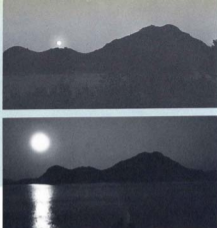




QUARTZ MOUNTAIN DAYBOOK  
OKLAHOMA SUMMER ARTS INSTITUTE



Onstage 1987/Preview 1988



## OKLAHOMA SUMMER ARTS INSTITUTE

An Arts Camp for Students Ages 14-18  
Quartz Mountain State Park  
Lone Wolf, Oklahoma

### Administrative Staff

Mary Y. Frates, Executive Director  
Mary Gordon Taft, Assistant Director,  
Director of Programs  
Sara Dobberteen, Director, Adult  
Institute in the Arts  
Jacob Larson, Music Coordinator  
Carolyn Booher, Program Assistant  
Tamara Ferguson, Public Information  
Coordinator  
Penny Voss, Assistant Director of  
Development  
Larry Floyd, Development Associate  
Ellen Stewart, Office Manager

### Photographs by:

David Fitzgerald  
Jim Lucas  
Jenny Poppenthouse



Mary Frates, executive director of the Oklahoma Arts Institute



Mary Gordon Taft, director of the Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute

### FROM THE DIRECTORS:

"Quartz Mountain Magic" it's called by the teenage students who attend the arts camp in June. And they are correct, the magic is real. However, the wonderful effects which the students call magic are actually quite predictable, the result of a carefully designed program that places special people in a special place to study that most special of human endeavors — the arts.

At the Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute, high school students who have been selected in statewide competitive auditions arrive each June to study for two weeks with an outstanding faculty of professional artists in the fields of acting, ballet, drawing, mime, modern dance, orchestra, photography, and writing. These students study, live, and breathe the arts with their teachers in one of the most beautiful and dramatic landscapes in Oklahoma. Quartz Mountain's natural forces provide an ideal setting for our study of the arts.

The work at the Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute is not easy. The faculty settle for nothing less than the very best effort a student can give. For many students this means working harder than they have ever worked in

their lives. Classwork demands relentless practice, strong concentration, and great discipline. Risk taking is expected of everyone.

Initially students are uncomfortable. Unaccustomed to the intensity of the work, students are not sure what they've gotten themselves into. They are not used to being taken seriously, and at this age they have not yet learned to take themselves seriously. Responsibility for one's own talent is a strange new concept—sometimes first encountered at the Institute.

Here, in the isolation of Great Plains Country, they are able to study with a peer group of similar interests and to form strong friendships with other young artists. They also have a rare opportunity to explore other art forms and to daily attend readings, demonstrations, and performances. Optional activities such as *Eine kleine Quartzmusik*, the Institute's chamber music series, and "Conversations with the Artists" seminars collect more students daily.

During the course of the Institute, usually sometime in the second week, one is suddenly aware that a transformation is taking place. Students are more confident and sure. The work

picks up as a new group energy begins to build. All efforts at this point are concentrated on preparing for On-stage Weekend, the final weekend's public presentation of the students' "Works-in-Progress."

When it is over, students leave the Institute changed. They leave with new confidence and self-respect and an awareness and love of the arts that will stay with them wherever they go.

The *Quartz Mountain Daybook*, which follows, has several purposes. It is intended to be a scrapbook dedicated to the students, faculty, and staff who participated in the '87 Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute. It is also an update to contributors and an acknowledgment of their support. Finally, it is a way of sharing the programs of the Oklahoma Arts Institute with Oklahomans who care about the arts and the quality of education in our state.

Welcome to the "magic" of Quartz Mountain.

Mary Gordon Taft, Director,  
Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute  
Mary Frates, Executive Director,  
Oklahoma Arts Institute

# QUARTZ MOUNTAIN DAYBOOK

by John Lane

*EDITOR'S NOTE: John Lane, poet-essayist from Spartanburg, SC, and artist-in-residence at the '87 Institute, was commissioned to keep a journal in which he documented events and recorded personal observations of day-to-day life at the Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute. The copy in this publication is excerpted from his journal and gives the reader a glimpse of the Institute and its special reality.*

## JUNE 6, Saturday

It's 5:18 on a windy Oklahoma morning. I'm sitting in a pale white room in the Quartz Mountain Lodge. All the lights are off except for one lamp on my desk. One of the patterns in my life — three years now — is my return here.

I can't see very much this morning, a blur of pre-dawn and spider webs on the ledge. There is the beginning of a band of light just above the far hills. I'm looking east out my window.

John Lane, CGAI artist-in-residence, reads an entry from his "Quartz Mountain Daybook."



I don't know exactly what to do. Three times I have come to teach in either the Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute, which is held here every June, or the Adult Institutes in the Arts, which take place in October. This time, officially, I have returned as a writer-in-residence, but unofficially I'm on what I like to call a pilgrimage. I want, for once, to walk away from Quartz Mountain having put my finger on what brings me back.

It's too easy to call what happens here magic, like the Institute slide shows and promotion posters say, "Catch the Quartz Mountain Magic," though magic is enough for many who visit. The type of magic that brings me here is complex and fleeting. It lingers in my deepest dreams through the year, yet disappears like dragonflies around seasonal creeks when an attempt is made to name it.

Yesterday, I flew in from southern Colorado, approaching for the first time not from the east but from the west. (Maybe I could sneak up on Quartz — surprise it.) Although still in the Midwest (ecologists define such things partially according to the dominant vegetation), Quartz Mountain means west to me, and a western magic is the object of my pilgrimage.

Heading west has always been, for me, magic. What better place to look for the West than in this margin country. For me, the western spirit-life appears and lingers in the smell of sage and the flicker of silver in the cottonwoods and in a hundred other smells and sights I have encountered here for the first time.

I want to make it clear that I'm creating the myth of my time here. Myths are stories that make us all feel bigger than we are. They are not histories, chronicles. There is nothing historical in this work, since history is really nothing more than a collective myth by which we live. There may not even be any historical truth to the story that is told at the Institute about Quartz being a healing ground for native peoples. We know that the southern plains people, the Kiowa in particular, considered Rainy Mountain, just east of

here, sacred. But about Quartz itself, no one is sure. To call it an ancient healing ground makes for rich stories, but unless we can locate the power within our own life here this summer, we have accomplished little. It is enough for me to accomplish what I can, to slowly build a myth of the place. And the myth of Quartz Mountain deepens each time I return.

Geologically, Quartz isn't a mystery, since the geologists have been involved in a little myth-making of their own. Books tell us the Wichita Mountains which run through the southwestern corner of Oklahoma were once, 550 million years ago, the earth's surface and sagged because of tremendous pressure, pulling at what is now Texas and Kansas. Over millions of years, the resulting depression — a bay — filled with water, and then the large bay — over more millions of years — filled with mud from streams. This mud bay formed shale and sandstone under the sheer weight of all the sediment that collected. Other seas have risen and fallen over the course of giant waves of time. Rocks, buckled by the great forces of earth and time, were pushed high into mountains where they rode millions of years above a shallow sea.

Looking for my myth, flying in, I spotted the rocky Quartz islands when we were still a hundred miles away. I fixed on the rises, let my eyes ride over the what seemed endless miles of fields freshly plowed and patterned from planting — mythic patterns cut into the red earth by tractors. Instead of the geologist's story of the great forces, seas, islands, and such, I found myself wondering how the Kiowa had explained these mountains.

Out in the darkness, less than fifty yards from my lodge room, is a bronze plaque, part of the pattern known as American history, explaining how Custer camped near here on the banks of the North Platte long before the river was dammed (damned?) to form the irrigation and recreation lake called Alhus-Lugert. He was on his way to massacre the Kiowa on the Washita, working on a myth of his own. Custer is no hero, nor are the men who followed him west. They were no pilgrims, simply white men pushing their



Carolyn Booher, program assistant on the Oklahoma Arts Institute staff, works with volunteers from Alhus to check in students.

culture west — the myth of progress, manifest destiny.

Sorting through all this, I am happy for the darkness. Human history, though a small part of Quartz Mountain's power, must be reckoned with even in the dark. Not more than twenty yards from the window, just visible in the emerging light, is a tennis court and a circus tent where the actors will work for two weeks. But these are small creases in the layers of history found in this place.

The rising light from outside is overtaking the interior of the room. It is only appropriate that this first entry in my journal be before dawn on the day that 200 arts students arrive, breaking the silence, filling Quartz with another entry, beginning some serious sorting of their own.

Is this silence part of the mystery?

Turning off the lamp on my desk, things are much clearer. The cottonwood is still there and a star, but now beelines, unnoticed before, dance in a spotlight outside my window, and a thousand other insects swirl in the spreading light. I almost missed these insects, intent on the light inside the room. How long would it take me to name them, lost in two or three field guides to the insects of Oklahoma? It

would be easier to give them new names: stickle backs, dawn buzzes, lightning snares. Quartz is the type of place where even insects should have new names. It is a spot of great power, of a million moments, magic as this sunrise. If I were named again, what would my new name be? It would have to be a name rough as the oxidized granite of the surrounding hills yet soft as the silver of cottonwood trees.

