

The Taming of the Shrew

Do rich gifts wax poor in the elite bubble of Ashland's Oregon Shakespeare Festival?

by Rick Tabin

If, like me, you happen find yourself on some clear summer night seated just about dead center of the orchestra level at Oregon Shakespeare Festival's tremendous outdoor Allen Elizabethan Theatre, and it happens to be late into the second act of *The Odyssey*, with the sun fallen and the gloaming past, darkness pushing down on the ghostly radiance of the lights, the actors strutting and fretting their moment on stage, the whole wide world in abeyance, its awful tempest and clangoring tumult silenced, just you and your itty-bitty mortal consciousness beholding the enactment of a text that is ten-thousand years old, take a moment and look up.



ODYSSEUS (CHRISTOPHER DONAHUE, TOP) IS REUNITED WITH HIS SON TELEMACHUS (BENJAMIN BONENFANT) PHOTO BY JENNY GRAHAM, OREGON SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL