy off-the-shoulder sleeves, a fitted bodice and huge hoop skirt. My king (Rob Kundert) twirled me around at such a speed that it billowed out with each turn. I loved that scene, and I loved that dress. I don't have that costume in my own wardrobe, of course, but the memory of it and that special dance between *The King and I* stays with me to this day.



Terry Visger

I went to a very exclusive lady's shop in my hometown to purchase a dress for my junior prom. I was going with my steady boyfriend Terry and I wanted everything to be perfect for this very special night. I chose a soft pink gown and over the elbow gloves to go. I loved it; it was perfect! On the afternoon of the prom I had my hair done at a new shop in town that 'everyone' was going to. All the hairdressers were young men which was very new to me. I wanted an updo as did every other girl. And we all came out with the same hairstyle. Mine, however, was huge and I hated it. My mom hated it to but, since 'she'd paid good money for it', she wouldn't let me wash it out. I cried all through dinner. I couldn't even smile for our pre-prom photo. It was a nice night but not magical, not even memorable. I was too fixated on my hair. And years later my mom said she still regretted not letting me wash out that horrible hair-do.



Emily Ware

I have a vivid memory of my mother walking out of the hospital after her last day of radiation wearing her favorite jacket. It was puffy and emerald green, comfortable and warm. It had kept her toasty through the rough winter as she went through treatment. She loved that jacket. Every time I see someone wearing a green jacket, I think of her.



Lynn Marie West

I spotted it in a *Coldwater Creek* catalogue; an ankle length skirt with bright red flowers and spring green leaves scattered over a black background. Two rows of ruffly black lace circled the lower half giving it a tiered look. I knew at once I had to have it. It was unique and since it came from a catalogue there was less chance that I would run into someone wearing the same thing. I debuted the skirt at my mother's 75th birthday party. A year later, at my father's request, I wore it at her funeral. My mother loved colorful clothes and dad said "Don't wear black, wear something bright to celebrate her life." When my husband and I traveled to Guatemala to meet our new daughter Carmen, the skirt was packed and later worn the day I first held her in my arms. Over the years, I wore the skirt on many special occasions often at Carmen's request. When given a choice of several skirts to pick from she always selected the "one with the bright red flowers." I haven't worn it in a while, but every time I see it, I have to smile. In or out of style this skirt conjures up many memories and will always have a place in my closet.



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Cast photos courtesy of Theresa Smerud and Kenzie Berg

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