Near the lakeshore, a blue shimmer so intense that it draws my eye there even in the presence of the red dusty sunrise over the low granite peaks in the distance. Then there is the light lost like drowned cottonwoods to the rolling blue of the middle of the lake and the shadow of the dark hills forming the other shore. Early in the morning, the red fields stand suspended in the sunrise. Light through dust notes.

If there is anything I want to learn while I'm here at Quartz this time, it is to see this place whole — not miss anything. Not the insects spinning in the spotlight. Not the photographer's love affair with light. Not one red sunrise.

# Classes

Acting instructor Denise Nicholas, Los Angeles, CA, left, and Irene Connors, voice and movement specialist, California Institute of the Arts, Valencia, CA



**ACTING**

Seated, left to right: Holly Spurgeon, Bartlesville; Katie Pearl, Tulsa; Cameron Carlson, Broken Arrow; Tim Stewart, Choctaw; Angie Adams, Tulsa. Kneeling: Alana Edwards, Tulsa; Laura Galt, Oklahoma City; Ruku Banaszek, Oklahoma City; Lisa Martinez, Oklahoma City; Cory Hoover, Ponca City. Standing: Rob Hudson, counselor-at-large, Norman; Jason Wall, Altus; Irene Connors, voice and movement instructor, Valencia, CA; Wayne Bailey, Norman; Jennifer Alexander, Okmulgee; Denise Nicholas, acting instructor, Los Angeles, CA; Kevin Kneawney, Fort Sil; David Roby, Oklahoma City; Mary Glinger, McAlester; Danny Moss, Cushing; Chris Mergham, Norman

## **JUNE 7, Sunday**

Voice teacher Irene Connors says she feels she never leaves this place. Does that mean the Kiowa, Custer, the farmers who cut cedar off the mountain slopes for fence posts, and nine years of arts students are all still here, in spirit, walking sacred ground?



## **JUNE 8, Monday**

This morning I was with the actors under the big tent on the tennis courts: Denise Nicholas, the acting teacher, walked back and forth, showing the students — three sitting on the stage — how to “put on some age.” The students were waiting for an imaginary bus, and each had chosen an age to become.

“Show me, don’t tell me,” Denise said twice and began to narrate the scene, “It’s getting dark and you’re tired and there’s not a bus in sight.” The three students began to move into character, a little self-consciously. Early in training it seems the actors are the easiest for me to “see through,” to see when they are imitating instead of acting. All their moves became gestures. I kept looking for a gesture that became real for me. Then the three talked about how they felt. “Really uncomfortable,” the girl said who had chosen to create an old woman. “It scares the hell out of me to think about getting old. I hate going to nursing homes. Old people and babies,” she shivered.

Denise considered what the girl had said, seeming pleased that she had experienced the fear. “The process of becoming, that’s what I’m interested in. That fear you felt, that was good.”



Ballet instructor  
Richard Thomas, New  
York, NY

#### JUNE 8, Monday

Ballet class, five bars in a row. A dozen girls and one lone boy, all dressed in black, blue, purple, and pink leotards.

Richard goes up to the boy, molds him, "Boy, hold in that gut! It takes more effort to be off balance; it's all a matter of constant elevation."

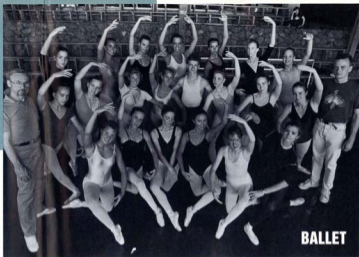
Richard moves onto demi-point gracefully, elevating himself. "It's really not normal for us to do this," he stretches a hand up, getting longer, "It's really very easy to do this," he crouches down quickly like an ape.

Howard is in love with the world, with its objects. There are books in his paintings, food, flowers, doors, and in almost all of them, a window, as if something deep inside of him is hard at work to see through to another world. How unconventional, in contrast to most of us, his vision is!



Drawing instructor Howard Kanovitz, New York, NY

Front Row, left to right:  
Nancy Billy, Oklahoma  
City; Jennifer  
Reynolds, Yukon;  
Alicia Hays, Del City;  
Karen Villanueva,  
Clinton; Nikki Jarvis,  
Norman; Elizabeth  
Lowe, counselor-aide,  
New York, NY; Middle  
Row, Richard Thomas,  
instructor, New York,  
NY; Mary Caroline  
Crawens, Tulsa;  
Heather Snook, Tulsa;  
Lesley Johnson, Tulsa;  
Amber Morrison,  
Oklahoma City; Bryan  
Arxel, Oklahoma City;  
Elizabeth West,  
Edmond; Anna  
Dutcher, Norman; Kim  
Callahan, Ardmore;  
Richard Jones,  
accompanist, Dallas,  
TX; Back Row, Lisa  
Grosscheit, Ardmore;  
Megan Padilla,  
Wichita, KS; Jaci Keel,  
Edmond; Kristy  
Doolley, Jenks; Brenna  
Floeman, Wichita, KS;  
Jian Thomas,  
Oklahoma City; Kiehn  
Holland, Del City



Front Row, left to right:  
Caryn Cox, Tulsa;  
Shannon McGinnis,  
Tulsa; Julie Peppito,  
Tulsa; Middle Row,  
Michael Shuck, Elk  
City; Natalie Morrow,  
Tulsa; Jennifer  
McKnight, Tulsa; Kevin  
Thomas, Edmond;  
Howard Kanovitz,  
instructor, New York,  
NY; Robyn Rickard,  
Norman; Joseph  
Slovsky, Oklahoma  
City; Tamara Freeman,  
Mayville; Back Row,  
Mike Mitchell,  
Oklahoma City; Greg  
Shipp, Elk City;  
Keronica Brown, Tulsa;  
Tim Nield, Watonga;  
Sean Capshaw,  
Sulphur; Alana Heron,  
Sallisbee; Arthur  
Bask, Oklahoma City;  
Sheri Harbin,  
Oklahoma City;  
Cassile Randolf,  
Edmond



## JUNE 8, Monday

Only two days into the Institute, the mime students had little sense yet of balance, of grace, of presence. They had **YEARNING**, but no action to match it. Each exercise — the hammer, the trunk, the Eiffel Tower — was pulled not from body memory, but from head memory, like a bad road pushed into the jungle of desire. But I could see that in an odd, important way, some of them had already learned the essence of the training. I could see Bill Fisher's face in many of their faces. They had watched his presentation last night and now they were copying his presence just a little. They had found a teacher, even if just for two weeks. The work had begun. How remarkable repetition can be! The steady use of the body building clear paths of movement and thought!

Finally they warmed. "Let's take off all these po-



Mime instructor William Fisher, director, The Dramatic Corporate Mime Studio, Los Angeles, CA

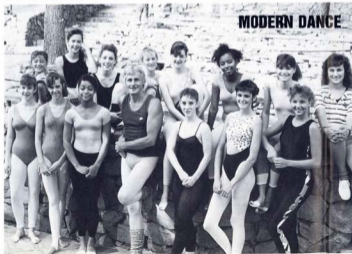
tain sacks." All the loose sweatshirts landed off stage. "Now we're talking!" More work with technique. "Heels together."

"What if my heels can't touch," one boy in the back asked.

Row One, left to right: Christina Boat, Choctaw; Megan Carlan; Solara Beach, CA; Amy Adams; Clintett; Nita Tico; Sonya Cassidy, Ponca City; Jonathan Left, Stillwater; Bartott Wells, Durant; Alisha Branch, Norman; Ashley Mortimer, Oklahoma City; Row Three: Keith Pounds, Edmond; Marshall Keenan, Moore City; Shannon Smith, Frederick; Ted Campbell, Yukon; Row Four (standing): Femanola Jily, assistant instructor, Los Angeles, CA; Jason Fritz, McAlester; Sue Dudley, counselor-aide; McAlester; Tony Hartman, Oklahoma City; Charles Rountree, Oklahoma City; Stacie Flood, Tulsa; William Fisher, instructor, Los Angeles, CA



**MIME**



## MODERN DANCE

Front Row, left to right: Elizabeth Hickley, Oklahoma City; Andrea Fleetham, Norman; Kisty Butler, Clinton; Richard Kuch, instructor, East Bend, NC; Emily Rappelle, Westminster; Camille Pritchett, Oklahoma City; Kim Luke, Tulsa; Back Row: Dippy Wall, Edmond; Suzanne Lampert, Shawnee; Heather Slane, Bethany; Cinnamon Halbert, Edmond; Jeanna Tanner, Claremore; Kent Byars, Madli; Jennifer Walters, Foss; Stephanie Wigley, counselor-aide, Oklahoma City



Modern dance instructor Richard Kuch, Assistant Dean, North Carolina School for the Arts, Winston-Salem, NC

## JUNE 8, Tuesday

Up early and in to Dick Kuch's modern dance class.

