

ONSTAGE
AT
QUARTZ MOUNTAIN



Summer Preview 1991
Reflections 1990

OKLAHOMA SUMMER ARTS INSTITUTE

STUDENTS AGES 14-18
QUARTZ MOUNTAIN
LONE WOLF, OKLAHOMA
JUNE 8-23 1991

DANCE ♦ ORCHESTRA THEATRE ♦ VISUAL ARTS ♦ WRITING

This publication of "Onstage" is more than just a yearbook. Certainly, it serves as a scrapbook for the students, faculty, and staff who participated in the Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute, but it does much more than to simply freeze the moment. Many of our students tell us that it takes awhile to digest what they learned at camp. Their experience can have a delayed reaction, and by referring back to the summer's events, "Onstage" contributes to reinforcing and continuing the learning process which only began during OSAI.

It is also a way for us to acknowledge donors who made the program possible. Contributors to the Oklahoma Arts Institute are an integral part of the Quartz Mountain family. Every year we express our thanks by inviting them to Quartz Mountain for Visitors Day. At this time, they are able not only to witness firsthand the programs they made possible but to meet the students and participate in some of the activities.

Through the production of this publication we are able to assess and evaluate the programs and activities of the Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute. Reexamining the program is valuable in making decisions regarding future years. It is a way to record for archival purposes what actually happened at Quartz Mountain.

Despite our effort to make the Quartz Mountain experience accessible to all Oklahomans, we are limited in the number of students we can accept. Therefore, it is our hope that through this publication we will reach other Oklahomans interested in the arts and the quality of education in our state. After all, if you can't take Oklahomans to the mountain. . .

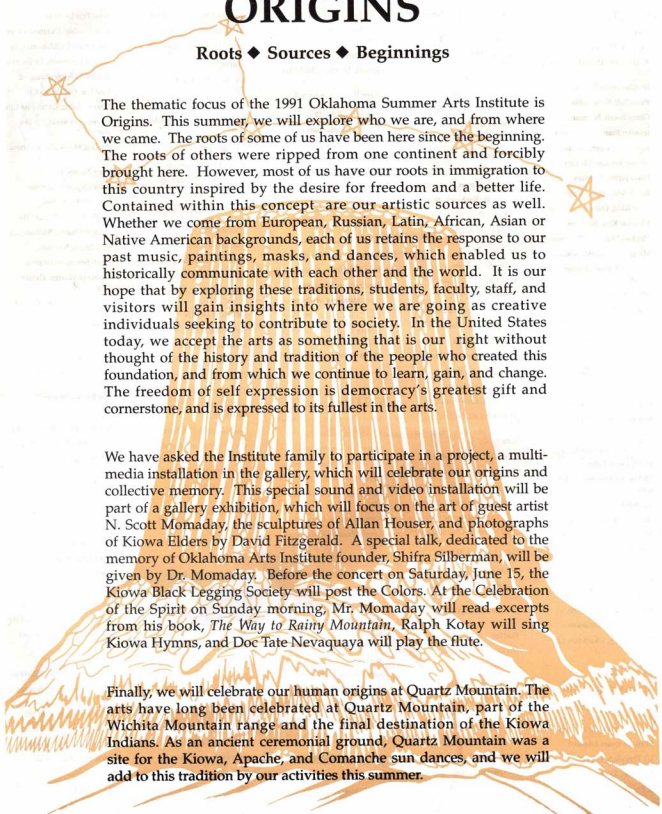
This year's "Onstage" takes the form of a daybook. Writer Gene Case teamed her literary skills with the lens of photographer Jill Evans, and through their eyes, Gene and Jill were able to capture the spirit that pervades Quartz Mountain during the Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute. The pages that follow represent the collaborative effort between writer and photographer. Through their words and images the reader is able to re-live, or experience for the first time "the magic of Quartz Mountain."

Mary Frates, President

Mary Gordon Taft, Vice President/Director of Programs

ORIGINS

Roots ♦ Sources ♦ Beginnings



The thematic focus of the 1991 Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute is Origins. This summer, we will explore who we are, and from where we came. The roots of some of us have been here since the beginning. The roots of others were ripped from one continent and forcibly brought here. However, most of us have our roots in immigration to this country inspired by the desire for freedom and a better life. Contained within this concept are our artistic sources as well. Whether we come from European, Russian, Latin, African, Asian or Native American backgrounds, each of us retains the response to our past music, paintings, masks, and dances, which enabled us to historically communicate with each other and the world. It is our hope that by exploring these traditions, students, faculty, staff, and visitors will gain insights into where we are going as creative individuals seeking to contribute to society. In the United States today, we accept the arts as something that is our right without thought of the history and tradition of the people who created this foundation, and from which we continue to learn, gain, and change. The freedom of self expression is democracy's greatest gift and cornerstone, and is expressed to its fullest in the arts.

We have asked the Institute family to participate in a project, a multimedia installation in the gallery, which will celebrate our origins and collective memory. This special sound and video installation will be part of a gallery exhibition, which will focus on the art of guest artist N. Scott Momaday, the sculptures of Allan Houser, and photographs of Kiowa Elders by David Fitzgerald. A special talk, dedicated to the memory of Oklahoma Arts Institute founder, Shifra Silberman, will be given by Dr. Momaday. Before the concert on Saturday, June 15, the Kiowa Black Legging Society will post the Colors. At the Celebration of the Spirit on Sunday morning, Mr. Momaday will read excerpts from his book, *The Way to Rainy Mountain*, Ralph Kotay will sing Kiowa Hymns, and Doc Tate Nevaquaya will play the flute.

Finally, we will celebrate our human origins at Quartz Mountain. The arts have long been celebrated at Quartz Mountain, part of the Wichita Mountain range and the final destination of the Kiowa Indians. As an ancient ceremonial ground, Quartz Mountain was a site for the Kiowa, Apache, and Comanche sun dances, and we will add to this tradition by our activities this summer.

STUDENTS 1991

DANCE:

BALLET

Aquilah Ahmad, Midwest City
 Basheerah Ahmad, Midwest City
 Jennifer Aycock, Lawton
 Ryan Ball, Bartlesville
 Ginna Booth, Norman
 Jennifer Brandon, Norman
 Summer Cooper, Norman
 Allison Frieson, Elk City
 Nikki Jarvis, Norman
 Kevin Kem, Ponca City
 Amy Kidd, Durant
 Mellanie Kirk, Norman
 Meghan McCarty, Piedmont
 Margaux Radcliffe, Norman
 Kristina Ramsey, Broken Arrow
 Betsy Smith, Bartlesville
 Amy Thomas, Oklahoma City
 Elizabeth West, Edmond

MODERN DANCE

Ashley Argo, Norman
 Shelli Barnes, Sulphur
 Alisa Behrens, El Reno
 Stephanie Currey, Yukon
 Jennifer Fowler, Pryor
 Elizabeth Frazier, Norman
 Misti Johnson, Idabel
 Heidi Jones, Tulsa
 Hillary Kallenger, Oklahoma City
 Lauren Kern, Ardmore
 Sarah Koplowitz, Norman
 Marcy Millington, Edmond
 Courtney Moon, Ada
 Tammy Pettit, Norman
 Jennifer Reed, Norman
 Misti Reynolds, Ardmore
 Shana Rutz, Ponca City
 Kristyna Smith, Marlow
 Mika Young, Oklahoma City

THEATRE:

APPROACH TO ACTING

Danielle Centracco, Oklahoma City
 Reggie Choquette, Lawton
 Michelle Dean, Edmond
 Jay Ferguson, Edmond
 Jay Fram, Tahlequah
 Robin Hall, Tulsa

Clarissa Henley, Oklahoma City
 Danny Hill, Edmond
 Michael Maxwell, Oklahoma City
 Kelly Miller, Lone Grove
 Misty Norris, Duncan
 Damon Parker, Oklahoma City
 Bryan Parris, Owasso
 Tricia Smith, Duncan
 Rob Spain, Duncan
 Tony Tedder, Norman
 Gary Thompson, Claremore
 Nicole Wallenbrock, Norman
 Bekah Wilson, Ada
 Blake Wilson, Edmond

SCENE STUDY

Abby Allen, Tulsa
 Chad Baker, Choctaw
 Robert Close, Ada
 Timothy Goins, Ada
 Joseph Gomez, Tulsa
 Corey Hale, Tulsa
 Peter Hermes, Oklahoma City
 Kate Howard, Tulsa
 Sheryl Lang, Duncan
 Craig Lee, Oklahoma City
 Jonathan Leff, Stillwater
 Heather Metcalfe, Oklahoma City
 Jenny Murphy, El Reno
 Susan Neale, Oklahoma City
 Michael Rabhal, Ardmore
 Gabrielle Rustmann, Altus
 Jeff Stork, Oklahoma City
 Alisha Zwirz, Oklahoma City

VISUAL ARTS:

DRAWING

Christie Armstrong, Midwest City
 Chris Berumen, Oklahoma City
 Rodney Cloud, Elk City
 Jeff Conaway, Edmond
 Joseph Erb, El Reno
 Amy Herron, Edmond
 Devon Himes, Tulsa
 Melissa Lanier, Ada
 Monique Madeira, Tulsa
 Shan-Ti Marlar, Ponca City
 Joshua Neel, Tulsa
 Joe Owens, Tulsa
 Matt Reynolds, Broken Arrow

Bruce Rogers, Tulsa
 Stephanie Ruggles, Oklahoma City
 Chris Small, El Reno
 Jeremy Thomas, Oklahoma City
 Kane Watkins, Edmond

PHOTOGRAPHY

Carol Bettinghausen, Oklahoma City
 Matthew Berry, Enid
 Jennifer Cyert, Ardmore
 Monica Dewan, Houston, Texas
 Casey Duck, Tulsa
 Sarah Dunn, Norman
 Brent Larson, Stillwater
 David McNeese, Edmond
 Sondra Pate, Edmond
 Stacy Slaughter, Ardmore
 Lori Talley, Oklahoma City
 Denise Thiebaut, Oklahoma City
 Devin Thompson, Stillwater

WRITING:

Mindy Bergman, Weatherford
 Dinah Cox, Stillwater
 Mary Dill, Weatherford
 Crystal Dillahunty, Mangum
 Aimee Ellis, Ardmore
 Stephanie England, Oklahoma City
 Karen Gonzalez, Edmond
 Laurie Hersley, Oklahoma City
 Budd Hiron, Pryor
 Lora Elizabeth Howard, Tulsa
 Kyle Johnson, Bartlesville
 Angel Lighty, Arcadia
 Hilary Lowe, Norman
 Masami Matsumoto, Norman
 Kyle Millar, Chesterfield, Missouri
 Amy Mitchell, Cherokee
 Staci Patrick, Tahlequah
 Todd Price, Tulsa
 Mark Selvidge, Oklahoma City
 Laura Beth Thompson, Ada

ORCHESTRA:

FLUTE

Lisa Colson, Mustang

Andrea Raven, Ponca City
 Jill Siegriest, Shawnee
 Sarah Thompson, Edmond

OBOE

Kimberly Bartlett, Oklahoma City
 Heidi Huseman, Norman
 Urmila Malvadan, Oklahoma City

CLARINET

Chad Burrow, Coweta
 Jamie Miller, Ponca City
 Andy Taylor, Ada
 Marcy Young, Ponca City

BASSOON

Eric Dowdy, Guthrie
 Karin Dunley, Enid
 DeLora, Gulley, Midwest City
 Amy Schoeffler, Broken Arrow

FRENCH HORN

Amy Chapman, Lawton
 Lia Maschino, Piedmont
 Michelle Perry, Bartlesville
 Paul Riley, Geronimo
 Kevin Shuck, Elk City

TRUMPET

Doug Gazlec, Oklahoma City
 Carrie Harrelson, Broken Arrow
 Brian Lambert, Edmond
 Kyle Rhodes, Norman

TROMBONE

Jaron Barington, Lawton
 Brandon Jordan, Oologah
 Alan Matthesen, Moore

TUBA

Christopher Shurden, Shawnee

PERCUSSION

Andy Behrens, El Reno
 Jason Frueh, Norman
 Steve Muns, Oklahoma City
 Brian Teed, Lawton

VIOLIN

Ethan Anthony, Norman
 Alisa Bayles, Norman
 Alvin Chan, Norman
 Amy Diekman, Lawton
 Nedra Ellason, Oklahoma City
 Pamela Fitzgerald, Oklahoma City

Scott Franke, Norman
 John Goudly, Oklahoma City
 Steve Habel, Oklahoma City
 Amber Hitchcock, Bartlesville
 Valerie LaForge, Edmond
 Lisa Lee, Oklahoma City
 Theresa Little, Oklahoma City
 Stacey Lockwood, Broken Arrow
 Andrea Maxwell, Oklahoma City
 Amy Moses, Tulsa
 Isaac Popovart, Norman
 James Pak, Lawton
 Sarah Parsons, Ponca City
 Patty Rosbach, Oklahoma City
 Sara Smith, Norman
 Heidi Sorenson, Norman
 Elizabeth Warren, Oklahoma City
 Heather Webb, Oklahoma City

VIOLA

Jennifer Caldron, Ponca City
 Becky Garner, Oklahoma City
 Ceresa Hoover, Oklahoma City
 Eric Jones, Norman
 Kristen Kautz, Enid
 Steven Price, Oklahoma City
 Philip Schnell, Norman
 Sarah Smith, Oklahoma City

