



MENTOR IN THE DARK

Laura Lind

I'M NOT SURE WHETHER TAMAR KNEW I was a little afraid of her. On the surface, it would have seemed ridiculous. She was petite—several inches shorter than I, and only two years older. Yet she had a worldliness about her and had experiences that seemed unreal to me. She could also be as tough as any teacher I ever had.

I met Tamar at Carnegie Mellon University (CMU) in Scotch'n'Soda, the student-run drama organization. I initially joined Scotch'n'Soda as a member of its writing workshop, during which the group members mentioned the acting workshops enough times that it piqued my interest. I had always been drawn to theater, but had no great experience aside from a few bumbling school productions and some backyard creations with the other neighborhood kids. Tamar, on the other hand, had