The girls stretch and begin again from stage left as Dick watches from the front. He's tall, long-waisted and legged. Perfect build for a splin end. It hurt.

He is persistent, a constant presence in class, always making for a little perfection. "Your foot was making adjustments, was it not? There you go again. I ordered lemon meringue and you give me cherry pie."

The girls look confused, fighting against form, unsure why dance has to be so hard, so perfect, so little understanding of how long the road of art can be and how many countries it passes through.

"I'm relentless . . . dance has given me discipline. I'm not teaching you dance, I'm teaching you a lifestyle."

## PHOTOGRAPHY



Front Row, left to right: Dawn Askin, Clinton; Emily Mannhart; Tula; Smith Hill; Stillwater; David Blust, darkroom instructor, Prospect Park, NJ; Nguyen Vb; Tula; Joan Phillips; Tula; Stephanie Miller; Mewer. Back Row: Lisa Mowbray, Arizona; Elizabeth Prose, Lawton; Paige Bryan, Lawton; Marilyn Bridges, instructor, Rochester, NY; Scott Estep, Edmond; Stephen Shadden, Tulsa; Scott Reucher, Lawton; Janet Carlson, counselor/aid; Norman



Photography instructors Marilyn Bridges, Rochester, NY, left, and David Blust, Prospect Park, NJ

### JUNE 10, Wednesday

I spent the morning visiting the photography class. The students yawned, eyes heavy from too little sleep, as I stood in the back of the room listening and watching, uncertain as to what I would hear and use.

David Blust, who has taught darkroom technique for four years at OSAI, defined their mission.

"It's easy mixing your own chemicals. Fine prints start with a stirring rod," he said.

"Like a recipe," Marilyn Bridges, the photography teacher, added.

"If you want predictable results, you do the same thing over and over again. If you can bake brownies, you can develop film," David explained.

"And when you wash something, turn it upside down so we'll know it's clean. We are not your mothers."

### JUNE 10, Wednesday

In Jim Ragan's class he tells the students that the artist "stays with things." Marilyn tells the photographers the same thing. Bill Fisher repeats it, in different words, in mime. Jim finished talking to the poets the other day in class by saying, "You must remain open. You will have great pain, but also the greater joy."

I asked Beth, a student from Edmond who was sitting in the gallery on a break, if she'd ever changed at Quartz. (This was her fourth Institute.) "The mountain made me immediate," she answered. "It's made me either fall into people or avoid them."



Writing instructor James Ragan, director, Professional Writing Program, University of Southern California, Los Angeles, CA

Front Row, left to right: Beth Rubin, Edmond; Sutton Bunsatine, Edmond; Michelle Thompson, Lawton; Jaylyn Bailey, Oklahoma City; Hilary Oakes, Grove; Jennifer Adlington, Edmond. Middle Row: Angelyn Pennington, Ardmore; Gretchen Kucharski, Tulsa; Leah Kaiser, Tulsa; Tim Nelson, counselor/aid, New York, NY; Shala Deagan, Houston, TX; Kimberly Ryan, Edmond. Back Row: John Dalton, Oklahoma City; Scott Shuman, Okmulgee; Dylan Feltus, Tulsa; James Ragan, instructor, Beverly Hills, CA; Dale Gilman, Oklahoma City; John Parker, Tulsa; John d'Andriole, Oklahoma City; Ami Groom, Tulsa



# ORCHESTRA



David Becker, music director and conductor, University of Wisconsin — Madison Symphony Orchestra and Chamber Orchestra



Bernard Rubenstein, music director and conductor, Tulsa Philharmonic

## JUNE 11, Thursday

After the concert last night, I'm finally remembering why I'm here. Becker conducted three pieces and the first one — a Wagner symphony — set me on fire. I sat in a high chair near the back of the stage and looked directly into the conductor's face. In his eyes were both centuries of music and a moment's passion.

"We're dealing with an extremely spiritual art form, not technical," he'd said near the end of his conversation. Looking toward him as he conducted, I felt like I had encountered a man who was capable of time travel. Music seemed timeless for him and he made me feel timeless, too. I kept wondering if the audience could feel the heat of his conducting through the long sleeved shirt he was wearing. Could the kids who watched from the front bleachers feel the mystery of those moments? I walked away from the concert feeling as if I had stepped for a moment into art's fire.

## JUNE 18, Thursday

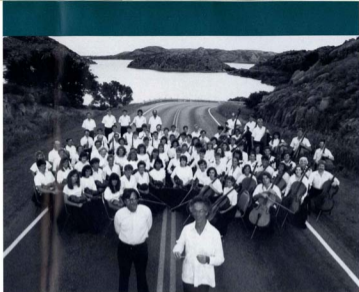
Just spent some time at breakfast talking to Allan Kaplan, the trombone instructor, about conducting.

I'm interested in the difference between Becker and Rubenstein.

If you charted the limits of the space during a piece, the points that the conductor reaches out to, then Rubenstein would be all over his space, defining a big, many-pointed geometric shape. It would be both horizontal and vertical. The energy would be all over.

Allan says Rubenstein is an intellectual, Becker is a romantic. Becker is a teacher — he teaches in rehearsal. Rubenstein is trying to work mainly for the piece. "He's got a ground game — inch by inch."

Rubenstein's Rossini piece has moved me most of anything I've heard here.



The Institute Orchestra at Quair Mountain

### CONDUCTORS

**First Music:**  
David Becker,  
Madison, WI

**Second Music:**  
Bernard Rubenstein,  
Tulsa (pictured)

### MUSIC COORDINATOR

Ligh Burns,  
Norman

### WIND

Shelia Arnold,  
Moore  
Jennifer Boett,  
Enid  
Julie Browning,  
Oklahoma City  
Catherine Burns,  
Norman  
Terry Cate,  
Norman  
Suzanne Ehrenborg,  
Norman  
Kari Fisher,  
Edmond  
Lee Gruber,  
Hays, KS  
Diane Ginn,  
Oklahoma City  
Majna Hoover,  
Oklahoma City  
Melissa Kuzniak,  
Norman

### VILA

Dariusz Ayres,  
Norman  
Michelle Christian,  
Norman  
Kari Fitzgerald,  
Norman  
Kirsten Friend,  
Norman  
David Hennessie,  
Lawton

Justin Jones,  
Shawnee Mission, KS  
Angela Kincaid,  
Spout Arrow  
Wendy Koon,  
Oklahoma City  
Tavis Lockwood,  
Broken Arrow  
Heather Logan,  
Norman  
Kelli McKinney,  
Norman  
Keri Reynolds,  
Oklahoma City  
Brian Selby,  
Oklahoma City  
Julie Smith,  
Oklahoma City  
Ann Carberry,  
Oklahoma City  
Lary Millery,  
Oklahoma City  
David Robillard,  
Oklahoma City  
Rita Wheeler,  
Tulsa\*

### CELLO

Jennifer Banks,  
Enid  
Rhonda Bennett,  
Tulsa  
Greg Chai,  
Oklahoma City  
Kathryn Cosby,  
Oklahoma City  
Sara Doolittle,  
Norman  
Margaret Dunn,  
Norman  
Scott Floyd,  
Oklahoma City  
Jeff Lewis,  
Oklahoma City  
Robert Wallace,  
Oklahoma City  
Majory Cornelius,  
Norman  
Vic Frisk,  
Columbus, OH\*

### BASS

Drew Jones,  
Bartlesville

Chase Michem,  
Oklahoma City  
Amy Nelles,  
Norman  
Brian St. John,  
Norman  
Margo Cooper,  
Friedonia, NY  
Lucy Pirie,  
Columbus, OH\*

### FLUTE

Tara Foster,  
Ponca City  
Caitlin Jones,  
Oklahoma City  
Elizabeth Lockridge,  
Tulsa  
Deborah Epkeviat,  
Greenwood, NC\*

### DRUM

Arpie Adams,  
Oklahoma City  
Kimberly Barrett,  
Oklahoma City  
Igori Dorely,  
Guthrie  
Yvonne Olgemans,  
Washington  
Sandra Faasler,  
Norman\*

Chris Kapecky,  
Norman  
(not pictured)  
Mark Osborn,  
Norman  
Cassy Saunders,  
Ada  
David Shepherd,  
Oklahoma City  
Angel Seneff,  
Lawton  
John Williams,  
Norman\*

### TRUMPET

Tara Foster,  
Ponca City  
Caitlin Jones,  
Oklahoma City  
Elizabeth Lockridge,  
Tulsa  
Deborah Epkeviat,  
Greenwood, NC\*

Jane Anderson,  
Alta  
Shelia Jordan,  
Oklahoma City  
Robert Schwemmer,  
Oklahoma City

