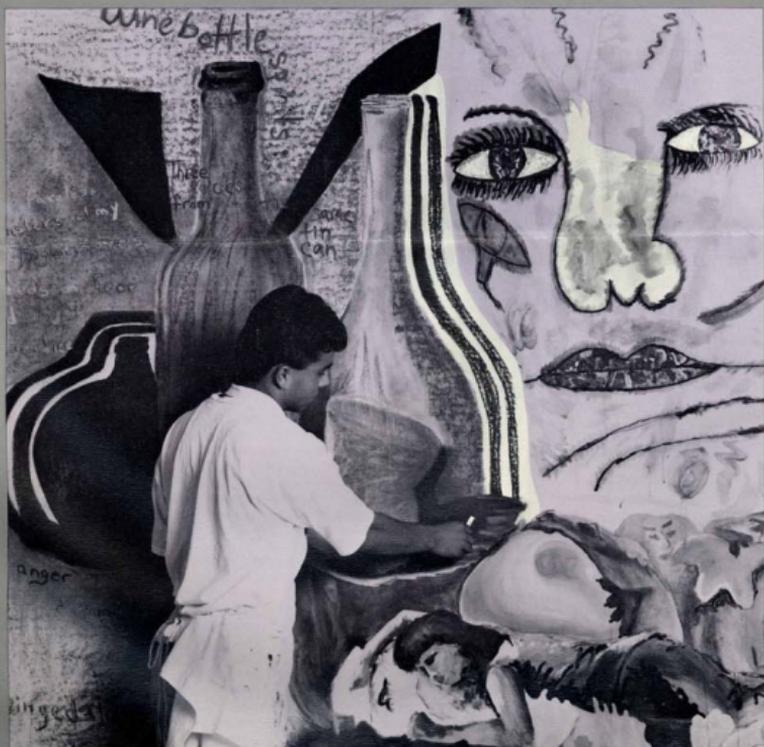


OKLAHOMA
SUMMER ARTS
INSTITUTE

ONSTAGE '86-'87



"SIMPLY MARVELOUS..."

April Murray, drawing student
Tulsa

Drawing instructor Howard Kenovitz, left,
works with Steven Graham, Ponca City.



Newsletter
photography by David
Fitzgerald and Jill
Evans/Fitzgerald
Associates; and Jim
Lucas.

Editors: Carolyn Booher
Sara Dobberteen

ACTING
BALLET
DRAWING
MIME
MODERN DANCE
ORCHESTRA
PHOTOGRAPHY
WRITING

Dancers
taking
advantage
of a break.



Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute

Onstage at Quartz Mountain
Lone Wolf, Oklahoma June 7-22, 1986

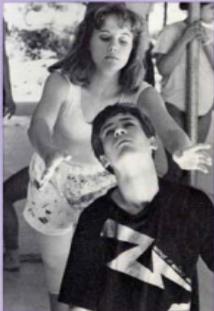
Left: Mary Y. Frates, Executive Director,
Oklahoma Arts Institute.
Below: Mia McElidowney, Counselor
Coordinator, and Mary Gordon Taft, Director,
OSAI.



Alicia Hays,
Dei City, and
Lita
Groeschel,
Ardmore,
partaking of
stress relief.

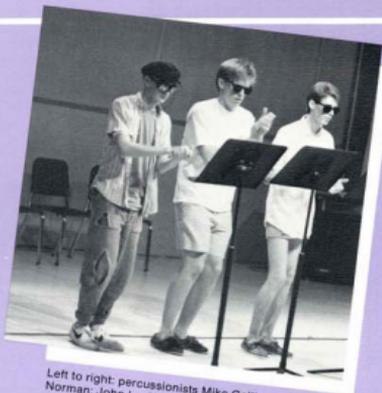


Mimes Leigh
Hardy,
Edmond, and
Jason Fritze,
Anadarko,
practice a
class
assignment.

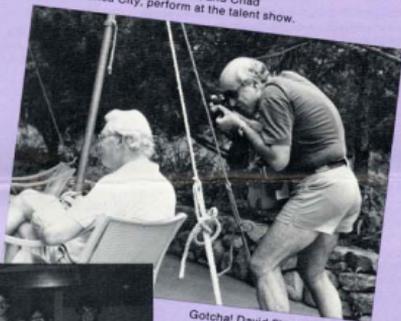
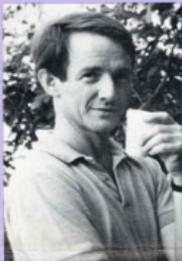


Guest artist James Ragan, poet and screenwriter, Los Angeles, California.

Ballet student warms up.

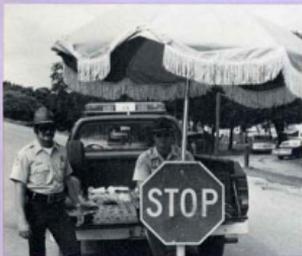


Left to right: percussionists Mike Collins, Norman; John Lovin, Norman; and Chad Steffley, Ponca City, perform at the talent show.



Guest artist William Clift, photographer, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Quartz Qoops.



The P.R. office and staff.



The 1986 OSAI counseling and support staff.

Go!cha! David Fitzgerald photographs Dee J. LaFon, artist-in-residence, at work.

Rachel Galoob, Ardmore, says goodbye.



CLASSES '86



Guest lecturer Peter Frank, editor of *ReDact* and art critic, New York, New York.

Classes at the Institute are deliberately kept small. Being in class six hours a day for 12 days enables students to get to know each other and develop a trust in each other and their teacher, allowing each

student to take the risks demanded of new ideas and techniques. The artist/teachers are chosen for their professional backgrounds and for their desire to pass on the history and skills of their art forms.



Far left: Greg Isenberg, Altus, rehearses for an upcoming concert.

Above: Kristina Kloberdanz, Oklahoma City, concentrates at the barre.



Left: writing student Carrie Curtin, Watonga, prepares an assignment for class.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Peter Frank, New York arts critic and editor of *ReDact*, came to Quartz Mountain as a 1986 artist-in-residence. An excerpted version of his evening lecture to Institute students follows on succeeding pages. Mr. Frank's reviews of a student orchestra performance and gallery exhibition appear on pages 15-16.

BYE BYE BROADWAY, SO LONG SOHO

ART NOW COUNTS. WHEREVER YOU DO IT, YOU DO NOT HAVE TO GO TO NEW YORK. YOU ONLY HAVE TO GET TO WORK...

I would like to thank you all for inviting me back home. No, I don't hail from these parts; in fact, before now I've never been closer to this corner of the world than Fort Worth or Tulsa. I'm a New Yorker, born and bred. But at the age of 14 my folks packed me off to something in upstate New York that, for two months a year for the rest of my adolescence, I considered a real and spiritual home. The place was called "Sciences and Arts Camp, Inc." Sounds pretty dreadful, doesn't it. Well, so does "Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute." So much for names.

Sciences and Arts Camp, Inc. was a magical place. It wasn't at all like the suburban junior high school I was attending. Instead of being surrounded with people my age who thought I was kinda peculiar because I liked going to art galleries and liked listening to something else besides Tommy James and the Shondelles or Lesley Gore, at this Sciences and Arts Camp I was surrounded by people my age who went to art galleries and listened to stuff even I found weird. Moreover, they were into making art and into making music, weird and otherwise. And they were into writing and into acting and into all this other far-out stuff that had been jumping out at me from books, but that I'd never considered doing myself before. I'd considered making music and making art, but writing poems? Acting in plays? On July 1, 1964, I headed for Sciences and Arts Camp, Inc., a dabbler in art and music. On August 25, 1964, I left Sciences and Arts Camp a practiced poet,

A C T I N G



Back Row, left to right Thad Scott, Stillwater; Charles Williams, Lawton; Cory Hoover, Ponca City; Brian Huntington, Lawton; Irene Connors, voice and movement instructor, Valencia, CA; Jason Watt, Altus; Jennifer Alexander, Okmulgee; Darin Moore, Midwest City; Eric Celeste, Tulsa; Tim Hystad, Oklahoma City. Middle Row: Deborah Johnston, Tulsa; Lori Stevens, Oklahoma City; Edwin Sherin, instructor,

Los Angeles, CA; Lamar Aguilar, counselor-aide, McAlester; Ann Ewing, Stillwater; Kathryn Nigliazzo, Edmond; Tobé Sexton, Oklahoma City; Lynn Newman, Tulsa. Front Row: Leslie Leach, Tulsa; Gaye Coffman, Oklahoma City; Eva Gregory, Oklahoma City; Megyn Price, Norman; Jeff Green, Shawnee.