CELLO

Alicia Cassar, Tulsa
 Angela Chen, Oklahoma City
 Amy Clinton, Norman
 Garcy Dobbys, Bartlesville
 Erin Dunn, Norman
 Tae Hee Ham, Lawton
 Kevin Price, Oklahoma City
 Julianne Stokke, Ponca City
 Paul Wheeler, Oklahoma City
 Michelle White, Ponca City

BASS

Christopher Benge, Stillwater
 Christopher Black, Oklahoma City
 LaPreece Cooper, Fort Sill
 Jess Glotzbach, Edmond
 Alvin Chan, Norman
 Tricia Paul, Bartlesville

FACULTY 1991

DANCE:

BALLET

Rochelle Zide-Booth
Jamaica Estates, New York

MODERN DANCE

Ko Yukihoro
Norman, Oklahoma

THEATRE:

APPROACH TO ACTING

Roger Kern
Los Angeles, California

SCENE STUDY

Jim Antonio
Los Angeles, California

VOICE AND MOVEMENT

Irene Connors
Valencia, California

VISUAL ARTS:

DRAWING

Robert Z. Rahway
New York City

PHOTOGRAPHY

Jay Dassard
Prescott, Arizona

LABORATORY TECHNIQUE

Konrad Eek
Dallas, Texas

WRITING:

George Bilgere
Bilbao, Spain

ORCHESTRA:

CONDUCTOR, JUNE 8 - 16

Gisele Ben-Dor
Houston, Texas

CONDUCTOR, JUNE 17 - 23

Samuel Adler
Pittsford, New York

FLUTE

Gwen Powell
Stillwater, Oklahoma

OBOE

Darrel Randell
Albuquerque, New Mexico

CLARINET

Jerry Neil Smith
Norman, Oklahoma

BASSOON

Betsy Johnson
Oklahoma City

FRENCH HORN

Laurence Lowe
Columbia, Missouri

TRUMPET

David Gauger
Tulsa, Oklahoma

TROMBONE

Allan Kaplan
Corpus Christi, Texas

TUBA

Mark Mordue
Oklahoma City

PERCUSSION

John Galm
Boulder, Colorado

PIANO

Virginia Strey
Lawton, Oklahoma

VIOLIN

Lacy McLarry
Oklahoma City

Aldee Marquis
Tulsa, Oklahoma

David Robillard
Oklahoma City

VIOLA

Margaret Cooper
Fredonia, New York

CELLO

Marjory Lunt Cornelius
Norman, Oklahoma

Michael Murray
Springfield, Missouri

BASS

John Williams
Norman, Oklahoma

THE PUBLIC IS INVITED...

to celebrate the 200th anniversary of Mozart's death

In Celebrating the 200th anniversary of Mozart's death, we honor not only the great contributions that Mozart made to the world of music, but those composers who count him as one of their greatest influences, and also those who influenced his work.

Eine Kleine Quartzmusik: Much Ado About Mozart

A Chamber Music Series

Tuesday, June 11	Thursday, June 13	Tuesday, June 18	Thursday, June 20
<p>Eine Kleine Nachtmusik in G Major, K. 525 Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)</p> <p>Allegro Andante Allegro</p> <p>Quintet, Op. 79 August Klughardt (1847-1902)</p> <p>Allegro vivace</p> <p>Brass Quintet, Op. 65 Jan Koetsier (b. 1911)</p> <p>Andantino Adante con moto</p> <p>Quintet for Horn and Strings, K. 407 Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756 - 1791)</p> <p>Allegro Andante Allegro</p>	<p>Piano Quartet in C minor Gabriel Faure (1845 - 1924)</p> <p>Adagio Allegro molto</p> <p>Homage to Keith Jarrett and Gary Burton Barbara Kolb (b. 1939)</p> <p>Quintet for Clarinet and Strings in A minor, K. 581 Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756 - 1791)</p> <p>Allegro Andante Mimuet and trio Allegretto</p>	<p>Trio for Clarinet, Viola, and Piano, in E-Flat, K. 498 Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756 - 1791)</p> <p>Andante Menuetto Allegretto</p> <p>Sonata for Horn and Piano Samuel Adler (b. 1925)</p> <p>Serenade No. 6 Vincent Perschetti (b. 1915)</p> <p>Quartet in D major, for Flute and Strings, K. 285 Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)</p> <p>Allegro Adagio Rondeau</p>	<p>Trio for Oboe, Bassoon and Piano Ray Luke (b. 1928)</p> <p>Acht Stucke, Op. 83 Max Bruch (1838 - 1920)</p> <p>Canto II Samuel Adler (b. 1928)</p> <p>Piano Quartet in G minor, K. 478 Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756 - 1791)</p> <p>Allegro Andante Rondo - allegro moderato</p>

Concerts by the Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute Orchestra

Wednesday, June 12	Saturday, June 15	Wednesday, June 19	Saturday, June 22
<p>Gisele Ben-Dor, Conductor Wade Weast, Trumpet Soloist</p> <p>Russian Sailors Dance from "The Red Poppy" Reinhold Gliere (1875 - 1956)</p> <p>Concerto in E-Flat, Hob. VII E Wade Weast, Trumpet Soloist Franz Josef Haydn (1732 - 1809)</p> <p>Allegro</p> <p>Symphony No. 5 in e minor, Op. 95, "New World" Anton Dvorak (1841 - 1904)</p> <p>Largo Allegro con fuoco</p>	<p>Gisele Ben-Dor, Conductor</p> <p>Bacchanale from "Samson et Delila" Camille Saint-Saens (1835 - 1921)</p> <p>Selection from "Foggy and Bess" George Gershwin (1896 - 1937) Robert Russell Bennett, arranger</p> <p>Symphony No. 9 in e minor, Op. 95 "New World" Anton Dvorak (1841 - 1904)</p> <p>Adagio - allegro molto Largo Scherzo Allegro con fuoco</p>	<p>Samuel Adler, Conductor Lowell Greer, Horn Soloist</p> <p>Overture, K. 384, "Abduction from the Seraglio" Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756 - 1791)</p> <p>Concerto Rondo for Horn in E-Flat, K. 371 Lowell Greer, Horn Soloist Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756 - 1791)</p> <p>Symphony No. 5 in C minor, Op. 67 Ludwig van Beethoven (1770 - 1827)</p> <p>Finale - Alegro</p> <p>New England Triptych William Schuman (b. 1910) Be Glad Then, America When Jesus Wept Chester</p>	<p>Samuel Adler, Conductor</p> <p>An Outdoor Overture Aaron Copeland (1900 - 1990)</p> <p>Shadow Dances* Samuel Adler (b. 1928) Fast with great energy Slowly, but not tragic Like a waltz Dancing Lightly Fast and driving relentlessly</p> <p>Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 73 Johannes Brahms (1833 - 1897)</p> <p>Allegretto grazioso Allegro con spirito</p> <p>Chester from "New England Triptych" William Schuman (b. 1910)</p> <p>*Premiere Performance Commissioned by the Oklahoma Arts Institute in memory of R. Boyd Gunning, Managing Trustee, Sarkey's Foundation</p>

A Quartz Mountain Daybook: Reflections 1990

Their Presence is Already Felt...

If I were a ceramicist, I would mold my porcelain clay in the shape of a spiral shell to represent the Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute. The spiral, that inherently graceful form, emanates circularly from a center; OSAI's center is its students. Everything revolves around them, and although they don't arrive until tomorrow afternoon, their presence is already felt.

As long ago as a year, OSAI's staff and countless volunteers began preparing for these next two weeks.

Max Hildman, Oklahoma City, works to transform Quartz Mountain into an arts camp.



Anna St. Aris, Modern Dance Liaison, Norman, prepares the Buffalo Pavilion for the modern dance class.



OSAI President Mary Y. Frates (second from left) greets instructors (left to right) Jane Alexander, Acting, Cornell, NY, and Robert Zakanitch, Drawing, New York City, upon their arrival at Quartz Mountain.



Converting the lobby into a gallery.

Watonga Yakon Norman Duncan
Tahlequah Noble Isabel Ardmore
Tulsa Neaula Cherokee Talala
Oklahoma City Ponca City Elk City McLoud

In each of these cities and in each of these towns between the Ouachita Forest and the Wichita Mountains, a student is doing the very same thing today that I did yesterday: They're packing for Quartz Mountain.

There are stories, you could even call them folktales, that are told and re-told with such reverence and mystique, about transformations and rites of passage that take place at Quartz Mountain each summer.

How do you pack for a rite of passage, for a story whose chapters are yet to be written?

Transforming Quartz Mountain into an Arts Camp...

"I'm afraid classes will start to the sound of hammers," sighs Mary Gordon Taft, vice president and director of programs for the Oklahoma Arts Institute. She holds a clipboard in one hand and wipes the sweat from her brow with the other.

Despite all the nail guns and drilling, the calls for help and the disappointments (the decks behind the pavilions, for instance, won't be finished in time for this summer's Institute), there's a calm that pervades. Nothing frantic in the pace. Everyone moves around smiling, and faces often erupt in laughter. Maybe that's one of the things that helps the body move in to Quartz Mountain—a friendly, helpful, encouraging temperament permeates the place. The temperament isn't listed as a requirement in the "unwritten rules" of the staff's survival guide; maybe it's one of the things that the mountain provides.

The Faculty, A Wonderful Inspiration for Students...

At dinner tonight the faculty and staff introduce themselves and the dining room fills with capsulized life histories, diverse and fascinating. Afterwards, in the Quartz Crystal Room, surrounded by five-foot vases and pink carnations painted by last year's drawing students, Mary Gordon's prose poetry taped and set to music charts the flight of Quartz Mountain's prairie poetry taped and presentation, entitled "Windfarers of Quartz Mountain."

Faculty introductions continue: Robert S. Zakanitch, a New York painter, greets Colleen McElroy, a Seattle-based poet, fiction and screenplay writer who's been up since three in the morning. Robert says he's been up since four. He then turns to Ko Yukihira, a modern dancer and instructor from Norman, and introduces himself as the instructor in the pavilion beside Ko. He explained that he loves opera and loves to play it—loud. Ko grins: Robert's reputation for his eclectic choice in music precedes him. But Ko's grin reveals he has some of his own musical selections in mind.

Later that evening I meet Gwen Powell, the flute instructor from Stillwater. She turns the pages of photographer Jay Dusard's book of black and white portraits of cowboys, and looks into the faces of those cowboys as if she's entering their very lives. Finally she closes the cover and walks down the hall to meet Ko, to whom she's sent a tape in hopes of doing a collaborative piece. As I watch her smile, I think what a wonderful inspiration she'll provide for her students—embracing and responding to what's around her, always growing, and, as she says, responding to life with a "yes."



OSAI President Mary Y. Frates (far right), addresses faculty members (left to right) David Thomson, Butler, New York City; Daniel Levans, Butler, Miami, FL; Jay Richard, Phoenix, Prescott, AZ; Marge Cooper, Viola, Fredonia, NY; and Allison Kaplan, Tombowee, Corpus Christi, TX at faculty orientation.

Gallery Walls Have Risen...

One stage of the transformation is complete. When I walk downstairs for breakfast I enter a different lobby from the one I left the night before. Gallery walls have risen out of the floor and on those walls hang photographs of the many worlds outside our own.

Allowing their vision to enter me, these photographs become a part of my world.

Counselor Training...

Meetings are held this morning, with staff and faculty becoming further acquainted with each other and the dynamics of OSAI. "Each Institute is quite different, each has its own personality," OAI President Mary Frates begins, emphasizing that one consistent element of the Institute is actually a tradition of sorts, a founding principle established over thirteen years ago along with the conception of a summer arts camp: The Institute must be free of prejudice of any kind—religious, social, racial, and economic.

"Here, we check those guns at the door. This should be a haven, a safe place for freedom of the individual and tolerance for all kinds of expression."

"The sustaining force of the Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute is what it is to live with people who love and respect the arts," adds Mary Gordon Taft. "It's a way of living that the students tend to remember, more than the excellent techniques."

Reflections 1990, the Year's Theme...

This morning Mary Frates is the first to recognize the Institute's myriad of elements to reflect upon. There's the rich environment of Quartz Mountain itself with its indigenous mystique. There are the vast contributions of the Kiowa, Kiowa-Apache, Comanche, Cheyenne-Arapaho, and Wichita-Caddo Indians, the area's native people. And there are the "people who contributed to us being here," people who will be honored Saturday night in the premiere of a commissioned orchestral piece, "...I Shall Be There."

The spirit of "Reflections 1990" will be celebrated in music and in The Signing Wall, a canvas wall that's been erected in Redbud Plaza where each of us will sign our name, along with the names of anyone and everyone who was and is important to our artistic and creative lives. In Saturday night's concert, during "...I Shall Be There," we'll chant those names.

We Watch the Students Arrive...

The moment arrives. It's not absolutely defined as such, as I've come to expect from the schedule where events take place precisely at 7, 10 a.m., and 1 p.m. Student registration, according to the directory, begins at 3 p.m. Standing on the lodge steps, I naively expect to see three buses appear on Highway 44A like yellow slugs, snaking their way down the mountain pass. Trailing behind, I imagine a string of cars, colorful as pop beads. The posse will pull up in front of the lodge, doors will fling open and hundreds of shouting teenagers will tumble out of the vehicles.

What happens instead of course, is the students begin to arrive sometime after 2 p.m., and continue to arrive car by car over the next several hours. The "diversity" of students (some are from tiny towns you can't find on a map; they are just signs at a section line, like Howling Blue Dog or Hog Brush Creek, while others attend a school with 2,000 classmates) which Mary Frates mentioned in this morning's meeting is apparent immediately from the teenagers' clothing and gear.