Paul Ayers,  
Bryder  
James Hilsom,  
Sperry  
Charles Messer,  
Elk City

**CLARINET**  
Eric Bachler,  
Tulsa  
Brandy Cames,  
McAlester  
Austin Walls,  
Hooper  
Jerry Neal Smith,  
Norman\*

**BASSOON**  
Eric Dorely,  
Guthrie  
Brian Lindsey,  
Oklahoma City  
Tracee Pyles,  
Mustang  
Betty Johnson,  
Oklahoma City

**FRENCH HORN**  
Jane Anderson,  
Alta  
Shelia Jordan,  
Oklahoma City  
Robert Schwemmer,  
Oklahoma City

**TRUMPET**  
Paul Ayers,  
Bryder  
James Hilsom,  
Sperry  
Charles Messer,  
Elk City

Eric Swisher,  
Norman  
David Gauger,  
Tulsa\*

**TROMBONE**  
Curtis Brown,  
Edmond  
Tony Gernson,  
Lawton  
Brandon Jordan,  
Oklahoma City  
Allan Kaplan,  
Oklahoma City\*

**TUBA**  
Carl King,  
Oklahoma City  
Mark Marilus,  
Oklahoma City

**PERCUSSION**  
John Levin,  
Norman  
Eric Hennessie,  
Norman  
Chad Sharkey,  
Ponca City  
John Galt,  
Boulder, CO\*

**ACCOMPANIST**  
Duncan MacMillan,  
Norman\*

\*Orchestra Faculty







# Concerts

## The 1987 Institute Orchestra Onstage

**Wednesday, June 10**  
David Becker, Conductor

Overture to Rienzi

Symphony #3 (Rhenish)  
V. Lebhaft

Capriccio Espagnol  
Alborada  
Tema con Variazioni  
Alborada  
Soana e Canto gitano  
Fandango asturiano

Richard Wagner

Richard Wagner

Robert Schumann

Nicolai Rimsky-Korsakov

**Wednesday, June 17**  
Bernard Rubenstein, Conductor

Overture to Italian in Algiers

Introduction to Act II of  
Die Meistersinger

Selections from Suite I and  
II of Romeo and Juliet  
Montagues and Capulets  
The Young Juliet  
Masks  
The Death of Tybalt  
Romeo at the Tomb of Juliet

Gioacchino Rossini

Richard Wagner

Sergei Prokofiev

**Saturday, June 13**  
David Becker, Conductor

Finlandia

A Zoo Called Earth

Symphony #1 in C Minor  
IV. Adagio; Più Andante;  
Allegro non troppo, ma con brio

Jean Sibelius

Peter Schickels

Johannes Brahms

**Saturday, June 20**  
Bernard Rubenstein, Conductor  
Overture to Nabucco

Brandenburg Concerto #2 in F Major  
Allegro  
Allegro  
Allegro

Giuseppe Verdi

Johann Sebastian Bach

Dmitri Shostakovich

Johannes Brahms

Symphony #9, Op. 70  
IV. Largo  
V. Allegretto; Allegro

Symphony #2 in D Major, Op. 73  
IV. Allegro con spirito

### JUNE 16, Tuesday

As I walked down the hall a few moments ago, there were three viola players, three violins, and a bass player practicing. Each had a black music stand where the pages of a symphony and a portable metronome leaned. It makes restful music, this practice. Somewhere, eight or nine rooms away, I can even hear a piano.

Does the boy with the violin outside my door realize that even practicing, he is filling the space in here with a music which I have come to expect, even look forward to, with each moment's passing?

He works at a Wagner piece. He plays the same melody over and over, missing the final notes, two, three, four times, but with each mistake he heads back to the beginning of the measure. He perseveres and finally, just one long moment ago, he nails it. Now the boy puts his violin up. Through my door I can hear the buckles snap on the case. He's off to play with the orchestra and prepare for the concert on Wednesday night. I listen closely and all that I hear is bird song (that persistent mockingbird) and the ceaseless Quartz Mountain State Lodge air-conditioning.



Trumpet student Eric Swisher. Norman finds the stairwell an excellent spot for practice.



Angela Kirkpatrick, violinist from Broken Arrow, waits for direction in orchestra rehearsal.

# FACULTY PERFORMANCES AND GUEST ARTISTS

**JUNE 12, Friday**

I started thinking about Denise Nicholas' artist showcase that we'd all seen last night. She read a monologue from a novel published in the 1930s by Zora Neale Hurston, a Black novelist, a member of the Harlem Renaissance. It's the story of the pain and joy that comes to a young woman and the choices she makes with men as she grows older. The whole piece was about love, pain, and passion. And the language was so thick, so beautiful! "Make a summertime of loneliness," was a line from the performance. I couldn't leave it behind. We all sat transfixed as Denise performed. "I don't know why you'd ever do another TV show if you can do that," I told her afterwards.

I realized today that this journal is a diary of a tribe. We are a ragged group with a common character and interest, in this case, art. We are gathered here for two weeks in the crosshatched afternoon shadows of our granite mountains. We wander daily in the wilderness of our ignorance, then come together at night to set up our tents at the feet of the chiefs, musicians, poets, and dreamers among us.

This place seems to draw landscape photographers — Goodwin Harding, the 1985 photography instructor, with his stark black and white explorations of the Oregon coast; Marilyn Bridges with her flights over the sacred sites of the world; Kurt Markus' dry Montana; and during the fall workshops, Paul Caponigro's stone circles.

At times I stand speechless in the presence of the world's powerful places and I'm thankful for photographers who give me pictures to hold with my mind and twist like rosary beads.

"This is a strange place, like the sets they used to build for Buck Rogers," Richard Thomas said to me in the lounge just a few minutes ago. "It's like we're all on a space ship. There are aliens walking among us."

I think I may be one of them.



Guest artists Bryan Pitts and Laura Flagg-Pitts, artistic directors for Ballet Oklahoma, perform a *pass de deux*.



Actress Denise Nicholas performs a monologue adapted from *Their Eyes Were Watching God* by Zora Neale Hurston.



Guest artist Jerry Poppenhouse, who presented a slide show and lecture on his recent trip to China, and documentary photographer David Fitzgerald prepare for some aerial shots of the Quartz Mountain landscape.



Mime Bill Fisher rehearses "A Report to an Academy" based on a story by Franz Kafka.



Guest artist Helen Harrison, critic and art historian, and Howard Kanovitz, drawing instructor, critique student work.

Poet James Ragan reads "Nippers and Poppers," a new poem written at Quartz Mountain.

## JUNE 17, Wednesday

Dining room, early morning, random talk — "Some day write about the clothes." Sara Dobbertzen, director of the Institute's fall workshops for adults, tells me. "It's like some of these kids have been saving up for a whole year. This is the only place they get a chance to wear this stuff."

Overhead at the next table — Tim Nelson, writing counselor-at-large, says, "I never chew my cabbage twice."

"The boy speaks in parables," Mary Frates answers.

At lunch, Richard Thomas said to me, "All we do here is eat and talk." Meals, meals. Eating and talking. Here, the day is edged with meals. They are important far beyond caloric reloading. Each meal is a contact with the other artists, out of earshot of the students. We use the time to build castles in the air and tear them down, to fall deeply in the moats between the different art forms.

Someone said once that any army travels on its stomach, so maybe artists are the same way. Here we are, fighting the daily skirmishes of breakfast, lunch, and dinner, armed only with our mouths and the novelty of guessing the "bean of the day." Here, in cuisine's back country, little things take on great significance — the homemade cookies the kitchen makes are more exciting than mail call. Things I hear at lunch can take me off for a whole day's pondering:

"One's self is a very accessible subject."

"Doctors and musicians are made the same way; a lot of these students will grow up to be doctors," says Mary Gordon Taft, the summer program director.

"The only two things you should bow down to are God and your art. Pass the salt."

Just now, walking back from group camp, I was struck by how, if I were a photographer or landscape painter, I could easily spend my life among the compelling geomorphic forms of light and stone at Quartz. Is the same true for a writer? Could this place and its "story" or "myth" continue to compel? I just saw a janitor that reminds me of a Weston photograph from Carmel. Is the magic of this place the landscape or what we project on it?

A storm coming on. Rain over the lake.

The fingers of lightning, a great hand with Quartz in the palm. We stand on the old putting green and watch it roll in clouds like great angry visitors from the West. And the sunset, reddening everything, as if the day has been sacrificed. Made sacred.

This year, the word sacred is all around. "Is this a sacred conversation or can anyone sit down," a student asked me as I talked to another student this afternoon.

The Institute has taken as its images the lightning bolt, the moon, the panther, the wolf, and this stone itself. These are steps toward grounding the word "sacred" in the place. A place is set apart as holy by the people who visit it. When someone asks in years to come, "Why do you think this spot is sacred," we can point to the storms — like storms nowhere else — the granite boulders, and say, "That's why." If they don't understand, they may not return. If they do, they are here forever, caught within the mountain, in the cottonwood leaves.