BALLET



Back Row, left to right: Julie Tucker, Broken Arrow; Erin Carroll, Edmond; Amy Lewis, Bethany; Kim Sainett, Edmond; Mindi McAlister, Yukon; Sandra Shultz, Cashion; Penny Askew, Clinton; Jan Thomas, Oklahoma City. Middle Row: Mary Caroline Cravens, Tulsa; Kristina Klobertz, Oklahoma City; Brenna Freeman, Wichita, KA; Kim Banks, Norman; Jaci Keel, Edmond; Amy Thacker, Abilene, TX; Elizabeth Lowe, counselor-aide, New York, NY. Front Row: Heather Allen, Oklahoma City; Alicia Hays, Del City; Karen Villanueva, Clinton; Tirta Ford, Sand Springs; Daniel Levens, instructor, New York, NY.

"The air here is alive with excitement as everyone spends every moment in their discipline, or at least thinking of it."

April Murray, drawing student
Tulsa

DRAWING



Back Row, left to right: José Herrera, Clinton; Bill Snedden, Tulsa; Michael Eddens, Oklahoma City; Richard McKown, Norman; Kendra Hattiwell, Tulsa; Robyn Rickard, Norman; Michele Utley, Oklahoma City. Middle Row: Kimbri Cupp, Watonga; Julie Peppito, Tulsa; April Murray, Tulsa; Jennifer Phillips, Mustang; Dawn Edwards, Stillwater; Dee Dee Walker,

Lawton; Steven Graham, Ponca City. Front Row: Jane Champlin, counselor-aid, Enid; Ajen Dollard, Oklahoma City; Howard Kanovitz, instructor, New York, NY; Luc Hackbert, Oklahoma City; Shannon McGinnis, Tulsa; Aiana Herron, Sapulpa; Lisa Grossman, Oklahoma City; Greg Skaggs, Elk City.

HERE, FOR AN INTENSE COUPLE OF WEEKS, YOU GET . . . A REAL TASTE OF PROFESSIONALISM.

actor, literary magazine editor, and art critic. My medium — writing — had found me.

I went back to that camp every year until I graduated high school—and then went back as a counselor after my freshman year in college. Then Sciences and Arts Camp, Inc. closed down. But it lives on. It lives on in my pursuit of my profession. It lives on in the network of like-minded souls on which I built personal and professional friendships. And it lives on in other places like it.

This Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute is such a place. It is no Sciences and Arts Camp — Inc. or otherwise. There's no science, for one thing, no chemistry lab or political science discussion groups. Furthermore, the tutelage in the arts that was available at Sciences and Arts Camp was itself decidedly pre-professional. The staff consisted mostly just of college and graduate students. Every so often you got somebody here, the guy who turned me on to poetry, for instance, was himself a published poet who went on to become editor of the *East Village Other*, one of the pioneer "underground press" periodicals of the 1960s scene. But at Sciences and Arts Camp, there was no guarantee you were getting serious professional training, as you get here. Exposure, yes; contagious enthusiasm, yes; a broad foundation in the art or arts of your choice, maybe. But an opportunity to do more than play around with the rudiments of that art or those arts was not likely. Here, for an intense couple of weeks, you get precisely what we could never get at Sciences and Arts Camp for two whole months—a real taste of professionalism.

Still, it beat school all to hell. Unlike school, which to me, at least, felt like an ongoing bad or at least annoying dream, camp seemed like real life—only better. It seemed to be about what I was about. And what I was about was art and music, which I already knew, and literature, which I didn't already know, and combining them all, which I had to do once I realized I needed to be with any and all the arts all the time.

That's one thing to come away from this Institute with: a taste of the other arts besides your own. Of course it helps your art to work with professionals in your field. But it helps your art as well to see how others practice their chosen forms. It is always a revelation to find out that serious thought and hard work are required everywhere, by every discipline, of every practitioner. You are not alone in your labors. You won't have to look too closely to see that, beyond the technical considerations, the folks flingin' that paint or wavin' their arms worry about doing it right the same way the folks flingin' those words or wavin' that baton do. The exquisite pain of getting it right—and the pain of figuring out what it is you want to get right in the first place—are the same. And the joys of solving those problems, of relieving that pain, are the same.

Every art takes its toll on a different part of the body and/or soul. But whether you're dancing or acting, writing or painting, making music or



M I M E

A REAL ARTIST HAS AN AUDIENCE.
AND A REAL ARTIST ALWAYS HAS
THAT AUDIENCE IN MIND.

taking photographs, it doesn't make any sense to do it unless your head and heart are in it, unless you can learn to do it well, and unless you gratify yourself and anyone else you're doing it with and for. Sounds like making love, doesn't it? Well, that's not a bad way of thinking about your art—and about others' arts.

But what the devil? Just because doing something is the next best thing to sex—or is better—doesn't make it worthwhile doing. If artwork is going to be your life's work, it can't be your life's work simply because it feels good to do it. No, that's an art therapy. A real artist has an audience. And a real artist always has that audience in mind. This is not to say a real artist must do what his or her audience wants him or her to do; that wouldn't be art-making, that would be entertaining. No, even in the popular arts, the real artists transcend the tastes of their audiences, either by challenging those tastes or by stretching them—in any case by doing something distinctive, something that seeks to be distinctive in the context of what the audience already knows—and thus something that enhances that context, that makes the audience know more.

Why am I suddenly gassing on about the audience? Aren't they simply a hoard of insensitive, unsympathetic yahoos, so many cowhands and couch potatoes with no need for their life for art any more substantial than Johnny Carson? Well, it might seem so sometimes. But you're not doing what you do for every one of the empty-handed million humans in this country; if you are, I suggest you go into advertising or politics. (You won't please everyone, but you'll fool enough people to make yourself a bunch of money.) You're practicing your art for a relatively small but still largely unseen group of devotees, around whose periphery hover a much larger, yet still mostly invisible, coterie of the curious. Those are the folks you're aiming at, the ones whose applause tells you—the way nothing else on the face of the earth does—that you're not doing this stuff for yourself alone.

I got more news for you. That audience for what you do, that nucleus of people who are eager to see you do it surrounded by that mass of people intrigued by the fact you're doing it, is growing. We're in the midst of a culture boom in this country, unprecedented in our history. The arts may not permeate our daily lives the way they do the daily lives of, say, most Europeans. But there have been big changes in the last three generations of Americans.

Your generation and mine and that of my parents all enjoy more sophisticated education, greater leisure time, and more discretionary income than earlier generations. This has resulted in greater intellectual curiosity and simple general restlessness—and a greater appreciation for the arts.

More of us than ever before are aware, for instance, that artworks serve fundamentally different, if complementary, functions to each other and to pieces of entertainment. We Americans are finally beginning to understand, even need, art for its metaphysical qualities, those qualities besides dollars and cents, besides what your agent or gallery or editor or manager has in mind for you to do. Oh, sure, if given half the chance, Americans would still vote for their favorite soprano and favorite ballerina, favorite draughtsman (or -woman) and favorite poet, up would go the ratings, and making art would just



Back Row, left to right: Louise Westerhout, Newkirk (Rotary Exchange Student from Zimbabwe); Craig Dermer, Stillwater; Cheri Duncan, counselor-aide, Oklahoma City; Scott Shuman, Oologah; Robert Williams, Frederick; Ted Campbell, Yukon; Jason Fritze, Anadarko; Leigh Hardy, Edmond. Middle Row: Michelle Parkey, Tulsa; Shannon

Bishop, Tulsa; Charles Rountree, Oklahoma City; Amy Lanning, Tulsa; Alana Edwards, Jenks. Front Row: Tricia Curtin, Watonga; Ashley Mortimer, Oklahoma City; Suzanne Lamp; Shawnee; Kaki Rhoads, Stillwater; Candice Martin, Tulsa; Zachary Mikke, Skiatook. Foreground: Bert Houle, instructor, San Francisco, CA.