Alan Burris, OAI's tall, easy-going, curly-headed bus driver from Ardmore stands beside me as we watch the kids unload; many exude more confidence than their parents who follow their teenagers around with Polaroids and video cameras. "This stuff just excites the thunder out of me," Alan grins.

After dinner, Irene Connors, the voice instructor from Venice, California, asks me if I've acclimated to Quartz Mountain yet. "Yes," I tell her, "finally." I explain that although I arrived by car, I experienced something like jet lag. Until this afternoon I was dizzy, light-headed, unable to focus.



A staff member puts finishing touches on the gallery.



Violin instructor Adele Marquis, arrives in style.



Student registration.



Madara Dancer (left) and Heather LeDoux (right), struggle to move a trunk to the cabin.

Oklahoma City students unload their luggage from the bus.

"Well, the place does have that effect on people. It's a very magical place," she eyes me warily. "You know that, don't you? And you know that these rocks hold energy."

I tell her that yesterday afternoon I went hiking, taking a path behind the pavilions in hopes of getting a bit more grounded, but instead I stumbled over the rocks and the air hummed. I actually felt electricity in that air.

"You see," Irene smiles. She's not surprised.

Student Orientation, the Air Feels Electric...

As the staff and faculty stand for introductions, the floor reverberates with stomping feet and wild, hooting applause. The students are here!

Their exuberance is infectious—a giddiness rises within me. I can't suppress my grin, not that I'd want to; this high-pitched pleasure is something I've been waiting for, and I'm ready.

"OSAI is a fabulous opportunity for any young adults seriously interested in the arts. I have learned so much that I can take with me throughout my life."

— Basheerah Ahmad, Midwest City

Centered and Balanced, A Way of Living...

This morning I am drawn to the mime class, to the colorful bodies sprinkled over the stage of the amphitheater. The lake and rocks provided the backdrop; the trees were their audience.

Three and a half hours later I'm still at the amphitheater and instructor, Miriam Tait continues to disclose her gifts for creating art, for creating life. At Quartz Mountain, art and life merge, becoming synonymous.

Miriam is not just providing mime techniques, but a way of living—"centered as I watch Miriam's face," and the students devour it. As I watch their faces, I see Miriam's reflection. As I watch Miriam's face, I see the students'.

"We're a mirror for each other," Miriam later acknowledges, telling her class that "we learn pay attention to one another."

"It's all eye, mind, hand," he tells me. "They will leave here changed," Robert promises. He thinks, too, that the drawing students as a whole may undergo the greatest transformation of any of the young artists during the Summer Arts Institute. He maintains that many of the dancers, the actors and actresses, the mimes, the musicians, even the writers, have all been in classes before working with other young artists. "These kids haven't."

Learning to See the Real Basic Stuff...

This afternoon Robert Zakanitch begins class with a 30 second drawing to "wake you all up for a minute." He then calls for a 20 minute drawing followed by a 40 minute one that comes with a warning: "That doesn't mean to look more."

This class is all about "learning how to see. The real basic stuff. They all come in here thinking they can draw, and they want to paint. But they can't draw. They can go on and do whatever they want later, but before they get there, they've got to have the basics, the structure," Robert explains to me as he moves slowly around the room, looking over his students' shoulders at their drawings.

"It's all eye, mind, hand," he tells me.

"They will leave here changed," Robert promises. He thinks, too, that the drawing students as a whole may undergo the greatest transformation of any of the young artists during the Summer Arts Institute. He maintains that many of the dancers, the actors and actresses, the mimes, the musicians, even the writers, have all been in classes before working with other young artists. "These kids haven't."

"See that boy in the blue shirt?" He points to Shane Hemberger, deeply tanned, crouched over a large sketch pad. "He comes from a town of two hundred. He had to take a bus to the library to get books to teach himself how to draw. Next year he plans to attend the Kansas City Art Institute."

Shane is from Blue Jacket, Oklahoma, which is just outside Welch, southwest of Miami, tucked in the Northeast corner of the state; and yes, Robert's story is true. Robert is the only artist Shane has ever had the opportunity to study with. Quartz Mountain is the only place Shane has ever taken classes. In Blue Jacket, Shane draws by himself.

"That's all I do," Shane later told me.

Since spending the afternoon with the drawing students, my thoughts often return to the idea of sight, the importance of a visual artist learning to see. For Colleen, the writer, mostly what I do is to learn to listen and observe. I write things down, but it's just sporadic. But I'm always watching. I'm a great voyeur of people, so I'm always watching things and I'm making comparisons."

As I listen, observe, write things down, and make my own comparisons, I note that the approach to these different art forms is in many ways surprisingly similar.

Evening Electives, Land and People/Space and Form...

Land and People/Space and Form is the title of photographer Jay Dusard's presentation, one of tonight's electives. The electives take place several evenings a week at the Summer Arts Institute, giving students a taste of each of the art forms, bridging the gaps between the various disciplines, creating a greater appreciation for each other's endeavors.

"I chose that title because there are more fundamental similarities than differences between those four elements," Jay explains to the audience in the Quartz Crystal Room of the Lodge. Jay has "never not photographed the landscape for the last twenty-five years." He's simply unable "to break the habit." Still, he claims he's neither a compulsive nor a fluent photographer. His portraits of people, of landscapes, and of people on the land "come out of me with great difficulty."



Mime students participate in morning exercises.



Labeled drawing student Lorie works on a still life.



Shane Ewald, Ardmore, applies instructor Jay Dusard's advice on land and people/space and form.

Upon concluding his presentation, Jay, a modest, self-effacing man, asks for questions. Oklahoma City violin student Adelina Grim leaps to her feet in excitement, camera in hand. "Can I take your picture?" she asks Jay.

Conversation With Colleen McElroy...

I came into poetry after going to a number of readings. I was dragged to readings to hear poets who were supposedly telling stories about me, and they read poems that had nothing to do with me. I complained about this. I said, "I can do this better. I can write better than that. I can do more with a poem than that," although I had no idea what a poem was supposed to do. I had to learn how to write those things on my own.



Writing instructor Colleen McElroy, Seattle, WA

Being a poet, though you work with language which is something everyone uses, means that you are doing something very different with language. That is what we are communicating. We are doing something with a language that is poetic.

I get very enthusiastic about poetry, but I also write fiction. Fiction is a labor. When I finish a story I am wiped out and I can hardly move. It is truly work. Poetry is work, too, but poetry is exhilarating for me. It is very very hard to finish, and when I know I am towards the end, I get very very excited and very nervous.

I am a really Baroque writer; very elaborate in what I do. My mother said she was never surprised that my writing turned out to be the way it is because I talk a lot. So, she was not surprised that my writing was so dense, but that comes from the poetry—my sense of description.

When I first started writing, almost everything was familiar ground. You have to write what you know, but you get to the point where you don't want to write that poem. You want to do something else and branch out. Most of my work is about people, and not inanimate objects. I rarely do inanimate objects.



1990 Writing Class (left to right) First Row - Ginny Muiri, Casey Allen, Colleen McElroy (instructor), Heidi Branson, Stacy Patrick, Amy Mitchell, Stephanie Englund Second Row - Nancy Frost, Mandy Bergman, Lori Franklin, Lore Howard, Anne Ellis, Chana Corvelli, Saraeva Boyd Third Row - Yolanda Rori, Maree Eliason, Kyle Miller, Julie Chase, Kyle Johnson, Shelley Izard, Jason Booser, Traci Underwood (Instructor)

Discipline, A Trait the Students Have Already Begun to Emulate...

After breakfast I climb onto the bleachers of the indoor stage to watch orchestra rehearsals. Gwen Powell sits down beside me to listen, and I ask her what it is that makes Gisele Ben-Dor different from other conductors. I'm not familiar with the nuances of varying conducting styles and techniques, though it's evident from watching Gisele for just a few minutes that there's something extraordinarily special about her and her technique.

"She's not out to prove anything to the kids, and she has a wonderful sense of humor, a sense of humor that the kids can understand and appreciate." Gwen has noticed, too, that Gisele is extremely disciplined, a trait the students have already begun to emulate. "She's a wonderful role model for the kids. They want to perform well for her."

Activate the Brain! Whatever you Have is an Asset...

When the orchestra breaks for sectionals, I head to Richard Thomas' ballet class in the Wildcat Pavilion. "Today we are theorizing and theorizing and theorizing," he barks at his dancers, jabbing the rubber end of his heavy walking stick into the floor for emphasis. "You'll get to dance this afternoon. Maybe. You have to learn the academic, correct way. You must learn your theory and you must learn your technique."

"Now listen to me. The most important thing to do in class is to activate the brain. You must have a brain to dance. There are no dumb dancers!" he bellows.

Richard is a stickler. He demands exactness in form, technique, and movement. He's sarcastic, perpetually flaunting an ornery sense of humor, but he's never cutting, never sarcastic. In fact, his sarcasm is actually more a prodding wit, a thinly veiled disguise for the tenderness and affection he feels for his dancers.

"Whatever you have is an asset. Don't ever let anyone tell you you're too short or too tall. You can be overweight and you can be underweight, but nobody diets. You must not let anyone tell you to diet. You may have to change your eating habits, however," he smirks.

Tension...

Tension threads its way through Ko Yukihira's modern dance class this afternoon.

In Ko's class, the dancers run in a circular pattern, weaving in and out of each other to the music of Philip Glass. They finish a sequence and wait in front of the mirrors for their next instruction. Ko says nothing. He blinks his eyes. The girls and I watch him as he watches the dance he has choreographed in his mind, as if there is a film of the dance unwinding in his forehead...

Ko isn't yet well enough acquainted with his dancers to know their strengths and capabilities, to know precisely what they can do and what they can learn.

It's 5 p.m. and Ko announces that he's just found out that the class is expected to give a demonstration Saturday afternoon. Ko is afraid there simply isn't enough rehearsal time, so the girls arrange to meet earlier each day. Class breaks.

Writing: A Hands on Approach...

While outside the Quartz sky is slowly darkening, the indoor stage is brightly lit and the writing students sit in folding metal chairs arranged in one long line facing their audience. Tonight's elective is Poetry 101: Writing: A Hands-On Approach.

Colleen begins the elective by explaining that the exercises the students are about to do on stage are precisely what they do in class.

After the exercises, each student reads a piece they have written in the last two days, which I find hard to believe: Many of the poems are finished, polished works. The audience is as impressed, perhaps as surprised, as I am. The applause is thunderous, the faces around me grin with appreciation and enthusiasm for the writers' poems. These writers are to be envied after all!



Assistant Brad Williams, Weatherford, rehearses with the Weatherford Orchestra



Kimberly Matley, Tulsa, receives instruction on form from Ballet Master Richard Thomas, New York City



Tulsa instructor Mark Mander (right), Pine City, NT, works with John Adams, Lawrence



Writing student Nancy Fong, Oklahoma City, listens in class

Conversation With Gisele Ben-Dor...

Soner or later you are going to ask me what it's like to be a woman conductor, and because I do not know the alternative, I can't answer that question in a very straightforward fashion. But, the interesting thing about the way I grew up, which is very different from my other female colleagues (I know their stories and the way they came to conducting) is that I started conducting out of the blue. I just began conducting the same natural way a child will play with building blocks and later on become an engineer; or how a writer will start writing poems with the same natural sense. It was just absolutely natural. I was 12 when I started conducting.

I am not a regular conductor in the sense that I am a woman conductor. There are a lot of things that are interesting about perception, anywhere from concert attire to the way the musicians react in different parts of the world. One thing I can tell you, I did my debut with the Israel Philharmonic. That was the first time I had conducted a professional orchestra, and it was a very widely publicized event. The BBC was there, and

they were filming the whole event to be broadcast throughout Europe. When I did that debut I was nine months pregnant. So if you ask me what it is to be a woman conductor, it can be very funny. My piece was the "Rite of Spring" by Stravinsky, and because of my state they called it the "Rite of Offspring."

I know there are many difficulties for a woman conductor, but I try to ignore them. There are things you cannot do anything about. Some things if you just ignore them do not exist. It can do a lot of harm to think about it, and become part of that problem. It becomes the most dangerous when you believe all of this. When you believe that there are things that you are not supposed to do; things you cannot do, or things that won't look good on you, then it is all over.

I believe in conditioning. I have a little boy, and when he was three I asked him if he wanted to be a conductor. He said, "No, that is something women do." It makes a lot of sense to me. He's never seen a man conduct before, so to him this is a female's job. It is amazing how easily one can accept something that is there.



First week conductor Gisele Ben-Dor, Houston, TX

I Want Them to Understand Light...

The sun has risen into the trees when I walk over to the Lone Wolf Pavilion where Jay Dusard tries to explain to me what he hopes to accomplish with his students.

"I want them to understand light, because light determines form. The only thing we can photograph is light."

"A photograph should be an adventure for the viewer. Is it rich? Is it rewarding? Is it interesting?" Those are the questions Jay asks of each photograph.

He encourages Sarah Branch, Tulsa, to sharpen the border on one of her prints and hands it back to her. "Subject matter is everything, and nothing," he says, picking up a photograph of the entrance to a cave. The photographer is fighting with this print, trying to bring out the texture of the rock. "Everybody has an inherent sense of design," Jay muses, looking into the cave, noting that it's merely a matter of manifesting that sense of design on paper. "I want to improve their sense of seeing, improve their use of light."



Photography instructor Jay Dusard (right), Prevor, AZ, discusses the use of light with Sarah Branch (left), Tulsa, and Laura Lynch (right), Edmond.