I talked with Irene Connors this morning about how I believe the mountains have the power of change within them. They are almost always the products of violent change in the body of the earth, so maybe they carry within them the power to act on us in some sudden way. Are church camps put in mountains only for the scenery, for the views? I don't think so. The church has always incorporated the genuine power of the earth for institutional purposes.

The air here is charged with art's electricity. Everybody who visits here comes away, it seems, speaking of this place, this camp, in what would be considered "religious" terms one hundred years ago.

I believe a place like Quartz Mountain has the power to change me, to alter the way I see the other fifty weeks of my life.

The two weeks of camp is something to be celebrated, but the place is in need of celebration too. We've decided that this year we'll celebrate the solstice, the twenty-first, with a ceremony on top of one of the Twin Peaks just to the south of



Guest Jan Pyle-Zak, visiting pianist from Santa Fe, NM, performs Chopin.

the lodge. What I want to do is get a few friends to climb to the top of the peak and form a solstice line when the sun comes up and establish it with stones. We'll place a center point somewhere and build a fire pit there. Then the solstice line will pass right through the middle of the fire pit. Maybe Marilyn can even fly over and photograph it! It's these little schemes that make this place different for me. The two Marys are always ready to do something just a little bit different.

To work outside at Quartz is to enter a tunnel of birdsong. Warblers, wrens, and the ever-present mockingbirds here, near the western limit of their range, flinging one final collage of song at the western frontier. Then birdsong becomes a teacher's fingersnap, the heel taps of ten dancers moving across a wooden floor, and I'm back with the camp.

I had never seen the swallows until today. They were in another universe. They have a nest under the eaves just to the right of the door, a place where a hundred students were sitting in the convulsion of their seeing, after lunch, waiting for the bus. In the oblong nest are three hatchlings. Two swallows return every minute or so with insects to feed

their offspring. The students weren't noticing any of this, caught in their own webs, pleasures. I wouldn't have noticed if I had been further away from the nest by only a few feet.

There is so much ambient life here at Quartz. We could spend our days doing nothing but watching the swallows, looking at wasps in the dining room window, raccoons at the dumpsters, vultures riding the thermals above Twin Peaks. This year, there are more birds around than I've seen in any other year, and on the mornings when I run, I close my mouth when I reach two spots on the road. The first morning I mistook through clouds of gnats in those places. Now, three runs later, they remain, as if something holds them to the particular spots where I first encountered them.

"That's really work," I said to David Blast as a swallow returned with another catch.

"No more than a dad or mom working nine to five. Just a little more direct."

I realize that most of the power of the moments here at Quartz come through process and not performance. With the exception of the orchestra music, I remember very little of the "Onstage" portion of camp. I leave every year not with the sense of having witnessed something great and fleeting (the performances), but of having lived through two weeks of moments. How is it possible to

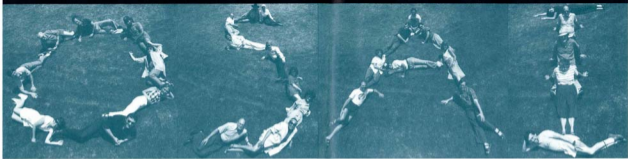
convey to anyone on the outside the day-to-day of camp life, how it goes on forever, then slips away, quick as mercury. Time for me has collapsed. I left my watch on my dresser days ago. The time spent in class, the conversations at lunch, the unexpected solar flare of insight in a student's face during a lesson: these are all inside pleasures, reserved only for the initiated, for the chosen.

Today I climbed high up the mountain, alone. Below me sat many of the photographers on one big rock. Did they see these rocks only as scenery? For me, every rock was a still life. And yet, they sat like a still life themselves. Teenage bored, they soon moved on, as I knew they would.

It is now late in the evening as I type. I should be asleep. Tomorrow the circles under my eyes will be the size of moons. Quartz Mountain is a wave for me and right now it's ready to drop me into the steaming surf of mid-camp.

Faculty musicians perform Bach's Branderburg Concerto #2.





**OFFSTAGE FUN OFFSTAGE FUN OFFSTAGE FUN OFFSTAGE FUN OFFSTAGE FUN OFFSTAGE FUN**

Which twin has the Toni?



Ellen Siewart, mid-manned office manager by day... wild waterwoman by night!



Nurse Teresa Srinjay discovers that even dancers' eyes get tired.



Writer's Dock



"Off Stage" in Chinese means "Onstage at Quartz Mountain." Jon Burns, member of the Oklahoma Arts Institute's visual arts advisory panel, with special guests, artists from China



But wait, there's more!



Go, counselors, go!





What can he see  
in her? I've missed  
better buses.



The site crew on a break.



You want to  
perform what???



The Ladies of the Alamo



The Judges are not easily swayed.



Survivors of the  
sunrise hike.



You just can't dance in the rain.



The laid-back OSA/  
counselors, staff, and crew.

# PREPARING FOR THE SHOW

DRAWING/PHOTOGRAPHY

**JUNE 18, Thursday**

Down to group camp for a collaboration between the poets and visual artists. Inside Howard's studio there are drawings pasted everywhere — all over the walls. So much clutter. "Art" piled everywhere, on every surface. A real work-place. In front of me, on the only available table, is an old issue of *Art in America*, a portable museum of sorts that the students can draw images from. On the cover, spattered with paint from this art class is Susan Rotherberg's *Untitled, 1980-81*. Lying across part of the picture is *The Daily Oklahoman, Sunday, June 7, 1967*. Already, the newsprint is dry, brittle. Under that is a pile of clean newsprint and some drawings.

Standing shoulder to shoulder along the walls, in front of the windows, are the huge pictures the class has been working on for the past week. The painters have been working from little sketches they've pinned to the bigger works. One girl has a little Cubist drawing pinned up and now it is taking shape in the larger work. Another has a picture from *Life* magazine of soldiers crossing a ridge line, carrying M-16s on their shoulders. Howard is explaining the collaborative murals that the art students and poets will be working on today. "Casual encounters of image and style," he calls them. He wants the writers, who are all grouped near the door, the artists still in front of their huge canvases, to add words — lines, haiku, longer poems — that "result from relationships between artists and poets."

"Look around and find imagery that has meaning to you," he tells Kagan's young poets.

A blonde girl with a California bike hat sits and stares at her painting, picks up pink chalk, and adds a little tone to a



Darkroom instructor David Blust adjusts lights.



The work of poetry students was also displayed in the gallery.



The drawing studio.



Photography student Nguyen Viet Vu, Tulsa, spots her prints before hanging them in the gallery.

**JUNE 18, Thursday**

We went to the photography classroom and watched a slide show. Once again, out of nowhere, a new artistic presence came rushing into my life. It's funny how it can happen at Quartz, as if the air makes you more susceptible to beauty. One moment you've never heard of an artist; the next, the work is a part of your common culture.

In many of the photographs, the light is somehow fractured and in opposition — yet balanced — with all the other parts of the composition. There is a woman floating in a lake, the boat in the foreground, the mountains beyond. In another, a woman enters a door, only her hand visible, but also oddly reflected on the wall opposite because of light through a crystal doorknob. And the light! The light in each photo is a country you could walk in. Rich valleys of light. Deep creekbeds of shadow.

"Don't shy away from using shadows," Marilyn tells everyone after the show is finished. "Shadow is a positive space rather than a negative."

I've spent entire evenings arguing with a friend whether life is contained in the great moments we experience or the space between those moments. I think photography shows that life is in the present. A moment of life is a moment of awareness.

figure in the right corner. The figure is Marilyn Monroe caught on a yellow beach road below a sun and a dog licking the moon. The girl doesn't seem interested in what Howard is saying, seems closed off, detached. She's more interested in what her painting has to say. How will she react to someone wanting to write on her painting?

"Another girl comes up to Howard. She's uncomfortable with the assignment. "It's our work, right?"

"You've been outside the spirit of what we wanted to do from the beginning," Howard answers. He explains how he laid down the rules from the first day. The students have always known they would be doing a collaborative assignment.

"But what if the poem doesn't agree with what I want to say?" she asks.

"That's why we've got lots of poets."

Such a battle against ego! The fear of coming together. But one poet has taken an interest in the blonde girl's Marilyn Monroe painting. The poet asks, "What does it mean to you?"

"I try to stay away from explaining my work to others," the blonde girl says defensively.

The poet struggles to SEE the painting. She starts to speak, filled with her seeing. "The movement is so fierce. The colors so angry."

The blonde painter nods her head.

Now the poet asks why Marilyn Monroe is in the painting.

"It's more of a personal statement than political," the painter answers. "Marilyn and the dog represent two sides of me. The dog is stepping on her, trying to get to the sun, to glorify itself."

They talk back and forth, the poet and painter each struggling for meaning within what they see.

"You know, people who use people aren't as good as people who don't," the painter adds.

"And why is the dog licking the moon?" another one of the painters asks, laughing.

The blonde girl tightens up. "It's just the way it is. That's all I know about it."

"That's a lot," the poet says.



Students inspect the 1987 murals at the gallery opening.



**JUNE 10, Friday**

#### **ONSTAGE WEEKEND BEGINS!**

Gallery opens!

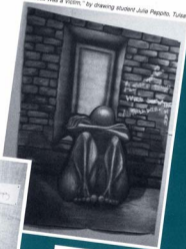
Works-in-Progress by drawing, photography, and writing students are hung in the gallery.

## EXHIBITION AT GALERIE DE L'ECOLE DES BUZZARDS



Smith Hall, 2000

"Medusa Was a Victim," by drawing student Julia Pappas, Tulsa





Writing student  
Gretchen Kucharski,  
Tulsa, reads her poetry  
during the Works-in-  
Progress presentation.

## ONSTAGE WEEKEND WORKS-IN-PROGRESS

**Friday, June 18, 1987**  
**Seventeen Over the Cuckoo's Nest**  
by the Acting Class  
director: Denise Nicholas

**Entr' Acte**  
by students and faculty from the brass section of the  
Institute Orchestra

**Hunting the Naked Bear on Grub Street**  
by the Writing Class — readings of their work  
introductions by James Ragan

**Song**  
by the Modern Dance Class  
composer: Canteloube  
choreographer: Richard Kuch

**Amalgamation**  
by the Mime Class  
choreographer: William Fisher

**Etude**  
by the Ballet Class  
composer: Robert Schumann  
choreographer: Richard Thomas



Christina Bost, Midwest  
City, leads the mime  
class in rehearsal (at  
right) and in  
performance of  
"Amalgamation."







Acting students Danny Moss, Cushing, and Lisa Martinez, Oklahoma City, prepare to read entries from the journals they kept during the acting class.



Modern dancers in performance during Onstage Weekend.

photos at left, top to bottom

Katie Pearl, Tulsa, and Wayne Bailey, Norman, perform a scene from Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*.

Ballerinas Ali Hays, Dal City, Karen Wilanueva, Clinton, and Lesley Johnson, Tulsa.

The long hours of work at Quartz Mountain are reflected in the precision of the ballet class performance.

The ballet class in the final pose of their Onstage "Etude."



#### JUNE 10, Friday

Tonight, after the actors finished their program on the indoor stage, David Blust repeated a line from one of the monologues over and over until finally I wrote it down in my journal:

*We can all be great if there is someone to pull the greatness out of us.*

"That's the quote of the camp," he said.



Modern dancers perform "Song"

# GOODBYE 1987

## JUNE 20, Saturday

Last night, a nebula of insects swirled in the amphitheater lights and lightning narrowed the darkness as another C-3 crawled up the horizon from the Altus air force base, headed toward our Onstage celebration. Crickets in the amphitheater. Waiting for Mary Gordon to get things started. Begin to close things down, send us all back into the world. The program said "Works-in-Progress," but where does the progress go after last night? Back to the dusty towns of Oklahoma, to the suburbs of Tulsa, the farm fields of Stillwater?

## JUNE 21, Sunday Summer Solstice

The dark, leading edge of a cold front moves down from the north and the lake is the color of slate. Cottonwoods flicker in the wind. The stretch of landscape gives the feeling of light leaking into the camp from around the horizon's edge. I spent the night on a mountain south of the lodge with John Galm, sleeping out first under stars, then under clouds. We had climbed after the dance last night into the dark on a steep path and quickly became lost, choosing a different mountain to sleep on than we had planned. We sat up late and stared at the stars, talked the world's problems down to only two voices' distance. Even Orion's Belt was close enough to touch.

In the morning we woke and looked across the canyon and saw a row of flashlights slowly headed to the top of the tallest peak: twelve of our friends who had left the lodge at five a.m. for the solstice sunrise. They looked like some Mayan procession in the early light. John and I made our way to meet them.

It would be hard to explain what we did as the sun came up on this solstice morning. We chanted. We tossed sage to the four directions, grandfather sky and grandmother earth. We laughed, waited for the sun. Dick Kuch asked, "John, is it that moment yet?" Then we all took stones and placed them in a pile, in line with the pink spot everyone agreed was where the sun should have risen on this cloudy solstice morning. Then we left sunflower seeds for the wrens and headed down to breakfast.



# HELLO 1988

## PREVIEW SUMMER '88/June 4-19

### Faculty & Guests

**ACTING:** Denise Nicholas, Los Angeles; co-star in the hit TV show "Room 222"; coordinator of the New Dramatists and teacher at the University of Southern California.

**VOICE AND MOVEMENT:** Irene Connors, Valencia, California; voice and movement instructor at the California Institute of the Arts.

**BALLET:** Richard Thomas, New York City; founder and former director of the New York School of Ballet.

**DRAWING:** Ray George, Bloomington, Illinois; professor of art at the Center for the Visual Arts, Illinois State University; work in permanent collections of over fifty museums.

**MIME:** Tony Montanaro, South Paris, Maine; creator and director of the Celebration Theatre Ensemble, a national touring theatre and mime group.

**MODERN DANCE:** Pat Catterson, New York City; student of Merce Cunningham and Viola Farber for modern dance and of Honi Coles for jazz; teacher at Sarah Lawrence College, Bronxville, NY and at The Merce Cunningham Studio, New York City.

**PHOTOGRAPHY:** Walter Nelson, Santa Fe; professional photographer and painter; numerous one-man and group exhibitions; work in museums and private collections across the country.

**DARKROOM TECHNIQUE:** David Blust, Prospect Park, New Jersey; free-lance photographer working in New York and New Jersey; artist-in-residence with the State Arts Council of Oklahoma.

**WRITING:** James Ragan, Beverly Hills; published poet, screenwriter and playwright; director of the Professional Writing Program at the University of Southern California.

### MUSIC FACULTY

**CONDUCTOR, Week I:** Adrian Gnam, Eugene, Oregon; music director and conductor for the Eugene Symphony Orchestra and the Macon Symphony Orchestra, Macon, GA; principal guest conductor for the Concerto Soloists of Philadelphia; music director for the Shreveport Summer Music Festival, Shreveport, LA.

**CONDUCTOR, Week II:** Akira Endo, San Antonio; artistic advisor and principal conductor of the San Antonio Symphony.

**BASS:** John Williams, Norman; member of the Oklahoma Symphony Orchestra; arranger for Oklahoma Symphony Orchestra Pops Concerts; visiting instructor at the University of Oklahoma.

**BASSOON:** Betty Johnson, Oklahoma City; instructor at Oklahoma City University; principal bassoon with Sinfonia of Mid-America.

**CELLO:** Marjory Lunt Cornelius, Norman; professor of cello at the University of Oklahoma; part-time cellist with the Oklahoma Symphony Orchestra; member of Quartet Oklahoma; coach/performer with International Orchestra Festival.

**CELLO:** William Conable, Columbus, Ohio; Alexander Technique instructor and professor of cello at Ohio State University; principal cello with the Columbus Symphony Orchestra.

At breakfast, a few of us talked about the camp, what we would leave with the students, what the students would leave with us.

"We've at least planted the seeds," John Gaim said, cutting at the sadness of leaving.

"Enlightenment," Marilyn added. "At least we've let them know they can pursue an art and they don't have to fall for the other world."

Just now a kingbird hovers momentarily outside my window like a visitation. During this camp I've spent hours watching two kingbirds with their nest in a pine out in front of the lodge. Friday the four eggs hatched, and I stood at the railing in front of the newspaper machine and watched the red beaks of the hatchlings, waiting for food.

There are things which are hard to speak of without sounding archaic, but I want to try. I feel Quartz, more than any place I've ever been, is inexplicably tied to what we feel about it. Mostly it's beyond words, even for the poets who have visited here. It's almost as if we, as creatures, have lost the ability to name those feelings we have for place. Forty thousand years ago the cave painters put their feelings right on the rocks of the Spanish and French caves. Maybe today we do the same thing with the work we produce here.

I hope no one would argue if I write here that art, not greed or consumption, should stand at the center of a culture, like a fire pit in a circle of old ceremonial stones.

In three days, the lodge will fill with tourists and vacationers, the pool uncovered, the tents struck, the Onstage trucks loaded and stored. Yet it is too soon to feel the sadness. This is the longest day of the year. Our lives stretch in every direction, into a million moments, a million endings, and beginnings.

J.L.



**CLARINET:** Jerry Neil Smith, Norman; professor of music at the University of Oklahoma; composer.

**FLUTE:** Deborah Egekvist, Greensboro, North Carolina; assistant professor in the School of Music at the University of North Carolina, Greensboro.

**FRENCH HORN:** Robert Schwendeman, Oklahoma City; instructor at Oklahoma City University and the University of Science and Arts of Oklahoma, Chickasha; regular performer with Chamber Orchestra of Oklahoma City, Norman Chamber Orchestra, and Orquesta Sinfonica de Minería, Mexico.

**OBOE:** Sandra Flesher, Norman; professor of oboe at the University of Oklahoma; composer; member of Oklahoma Woodwind Quintet, Colegium, and the Oklahoma Symphony Orchestra.

**PERCUSSION:** John Gaim, Boulder, Colorado; associate professor of music in percussion and music history at the University of Colorado.

**TROMBONE:** Allan Kaplan, Oklahoma City; principal trombone with the Oklahoma Symphony Orchestra.

**TRUMPET:** David Gauger, Tulsa; principal trumpet and soloist with the Tulsa Philharmonic; instrumental director for the First Baptist Church of Tulsa.

**TUBA:** Mark Mordue, Oklahoma City; principal tuba with the Oklahoma Symphony Orchestra; instructor at Oklahoma City University and Central State University, Edmond.

**VIOLA:** Marge Chapman Cooper, Fredonia, New York; member of the Erie Philharmonic and Erie Chamber Players; concertmaster of the Fredonia Chamber Players; regular performer with the Buffalo Philharmonic.

**VIOLIN:** Ann Cafferty, Oklahoma City; free-lance musician; part-time performer with the Oklahoma Symphony Orchestra.

**VIOLIN:** Lacy McLarry, Oklahoma City; concertmaster of the Lawton Philharmonic; founder and director of the Suzuki String Development Program at Oklahoma City University.

**VIOLIN:** David Robillard, Oklahoma City; instructor in the Suzuki String Development Program at Oklahoma City University; member of the Oregon Bach Festival.

**VIOLIN:** Ron Wheeler, Tulsa; conductor of the Tulsa Youth Symphony; education director for the Tulsa Philharmonic; staff member of the Sunriver Oregon Music Festival.

#### **GUEST ARTISTS**

**Ray Luke, Oklahoma City; composer; faculty member Oklahoma City University.**

**Michael Ma, Norman; concertmaster of the Oklahoma Symphony Orchestra.**

**Fritz Scholder, Scottsdale, Arizona; visual artist**

**Maria Talchief, Chicago, Illinois; prima ballerina**

#### **GUEST ALUMNI**

**John Arnold, violinist; student at the University of Oklahoma**

**Sharl Little-Holladay, ballerina; member of Ballet Oklahoma**

**Tim Long, pianist; student at Oklahoma City University**

**Amanda McLarry, violinist; graduate student at the University of Wisconsin**

**Royce McLarry, violinist; graduate student at the University of Wisconsin**

**Janet Wagner, violinist; student at Southern Methodist University**

# APPLAUSE APPLAUSE APPLAUSE APPLAUSE APPLAUSE APPLAUSE APPLAUSE APPLAUSE APPLAUSE APPLAUSE APPLAUSE APPLAUSE APPLAUSE APPLAUSE

to Institute donors: Cornerstones, Mountain Movers, Earth Shakers, Quartz Crystal Club members.

This section of the Quartz Mountain Daybook is dedicated to our contributors, who are as much a part of the Institute family as our students, faculty, and staff. Acknowledging these contributors is our small way of saying thank you for making our programs and projects possible.

The money contributed to the Institute's annual fund, endowment fund, and capital improvements campaign are an investment in Oklahoma's future. Because of our donors' commitment to Oklahoma and Oklahomans, Quartz Mountain Magic will occur again this year and in the years to come.

\* = board members † = parents of summer students \* = alumni of the Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute and Adult Institutes in the Arts

The Oklahoma Arts Institute is endorsed and supported by the following public agencies: The State Arts Council of Oklahoma  
Oklahoma State Department of Education  
Oklahoma State Department of Tourism and Recreation  
National Endowment for the Arts

## The Capital Improvements Campaign

### CORNERSTONES

Cornerstone contributors are individuals, corporations, and foundations in the private sector who have given money for the purpose of building new facilities at Quartz Mountain. The development of Quartz Mountain as an arts and conference center is a joint goal of the Oklahoma Arts Institute and the Oklahoma State Department of Tourism and Recreation. Both the Institute and the state have formalized their plans for Quartz in a contract which provides guidelines for the future development of this site as a cultural center for the Southwest.

The state of Oklahoma has appropriated \$1.5 million for capital improvements which will be matched with \$1.5 million from the private sector. The new facilities, costing a total of \$3 million, will provide a permanent home for the Institute's educational programs — the Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute in June and the Adult Institutes in the Arts in October — and will provide a meeting place for cultural groups in the region seeking a conference and seminar retreat site.

Currently, matching funds have been raised for Phase I of the project — construction of five studio pavilions, a new amphitheater, a library, and a new window wall for the indoor pool. Groundbreaking for Phase I is scheduled for September, with dedication in June 1989.

Fundraising for Phase II, the construction of a conference center and performing hall, is currently under way.

We wish to acknowledge the following individuals, corporations, and foundations who have generously contributed to the building project:

### \$100,000 and over

Conoco Inc.  
Studio Pavilion  
The Kerr Foundation  
Studio Pavilion  
The Macklebarg-Hulseley Family  
Studio Pavilion  
Linda Hulseley Brewer, Glen Ellen, CA  
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Mr. and Mrs. David Guthrie, Tulsa  
Mrs. Nora Jean Hulseley, Oklahoma City  
Mr. and Mrs. Michael Sarris, Oklahoma City  
The McCasland Foundation  
Studio Pavilion  
Sarkesy Foundation  
Studio Pavilion  
Southwestern Bell Foundation  
Bell Amphitheater

## The Endowment Fund

### MOUNTAIN MOVERS AND EARTHSKAKERS

Mountain Movers and Earthshakers are those people who have contributed money to endow the Institute's programs. The establishment of a permanent fund which guarantees the financial stability of the Oklahoma Arts Institute is a way to ensure the excellence of future programming.

The Institute's endowment was established in 1985 with the award of a prestigious challenge grant of \$200,000 from the National Endowment for the Arts. To date, nearly \$1 million has been contributed in cash and pledges. The Institute's goal is to raise an additional \$500,000 in 1988 to reach an initial goal of \$1.5 million.

Only the interest from endowment investments is used for programs. The endowment fund is managed by a professional money manager who reviews the fund in quarterly meetings with the Institute's finance committee. Accounting to donors who have established named funds is made every year following the Institute's annual audit. To establish a named fund, a gift must be \$10,000 or more. Donors wishing to establish funds can do so for student and teacher scholarships, faculty chairs, commissioned works of art, publications and exhibitions, and special projects. Of course, undesignated contributions in any amount are also appreciated as a source of income for general operating expenses.

We express our most sincere gratitude to the following contributors to the Institute's endowment fund:

### Mountain Movers — named funds \$10,000 and over

#### \$100,000 and over

National Endowment for the Arts  
General Endowment Fund  
Samuel Roberts Noble Foundation  
Institute Orchestra Fund  
Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute  
**\$50,000 to \$100,000**  
Conoco Inc.  
Dance Program Fund,  
Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute  
Kerr Foundation  
Dance Program Fund,  
Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute  
Macklebarg-Hulseley Family  
Visual Arts Program Fund,  
Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute  
Linda Hulseley Brewer, Glen Ellen, CA  
Louanne Hulseley Ellis, Oklahoma City  
Mr. and Mrs. David Guthrie, Tulsa  
Mrs. Nora Jean Hulseley, Oklahoma City  
Mr. and Mrs. Michael Sarris, Oklahoma City

## The Annual Fund

### QUARTZ CRYSTAL CLUB MEMBERS

The membership of the Quartz Crystal Club consists of contributors who have given a gift of \$1,000 or more to the Institute's Annual Fund. A financial goal of the Oklahoma Arts Institute is to always operate in the black. This is a goal which has been achieved year after year and is an example of fiscal responsibility on which donors to the Institute can rely. With the additional fundraising obligations of a capital improvements drive and an endowment campaign, it is particularly important to maintain a healthy annual operating fund to nourish year-round programming.