"It was a great experience to meet people who are as dedicated to their art as I am. The classes pushed me to my fullest potential."

Kelly Waldrop, modern dance student
Ardmore

M O D E R N D A N C E



Back Row, left to right: Rachel Galoob, Ardmore; Renee Trotter, Mustang; Kathryn Jones, Elk City; Allison Reed, Del City; Shanna Sitagi, Tulsa; Kristy Butler, Clinton; Muriel Coban, instructor, New York, NY. Front Row: Patrick Suzeau, instructor, New York, NY; Kerri Byars,

Madill; Heather Snoke, Tulsa; Lisa Groeschel, Ardmore; Kelly Waldrop, Ardmore; Marcia Trent, Weatherford; Susan Gilstrap, Oklahoma City; Nikki Calder, Oklahoma City; Mandy Stone, Oklahoma City; Cynthia Bond, counselor-aide, Oklahoma City.

PHOTOGRAPHY



Back Row, left to right: Smith Holt, Stillwater; Scott Palmer, Oklahoma City; Holly Wilson, Lawton; Paige Bryan, Lawton; Emily Manhart, Tulsa; Ngyuyet Vo, Tulsa. Front Row: David Blust, darkroom instructor, Tulsa; Will Czerwinski, Oklahoma City; Scott Hunt, Norman; Dathel Golden, Tulsa; Valery Bedingfield, Tulsa; Kirk Edwards, Tulsa; Kris Umezawa, Tulsa; Heather Seabass, Tulsa; Shana Parkey, counselor-at-large, Tulsa; Kurt Markus, instructor, Colorado Springs, CO.

"I was able to concentrate on writing through the sharing of opinions, ideas, and knowledge with people like myself. It taught me a lot."

Jana Lea Cocke, writing student
Antlers

... THOSE INDIVIDUALS WHO GET TO NEW YORK OFTEN FIND... THE DREAM IS ACTUALLY A NIGHTMARE.

be another small cluster of activities in the great American vortex of entertainment. Indeed, we see this happen all the time to artists who let it, or even want it to, happen to them. Look at Luciano Pavarotti and Andy Warhol. But at least Americans are developing a taste for real art—some because of popularized artists like Pavarotti and Warhol, and some despite them. For better or worse, then, they're your audience, too.

Most of these relatively enlightened people live in New York, right? Wrong. Most American art lovers pay plenty of attention to New York, but most are not there. In fact, most artists are not there. I don't know the exact figures for the other arts, but I do know that, according to the 1980 census, there are more visual artists living and working in the state of California than in the state of New York—including New York City. No, although we still regard New York as our cultural capital, we evidently no longer regard it as our cultural oasis. Obviously, we no longer think of ourselves as inhabiting a cultural wasteland which needs an oasis.

The fact of the matter is, to be a serious artist in any discipline, you do not have to be in New York. In fact, if you want to become a serious artist, maybe you should avoid New York, but that's another story. You can pursue your writing or acting, composing or dancing, painting or photographing just about anywhere in America—and you can enjoy public and even commercial support for it. No guarantees, but it becomes more and more likely all the time.

Yes, but... isn't New York the best place for you to be able to make a living from your discipline? Isn't it the most supportive place in the country by far to do whatever art it you want and need to do? No way. New York is still Mecca, still the glittering cultural megalopolis of which every creative individual in America, and perhaps in the Western world, dreams. But those individuals who get to New York so often find that the dream is actually a nightmare.

In terms of making a living, and a name, for yourself, it can seem as if New York is the most logical place to go. After all, if you're in New York, you work in a national, even international context without—supposedly—having to strain your finances. The cost of adequate living and working space in Manhattan is tremendous, and if one lives and works in one of the "outer boroughs," one might as well be living and working in Mississippi. Most folks don't own cars in the city, and those that do use them to get far away, not to tool around in the Bronx or Brooklyn. People get around with buses, subways, and taxicabs. But the buses take forever, the subways are falling apart, and those few Manhattan taxi drivers who don't refuse to cross the river don't know where to go when they get across. All this keeps Manhattan very much an island. This is supposedly beginning to change, as artists find Manhattan rents forcing them to settle in warehouses and low-rent districts in Brooklyn, Queens, and even the Bronx. But as they move out there, lofts and studios in Long Island City and the Brooklyn waterfront are themselves becoming more expensive, and the real-estate cycle—that pernicious cycle of gentrification which uses artists to reclaim the slums for the Yuppies—begins all over again.

Living and working in New York also means being involved, almost against one's will, in

WRITING

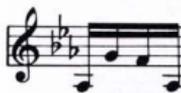


Back Row, left to right: Kimberly Ryan, Edmond; Leah Kaiser, Tulsa; Shailla Dewan, Houston, TX; Laine Holman, Sulphur; Amanda Clay, Oklahoma City; Shelly West, Tulsa; Christy Zink, Tulsa; Suzanne Goodwin, Clinton; Sheila Green, typist, Mangum; Dahra Latham, Stillwater;

Beth Ruble, Edmond. Front Row: Katie Pearl, Tulsa; John Lane, instructor, Bryson City, NC; Chad Heap, Frederick; Jim Brashear, Norman; Dyan Fehrie, Tulsa; Leslie Trent, counselor-at-large, Watonga.



ORCHESTRA



"OSAI was of value for me because I gained orchestral experience for the first time. I played good classical music in a super orchestra."
John Strange,
French horn student
Hobart

THE INSTITUTE ORCHESTRA at Quartz Mountain

CONDUCTORS

First Week:
Adrian Gram,
Eugene, OR

Second Week:
Bernard Rubenstein,
Tulsa (pictured)

VIOLIN

Shella Arnold
Moore
Julie Browning
Oklahoma City
Cathy Burns
Norman
Tony Clyde
Larion
Suzanne Etheridge
Norman
Les Gauthier
Hays, KS
Diane Gries
Oklahoma City
Will Cronenwett
Tulsa
Melyna Hoover
Oklahoma City
Jane Hornbrook
Oklahoma City

Justin Jones
Shawnee, KS
Noel Kim
Norman
Angelia Kingpatrick
Broken Arrow
Wendy Koons
Oklahoma City
Aby Licks
Jenks

Tim Long
Norman
Greg Crist
Oklahoma City
Peggy Dunn
Tulsa
Carla Woolverton
Talihina
"Ann Cafferty
Oklahoma City
Kelli McKinney
Norman
"Lucy McLarry
Oklahoma City
"David Rubiland
Oklahoma City
"Ron Wheeler
Tulsa

VIOLA

Michelle Christian
Norman
Will Cronenwett
Norman
Kelli Fitzgerald
Norman
Kristen Friend
Norman

Michael Hensley
Norman
Brian St. John
Norman
"Wayne Crouse
Norman
"Lucy Ginther
Oklahoma City

CELLO

Rhonda Barrett
Tulsa
Greg Crist
Oklahoma City
Peggy Dunn
Norman
Frederick Hannard III
Norman
Christine Heiser
Bartlesville
Jennifer Simmons
Oklahoma City
Linda Sullivan
Tulsa
Robert Wallace
Oklahoma City
"Marjory Cornelius
Norman
"Vic Firie
Oklahoma City

BASS

Chris Kopecky
Norman
Joe Larkin
Tulsa

Mark Osborn
Norman
Michelle Woodward
Oklahoma City
"John Williams
Norman

FLUTE

Greg Isenberg
Altus
Carol Jones
Oklahoma City
Shannon Moore
Muskogee
Nancy White
Eagle River, AK
"Deborah Egkvist
Greenstone, NC