Writing students (left to right) Lane Franklin, Silvester, Yolande, Reed, Harrison, and Kyle Miller working with instructor Colleen McElroy, Seattle, WA.

Workshopping Poems...

The writers are animated, jubilant this afternoon. Last night's elective has given them enormous confidence, and although they shuffle their papers modestly and balk when I tell them what a tremendous job they did, they're proud.

It's the third day of classes—barriers are crumbling. Illuminating revelations take place in the most unexpected ways at Quartz Mountain.

The writing class meets in Badger Library at the large oval table littered with manuscript pages. This afternoon they're "workshopping" poems, beginning with one of Kyle Johnson's. Conversation revolves around a word he's created—"findlessly."

Colleen ensures that the class critiques don't offend the young writers, lending levity to discussions of description, melody, and writers' intent.

Colleen is also helping them find something equally important—their confidence.



Clarinet instructor Jerry Neil Smith, Norman, performs a solo during Elise Kleine Quartet music.

Chamber Music, One of the Great Gifts of OSAL...

After Miriam's conversation I receive my first hint of one of the great gifts of the Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute: Elise Kleine Quartet music performed by faculty chamber ensembles.

Everyone in the camp radiates after the performance. When I lie down for sleep, I watch one star suspended in the sky above the mountain's black silhouette. Just before I fall asleep, there are bursts of lightning, and with each flash I smile to myself, remembering a different moment of the evening's music.



1990 Mime Class (left to right) First Row - Clarissa Herley; Brooke Copelan; Matt Berry; Jenny Marple; Miriam Tait (instructor); Teresa Matella Second Row - Jeffrey Bullock; Elizabeth Young; Doreen Parker; Amanda Qualls; Michelle Owen; Jason Barkshire; Jason Carr; Roy Mordick; Craig Lee Third Row - Thad Scott (instructor); Michael Maxwell; Kevin Ken; Reggie Choquette; Jason Simon; Ben Johnson; Robert Fox

Conversation With Miriam Tait...

I was always in dance when I was growing up. But somewhere along the line I saw someone dance Tennessee Williams' "As I Lay Dying," and I said this is it, this is my calling.

From a college professor, I learned the art of mime. His mime was all based on effort and shape. I began to study mime from this teacher, and his way of training was to always get you to ask why. He waited for you to find that, and didn't force it. My mime teacher was not the person who taught me everything I know in terms of technique; he was just a guide. He just pointed, and said "go out there and observe."

Now I realize that everywhere I go I am drinking things in. I am always writing mime. It is always there. I am always working on it.

Later, much later, I got to study from a man by the name of Haywood Coleman, who is a wonderful mime who studied from Decroux and Marceau. I got to add some very rich details to my workouts, my teaching, and my repertoire. You don't even know that you are searching these teachers out, but you find them. It is like a magnet you hit.

For me, mime is like dance because I am always choreographing and creating. No one creates it for me. I do the creating. Like an actor, you are acting, but you get to create the part. It is not in a play. You just observe a human being, and observe another and another, and all of the sudden before you know it here is this character.

To me, mime is like poetry, like dance, and like acting.

For me it is exactly where I belong. I cannot live without theater. I cannot live without creating characters. I cannot live without my sense of humor, which I didn't know I had until I became a mime.

Mime isn't always humorous to me, but it get me hooked on humor.



Mime instructor Miriam Tait, Anaheim, CA

It's Not Only the Students Who Are Susceptible to Stress...

After lunch I walk into the Diamondback Pavilion and find myself in a different drawing class from the one I'd been in Monday afternoon. The heaviness of the first day has lifted. Easels crowd the pavilion and there's color, there's paint. Shades of gray have given way to orange, yellow, green, purple, brown, and blue. The color reflects the palpable excitement in the room.

Bob Zaitchik continues Monday's discourse as he walks around the room: "Lay down the whole form. A lot of people are getting so involved in details it's getting scruffy. I want nice planes, nice tonings."

A jazz recording is playing the lyrics from *The Wizard of Oz*, "If I only had a brain."

"That's our motto in this class," says Bob, deadpan. He's tense today, and I realize it's not only the students who are susceptible to stress. "Now that we're dealing with paint, we're dealing with serious issues," he says, half-serious, half-joking. Paint is Bob's medium. He knows how difficult it is.



Callio (front to back) Kathryn Crosby, Norman, Y Lz, Palla, and April Caswood, Norman, rehearse before an orchestra's first concert.

Video and Movement instructor Irene Connors (right) Valerica, CA, works with Oklahoma City student Heather Myers, on feeling the music.

There are OAI board members, advisory panel members, and students. And we're all waiting, anxious to see how the orchestra performs its first concert of the summer.

Precisely at 8:15, Gisele Ben-Dor strides to the podium and her musicians' faces break out in smiles. They applaud and stamp their feet, and the air reverberates with their adoration. The Orchestra loves her, and with the first notes of Samuel Jones' "Fanfare and Celebration," the musicians' desire to shine for her is apparent in the music. The Orchestra soars.

"I've never heard them play this well on their first night," Tulsa board member and chair of the writing advisory panel, Francine Ringold leans over and whispers to me. Just as Gisele had hoped, the musicians have discovered the spirit of Mozart, Dvorak, and Respighi, and tonight they're passing their discovery on to us. And watching Gisele is a visual delight. Her charisma radiates from

her ebullient face, out through her arms, and the excitement in "The Pines of the Villa Borghese" leaps from the musicians' instruments. Gisele virtuously dances on the podium.

"What a pistol," Fran grins. Everyone is grinning.

Feeling the Sound...

Class begins this morning with pale rumpled shadows spread like discarded sheets across the actors in the Prairie Falcon Pavilion. It's the first morning we've had a cool breeze and clouds. The break from the relentless, burning sun is welcome.

Irene Connors begins today's class just as she begins every class, with warm-up exercises, demanding that the students "feel sound" in their bodies. The pavilion transforms into an echo chamber rhythmically chanting "Bay Bah Baah Boh Boo."

"Now throw your monologue out the window," Irene hollers, and snatches of Tennessee Williams, Shakespeare, and Oscar Wilde swirl through the air like autumn leaves.

"Once again, my Quartz Mountain experience has been absolutely amazing. I love the concentrated energy of the camp. I learn so much."

— Allisa Branch, Norman



1990 Acting Class (left to right) First Row - Heather Hayden, Kevin Moore, John Moore, Melinda Karamanoff; Row Mary Morrison (Honorary Row - Sara McCaffrey, Matt Beahm, Renee Knapp, Allisa Branch Third Row - Corey Hale, Jeff Stork, Chris Peterson, Michael Bahhal, Jonathan Leff, Jane Alexander (instructor), Shannon Hayes, Gabriell Baumann; Irene Connors (instructor); Jennifer Addington, Heather McElroy

Conversation With Jane Alexander...

After about 18 months in New York, I started to make a living as an actress, and I felt extremely lucky. What I had determined to do, and what I had wanted to do from the time I was a teenager, and I knew that I wanted to be an actress somewhere in my mind's eye, was to play the great classic roles. I wanted a life in the theater, and that for me meant doing a Broadway play a year. But, by the time I grew up that kind of theater had actually gone. It had disappeared. The regional theater was just starting in the early '60s, and they were doing classical plays. So I decided to leave New York, which was a big bold move at that time because everyone was staying in New York waiting for the big break. I said to myself, I couldn't afford to sit around and wait for the big break; that I had to go to do these roles. I did so many classics. I did what I wanted to do.

In 1965, I became part of the Arena Stage Company in Washington, DC. One of the plays in our repertoire was "The Great White Hope." It was a new play by a new playwright, and it set the whole country on edge. It was picked up for Broadway, and James Earl Jones and I came to New York. It was an immense hit. We did it at the height of the black power movement, 1968, and it was the most exciting time of my life. To do a piece of theater that had such relevance to what was happening in the country at that time literally stood my hair on end. It was very exciting. It was the first time that a Broadway play had ever attracted a large black audience. We won all kinds of

prizes, and we were asked to do the movie. Suddenly, I was in a whole new arena. After we did the movie, lo and behold we were nominated for Academy Awards. Then people were after me for movies, and television, and theater. I was very very fortunate because the '70s were a time for me of going back and forth from whatever medium I felt like doing. I determined then and there that I wanted to do a play a year, a TV show a year, and a movie a year. I was fortunate enough to have that as my career almost to this day.

The Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute is a wonderful start. This is amazing. If you could only have this kind of thing more often, or all of the time.



Acting instructor Jane Alexander
Curtis, NY

Light is everything, period...

At 4:32 a.m. I awake, eight minutes before the alarm. An hour later a couple dozen of us board two vans in the dark. Just as the first clouds begin to appear over the mountains, we head up the pass to take the road out of Quartz Mountain State Park. It's the photography class' first sunrise shoot of the year.

Light, Jay Dusard and David Blast have been stressing to me and to the class, is what a photographer photographs. While "subject matter is everything and nothing," light is everything, period; and twilight provides the best light for landscape photography. Shortly after the sun rises and begins its ascent, the light it throws out flattens the landscape, erasing the landscape's rich photographic possibilities.

It's close to 6 a.m. when we turn off the highway and reach our site. Everyone jumps out of the vans and clamors up the rocks, all except Jay who stays below and shoots from the meadow, his head and camera shrouded in white cloth.

Below, all movement takes place in color and shadow—nothing else stirs. As pieces of landscape appear, others recede.

It's 7:30, time to scramble down the rocks and make it back to the lodge for breakfast.

David Blast interjects a final word of advice, "The photographer has to work with his subject."

Experimenting with Movement...

It's a hot dry afternoon at Quartz Mountain with a brilliant blue sky. I head out to the Buffalo and Wildcat pavilions which are less than a mile apart, despite the same discipline taking place in both rooms—dance. I'm not implying that the range within dance is illustrated by the fact that one pavilion houses modern and the other ballet, but by the different elements within dance itself, in this case choreography and the academic practice of technique. At the moment, the modern dancers are experimenting with movement while the ballet dancers are lined up at the bar.

The Buffalo Pavilion is awash in fluorescent light. The modern dance

class has broken into small clusters with each group at work on a portion of a dance they're choreographing for a poem sent over by the creative writing class.

I don't think anyone would pass Daniel Levans on the street without noticing him. Dan holds himself perfectly erect—always. I have never seen his shoulders slumped or his feet he no longer dances professionally, his sculpted calves, biceps, and chest reveal their early rigorous ballet training. With arms sternly folded, Dan slowly walks around the room, carefully assessing each dancer's form with his piercing, aquatic green eyes.

Richard Thomas is Dan's mentor, and there is certainly more than a touch of Richard's deadpan humor in Dan. Like Richard, Dan tempers his demand for exactness in form with a masked grin and an unforbearing teasing streak.

Photography students view the sunrise on an early morning hike

Faculty Showcase...

The Faculty Showcase begins on the indoor stage with Miriam Tait ("Isn't she great?" Robert Zakanitch asked earlier in the evening.) As a clown in white face, she effortlessly glides through a gamut of emotions and movement, and we, who are captivated, travel with her, from hysterical raucous laughter to melancholia, from a smile brimming with joy to impatience and frustration.

Hier students can't sit still during her performance, and they leap to the stage from their seats in the bleachers to join her, fleshing out her antics. They light birthday candles, play a fast game of slow pitch, make a trip to see the monkeys at the zoo, and join her in dancing her final piece, "Earth Chant."

Colleen McElroy's reading takes us still farther out into the world and farther within ourselves. Colleen's poetry and fiction carry the listener (and reader) far below the surface of the emotion to where, through her words and tales, we relive the essence of the emotional experience. And often, riveted by her presence and her words, Colleen drags us where we're reluctant to go. Her poetry and her stories are, as writer Maya Angelou says, "rich, and painful, and terribly beautiful."

And where could we possibly go from there? To Ko Yukihiko's "Hidden Diaries." Ko's dance choreographed to Brahms. His body expands to embrace a newborn, only to be constricted by the anguish of that love, of the loss of that love, and turns inward to face new meanings and challenges while simultaneously reaching out. I will understand so much better after this "conversation."

of the clothes to one side, and she would put up barriers so you'd walk through this barrier to the back room where the show was. Nothing happened with the show. My brother bought a painting from it, and he didn't even like it very much. Then my work changed radically. They were very organic works, incredibly organic. They were all about self-searching, and it was great for me but no one else could stand looking at them. I knew then that I wanted to reach people on a more universal level. Certainly I wasn't doing it with these paintings. So I started to read all the art books I could about contemporary art. I started thinking about all these issues, and my work changed.

I then got a huge painting into the Whitney Museum. After that show there were two very powerful collectors, Mr. and Mrs. Barrin Trueman, who bought the painting. Then everything just took off. It was like Barbra Streisand skyrocketing from nothing to a star overnight. The galleries started coming around; I had a show at the Stable Gallery in New York City. The work changed again. In 1975, after being told how to paint for so long, I decided that I was going to paint things that referred outside of the canvas, which was an anathema at the time. There was a group of us involved in this, and we completely broke down the walls of formalist painting.

I started out in a surrealist vein. I was trying to figure out who I was as a painter, and I figured the only way to do it was to go inside and whatever came out, came out. From there, I went into pure abstraction. I became an abstract expressionist. It is still one of my favorite kinds of painting. It is the most sensual kind of painting that has ever been done because it is all about paint for paint's sake. Then, I became a formalist painter for about eight years, and then broke with it. In 1975, after being told how to paint for so long, I decided that I was going to paint things that referred outside of the canvas, which was an anathema at the time. There was a group of us involved in this, and we completely broke down the walls of formalist painting.

I am a great believer in influences. You will find something that responds to you, something you like. Everyone isn't influenced by the same person. There is something very important about absorbing your influences, and going with them.



Classmate ballet student Lizzy Strouten, arrives for exact position at the barre



Madrina Daner, instructor for Takahiro, Norman, performs for students, faculty and staff



Colleen McElroy, writing instructor, reads during the week during the Faculty Showcase

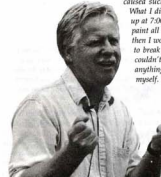
Conversation With Robert Zakanitch...

I moved to the Lower East side, terrified, and started painting. I did not know what to do with my time. I was conditioned to work eight hours a day as we all are.

When I became a painter there was no structure like that. That in itself caused such a blockage, and it took me months to accept.

What I did to counterbalance this was to set my life to get up at 7:00 in the morning just as I did before, and I would paint all day until lunch, and then I would eat lunch, and then I would paint all day until 5:00. Gradually, I started to break that rigid structure. Teaching was something I couldn't even dream of because I never thought that I had anything to teach, and I didn't at the time. I was learning myself.

When did I start showing? I painted for about six years non-stop, and did various little things to support myself. My first show was in Alexandria, Virginia. It was behind a used clothing store. It was at the Andreas Gallery. She is still in Washington, DC, where she moved and became one of the really good galleries. But when I showed with her, she was in Alexandria. Whenever she had an opening, she would push all



Drawing instructor Robert Zakanitch at New York City

It's Really Taking Off...

There's a new level of attentiveness in the orchestra this morning even though we were all up late watching the faculty showcases. Perhaps the performances fueled the musicians. Rather than "burning out" as activities intensify, the students seem, to gain building and confidence as the days pass, their work strengthened upon their experiences.

The music has come alive in the players' heads; you can see it in their eyes. "It's really taking off," Gisele Ben-Dor tells them, pleased by their efforts.

In orchestra rehearsals, Gisele strives to reach the heart of the music, its essence. She wants the players to feel it, to embody it. In sectionals, the music is dissected measure by measure, note by note; even elements of each note are picked over as the musicians strive for perfection.

It's a 180-degree turn to see the players meticulously slave over every note after watching them attack the score as a whole in rehearsals. I'm reminded once again of the varying and equally important elements within each discipline.



Philip Schell, conductor, practices during viola sectional

Conductor Gisele Ben-Dor makes the music come alive

Reflections 1990...

"Reflections 1990," the celebration, begins tonight for me. It starts with the Faculty Chamber Ensemble, with Gisele Ben-Dor conducting a festive, rousing rendition of Jacques Ibert's "Divertissement."

The music of Ibert is followed by selections from A.C. Gurney's play, *Love Letters*, with a two-member cast: Jane Alexander and actor and professor of theater from the University of Oklahoma, Ted Herstand.

I say that "Reflections 1990" begins tonight because in this play two people who have known each other since childhood share their lives through adolescence and adulthood until her death, through letters. The letters are deceptively simple, straightforward, and painfully honest reflections of their evolving lives.

Jane delivers a sharp, sometimes derisive, bittersweet portrayal. What's fascinating to me is that as we watch this young girl grow and mature, she's ever-changing, yet the seeds of her character are sown early, and Jane follows that strain throughout the entire performance. The woman at the end of the play is the child at the beginning, and Ted performs with just the right amount of reserve and humility to offset her.

But the night doesn't end with that. The Quartz Mountain Jazz Band plays in the dining room alive and we dance in and out of the emotions unleashed by the play.



Alexander as Jane Ted Herstand plays Anne Herstand for a presentation of *Love Letters*



1990 Ballet Class (left to right) Lynn Row - Elizabeth Boone; Amy Thomas, Kriss Mizra; Amy Yoder; Nikki Jarvis; Elizabeth Jewell; Second Row - Courtney Spencer; Mary Millington; Kimberly Matley; Amber Morrison; Barbara Alford; Brenna Fleeman Third Row - Lynda Garcia (accompanist); Richard Thomas (instructor); Lucy Statton; Betty Smith; Ryan Bell; Torpa Preece; Brandi Gager; Kerry Owens (soloist); Daniel LeVans (instructor)

Conversation With Richard Thomas and Daniel LeVans...

Richard Thomas -

The Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute is the only place that I will teach. It has been productive for me. It has kept my mind agile to a point, and allowed me to believe that there are young people who are not totally affected and pushed into a way of thinking before you get a hold of them.

Daniel LeVans -

I entered the High School for the Performing Arts in New York City as a freshman. I was very hungry to learn, so I thought it would be good to go to another school. I auditioned for what was then known as the Thomas/Falls School of Ballet (which would eventually become the New York School of Ballet) Jeffrey, the School of American Ballet, Ballet Theatre, Harkness, and all those other schools. None of them would take me because I was too small, except, to and behold, Dick Thomas and his wife, Barbara. That went on for about a year and a half, nearly two years, and then another individual with whom Dick and Barbara were closely related, Elliot Feld began with them the American Ballet Company. Kind of as a last resort, I was taken into the company because Elliot could not find enough boys that he found capable of melding into an instrument for him to choreograph on. Elliot was very young when he got into the company, and I was an idealistic child because I had no preconceived concepts about what it was to go into a studio and to be the instrument of a choreographer. I worked with Elliot for about two years until the company folded for various reasons. Several of us went to American Ballet Theatre.

In a very brief amount of time, I quickly shuffled along through the ranks of the company. Because of my training with Elliot, Barbara, and Richard, a lot of choreographers loved working with me. They knew that I would do what they wanted. I learned to strip myself down as it were, and leave myself outside the door, come in and be made into something. That was a very gratifying period. I was with that company for about 3 years. Then I moved on to New York City Ballet because I wanted to have the experience of working with Balanchine. I was very much entranced with how the man chose to work with music and how he applied and was motivated by music. My retirement came early due to an athletic condition which developed in my knee.

I had gone to choreograph, and it so happened that the works I came up with were of some interest and were evidence of some gift. I continued to choreograph. I produced a lot of ballets, and loved working with all kinds of music. From 1973 to about a year and a half/two years ago, I produced about 45 ballets. I directed a company in South Korea for about a year, which was an odd excursion to say the least, and toured the Orient with that company. That was quite a wonderful and educational time. When I came back to the United States, I looked around at the dance world, and said, "Yuck, I don't want to be a part of it anymore." It was curious. Having been away for a while, I came back with a very clear open eye. I looked around very seriously, and said this is not what I was brought up to believe art is. There was a great deal being produced which I did not appreciate—dancers weren't being trained in a proper fashion—and I just got fed up with it all. I got this notion into my head to become a police officer. So I did, and now I am known as the dancing cop.

Ballet instructor Richard Thomas, New York City



Ballet instructor Daniel LeVans, Miami, FL

VISITORS DAY

The Quiet is Illusory...

Today is full of contrasts and juxtapositions which immediately become evident when I make it down for breakfast. The staff lounge is empty, the staff office is empty, the dining room and lodge hallways are empty, but the quiet is illusory; as I write this, Quartz Mountain is filling with visitors: board members, parents, state legislators, brothers and sisters, artists and arts patrons. Friends of the Institute who are joining together to celebrate "Reflections 1990" began arriving last night. At first their presence was a jolt to the system. In the past week we've grown into a family, a tribe of sorts; there's not a face I don't recognize. But, as the Mountain expands to welcome our extended family, so do we all.

Hundreds of guests are touring the facilities; the lodge, pavilions, and amphitheater swarm with women in flowered dresses and men in sport shirts. Included among the participants in OSA's Visitors' Day are Dr. Stanley S. Madeja, Gail and Jack Davis, and Richard Loveless, each of whom have arrived to pay tribute to Kathryn Bloom. Madeja, the dean of Northern Illinois University's School of Visual and Performing Arts is mounting a second memorial tribute to Bloom at his university's gallery in Chicago in which OAI will also take part, in May of 1991. Jack Davis is vice provost of the University of North Texas in Denton, and Richard Loveless is director for the Center for Research for Arts and Technology at the Center for Innovative Technology for Educational Futures at the University of South Florida.

A Time to Reflect...

This afternoon's "Special Event" brings students, board members, Institute supporters, family members, and Quartz Mountain neighbors together to thank those who've made the summer program possible through their generosity. It's also a time to reflect, through special gifts and words, the extent to which the Institute has grown over the past thirteen years.

Modern dance student Elizabeth Frazier, Newman, participates in a special event, "A Collaboration: Poetry and Motion," for the visitors.



OAI Board Chairman Molly Shi Boren, Seminole, recognizes donors at the special event.

Perhaps no one is more surprised and pleased than I to watch "A Collaboration: Poetry and Motion," presented by the modern dance, mime, writing, and percussion students. I have watched and listened to these young artists all week, and when they perform, I see just how much they have grown as individuals and artists over the past seven days. Both the modern dancers and the mime students choreographed and now perform their own pieces to the work of the writing students who read their poems as they're being performed.

I have spoken before about the cross-cultural expressions that reach fruition at Quartz Mountain, and tonight is a flowering of that, a montage of our diversity as people and as artists. "Reflections 1990" unfolds in the Great Plains Amphitheater III by a yellow sky, surrounded by a dark green lake and granite rocks that glow with the last rays of sun.

There's a meditative, contemplative quality to the evening—our thoughts given rhythm by the Kiowa Indians' Black Legging Society.

The Black Legging Society traces its origins back to the 1800s, at least 150 years ago, to Goo-La-He, a white man captured and reared by the Kiowa Indian tribe and later revered for his bravery when he led the tribe in battle. Goo-La-He gave the society its most striking item of dress which has since become a symbol of the society—a red cape taken from a Mexican officer whom the great Kiowa warrior had slain in battle. Other distinctive elements of the Black Leggings dress are the "ton-ko-ko," the Kiowa's black legs, or leggings, and a distinctive breast plate.

In 1958, after approval from the tribal elders, the Black Legging Society was revived by Gus Palmer, Sr., one of the great-grandsons of Goo-La-He. Tonight, three of the four Black Leggings are great-grandsons of Goo-La-He. The fourth is a great, great-grandson. Tonight they return for our dedications to our mentors, to those who contributed to our artistic, creative lives, and to Kathryn Bloom, the inspiration behind the memorial tribute, "...I Shall Be There."

Tonight we celebrate, as U.S. Senator Boren says, "what the arts bring to our lives. We celebrate the impact that other people have on our lives," keeping in mind that "excellence in the arts is related to the excellence in the quality of our lives."

"Fanfare and Celebration" is the perfect piece to begin the evening: celebratory, yet lyrical in its middle section, it belongs outside with a fanfare of brass and thunderous percussion. "Zion's Walls," too, couldn't be played in a better setting. The granite rocks surrounding us enclose us in the mountains, and guest soloist Thomas Carey's rich, resonant baritone voice takes us inside the walls and caverns of Zion. It's a jubilant piece and the musicians embody that. They have, just as conductor Gisele Ben-Dor hoped they would, "understood the essence of this music."

With "Ah! May the Red Rose Live Always," the skies darken to peach, then deep purple as Carey's benevolent voice whispers, "Why should the beautiful woe? Why should the beautiful die?"

It's difficult to capture "...I Shall Be There" on paper, and for each one of us, the journey the compositions takes us on is different—it's our own—though ultimately we all share the cyclical nature of life and death; and each of us at Quartz Mountain share in a love of

nature, of the arts, and the splendor of life, all of which inspire Jerry Neil Smith's piece.

"...I Shall Be There" weaves together the poetry of ornithologist George Miksch Sutton—"Learning, the long stretch of eternity having just begun. That joy, gladness, grief and suffering are one"—and the Native American lyrics—"Do not stand at my grave and weep, I am not there, I do not sleep"—with our own lyrics, the names of those whom we want to remember, chanted alongside the name of Kathryn Bloom.

We then enter the "Pines of Rome" with Ottorino Respighi's ghostly army under a dark gray sky, the drums of the evening building further. The concert ends with Gustav Mahler's "Rondo-Finale" from Symphony no. 5 in C# minor. It captures the absolute exhilaration we feel at the end of this piece, at the end of this concert. The orchestra, too, is elated, stomping madly for their conductor, calling her back for three bowing encores which she responds to by blowing them kisses—the wind carries those kisses onto the stage, then out into the night air.

Talia downs Henry and Anne Zarow, alumni classes in session during visitors day.



Edmond board member Tom M. Davies arrives at Quartz Mountain on visitors day.

Visitors (left to right) Richard Loveless, Sarasota, FL; Stanley Madeja, Denton, TX; Gail and Jack Davis, Denton, TX, come to pay tribute to Kathryn Bloom.



Visitors (left to right) B. Gills, Oklahoma City, Moore and Billy Fitzhugh, Oklahoma City; Susan OSA and/or Carrie Boren, Seminole, enjoy the special event.



Percussion students (left to right) Andy Beltrami, El Reno, Carter; Robertson, Talia, Brian Teal, Lawton, and Jason Frank, Norman, provide the beat for "A Collaboration: Poetry and Motion."



OAI President Mary Frantz (far left) and OAI Vice President/ Director of programs Mary Gordon (far right) join Board Chairman Emeritus Ted Ambrose (second from left), Oklahoma City, and Board Chairman (second from right) Molly Shi Boren, Seminole, in recognizing donors.