Our most grateful appreciation to the following for their understanding of the critical need to support day-to-day programs:

### Underwriters — \$10,000 and over

Anonymous, Ardmore  
Atlantic Richfield Foundation, Los Angeles, CA  
Mrs. Olive H. Daxler, Ardmore  
Karr Frates, Oklahoma City  
Robert A. Heiner II, Oklahoma City  
Occidental Oil and Gas Charitable Foundation, Tulsa  
Phillips Petroleum Foundation, Bartlesville  
Redbud Classic Foundation, Oklahoma City  
Sarkesy Foundation, Norman  
Southwestern Bell Foundation, Oklahoma City  
Mrs. Hazel Voorhees, Tulsa  
Jerome Westheimer Family Foundation, Ardmore

### Benefactors — \$5,000 to \$9,999

Grace B. Kerr Fund, Inc., Oklahoma City  
Harris Foundation, Inc., Oklahoma City  
Serkis Foundation, Ardmore  
Mrs. Margaret K. Riedinger, Oklahoma City  
Wedman and Seidman, Oklahoma City  
The Williams Companies, Tulsa

### Patrons — \$2,500 to \$4,999

Mr. Donald E. Crowsell, Oklahoma City  
First Interstate Bank, Oklahoma City  
Priscilla McElownery, Seattle, WA  
Oklahoma City Community Foundation  
P.L. & Jeanette Sias, Edmond  
The Anne and Henry Zarow Foundation, Tulsa  
The John Steele Zink Foundation, Tulsa

### Sustainers — \$1,000 to \$2,499

City of Tulsa  
Missy Grace Ashlock, Lawton  
Dr. James V. Baker, Jr., Oklahoma City  
Rev. M. Ball, FAIA, AICP, Oklahoma City  
Sen. and Mrs. David L. Boren, Seminole  
Barbara Burge, Edmond  
The Arthur and Susette Burns Fund, Paris, Valley

#### \$1,000 to \$100,000

John S. Badger, Altus  
Badger Memorial Library  
Mr. and Mrs. Richard W. Moore, Altus\*  
Badger Memorial Library

Guests are treated to a poetry reading at the amphitheater. Row One, left to right: OAI board member William Paul and Barbara Paul, Bartlesville; Rep. Renny Williams, Tulsa; Gov. Henry Bellmon, Oklahoma City. Row Two: Rep. Earl Greaser and Leita Greaser, Hobart; counselor and former OAI student Rob Hudson, Norman; Sen. David Boren, Seminole; Shirley Bellmon, Oklahoma City; Molly Boren, Seminole. Row Three: OAI board member Warren K. Jordan, Oklahoma City; OAI board member Mary Catherine Kelley, Kevin Kelley, and Col. Kevin Kelley, Lawton; counselor Janell Carlson, Norman; OAI board member Aulina Gibson, Lawton.



The president of the Oklahoma Arts Institute's board of directors, Ted d'Andriolo, welcomes visitors to a performance of the Institute Orchestra honoring donors.



Arts Foundation  
Theater Program Fund,  
Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute  
Southwestern Bell Foundation  
Theater Program Fund,  
Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute

#### \$25,000 to \$50,000

Trascher-Hoffman-Smith Family  
Facility Chair in Poetry,  
Adult Institutes in the Arts  
Mrs. Roy Hoffman, Jr., Oklahoma City  
Jeanne Hoffman Smith, Oklahoma City\*\*

#### \$10,000 to \$25,000

Altus Community-Badger Memorial Library Fund  
Contributors:  
Arkla Gas Company  
Mr. and Mrs. Jack Corliffe  
Mr. and Mrs. Allen Eaker  
First National Bank of Altus  
First State Bank of Altus  
John Gower  
Mr. & Mrs. Holt Hickman, Ft. Worth, TX  
Mrs. Helen LaGrave\*\*  
Mr. and Mrs. David Liveritt  
Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Miller  
Mr. and Mrs. James Parham, Jr.  
Mrs. Faye Small Riding  
Southwest Oklahoma Economic Improvement Task Force

#### Anonymous Fund, Ardmore

Student Scholarship,  
Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute  
Grayce B. Kerr Fund  
Guest Artist Series,  
Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute  
Neustadt Charitable Foundation  
Writing Scholarship,  
Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute  
Elian Woods Westheimer  
Visual Arts Scholarship Fund,  
Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute  
Marcella Craver Young Memorial  
Scholarship Fund,  
Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute  
Contributors:  
Mary Young Frates, Oklahoma City†  
Jane Anna Young, Oklahoma City†  
Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Young, Lawton

#### Earthshakers — \$1,000 to \$10,000

Serator and Mrs. David L. Boren, Seminole\*  
Mr. and Mrs. C. Richard Ford, Oklahoma City  
Mrs. Ruth Hoard, Elk City\*  
Inasmuch Foundation, Oklahoma City  
McMahon Foundation, Lawton  
Public Service Company of Oklahoma, Tulsa  
Mr. and Mrs. Ken Reed, Weatherford\*  
Mary Holloway Richard and James M. Richard, M.D., Oklahoma City  
David C. Steed, Ardmore  
Mr. John J. Young, Amarillo

#### Ground breakers — up to \$1,000

Mrs. Joanna Burns, Norman†  
Dr. and Mrs. Marc Frazier, Tulsa\*  
Mrs. James E. Hara, Tulsa  
Lou Kien, Oklahoma City\*\*†  
Robert C. Moore, Jr., Tulsa\*

Mr. and Mrs. R. Duane Carter, Cocesta Foundation, Inc., Tulsa  
Col. and Mrs. Paul Cullen, Lawton†  
Roy J. Davis, Oklahoma City  
Dr. Nat Eak, Norman\*  
Mrs. C.W. Flint, Jr., Tulsa  
Mr. and Mrs. Clifford L. Frates, Oklahoma City  
Glen Gee, Ardmore\*  
Dr. and Mrs. J. Richard Hall, Tulsa\*  
Dr. and Mrs. Robert R. Hills, Lawton  
Mrs. Grace Thatcher Hoffman, Oklahoma City  
Mr. and Mrs. Dan Hogan II, Oklahoma City\*  
Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Jarneyway, Oklahoma City  
Dr. and Mrs. Warren L. Jensen, Porca City\*  
Mr. and Mrs. George B. Kaiser, Tulsa†  
The Kerr Foundation, Oklahoma City  
Robert E. Lomon, Tulsa World, Tulsa  
McMahon Foundation, Lawton  
Dr. Earl Mabry, Tulsa\*  
Robert C. Moore, Jr., Tulsa\*  
Edo and Linda New, Honolulu, HI  
Mary and Woody Oliver, Lawton\*\*  
Mrs. Charlene Wolens Schuman, Tulsa\*  
Mr. and Mrs. P.T. Salkow, Weatherford\*  
Sedman and Sedman, Oklahoma City  
Jeanne Hoffman Smith, Oklahoma City\*\*  
David C. Steed, Ardmore  
Texaco, U.S.A., Tulsa  
Kathleen P. Weadby, Tulsa\*  
The Wheeler Foundation, Tulsa  
Gail T.P. Wicks, Dallas, TX\*  
Al Zapata, Dallas, TX\*

On Vacation: Day. In left: Counselor Sue Anglin shows Linda Jacobs of the Grayce B. Kerr Fund and Mr. and Mrs. William Phelps of the McCasland Foundation the Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute in action.



Molly Boren presents a limited edition serigraph by faculty artist Daniel Kiacz to Gene Thomas of Conoco Inc. at the "Earthshaking Event" held in October during the Adult Institutes in the Arts. At the luncheon, the institute announced and presented plans for Quartz Mountain's capital improvements project while honoring Cornerstones, Mountain Movers, Earth Shakers and Quartz Crystal Club members.









Note: If you receive more than one copy of this newsletter, please pass the extra to a friend. We mail to several large lists and duplications are not always possible to detect. Thank you.

"OSAI gave me the opportunity to perform with the finest musicians and conductors as well as being exposed to quality artists in all areas of the arts."

Drew Jones, orchestra  
Bartlesville



"In drawing class, the teacher challenged us to do many things we didn't understand, but afterwards we did find helpful techniques."

Michael Shuck, drawing  
Elk City



"OSAI is a great experience. I have learned so much from my instructor. It is also nice to be able to look out at the beautiful scenery."

Anne Dutcher, ballet  
Norman



"I feel that any experience as intense as this could only be valuable to a person. OSAI lets you know that you aren't just wasting time, what you are doing is worthwhile and matters."

Paige Bryan, photography  
Lawton



"Well, I think OSAI is one of the greatest experiences in the world."

Marshall Keener, mime  
Ponca City



"The electives were interesting. I can't remember all I went to, but I enjoyed them."

Angie Adams, orchestra  
Okarche



"We didn't just learn about our discipline, we learned about ourselves."

Kash Pounds, mime  
Oklahoma City



"What you get from the teachers and the other students cannot be surpassed by any other experience."

Smith Holt, photography  
Stillwater



"I don't think I could have had better instructors — I want them again next year."

Stephanie Miller,  
photography  
Meeker



"I've had the fortune of being picked apart and put back together by my instructor whom I have grown to admire and respect."

Bryan Astell, ballet  
Oklahoma City



"I enjoyed all the performances — there is so much talent here, I did not want to miss out on anything!"

Lisa Martinez, acting  
Oklahoma City



"My classes at OSAI are very exciting, fun, and worth it."

Keri Byars, modern  
dance  
Medill



"In my second year I've learned more than ever."

Dylan Fehre, writing  
Tulsa