OBOE

Ingrid Dowdy
Guthrie
Wendy Nix
Oklahoma City
Eileen Williams
Tulsa
"Jennifer Sperry
Tulsa

CLARINET

Carleen Creel
Tulsa
Karen Nalfeh
Tulsa
Wendy Smith
Oklahoma City

"Eric Ginsberg
Oklahoma City

BASSOON

Cory Buchanan
Yukon
Bethany
Norman
Eric Dowdy
Guthrie
Brian Jensen
Yukon
Tracie Pybas
Mustang
"Betty Johnson
Oklahoma City

FRENCH HORN

Lisa Deem
Edmond
Lisa Enrich
Midwest City
Sheffia Jordan
Ootahgah
John Strong
Hobart
"Kaitlin Mahony
New York, NY

TRUMPET

Charles Crabtree
Duncan
James Gorion
Tuttle
Joel Mott
Midwest City
"David Gauger
Tulsa

TROMBONE

Curtis Brown
Edmond
David Gibson
Yukon
Perry Smalls
Altus
"Allan Kaptan
Oklahoma City

TUBA

Steve Dedman
Bethany
"Mark Mordue
Oklahoma City

PERCUSSION

Mike Collins
Norman
John Levin
Norman
Chad Steffey
Ponca City
"John Gaim
Boulder, CO

PIANO ACCOMPANIST

"Donna Turner Smith
Claremont, CA

MUSIC COORDINATOR

Leigh Burns
Norman
(not pictured)

"OSAI Faculty

constant competition with thousands upon thousands of other creative individuals working in the same discipline. I notice more and more that it is harder to talk with a New York artist about aesthetics than it is about business—especially about that artist's business. Career seems to be more important than creation. It is as if the professional artists who flock to New York are more interested in being professionals than in being artists.

... THE GROWTH OF REGIONAL ARTS SUPPORT ... GIVES ARTISTS OUTSIDE NEW YORK THE REASONS AND ABILITY TO STAY OUTSIDE.

Out-of-town artists who visit New York, with the idea of perhaps moving there, notice this often oppressive careerist conservatism not already engulfed in their own careerist preoccupations are appalled, when they consider the financial and spiritual advantages in staying where they already live, the idea of relocating to New York—where they would be only small drops in a huge pond—loses much of its glamour.

In fact, moving to New York has been losing much of its value. Rather like Paris in the 1930s, New York is stagnating under its own parochialism. The insularity that set in among New York's various worlds of art during the heyday of Broadway, the golden era of urban poetry and fiction, and the triumphant years of Abstract Expressionist painting has only worsened as that triumph in the arts has translated itself into predominance in the art market. New York is still the world's primary art center. But years of New York chauvinism have eroded the Big Apple's preeminence in this realm.

It is New York's diminishing role as the cultural focus specifically for the United States that concerns me here, however. New York is still the crossroads for America, and probably world, art; the place to which everyone brings his or her art and ideas in order to diffuse them with maximum efficiency, whatever the costs. But, partly because of those costs, artists desire more and more to diffuse ideas and work without going to and through New York—and are more and more able to do so.

Just as employment for artists—most especially as teachers—is more easily found outside New York than in, the growth of regional arts support, even regional art markets, gives artists outside New York the reason, and the ability, to stay outside. If the first two requirements for creating regional art capitals—the presence of artists and the existence of places for them to be exposed—have been in place for awhile, the anchoring of art activity in regional centers has led to the third step—discourse. In the last few years there has been a dramatic rise in serious critical activity in regional American art centers. Sometimes this has been supported, even instigated by local newspapers and magazines; but more often it results simply from writers' own satisfaction with their locales.

ART PEOPLE IN NEW YORK ... ARE NO LONGER EMBARRASSED BY THEIR "PROVINCIAL ORIGINS" ... BUT BELIEVE THEY HAVE SOMETHING TO CONTRIBUTE ...

Like artists, writers are simply less motivated to move to New York than they used to be. Teaching jobs, state grants, and even publishing opportunities exist outside New York to a previously unheralded extent. Of course, publishing opportunities are still more numerous in New York than out. But this, too, could change. The emergence of serious, and even economically viable, publications outside New York concerning visual art, poetry, music, drama, even dance and film, has resulted from writers' and artists'



Peter Frank, guest lecturer

desire to stay put, and from the local art communities' desire to keep them. These publications tend to focus on their home regions, often for ideological as well as practical reasons.

How does all this regional independence and self-sufficiency affect the old guard in New York? Well, to talk to many New York artists, critics, editors, impresarios, art dealers, publishers, and fans of all kinds, it means nothing less than the death of serious art. It means the triumph of provinciality. It means that those artists, critics, editors, impresarios, art dealers, publishers, and fans have to leave the island of Manhattan to keep track of current developments, and neither the expense nor the effort required to leave the island has much appeal. Why, it's bad enough that New York art people must now pay attention to new developments in Europe! At least in Europe they can find something to eat. But God forbid they should have to travel to St. Louis or Seattle! Actually, most American cities now boast good restaurants of their own. But there is no convincing those parochial New Yorkers of this.

More and more arts people in New York, however, are now responsive to non-New York art, non-New York music, non-New York drama, non-New York dance, non-New York literature. Art people in New York—especially younger ones—are more curious, and better informed, about the arts outside New York than they used to be. Many of them, after all, were raised and educated outside New York, and the younger artists, writers, curators, and dealers in particular came to maturity at the same time as the regional centers which produced them. They are no longer embarrassed by their "provincial origins," but believe they have something to contribute to the international art scene in New York as well as something to get out of that scene.

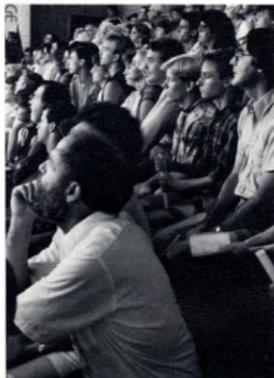
I myself was born in New York, went to school there, and have never lived anywhere else. I have plenty of emotional as well as professional reasons to defend New York from the barbaric hordes, and to help maintain its pre-eminence in American, and world, culture. But, to be honest, I would rather live in a city that was less important but more interesting. New York is no longer the source for all important ideas in American, much less world, artistic activity, and

THE YEAR I SPENT TRAVELING FOR THE GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM ... IN SEARCH OF LESSER-KNOWN BUT ACCOMPLISHED TALENT CONFIRMED MY SUSPICIONS ... I WAS DELIGHTED.

all New York can hope to be anymore is a magnet for these ideas, the place to which artists might be most eager to bring their concepts and achievements. Unfortunately, the economics of transportation make this difficult, whether you're shepherding sculpture into town or just trying to get yourself there. There are precious few hotels in New York besides the YM-YWCA whose rates might be considered reasonable. Also problematic is the fact that New York, as many theaters, concert halls, bookstores, galleries, and schools as it has, is limited in the space it provides to show art, local or imported.

I had the singular good fortune awhile back to be invited by the Guggenheim Museum to assemble a carefully selected show of visual art from around the United States. I spent almost a year traveling to as many regional centers as I could, in search of lesser-known but mature and accomplished talent. And, believe me, I didn't spend all my time in painters' studios; I went to poetry readings, plays, concerts, and a variety of performances, whenever I could. Assembling that exhibition, I had given myself a ground rule: that not more than half the artists in the exhibit were to be New York artists. As things turned out, I did not need the rule: two-thirds of the 19 artists I chose came from places like Chicago, San Diego, Houston, Fort Worth, New Orleans, Minneapolis, Seattle, Boulder, and Washington, D.C. Up until then, as a result of concentrated visits to California and occasional visits to a few other places, I had suspected that the visual and performing arts were happening in an important way and being considered seriously as a local matter, all over the country. The year I spent traveling for the Guggenheim Museum confirmed my suspicions even more than I had expected it would. I was delighted.

I have become convinced that New York is not the only place in the country to make, talk about, even market art of any kind. It is true the world is full of artists and lovers of culture who would



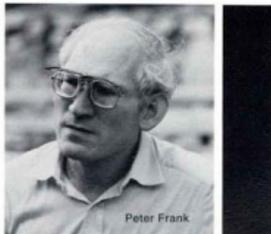
YOU CAN MAKE IT TO, AND IN, LOS ANGELES OR CHICAGO . . . DALLAS . . . OR NORMAN . . . MAYBE EVEN ENID OR MUSKOGEE.

still rather be in New York—and New York is full of artists and culture lovers who have acted on that preference, be it for a week or for a lifetime. But such dreams of migration are no longer dreamt in cultural voids. About the only thing New York offers that other art centers can't is quantity: more creative artists, more shows, more supporters, more showcases, more styles, more opportunities—and more nonsense, more phoniness, more anxiety, more time wasted barking up the wrong tree and trying to have fun while seeking edification. New York is a small town like anywhere else, only more so.

In fact, it can be said that each significant American art center offers a unique set of social and cultural factors, the interaction of which determines qualities peculiar to that center. Some of the qualities are salutary, others are detrimental, and admittedly, wherever one is, the detrimental factors can outweigh the salutary ones. In this light, New York can be seen as only as much of a trade-off of advantages and disadvantages as anyplace else is. There just happen to be more advantages and disadvantages—which is itself an advantage and a disadvantage. . . .

Given all this, it strikes me as basically good news that so many other cities in the United States can be considered in the same artistic light as New York—and even better news that no such city is pre-empted in the character of its art or its art scene by the New York model. Each center now offers its own distinct social and cultural context, serving to modify the universal factors of art and society so that distinct styles, or variations on styles, result. By this I do not mean that particular cities necessarily feature particular art movements, but that the pluralistic atmosphere of our time is fed, even amplified, by the ferment peculiar to every center.

There is an aphorism attributed apocryphally to Harold Rosenberg, the great critic of postwar art and literature. "In other places," Rosenberg is supposed to have said, "people ask themselves, 'Is art possible here?' In New York they ask themselves, 'Is art possible?'" I am pleased to



Peter Frank

report that the existential question, "Is art possible," that feeling of doubt which provokes almost defiant creativity, is now being asked all over the United States, a result of widespread creative ferment. The paranoid doubt of the provincial, "Is art possible here," is fast becoming moot.

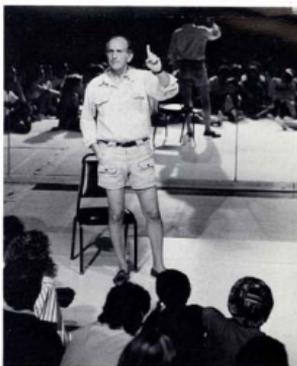
So what does all this mean to you, sitting here in one corner of Oklahoma, preparing yourself for a tough but exciting life in the arts? Give up, you'll never make it to New York! No! Just the opposite! Don't give up, you don't have to make it to New York! You can make it to, and in, Los Angeles or Chicago, Denver or St. Louis, Houston or Dallas, Tulsa or Norman, and who knows, maybe even Enid or Muskogee.

At this point, it's probably harder to make it in New York than elsewhere—although it depends how you define "making it." If you define it as creating an international reputation for yourself and ripping all around the world performing or publishing or exhibiting, okay, maybe New York is about the best place you can locate yourself—although, as any artist in New York can tell you, for every superstar in the Big Apple, there are thousands upon thousands of also-rans. And they are doing less well than their counterparts in other parts of the country, because, unlike their counterparts—who are teaching, who are showing and publishing and performing locally or around the country, who are working in a supportive atmosphere and anticipating the slow, steady growth of the local audience—nobody cares about those also-rans sitting around their dinky apartments or decrepit studios complaining about the artistic rat race and about the rent.

I've wandered far from Sciences and Arts Camp, Inc. But, in at least one sense, not really. Back in the 1960s, it was hardly conceivable that such a camp as that could operate far from New York. Even Interlochen, that venerable music camp in the middle of Michigan, was full of young New Yorkers. But it was full of young musicians from all over the country as well. Something was happening back then, something good to counteract the bad that was brewing in New York. As New York was becoming less and less an art center and more and more an art-marketing center, other places were producing and keeping their painters, poets, playwrights, piccolo players, and pointe-toed dancers. The art revolution was beginning to happen, all over America.

You are the next wave of that revolution. Whether you take your talent to Tulsa or take it to Texas, whether you wind up performing and teaching in Atlanta or in Oklahoma City, whether you ever leave your hometown again or not, you can and should and I hope will remain an artist, a serious artist, serious about your art and about art in general. Art now counts, wherever you do it. You do not have to go to New York. You only have to get to work. Thank you.

In his lecture/demonstration, OSAI faculty musician John Williams, Norman, pictured below, traces the history of jazz with the help of guest artist David Levy, New York, NY, and guest trumpeter Larry Skinner, Oklahoma City (inset: below, left).



Acting instructor Edwin Sherin, director, Los Angeles, CA

"I've directed plays that have been enormous commercial successes. I was paid well. It all seems relatively unimportant to me now. It was exciting. It was explosive. It was many things, but it was not what is essential to me. That is something that I have discovered as I have grown older—that the choices become more important. Now I will not do anything that I am not passionately interested in doing. That is why I am here. I am passionately interested in doing this two weeks."

Counselor and former OSAI student Martha McFarland, Bethany, listens intently.





Panel discussion: "Is Art School for You?"

Left to right:

James Ragan, director, Professional Writing Program, University of Southern California, Los Angeles, CA: *"It is important that you gravitate toward those centers where your particular art form is at its height—just as you gravitated to Quartz Mountain."*

Irene Connors, voice and movement specialist, California Institute of the Arts, Valencia, CA: *"We found that many conservatory students want to go back to the university. It doesn't mean they are not going to work professionally, but that they have to find a pattern of their own."*

Adrian Gnam, conductor, Eugene Symphony Orchestra, Eugene, OR: *"You're never sure you made the right decision until you're out."*

David Levy, executive dean, Parsons School of Design, New York, NY: *"When choosing your school, make sure that the students at that school are as good or better than you are. That's the critical point."*

ELECTIVES & DEMONSTRATIONS

Ballet instructor **Daniel Levans**, choreographer, New York, NY

"My whole satisfaction in being a dancer was being an instrument for a choreographer. It was why I wanted to dance. I wanted to be told, manipulated, used. I wanted to be the words."

"Now, once I have completed a ballet, I don't consider it mine anymore, even though my name is on the page as choreographer. It belongs to the dancers and to the audience. It is theirs to care for and to make more of than mine. Within the confines of what I have given them, they make it theirs."



"OSAI was of great value to me because even though I did not come here in every field, the electives gave me the wonderful opportunity to experience a 'taste' of each art."

Kathryn Jones, modern dance student
Elk City

Modern dance instructor **Muriel Cohan**, co-director of the Cohan/Suzanne Duets Company, New York, NY

"I started to dance seriously when I was fourteen years old. I was taken to see a modern dance group called the Philadelphia Dance Theater. I was absolutely blown away by the experience of seeing those incredibly powerful women throw themselves around and do the most daring kinds of movement. It was overwhelming. I wanted very much to get involved."



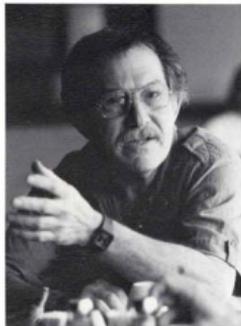
Muriel Cohan, left, works with modern dance student **Kristy Butler**, Clinton.

Voice and movement instructor **Irene Connors**, California Institute of the Arts, Valencia, CA

"One of the things I feel strongly about in our world today is that our sound has been diminished. We are doing less than what we really can do. Why I love teaching and why I find it exciting to work at Quartz Mountain is that with younger people this pulling in of sound and self is not as advanced. People leave the Institute finding their own voice as an artist and are able to release it to the world."

Right: Irene Connors coaches acting student **Eric Celeste**, Tulsa. Far right: the acting class participates in Irene Connors' evening elective.