Saturday, June 16

A NEW COMMISSION FOR THE ORCHESTRA "...I SHALL BE THERE"

Every year mid-way through the Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute, contributors are invited to Quartz Mountain. As part of the Quartz Mountain family, donors are invited to join students, faculty, and staff in celebrating the arts. Although the focus of the Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute is on the students, the donors are responsible for making their experience possible, and on Visitors Day they also get the opportunity to participate. On Friday, June 15 and Saturday, June 16, 1990, national arts educators joined contributors of large gifts in a special celebration to recognize those who have nurtured our creative lives.

On June 16, Redbud Plaza was officially dedicated. In the center of it stood a canvas wall. This signing wall: Reflections 1990, was a special two week project which provided an opportunity for faculty, students, staff, and guests to acknowledge those people who contributed most to their creative lives, and to reflect on the work and meaning of the Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute.

U.S. Senator David L. Boren, Seminole, addresses the audience before the evening's concert



Glacie Bee-Dee, Houston, TX, conducts the premiere performance of "...I Shall Be There"



The Black Legging Warrior Society of the Kiowa Nation passes the Colors before the evening's concert



Violinist Lacy McLarry (far left), Oklahoma City, composer Jerry Neil Smith (second from left), Norman, and conductor Glacie Bee-Dee (far right), Houston, TX, congratulate singer Thomas Carey (second from right), Norman, following the performance of "...I Shall Be There"



Invited donors with fans signed by students



Violin instructor Lacy McLarry, Oklahoma City, rehearses a solo

by the Institute Orchestra. It was composed by faculty member, Jerry Neil Smith, and titled "...I shall be There." It acknowledged all of those people whose names appeared on the wall and was dedicated to the memory of arts educator, Kathryn Bloom. During the premier, the Quartz Mountain audience joined the narrator-singer in honoring those whose names were written on the "Signing Wall: Reflections 1990" by chanting the names of those they chose to remember.

Kathryn Bloom was the name that Institute President, Mary Y. Frates, entered on the "Signing Wall." Legendary in the field of arts education, Kathryn Bloom was, according to Charles Christopher Mark, "at one time the most important woman in the country in the arts." As Director of the Arts in Education Program for the JDR 3rd Fund, she became involved with education program, and Vice President, Mary Gordon Tait was the education co-ordinator for the Oklahoma Theater Center, one of the agencies involved in programming with the JDR 3rd Fund. According to Frates, "Kathryn Bloom was a mastermind at identifying and energizing projects which became national models for arts education. The Oklahoma Arts Institute owes much to the lessons taught me by Kathryn Bloom, my mentor and friend." Kathryn Bloom died on November 23, 1988 at the age of 69. It was in her honor that the Oklahoma Arts Institute commissioned "...I Shall Be There."

CELEBRATING THE SPIRIT

Stillness and Peace..

I awaken late. The sun has already slapped the window of my room with its bright yellow stroke; stripes of slender white light criss-cross the carpet. Thomas Carey's rich baritone swoop through my dreams last night like a freshet of south wind pulling echoes of "Amazing Grace" with it. It's 10 a.m., the Sunday service, "Celebration of the Spirit," is starting.

There are a dozen students, faculty, and staff sprinkled throughout the outdoor amphitheater. It's a hot, dry morning, with the smell of wooden benches baking in the sun. The mid-morning light falls in scraps, filtered by the cottonwood leaves.

The faculty brass quintet serves as a counterpoint to the stillness and peace of the morning air after last night's concert.

Sunday morning doesn't arrive until afternoon in the dorms and cabins.



Brad Williams, Weatherford, performs at the Celebration of the Spirit

Percussion instructor John Gahn, Boulder, CO, plays the Gong Song



"OSAI is a reaffirmation of my scary choice to be a writer. It really gives me the faith and confidence to pursue all I hope to achieve."

— Julie Noelle Chase, OKC



Hiking is an enjoyable way to spend a Sunday

By the Students, For the Students

The Talent Show: Be There...

Taped to doorways throughout the lodge these past few days have been hand-lettered, xeroxed announcements for today's talent show: 2 p.m. on the lodge patio, "Be there," I think they say.

The talent show takes place under a red and white striped tent awning stretched over the lodge patio, with actor Michael Rahhal, Ardmore, as an energetic emcee, encouraging the audience to applaud everything, absolutely everything—the bad jokes, the sardonic songs, the silly monologues. "Scream you morons," he yells into the mike. And they scream!

Oklahoma City writing student, Julie Chase emerges in a slinky black dress, flaunting a purple feather boa in her rendition of "The Revenge of the Velvet Lounge—Now, my name is Julie. If you don't like the way I sing, you can deal with it," she sneers before belting out a song with "I told you I loved ya now get out" for the chorus.

It's great fun to see the diverse "talents" of these performers. Julie, the singer, is also Julie, the poet, and Roy Matlack, of Duncan, who plays some kind of Southern hayseed farmer, is also Roy the mime. Nick Hermes, from Oklahoma City, this afternoon's rock and roll guitarist, is a painter and drawing student, and Scott Floyd, Oklahoma City, the electric bass player for "Winnemago Man," played Mahler with the orchestra last night.



Michael Rahhal (left), Ardmore, introduces drawing student Nick Hermes, Oklahoma City, and puts his acting skills into practice as emcee



Writing students Kyle Johnson (left), Barrensilly, and Kyle Miller entertain the audience during the talent show

Cello instructor Michael Murray, Springfield, MO, contributes to the Celebration of the Spirit



Rubber instructor Richard Thomas takes his pet, Farouk, to the talent show

Transformations of Character...

There's a pattern the morning acting sessions follow that interests me, because within this formula remarkable realizations, even transformations of character, take place. Class begins with warm-up exercises tailored to address concepts Irene Connors feels the students are missing, rehearsal begins with a scene from Shakespeare's Richard III.

The Pavilion Glows...

I walk out of the amphitheater toward Lake Altus-Lugert. Passing the Diamondback Pavilion I peek through the door. Once again I'm taken by surprise—the room has undergone another transformation. The art pavilion is littered with small wax paper Coke cups half-filled with paint, and the walls beneath the horizontal strip of molding are completely covered with students' work. Despite the room's dark shadows, the pavilion glows with acrylic yellow, green, purple, and orange.

Transition Point...

This afternoon I'm sitting with the oboes, directly in front of Jill Siegrist (Shawnee), a straight shot to the conductor's podium. It's very loud in here. It's also Conductor Joseph Giunta's first afternoon rehearsal with the full orchestra; Joseph arrived late last night. Each year, Sunday marks a transition point for members of the orchestra. They say good-bye to one conductor and welcome another. After spending a week learning one maestro's style, they begin the second week afresh.

While watching Joseph Giunta conduct, I think what an advantage it is for the orchestra to experience two such radically different conductors within two weeks time. Joseph appears to approach the music more technically, more intellectually than Gisele Ben-Dor, who responded to the music emotionally.

Realism and Abstraction...

His elective is billed The 45-Minute History of World Art, a "quick, somewhat revolutionary history of art from a painter's point of view." Bob Zakanski does carry us from thirteenth century Italian art through the work of "The three giants: Leonardo, Michaelangelo, and Raphael," up to the contemporary art scene in New York City.

Bob claims to be "the only non-performance art instructor at Quartz Mountain, besides Jay Dusard," yet he puts on a "performance piece" tonight, "a happening." He grins, which begins drawing a time line in charcoal on the walls of the Quartz Crystal Room to the accompaniment of Mary Frates hollering "no, no."

According to Bob, there are only two concepts in art—realism and abstraction—and everybody fits into those once you understand the rules of cataloging."

Jennifer Adlington, Edmund, rehearses a scene for the acting class



Drawing instructor Robert Zakanski (right) works with Shara Hemberger, Blue Jackson



Tombidisa Brindley Jordan adjusting a rehearsal seat at a conductor's podium



Robert Zakanski, showing instructor, presents his evening elective

Conversation With Jay Dusard...

I believe that it is important for any artist to have a sense of variety in their work.

How did I become a photographer? One day out of the blue somebody showed me this little bitty book, and it was the photography of Aaron Siskin. It was a collection of photographs taken in the streets and alleys of Chicago, and what Siskin had done with his camera was that he had gone out and made black and white abstract expressionist paintings. They were just utterly fabulous, and it rocked my soul looking at this little book. I made a promise to myself that someday I would take up photography, that I would be real serious about it, and that I was gonna, by God, get good at it. For some reason I wasn't in any hurry to do that, so it took several years.



I don't photograph on some kind of elevated plain; I am not on some kind of a natural high when I am in the presence of subject matter that excites me. I really settle down and get pretty analytical and wholehearted at that time, and maybe that ties into the architecture part of it. It helps me visualize both what is out there, and helps me out to visualize the finished product. In black and white photography particularly, every print that you make is an evolutionary process within that image. There is the discovery part of it, and there

Photography instructor Jay Dusard, Prescott, AZ



1990 Photography Class (left to right) First Row - Melissa Evans, Sarah Dure, David Blaz (laboratory technician) Second Row - Sarah Branch, Ashley Griffith, Justin Travis, Jay Dusard (instructor), Laura Lynch, Rachel LeFonce, Mark Rose Third

Row - Holly Wilson (classroom), Eric Norris, Lari Taffey, Stacy Slaughter, Joshua Glenn, Lisa McKel, Michelle Wine Photography instructor Jay Dusard, Prescott, AZ

are certain esthetic and technical decisions that are made right there on the spot that are then followed through on in the lab work. You have got a tremendous amount of control. Ansel Adams was fond of saying, and this ties it in with music very well, that the negative is the score and the print is the performance. I think that is a fabulous metaphor for photography, particularly black and white photography because you have so much latitude. If you have got a real command of an intrinsically rich medium, you are really in a position to do a great deal of interpretation and management of light and form. It just gets richer and richer and richer the better you get, and for some reason I feel very grateful for the architectural training that I had.

A lot of my work ends up being documentary. Yet, it is not so much my intention to go out there and make a lasting record of anything in particular. I am much more selfish than that. I am going out there to do something for me. Something to satisfy some inner needs. It is a very very beautiful, succulent, and rich medium, and it is worth doing.

A Sense of Urgency...

There's an urgency in the air. It's only Tuesday, but it's the second week, which means performances for the musicians, mimes, actors, actresses, and dancers are moving to the forefront of these artists' minds. The writers are already polishing poems and stories; the photographers have stopped shooting to concentrate on developing and printing; and the drawing students are preparing to begin their final pieces.

I can feel the instructors' urgency, too. Richard Thomas, for instance, has begun stressing with greater gusto and frequency the core of his teaching—principles and values. "It's all about principles and values...The reason I spout off about all these things is because it's important for you to develop a sense of values about what you do."

Jane Alexander reiterates the underlying message in her teachings this morning while she addresses the practicalities of her profession—how to get acting jobs. Regardless of whether you go to Los Angeles to work in the movies, or head for the stage in New York, "you have to do what you feel comfortable with." Although she acknowledges that a lot of success in her field is luck and warns that talent is abundant out there, even taken for granted, training is not: "Those that make it have extensive training."

For many of Oklahoma's artistically talented, their training begins here, experiencing the rigorous work required to succeed in an artistic discipline, and getting a taste of what it means to make that commitment to yourself, and to your art.

Good Advice: Develop What You Stand For...

Joseph Giunta has advice geared to musicians. "You have complete control over your future. What you need to acquire as a musician is you must develop an overview of music, an understanding of form and structure; develop your ear; and remember, you don't have to know everything, only what you're conducting."

When he adds that you must "try to remember that the reason you're in music is for the art itself," I hear the echo of Gisele Ben-Dor: "You have to be humble to play great music."

I don't think tonight's Eine Kleine Quartzmuzik can be surpassed.

The Body is the Instrument...

At Quartz Mountain, electives reach the heights of performances. Tonight on the indoor stage, as Ko Yukihiro walks the dancers through a series of warm-up exercises, the same exercises they practice each morning in class, I often have the impression I'm watching a choreographed piece. I know that in a sense I am, but the grace, the attention to each stretch, is parallel to that of a performance.

"The body is the instrument," Ko explains to us. "A dancer must nourish the inner power for expressive purposes. Dancers need flexibility, strength, control, and coordination of body."

In modern dance, the students are learning how to use breath, how to use space, how to connect phrases and sequences. They're learning, Ko says, how to move in harmony with body and mind, which is very similar to what the mime students are learning. "There always has to be a breath underneath," says Miriam Tait in the mime elective that follows: "Movement through breath."

"Mime emerges out of the need to communicate. It's the art of telling stories...It originates out of a need for ceremony, for ritual...and it also helps us tap into our own bodies."

Joseph Giunta is excited by the mime elective, interested to know more about the techniques of exploring the body. "Young conductors have much greater communication skills which come from knowing themselves, drawing that out of their bodies," he tells me after the electives. Not only are many disciplines in the arts similar at the core, the core of one discipline often finds an artist from another seemingly very different discipline.

"This is the time you need to build your foundation. Develop your ears, develop your personality, develop what you stand for. As a person, you have so much time, so much energy—so surround yourself with vibrant, exciting people. Successful people aren't just lucky, they have a tremendous sense of discipline and commitment to what they're doing. Find people you can emulate, people who can provide you with a role model."

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—Joseph Giunta



Jonathan Jeff (left), Stillwater, poses with acting instructor Jane Alexander



Gwen Powell (left), Stillwater, works with Jennifer Blanton, Oklahoma City, during a rehearsal



Julie Nichols, Henryetta, performs during the modern dance evening elective

"OSAI gave me the experience of playing a challenging repertoire in a fantastic orchestra. Here, I had the opportunity to get a taste of the life of a professional musician. I learned a great deal from my teachers."

