Dearest Ancianos,

I hope that this email finds you all well. I know that there have been a few inquiries into my college career and I would like to let you all know that I am doing extremely well. I absolutely love GW! (I am even a tour guide, so that I might pass on my love of my school to others). My Shakespeare program is nothing of the caliber of Winedale (alas what is!?!) but none-the-less it has been a wonderful experience and given me amazing exposure to the DC Shakespeare scene. In January I made my college theater debut as Dromio of Syracuse in the Comedy of Errors, which is wildly fitting as it was also my first character at Winedale. I finished the year on a very high note, winning a few awards for my work in student theater, as well as receiving a school-wide academic prize for best writing on drama for an essay that I wrote about the generic constraints of Shakespeare’s Dramatic Romances (which sounds much heavier than it is). Could not have accomplished without knowing what I learned from Doc and at Camp Shakespeare.

I returned to Winedale once again this summer, as one of Doc’s Camp assistants. We recently finished our first session and final performances of The Taming of the Shrew. I must admit that I felt a great deal of déjà vu during our two weeks of working on the play. Partially because I was Kate many moons ago, but I suspect the eerie feeling was mostly due to the reunion work we did on the Induction and homecoming scenes just a short year ago. Having now memorized the second induction scene, as I am certain many of you have before me, I was very interested to see what the campers would do with it. It was a legacy heavy session, including Will Larsen as Sly, Gillian Meyer as Grumio, Kaitlyn Ayres as Kate, and Augie Stromberger as Lucentio. I was expecting the classic interpretation including boisterous and enthusiastic servants, however I was pleasantly surprised to watch as the campers discovered something different. They chose to perform the servants as “creepy dead baby fungi,” a description every bit as startling as the performance. The servants slowly drove Sly mad with their frozen bodies, glazed over eyes, monotone delivery and utter disinterest. It was a joy to watch!

The best part was watching Doc giggle and get true delight at discovering something new in a piece of text he has seen hundreds of times. The magic of Winedale. Working with the kids, only reinforces my amazement at what you were able to accomplish in one short week out in the barn…

I hope you’re all doing well. If you can come out to see it, our final performance of The Winter’s Tale is Saturday July 10th at 1pm.

Love

Bekah Meyer