Drawing instructor **Howard Kanovitz**, painter, New York, NY

"I never did see my first big exhibition—it went up in the fall of 1956. I went to Europe that spring to see the museums and the great masterworks. Later I asked myself why I wasn't there for that first exhibition. I realized that I didn't hang around for it because I had no sense of career. I didn't understand what a career was about."

"When I returned to New York in 1958 to pack up things and head back to Europe, the scene was very hot, and so I stayed and joined the art community."

"Art is a hardy thing. A true artist will make it through all the temptations and rigors the middle or upper-middle class can offer."

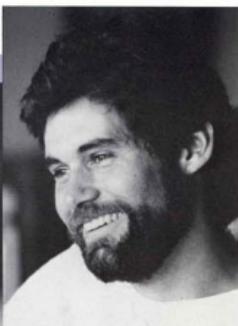


Modern dance instructor **Patrick Suzeau**, co-director of the Cohan/Suzeau Duet Company, New York, NY

"I was fifteen years old and I was looking for a job. A friend of mine said, 'Why don't you go see Hugo because Hugo has a dance company and he might need someone to help him.' So I went to his studio."

"I didn't know what modern dance was -- I hardly knew what ballet was -- but I saw all those incredible bodies that seemed so alive and this incredible energy. Considering that I was a terribly unphysical child, overweight, unathletic -- to see that was amazing."

"The strange thing that happened was that Hugo offered me a scholarship because he could not offer me a job. For an unknown reason, I accepted that scholarship. Ta da."



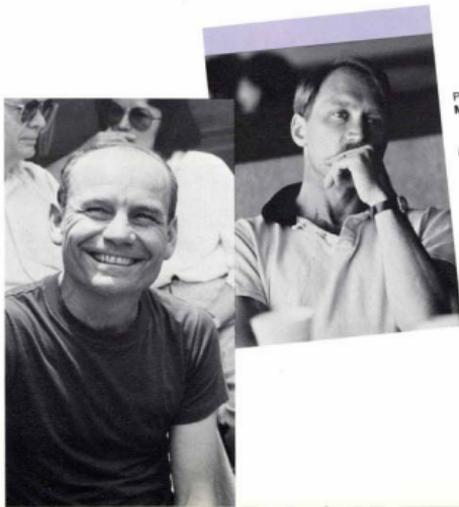
Writing instructor **John Lane**, poet and essayist, Bryson City, NC

"Early on, when I was in college, wanting to be published was an insecurity. That was the only way I could see that you could be successful as a writer, seeing your work in publication."

"Today, the publication I enjoy most is giving my poems to a hundred people in a room. I don't care about New York or Nashville as much as I used to. I would rather give my poems to people I know are going to take them and use them or use them just for a moment."

Mime instructor **Bert Houle**, co-artistic director, Bert Houle/Veera Wibaux Mime Theatre, San Francisco, CA

"Mime is not a novel. It tends to be sonnets, five or ten minutes. It's poetic movement. I'm not saying it can't be a novel. You could do it if you had a lot of people and wrote a mimodrama. But that's trying to replace the words with realistic movements and gestures. Mime is not a replacement for words; mime begins when you can't find the words. You have to move -- that's what I try to express: that movement."



Photography instructor **Kurt Markus**, Colorado Springs, CO

"I remember seeing cowboy pictures before I started taking cowboy pictures. There was something intimidating about some of the pictures because the cowboys looked so stern."

"A smile is like saying someone is a writer by having the writer hold up a fourteen-foot pencil. It's an exaggeration that doesn't reveal a lot of character because we all know that a smile is passing. If I'm photographing someone who is laughing, I'll stop. I'll wait for that moment to pass. As soon as they stop laughing or smiling, their eyes are still laughing. Bam! You got it!"

ATIONS AND RECREATIONS



Welcome sports fans to another exciting round of faculty fun . . . a.k.a. tackle frisbee . . .



Kristen Friend, Norman, brushes up on the elements of solitaire.



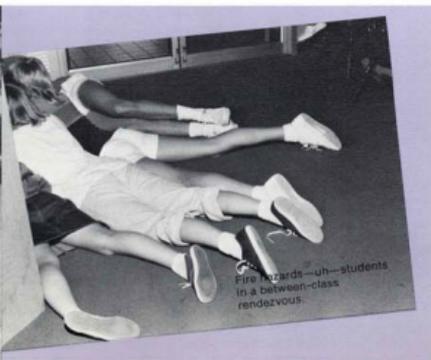
Those Saturday concerts do draw a different crowd.



"It's just a jump to the left . . ."



Les Sylphfoots!



Fire lizards—uh—students in a between-class rendezvous.

ONSTAGE

"They were spectacular! It was truly amazing to look up and see someone with whom you had just brushed your teeth playing such beautiful music!"

Megyn Price, acting student
Norman



Above: Senator David Boren addresses students and special guests at the VIP Day concert. Senator and Mrs. Boren are honorary co-chairmen of the institute's capital fund-raising drive.

Below, left to right: OSAI music faculty members McLarry, Oklahoma City; David Robillard, Oklahoma City; Donna Turner Smith, Claremont, CA; Wayne Crouse, Norman; and Marjory Cornelius, Norman perform during Eine kleine Quartzmusik series.



Conductor **Bernard Rubenstein**, Music Director/Conductor, Tulsa Philharmonic

"You are so fortunate here because you are influenced not only by the music, but by the dance, by the theater, by the writing, by the photography, by the drawing."

"My point is that all of these things will be helpful later. When I see a Beethoven score, I can use my dance experience and my theater experience in a way that will help me to find a realization of the music that will work. I have a perspective on all of the aspects of the art which I find helpful."

"Let me encourage you to cherish all of the things that are going on at Quartz Mountain in fields other than your own, because you never know how they will relate in your own area."



Conductor **Adrian Gnam**, Music Director/Conductor, Eugene (OR) Symphony Orchestra

"If performing brings you satisfaction and enough of a livelihood that you can stay alive in this world, then the satisfaction is probably more important than how much money you make. Don't ask how much you can make in this field because you're asking the wrong question as an artist. Most of you will probably never become famous. Few people do. The money, the fame, these are not the important things. Whatever you get out of performing, that's important. Maybe you will become a star along the way and then, heaven help you, you will have a harder time than if you weren't a star. That's my philosophy. I work hard. I try to produce good results."



Above: "The 1812 Overture—now, that's making music!" Leigh Burns, OSAI Music Coordinator, Norman, with Robert Hinton, member of the Oklahoma State Tourism Commission and guest percussionist, Altus.



Left: A student ensemble plays chamber music at the Sunday night talent show. Pictured, left to right: Jane Hornbrook, Oklahoma City; Greg Isenberg, Altus; Robert Wallace, Norman; Will Cronenwett, Norman.

OSAI CONCERT REVIEW

THE ENSEMBLE CONSISTED OF NO ORDINARY BUNCH OF ADOLESCENTS. . . . AND THE RIOTOUS MUSIC WAS TREATED WITH ROUSING CARE BY THE CONDUCTOR AND ORCHESTRA WHO WERE ENJOYING THEMSELVES MIGHTILY AND WERE EAGER TO SHARE THE FUN WITH THE AUDIENCE . . .

It would seem patronizing to enthuse, even to remark, on the local debut of an internationally-acclaimed musician like Bernard Rubenstein. Conductor of the Tulsa Philharmonic, Associate Conductor recently of the Cincinnati Symphony, boasting a career spanning several continents and a remarkably broad repertoire, Rubenstein's presence anywhere outside the major world centers of symphonic music merits attention as news, not as grist for the critical mill. But Rubenstein's latest conducting achievement bears particular interest for critic as well as journalist: wringing engaging, often transcendent sound from an orchestra comprised mostly of high school students.

Obviously, the ensemble consisted of no ordinary bunch of adolescents. No maestro, no matter how gifted, could get sufferable, much less beautiful, music from your typical high school orchestra. The performers at Wednesday night's concert, students at the intensive two-week Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute program at Quartz Mountain, number among Oklahoma's most talented and most dedicated pre-professional

musicians. Still, no performer, irrespective of genius, exceeds a banal level of competence without being inspired, by music and/or by direction of insight and imagination. This Bernard Rubenstein provided in abundance — aided, it must be emphasized, by the professional instrumentalists who coach the young performers so ably.