—Kevin Shuck, Elk City



1990 Orchestra (by section) Joseph Giunta (conductor); Cello - Marjory Comstock (instructor); Michael Murray (instructor); April Caywood, Amy Cramer, Katelya Cinsly, Scott Floyd, The Hoos Hams, Y. Ly, Kevin Price, Jill Saffino, Viola - Margaret Cooper (instructor); Danara Agnes, Meg Bauman, Kristy Fisk, Kristen Kartz, Stacey Lockwood, Philip Schmitt, Cynthia Smetz; Melissa Wynn Viola - Lucy McLary (instructor); Alko Marquis (instructor); David Bluhard (instructor); Jennifer Boon, Sully Cardenas, Alvin Chan, Pamela Filagalli, Dawn Fowler, Scott Franke, John Gaskley, Adriana Green, Steven Hawk, Amber Hinchcock, Heather LeDoux, Michelle LeDoux, Lisa Lee, Beth Leroy, Isaac Ojogwu, James Pak, Keri Reynolds, Pamy Rosbach, Julia Smith, Mike Smith, Elizabeth Warren, Heather Webb, Ginger Williams Platz - Gwen Powell (instructor); Jennifer Blanton, Andrea Reves, Jill Sargeant, Sarah Thompson Carter - Jory Neil Smith (instructor); Kimmey King; Sharron McAttee; Kenneth Mosler; Natalie Pate; Shannon - Betty Johnson (instructor); Derek Adams; Bill Barnes; Brad Williams; Oboe - Alexa Kappel (instructor); Heidi Bauman; Alicia Michael - Vonn Opperman; Yranger - David Gager (instructor); Beth Anderson; Brian Lambert; Kyle Rhoads; Roger Sharp; Trombone - Alan Kaplan (instructor); Jarrm Harnright; Brandon Jordan; Scott Walker; Tuba - Mark Mandler (instructor); John Adams; Fench Horn - Lawrence Love (instructor); Lisa Machado; Scott Morrison; Kevin Smith; Susan Seipes; Sara Trautman Percussion - John Galin (instructor); Andy Bellomo; Jason Froust; Carter Robinson; Brian Teed; Bass - John Williams (instructor); Cherie Day; Jess Chirbach; Ruben Gonzalez; Kim McCortey; Parviz Walker; Jake Lawton (music coordinator); Andre Francisco (drums); Jennifer Jones (bass); Elizabeth Spotts (bass)



Polish and Revise...

Twenty writers sit around the library table. "Our rehearsal," says Colleen McElroy, looking around the table from face to face, "will be to polish, to revise."

The writers stage a final poetry reading Saturday afternoon and this morning Colleen is preparing them.

And Colleen certainly has a vivaciousness all her own. Part of that is the width and breadth of her character, thus the width and breadth of her teaching, which is exhibited daily in Badger Library.

The Big Apples and...

Once again I find myself gravitating to the cool shadows in the art pavilion after lunch to escape the midday heat. Two sheets are spread across the floor—apples sit on one, stalks of broccoli on the other—and a stack of heavy paper, each piece looks about five-foot long, sits beside the sheets. The drawing students are starting in on their final project this afternoon.

Welcome to Hobart: Performing for the Community...

The radio station in Hobart announced this morning that the acting class from the Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute was performing today, and eleven local residents have shown up in the elegant old theater to watch.

As the air conditioner churns, chugging like a passing train, the students perform their scenes.

The actors and actresses are excited by the theater.

Tonight is Special...

The Wednesday night concerts in the indoor stage generate a great deal of excitement: they're the first "formal" concert of the week with each Institute conductor, so there's an air of great anticipation, and

the energy up all that more.

Tonight is special, too, with guest bass soloist Barry Green who's well known for his recital series in Cincinnati called the "Big Green Machine."

The stage is brightly-lit, the bleachers are full, and the round, white cardboard Institute fans are swishing the humid night air, providing little relief. There are so many in the audience, in fact, that more bleachers have been moved in behind the orchestra on the outdoor patio.



1990 Modern Dance Class (left to right) First Row - Mary Sallie (accompanied), Anita Schindt (blauon); Mika Young, Sheli Barnes, Jayay Morgan; Elizabeth Frazer; Second Row - Benny Myers, Lauren Kene;

Miss Reynolds; Jennifer Cunningham Third Row - Stephanie Carrey; Jennifer Fowler; Hillary Kallenberg; Dicksi Rivas; Lezana Owens; Kristyna Smith; Monica Devar; Julie Nichols; Alisa Beltrami.

extraordinary experience working with these people, and I learned a great deal about choreographing. These choreographers offered me other ways to move. Those two years were very very significant years for me.

In early Spring of 1976, I met the Artistic Director of Ballet National de Mexico in New York. She invited me to end my company in Mexico City. To make this whole story short, I got sick and decided to go back to New York right after my Summer season with this company. When I went to the airport the immigration officer looked at me and said that I could not go back to New York because I did not have a green card, so I had to go back to Japan.

On the way back to Japan, I stopped in Hawaii to visit my old campus and see my old teachers. A friend had had a phone call from the University of Oklahoma. The Department of Dance was looking for a modern dance teacher for nine months. I called Miguel Tereshko, we had a couple of conversations on the telephone, and a few days later he called me back and gave me the job. It has been fourteen years since then.

I have to say that sometimes young people tend to focus on making sure they succeed in life. That desire is very important. But, I feel that sometimes it is very necessary to be bold, and to take chances. I do not feel that just because you want something very badly that it is bound to happen. I don't think life is that easy. But, I do think it is important to live life fully.

Colleen McElroy (left) works with writers (left to right) Stacie Parrish, Tablogau, and Amy Mitchell, Chamber, on polishing their poems.

Acting students perform at the Playhouse in Hobart.

Kathryn Crooks, Norman, performs in the second Wednesday night concert.

Conversation With Ko Yukihiro...

I left Japan in May of 1965 and arrived in Honolulu, Hawaii. I managed to be accepted at the University of Hawaii. One day I happened to go see the University Theater production of "Long Days Journey into the Night," and three weeks later I also saw a ballet production of "Coppelia." I cannot tell you how much these productions had an impact on me. It made me realize that it was the world of theater where I wanted to belong. This realization, of course, came very late, but I felt that I found something.

My dance teachers were very encouraging, and I guess I did it well. I learned a lot, and as a dancer I guess I progressed consistently. Certainly I loved dancing. I found something I really liked, so that was the beginning of how I ended up pursuing this career.

I guess it was in May of 1974 that I presented my MFA concert, entitled "Hiroshima Epithet," and soon after that I left for New York. In order to maintain my student visa status, I had to apply to a school where they had some kind of connection with immigration, so I chose Mertha Graham School of Dance. It was very crucial for me to get some kind of scholarship so that I could take classes every day. Luckily, I got a full scholarship, so I started the very intensive training at the Graham School.

But toward the early part of my second year in New York, I was asked to take company classes and sit in some of the rehearsals, and I thought that I maybe had a chance to become a company member. I had that dream, and I think that a lot of company members and teachers encouraged me a great deal. They were very very helpful in terms of my own personal growth, but something inside of me said to go out and audition for other companies and other choreographers. So I did, and I was able to work with some amazing people. I had an



A Guest Artist...

Barry Green didn't travel to Quartz Mountain from Cincinnati just because he has a strong voice for narration and can get his bass to throw a mean tantrum when he's playing the "Pied Piper." Green is the author of *The Inner Game of Music*, and he's here to give a crash course in overcoming the mental distractions that prevent musicians from playing their best. Green has a couple of nifty equations he uses which, despite their simplicity, or perhaps because of them, are extremely valuable. "It's the inner battles that separate you from what you can do," he explains to the orchestra: P=P-I. P stands for potential, I for interference. When "you get the I out of it" (and the pun is intended), you're playing up to your potential.

The afternoon I sat next to the oboes in the orchestra, Joseph asked the musicians to listen first to their parts, then to those in the sections surrounding them, eventually listening to the orchestra as a whole. Today Barry emphasizes listening, even when you're not playing, to create a sense of involvement with the entire orchestra. And his final message, one which I'd bet both Cisele and Joseph would send home, too, is "Enjoy the music. Enjoy the whole score."

Guest Artist Barry Green (right), Cincinnati, OH, works with Bass student Carter Robertson, Tulsa



Broccoli and purple cabbage spread across the floor



Instructor Daniel Levans (front) works with Ron Ball (left), Bartlettville, and Elizabeth Bower, Tulsa, during final rehearsals



Photography student Sarah Branch, Tulsa, makes last minute preparations for the gallery opening



Max Rowlett (left), Tulsa, and Allina Branch, Norman rehearse for the actors' final performance



Modern dance students take advantage of free time to practice in the halls



Music students rehearse for their final performance

Broccoli and Purple Cabbage Spread Across the Floor...

I take refuge in my favorite cool spot—the Diamondback Pavilion. The beginnings of twenty, five-foot stalks of green broccoli and purple cabbage are spread across the floor.

As the drawing students struggle with their massive vegetable paintings, modern dancers, who have the afternoon off, come and go, pressing their faces against the glass paneled doors.

Excitement, Nervousness, and Anticipation...

Around dinnertime the face of Quartz Mountain begins to change. The shift is subtle—a thin cloud cover moves in spreading over camp; a small breeze shows up and the temperature falls a few degrees. The change is so slight I wonder if the difference is actually due to the changing face of the Institute itself. Classes as we have known them for the past two weeks end, for the most part, today. Tomorrow is dedicated to final rehearsals and the completion of final projects; tomorrow evening the gallery opens and performances begin. The students' excitement, nervousness, and anticipation rises from the pavilions, the stages, the library, and lodge hallways, electrifying the air above camp.

Rehearsals...

Inside the pavilions the students continue working—the photographers cut mats under bright fluorescent lights with discarded pizza boxes and liters of Coke scattered across their work space. In the Diamondback Pavilion, the drawing students are in the corner talking to his cabbage, gesturing with his hands, then studying the still life on the sheet. The actors and actresses have moved into the modern dancers' pavilion and sit facing the mirrored wall beneath bulbs of golden light throwing thick shadows on their faces as they stare intently at Jane who's engaged in one of her last lectures.

At 9 p.m. the writers are still at work in Badger Library, pounding typewriters and scratching out revisions while the percussionists play cards on the floor of the lodge. The rest of the orchestra has gone to Braum's on the bus and aren't expected back until the modern dancers rehearse, breathing heavily, as Ko watches their movements carefully.

"In drawing, I learned some very important basic skills I feel will allow me to better express myself through art. Also, I have a new understanding and respect for the other art forms represented at the Institute. It's wonderful to come and study with 19 other people who are interested in the same thing as I."

—Melanie Brown, Tulsa

ONSTAGE WEEKEND OPENS

They Move Differently...

In the Buffalo Pavilion, the modern dancers begin the day just as they've begun every day they've been here, with warm-up exercises. But I notice they move differently than they did just a few days ago—they're more graceful, more flexible; the exercises are a dance in themselves.

You'd be Amazed...

Next door in the Wildcat Pavilion, Richard Thomas pounds the floor with his cane as the dancers line up at the bar. Here, too, class proceeds just the way it has each morning for the past two weeks. "Don't slosh your feet. Don't plow the ground." Richard calls out.

As the dancers grip the bar, Richard walks around the room and begins a lecture: "If you could only dispense with following the fashions of others, you'd be amazed at what you could accomplish."

Richard is giving his dancers everything he can this morning: technique and the last of his philosophical instruction.

A Sense of Urgency...

The pace throughout camp is quickening and a sense of urgency is becoming increasingly pronounced. But just as the Mountain let loose a storm that invigorated the rehearsals last night, today the Mountain releases a pervasive calm. In the Wildcat Pavilion, four dancers meet with poet Shelly Izard. Shelly, from Newalla, has written a poem—"In Observation of Modern Dance Class Practice"—for which Stephanie Currey (of Yukon), Monica Dewan, Elizabeth Frazier, and Misti Craig (from Ardmore) have choreographed a dance.

Galerie de l' Ecole des Buzzards...

The hallway up to the dining rooms is blocked off as the photography class hangs their photographs to the whine of a drill. The photographers look like miners, wearing white gloves so as not to smudge the prints or streak the plexiglass.

At 4:30, David is still drilling holes. The gallery opening gets underway in another thirty minutes. "Every year I stand here sweating and tell myself this wasn't supposed to happen," he says, shaking his head and wiping the perspiration off of his face with the sleeve of his shirt.

Parents, siblings, and friends are moving into Quartz Mountain. There's another surge of excitement.

But the gallery is hung by 5:00. There's champagne—bottles of Ginger Ale wrapped in red cloth napkins; there's music—John Galm and his percussion students playing *The Isle of View* music; and there are hundreds of delighted spectators taking in the five-foot stalks of broccoli and cauliflower, apples and cabbages, and black and white photographs. The photographers may be winded (they just finished), but they're pleased, and they're proud of their work. So is David Blat: "Some of it's brilliant. Some of it's technically very good. But the important thing is, everybody grew. And as I told Jay Dusard, all we can do is open doors. We're gatekeepers; and the doors were opened.

"I think I stretched them as far as they could go in two weeks," says Robert Zakanitch in the midst of his class' fruit and vegetables. "I don't think they could have gone any farther. I worked them very hard, lots of one-on-one, and it really worked.

"Yes," I concur. "It's a wonderful show."

"Phenomenal. I don't think you can draw apples any better than that."

Theater-in-the-Round...