The wit of Rubenstein's program was part of the wisdom with which he led the OSAI ensemble. The two relatively brief selections comprising the first half of the program (which was presented without intermission) were penned by two of the best-known and most-loved composers in the Western tradition. But the works upended expectations. Instead of a bright, perky, exquisitely symmetrical piece by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart and extended plunge into self-pity or ecstatic sonic opulence by Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky, Rubenstein led the orchestra in a brooding and architectonically baroque Adagio and Fugue, one of Mozart's later and most emphatically gloom pieces, and the scintillating Scherzo movement from Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony. The strings

of the orchestra had their most challenging moments negotiating the intricacies of Mozart's soberly Bachian exercise; the fugue, especially, was rough going, and, despite Rubenstein's ministrations, the players could not provide the necessary pellucidity. Still, they conveyed the work's pathos, so uncharacteristic and yet revealing of the supposedly impish character whom we now picture skipping through Amadeus to his death. The strings fully redeemed themselves by capturing — with what must be described as delicate oomph — the puckish tingle of the Tchaikovsky, a movement marked *pizzicato ostinato*. They were answered in kind by the brass and wind sections, augmented by splendidly light-handed percussionists. This rendition augurs well for the orchestra's performance of the symphony's last three movements this coming Saturday.

The crowd-pleaser, orchestra-pleaser, and clearly Rubenstein-pleaser as well, was the suite from *Háry János*, a Hungarian tall tale set to music by Zoltán Kodály. Kodály, with Béla Bartók, spearheaded the nationalist music movement in Hungary at the turn of the century, a time when nationalist sentiments militating for a break with the Hapsburg Empire were reformulating (after being quashed in the mid-nineteenth century). The tone poem brims with Magyar themes, phrases, and inflections (which Kodály well understood not simply by blood, but through the extensive research into Hungarian folk music he and Bartók had

undertaken). It also overflows with rich musical imagery: the chime-propelled march that is the second movement could be nothing but a "Viennese Musical Clock," while "The Battle and Defeat of Napoleon" sounds clearly like a clash of toy soldiers magnified ludicrously in the mind of an inveterate bull-finger. This imagery is drawn in driving rhythms, paprika-laced harmonies, and melodies so catchy you went away certain you'd heard them somewhere before (theme music for a TV show? background music to a National Public Radio story?).

Háry János demands flair and gusto, as well as precision, to come off well. In Rubenstein's hands and those of the OSAI ensemble, it got all of the above, in spades. The rough edges were barely in evidence and the riotous music was treated with rousing care. Even a radio broadcast of this performance would have indicated that conductor and orchestra alike were enjoying themselves mightily and were eager to share the fun with the audience; the audience present could see as well as hear this. Moreover, and ultimately more importantly, we could hear and see that the OSAI orchestra and its latest leader were enjoying each other immensely, despite having worked together for all of three days and change. With regard to Bernard Rubenstein's premiere appearance with the OSAI orchestra, to paraphrase Humphrey Bogart, this sounds like the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

— Peter Frank
June 18, 1986

CONCERTS / The 1986 Institute Orchestra Onstage

Wednesday, June 11

Adrian Gins, Conductor

Suite from *Pelleas and Melisande*, Op. 80

I. Prelude
Andantino quasi Allegretto Siciliano

Symphony #6 in D Major, Op. 66

I. Allegro non tanto

III. Scherzo (Furiant)

Russian Easter Overture, Op. 36

Saturday, June 14

Adrian Gins, Conductor

Coriolanus Overture, Op. 62

Symphony #6 in D Major, Op. 66

II. Adagio

IV. Allegro con spirito

Overture *Solenne* 1812

Gabriel Faure

(1845-1924)

Antonin Dvorak

(1841-1904)

Nicolai Rimsky-Korsakov

(1844-1908)

Ludwig van Beethoven

(1770-1827)

Antonin Dvorak

(1841-1904)

Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky

(1840-1893)

Wednesday, June 18

Bernard Rubenstein, Conductor

Adagio and Fugue K 546

Symphony #4 in F Minor

III. Scherzo: *Pizzicato ostinato*

Háry János Suite

I. Prelude: The Fairy Tale Begins

Viennese Musical Clock

Song

The Battle and Defeat of Napoleon

Intermezzo

The Entrance of the Emperor and His Court

Saturday, June 21

Bernard Rubenstein, Conductor

Mars from *The Planets*, Op. 32

Symphony No. 4 in F Minor

II. Andantino in modo canzona

III. Scherzo: *Pizzicato ostinato*

IV. Finale: *Allegro con fuoco*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

(1756-1791)

Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky

(1840-1893)

Zoltán Kodály

(1882-1967)

Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky

(1840-1893)

Gustav Holst

(1874-1934)

Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky

(1840-1893)

EXHIBITION AT GALERIE DE L'ECOLE DES BUZZARDS

A REVIEW BY PETER FRANK

... THE EXHIBITION OF VISUAL AND VERBAL ART PRODUCED THIS SEASON ... BRIMS WITH IMAGERY. EACH DRAWING IS, IN EFFECT, THE BOLT OF ENERGY THAT JUMPS BETWEEN SUBJECT AND ARTIST.



Tom Topfer, Director, University of Oklahoma Museum of Art, discusses the student show with counselor Jane Champlin, Enid.

Images compel artists of all types, but none more so (logically enough) than visual artists—including photographers—and writers. Images impress themselves profoundly on such receptive individuals, never more so than when they are just beginning to identify themselves as artists, just starting to appreciate the responsibilities befalling anyone who decides to function as a creative human being—responsibilities to oneself and to one's society. The verbal and visual artwork of adolescents is thus dependent on imagery and, at best, on the interaction of seen and imagined images with the (normally) turbulent emotions native to young people. If incipient adults find artistic gifts and drives within themselves, they will gravitate to imagery with particular urgency. Thus, the exhibition of static visual and verbal art produced this season at the Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute brims with imagery. The young artists and writers display their gifts through their response to, and coordinate manipulation of, the imagery that compels them; they respond with often startling keenness and manipulate that imagery with remarkable vivacity and dexterity.

The photographers, encouraged by teacher Kurt Markus to look hard and clear at the people, places, and things around them—so hard and clear that black and white film was favored exclusively—have produced a portfolio predominated by landscapes and interiors, but spiced with portraits. The photographers' regard for these subjects is frequently, but not always, benign; the wear on the landscape or decrepit condition of a room can modify what is otherwise merely picturesque so that the element of transcendent resonance is sparked. Indeed, about the same can be said of the people, who are treated without trick or sentimentality, but with obvious care.

The poets have responded to their real and conjured environments with rather more contentious force. Using language as a sonic, at best musical, device with which to drive home their mental pictures and passions, the versifiers favor terse language and short lines, but often long, intricate phrases, to achieve a sometimes poignant, sometimes venomous, but more often bittersweet lyricism. John Lane, having made them more aware of the power of the line, the phrase, and the combination of words than they already had been, has released them back into their private and public

worlds more equipped to encompass them and to sing of their relation to them.

The draughtsperson [sic] are represented here doubly: by studio portrait and figure sketches and with several large collaborative murals. The studio work is by no means repetitive and academic; while manual skill is exercised throughout, most particularly on the figure studies, the more risible skills of the imagination are in abundant evidence as well. Each portrait seems to be rendered—and, more importantly, interpreted—by a different hand, revealing a variety of traits even in the same subject. If humans are complex entities, as this collection of drawings demonstrates, the interactions between humans modify those entities in ways that only multiply the complexities. That is, each drawing is in effect the bolt of energy that jumps between subject and artist.