Jane Alexander's acting class has a "problem" tonight: a large audience and no suitable place to put everyone. So Jane tries "a new experiment," a type of theater-in-the-round—the actors move from pavilion to pavilion, performing for three sets of audience.

The performances begin with Heather Hayden and Kevin Moore in their scene from *The Runner Stumbles*. They understand and embody the characters' terrifyingly ambivalent love and the violence it reeks within them.

Again I'm taken aback by the naturalness and honesty in which Tulsans Matt Boethin and Alissa Branch play the characters in *Tally's Folly*, so natural that I find myself feeling as though I'm eavesdropping on someone's conversation. Tulsan Christopher Peterson's Hamlet, and Yukon's Renee Krapp's St. Joan are difficult monologues, full of passionate emotion, while John Moore's grief as Admetus is so strong, it's frightening. Oklahoma Cityan Jeff Stork's marvelously bitter-sweet, enormously funny and disconcertingly pathetic portrayal of an orphan, from *Nourish the Beast*, makes us laugh uproariously at times, and wince in shame at others.



Ko Yakhiko (right) instructs Lauren Kern, Ardmore, during morning warm-up exercises.



Kerri Millington (left, Edmond), waits for turn to go onstage while accompanist Lynda Garcia, Oklahoma City, plays for the ballet class.



On the gallery walls hang the results of two weeks of hard work by photography students.



Instructor Jay Dusard (left) explains the photographic process to business student Bill Barrow, Ada.



The gallery is hung.

STUDENTS ONSTAGE

Depths of Emotion and Experience...

I sit down next to Colleen McElroy and Ko Yukihiro in the amphitheater. Ko sits straight-backed and quiet, waiting for his girls to dance "Dream Waves." His face masks his nervousness. Finally his modern dance students run from either side of the stage to form an S, like the inside on a yin yang symbol. They then become a rope, holding hands, creating an ever-moving circle, and I think of painter Henri Matisse's dancers. The music by Philip Glass and Ko's choreography create a tension—the girls weave intricate lines on stage, filling the space with engaging patterns. The movements of "Dream Waves"—side jumps, lunges, attitude turns, and running—are simple, yet the intricacies make the sequence dense, complex.

Following "Dream Waves" is "Echoes of Quartz Mountain," the mime class' "symphony of silence," and once again I'm reminded of the depths of emotion and experience the body, when trained, can express without words. "Chiggers" and "The Lunch Meeting" are good-natured skits, and "Grey," "Water," "Generations," "Premonition," and "Lanky"—which are set to poems by both the writing students and the mimes—are layered with multiple meanings and images. "Choices" deals with "souls torn between two worlds," depending on "hope for a savior," and "Generations" covers the range of life, from toddlerhood to death, where "not everyone makes it to life's finish line."

The evening's finale is the lovely dance by the ballet students, "Ballet Etude Glazunov," choreographed by Daniel Levans: I find myself entranced by the girls' graceful arm work, the reach and sweep of their arms, the strength of their legs. As they dance, they grow more confident, more relaxed on stage, and Ryan Ball, the lone boy on stage, also appears wally at ease. It's a real pleasure to watch them.

Ballet students take a well-deserved bow



Betsy Myers (front), Ada, and Janey Morgan, Claremore, onstage

Mime students perform for faculty staff, students and visitors during Onstage weekend



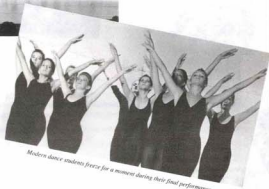
Jonathan Leff, Stillwater, presents a monologue during his final acting performance



Ballet students dance an original ballet choreographed by instructor Daniel Levans



Mime students in a final moment onstage



Modern dance students freeze for a moment during their final performance



Watonga acting student, John Moore, acts the part of Adewale

WHERE DOES THE WRITER END?

No Rest for the Weary...

I waken to one of those vivid blue skies that looks like it's been buffed raw by a northern wind. It's a cool morning, and yes, despite last night's final performances, there are classes. No rest for the weary. No one wants it anyway.

In the lodge hallway, the photography class clusters around their work in the gallery for a final critique from Jay Dusard and David Blust. "You worked hard," Jay tells them. A dozen modest smiles emerge, along with a few muffled groans. "And part of the point was to work you through your frustrations," Jay smiles.

The drawing students can no longer work in class. The still lifes are boxed up (or rotten, in the case of the fruit and vegetables), and the paintings are stacked back into its original containers, and the easels are stacked against a wall; so it seems quite natural that a half dozen painters are sitting on the floor of the lobby sharing a care package that just arrived—a huge box of candy, gum, and plastic-wrapped pastries—surrounded by their work, talking about "the great shadows beneath his apples" and "the perfect stem" on that piece of broccoli.



Parents take advantage of their opportunity to meet with faculty members.



Yonder McLean, Stillwater, removes one of his paintings from the gallery's wall to be photographed for the Institute's archives.

Outreach...

One of the areas in which OAI has expanded in the last couple of years is through its Outreach Programs—documentary films, art exhibits, poetry readings, and concerts—which carry Quartz Mountain and the art produced here beyond the borders of the tall grass prairie. The Parents' Meeting held this afternoon—an hourly session for students and their parents with the students' instructors—is an expression of Outreach. It gives parents the opportunity to see first-hand what's taken place at the Institute during the last two weeks.

Just as Quartz Mountain has to end tomorrow, class has to end, though it's clear no one's quite ready.



The poems read by Yolanda Kent, Norman, was produced during the course of the Institute.

Where Does the Writer Begin?...

It's 5:30 p.m., dinnertime, and I can't leave my room. Two of the most powerful poetry readings I've ever attended have been at Quartz Mountain—Robert Creeley's last fall in the Quartz Crystal Room, and the Summer Arts writing students' an hour ago on the indoor stage. The students' poems still swirl inside of me, creating an inner state of vertigo. As we sat on the bleachers, we breathed the writers' air; we breathed their thoughts; we breathed the life inside their words and the worlds they have created there.

They sat in a semi-circle, barefoot, the girls in flowered dresses and long skirts, the boys in ties. Each stood, one at a time, to read one piece at a time.

"Where does the writer begin?" Trae asked, "with those stories closest to home." For Stephanie England of Oklahoma City, it begins where an "amber birth canal yields seven pieces of ripe fruit" in her poem "Timtys". And for Amy Mitchell, in "Pleats," it began when "attacked by an iron again and again," leaving "little room for both flesh and air."



Mindy Bergman, Weatherford, presents her work during the poetry reading.



Poetry Instructor Colleen McEvey



Music director, Jake Larson, Norman, addresses the orchestra after their final rehearsal.



Kyle Miller, Clearfield, onstage.

THE ORCHESTRA'S FINAL CONCERT

Patrick Gault conducts the orchestra's final concert.



Daniels Ayres, Norman, plays the cello in Wagner's "Reinzi Overture"



The orchestra backstage stage for the final concert in the Great Plains Amphitheater.



Instructors Michael Mandy (left) Springfield, MO, and Marjory Cornelius, Oklahoma City, perform with the Institute Orchestra.

The Air of Closure...

The evening is perfect for an outdoor concert: warm of course, after all it's June in southwest Oklahoma, but balmy; and the air is fragrant with women's perfume. Once again I think of Beth Levy. The Great Plains Amphitheater benches are full—full of men in slacks, women in white dresses, and children in shorts and T-shirts playing with tonight's programs.

It's not just the scent of the air that I notice, but its ambience. The orchestra is somber tonight, and once again I feel the air of closure, of departure, hanging in the midst of us.

Wagner's "Reinzi Overture" (1840) begins with a long, slow, almost laborious opening which then sweeps upward when the full orchestra falls in, turning the piece into a gay, rousing work which is a delightful precursor to Handel's "Water Music Suite."

The music then makes an abrupt change with Libby Larsen's "Collage: Boogie"—notes swim from brass to strings to percussion, seemingly at random, creating a tension that is dispelled when the melody surfaces.

But the greatest moments of the evening arrive for me with Modest Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition."

There is a festive reception for the musicians again tonight in the dining room with bowls of punch and trays of cookies, but as usual, no one in the orchestra stays long. Tonight there's a costume party and dance outdoors on the tennis courts.

On my way back to the lodge I pass through the indoor stage where, drawing instructor, Robert Zakanitch is running across the stage. He leaps into the air, arms held out high, away from his body. The ballet liaison, Kerry Owens, is giving him dance lessons. Ah, classes aren't over after all.

CAN IT BE OVER?

Farewell...

At 11 a.m. we meet in the amphitheater, all of us, one last time. The orchestra plays selections from last night's concert, but without any levity or joy. Concerts at Quartz Mountain always have a spirit of celebration in them. Not this morning's. One of the French horn players has been crying, and as I look around me, so have many others.

After Colleen McElroy reads a poem about her own son and daughter to her "extended family" here, Mary Gordon Taft rises and in her lovely, rich voice, says farewell:

"Return to your homes safely, and come back to us, someday." And with that, the amphitheater dissolves into tears and long embraces.

"We had excellent instructors in photography. They were both wonderful teachers and friends. I have learned a lot. Not just about my own art form, but about others as well. I have gained a respect for everyone who has the courage to pursue their goals, and everyone here is doing that. It is wonderful to see."

—Rachel LeForce, OKC



Writing instructor Colleen McElroy joins the orchestra in saying farewell.



Julie Chase (left), Oklahoma City, and Jonathan Leff, Saltwater, say goodbye to friends.



Johnathon Moore, Watonga, hugs a classmate and friend.

A Second Transformation...

When I arrived at Quartz Mountain, I marveled at the transformation I observed—an Arts Institute rising from the floor of a resort lodge within the granite walls of the Wichita Mountains. This afternoon a second transformation takes place: On the stage of the Great Plains Amphitheater, music stands are stacked in carts and the stage itself is peeled back to the plywood. At first glance, I wouldn't even recognize the Diamondback Pavilion; there are no easels, no drawings tacked to the wall. The only clue I have of its previous use is the cracked vase and squat ceramic pot the students used for still lifes, sitting on the floor, waiting for a box.

No sound, no movement rises from the Lone Wolf Pavilion. The enlargers are covered in brown plastic garbage sacks, and the only sign of life comes from the fluorescent light above sink. No Blues Brothers, no prints swirling in developing trays. The wooden clothes pins that hold the drying negatives hang from a wire—pale wood sticks glowing in the dark.

The piano stands silent in the modern dance pavilion, as if waiting for the girls to get back from lunch; and in the Wildcat Pavilion, Richard Thomas' chair stands empty, the marly floor rolled up beside it.

In the lodge, only one wall of bleachers remains in front of the indoor stage, the rest have been dismantled, ready to be carted off to the moving vans. And just the skeleton of a stage remains, along with the addresses of conductors Joseph Giunta and Gisele Ben-Dor, tacked to the bulletin board.

Feeling terribly out of place, I drive down to Group Camp, lugging up into the granite boulders as I go, asking them for something, though I'm unsure what. I stop at Cabin 8. It's pad-locked shut. I'm disappointed. What did I hope to find there? Seeing the door ajar at Cabin 10, I walk down the concrete path to the front step, open the screen door and walk into the dark, cool room. Five sets of bunkbeds, one broom. That's all. I find myself searching the floor for a memento of the students at Quartz Mountain—there's not even a pencil underneath a bed.

What am I looking for? And what were they looking for when they were here? What did they find? And what have they taken home with them? They have taken charcoal drawings, visionary poems, stories tracing our beginnings and probing our future, landscape photographs and portraits of one another, lyrical dances, roles hidden behind masks and tucked in the pages of Streetcar Named Desire, and the music of "...I Shall Be There."

Thankfully, they've also left those with me, with all of us.

Driving back up to the lodge, I pass the spot where Jill Evans and I sat crouched in the cacti that first evening, watching the students hike up the road to their first dinner. The students are gone, but there are the buzzards circling, and I realize that the circle we've woven here also continues—unbroken—spreading across Oklahoma, beyond the plains, beyond the tall grass prairies, circling over the mountains.



One last farewell



Family members help move students out of the dorms.

Applause Applause Applause Applause Applause Applause

CORNERSTONES of the CAPITAL IMPROVEMENTS CAMPAIGN

The Oklahoma Arts Institute has entered into an Agreement with the State of Oklahoma to develop Quartz Mountain as an arts and conference center. The goal of the Institute and the Oklahoma Department of Tourism and Recreation is to expand Quartz Mountain into a regional cultural center, with a national reputation.

Phase I of the Arts Complex has been completed and consists of five studio pavilions, an outdoor amphitheater, and a library in the lodge. Fundraising for Phase II, a performing hall/conference center, is currently underway.

The new facilities provide a permanent home for the Institute's educational programs; the Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute for talented youth; and the Adult Institutes in the Arts, a series of continuing education institutes for teachers and community artists held at Quartz Mountain in the fall.

All private contributions to the arts complex are matched by the State of Oklahoma, which has appropriated \$1.5 million to the project.

The Oklahoma Arts Institute gratefully acknowledges donors to the capital campaign.

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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, over \$1 million has been contributed in cash and pledges during the successful Phase I of the endowment campaign.

Only the interest from endowment investments is used for programs. To establish a named or designated fund, a gift must be made of \$10,000 or more.

A statewide scholarship campaign to permanently underwrite scholarships in the amount of \$15,000 each for 200 students in the summer program will begin in January 1992. Persons interested in establishing student scholarships should contact the Institute office.

The Oklahoma Arts Institute gratefully acknowledges the following "Mountain Movers" who are securing the future of the programs of the Oklahoma Arts Institute:

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