Writing by several poets incorporates itself into the murals, adding to the subjective montage. Drawing instructor Howard Kanovitz encouraged this cross-artistic cooperation, a cooperation that has further enhanced an already rich and kaleidoscopic, polyphonic response to life in general, and the Quartz Mountain Summer Arts Institute ambience in particular. One can look to these murals for a kind of "news of the day." What is reported, though, is not the latest war or disaster or bill in Congress; what is reported is the weather—a spiritual weather, a front (perhaps cool, perhaps warm, but certainly not stationary) between the real world and several young, raw, perpetually energetic talents.

June 20, 1986



Drawing instructor Howard Kanovitz talks about figure drawing with his class.





Greg Skaggs, Elk City, points out to his family which drawing is his.



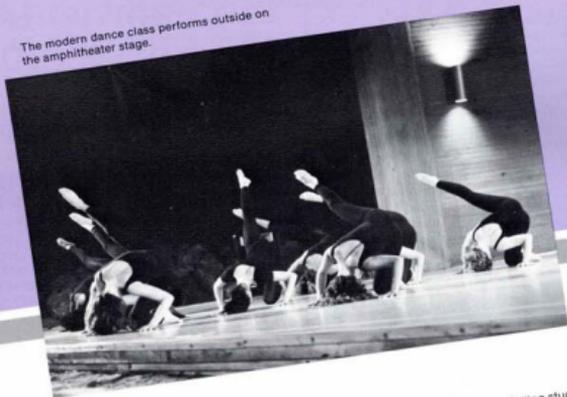
Below: orchestra students Sheila Arnold, Moore, and Cathy Burns, Norman, look on as Richard McKown, Norman, explains the mural on which he collaborated.

Right, Smith Holt, Stillwater, adjusts a gallery light during the photography show. Center: Dattel Golden, Tulsa, prepares to hang her photos. Below: darkroom instructor David Blust, Tulsa, and photography student Holly Wilson, Lawton, make sure that the photos are hung straight.



The drawing class works on figure drawing.

The modern dance class performs outside on the amphitheater stage.



ONSTAGE

The acting class takes a bow following the completion of their Onstage performances.



Acting student Jennifer Alexander, Okmulgee, in a cutting from *Footers*.



"Very intense, very strong, very professional."

Amy Lanning, mime student
Tulsa



Kathryn Nigliazzo, Edmond, and Tobe Sexton, Oklahoma City perform a scene from *The Real Thing*.



"Awakening" performed by the mime class. Pictured from left to right: Robert Williams, Frederick; Shannon Bishop, Tulsa; Louise Westerhout, Newkirk; Charles Rountree, Oklahoma City; and Michelle Parkey, Tulsa.

WEEKEND

WORKS IN PROGRESS

Friday, June 20

Scenes and Monologues
by the Acting Class

Entr' Act: Brass students and faculty brass quintet

"Protest"

by the Modern Dance Class
choreography by Muriel Cohan
music by David Gregory

"Dead Men Don't Want More Money"
by the Writing Class—readings of their work

"Quartz Fragment"
by the Modern Dance Class
choreography by Patrick Suzeau
music by Henry Cowell

"Dead Men Don't Want More Money," Part II

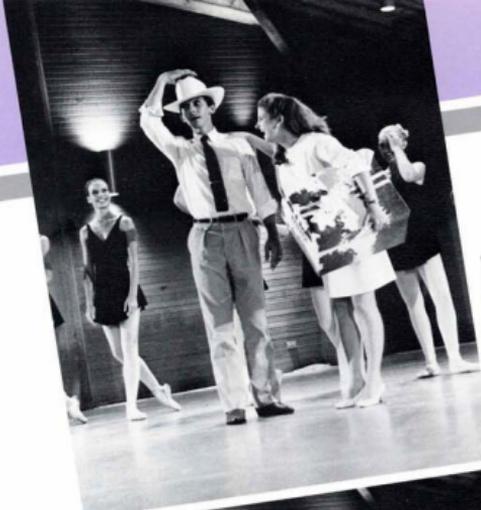
"Awakening"

by the Mime Class
music by Sergei Rachmaninoff

"Dead Men Don't Want More Money," Part III

"Valse Fantaisie: Variations on Themes of Balanchine"
by the Ballet Class
choreography by Daniel Levans
music by Mikail Glinka

Writing student Chad Heap, Frederick, reads his poem, "Third Summer," about his years at OSAI.



Left: Following their performance, the ballet class presents instructor New Yorker Daniel Levans with a cowboy hat.



Below: The ballet class's final performance.



Lori Stevens, Oklahoma City, lays down the law in one of her acting scenes.

FACULTY '87

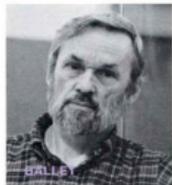
Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute

Denise Nicholas, Los Angeles, is a four-year veteran of television's "Room 22." Her latest project is "Story of a People: Images," a television show she wrote and produced herself.

Harry Langdon Photography®

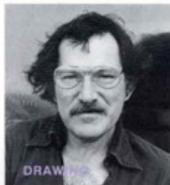


Richard Thomas, New York City, was the founder and director of the New York School of Ballet. Former students include Edward Verso, Cynthia Gregory, and Daniel Levans.



Howard Kanovitz, New York City, has taught painting at the School of the Visual Arts. He is currently preparing for exhibitions of his drawings and paintings in Cologne, West Germany.

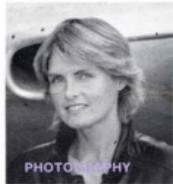
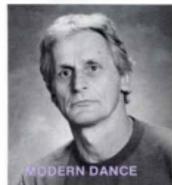
Photo by Reinhard Voigt



William Fisher was a student of Etienne Decroux in Paris, where he later became an assistant and then an instructor at Decroux's school. Fisher now has his own school of mime in Los Angeles.



Dick Kuch, East Bend, North Carolina, is an assistant dean at the North Carolina School of Arts, Winston-Salem. He trained with Martha Graham Studios and was a company member for ten years.



Marilyn Bridges, Rochester, New York, is an aerial photographer whose work is documented in her recent book, *Markings: An Aerial View of Sacred Landscapes*.

Photo by Will Peterson



James Ragan, Beverly Hills, is a published poet, screenwriter, and playwright. He is the director of the Professional Writing Program at the University of Southern California in Los Angeles.



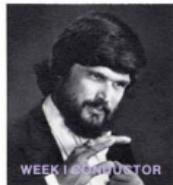
Irene Connors is a voice and speech instructor at the California Institute of the Arts in Valencia, California.



David Blust, Tulsa, is a free-lance photographer and an artist-in-residence with the State Arts Council of Oklahoma.



MUSIC FACULTY



David Becker is music director and conductor of the University of Wisconsin-Madison Symphony Orchestra and Chamber Orchestra.



Bernard Rubenstein is the music director and conductor of the Tulsa Philharmonic.



Betty Johnson is a bassoon instructor at Oklahoma City University and is principal bassoon with the Sinfonia of Mid-America.



Jennifer Sperry is principal oboe with the Tulsa Philharmonic and also performs with the Tulsa Chamber Players.



Jerry Neil Smith, clarinet, is chairman of the music department at California State University-Long Beach.

Lacy McLarry, violin, is the founder and director of the Suzuki String Development Program at Oklahoma City University.



David Robillard, Oklahoma City, teaches violin in the Suzuki String Development Program at Oklahoma City University and is a member of the Oregon Bach Festival.



Ann Cafferty, Oklahoma City, is a free-lance violinist and performs on a part-time basis with the Oklahoma Symphony Orchestra.



Ron Wheeler, violin, conducts the Tulsa Youth Symphony and is education director for the Tulsa Philharmonic Society. He is also on the staff of the Sunriver Oregon Music Festival.



John Galm, percussion, is an associate professor of music-percussion and music history at the University of Colorado, Boulder.



Mark Mordue, Oklahoma City, is principal tuba with the Oklahoma Symphony Orchestra. He teaches at Oklahoma City University and Central State University, Edmond.



Kaitilin Mahony, New York City, teaches at the University of Connecticut and is principal horn with the New Haven Symphony and the Chamber Orchestra of New England.



Marge Chapman Cooper, Fredonia, New York, viola, is a member of the Erie Philharmonic and Erie Chamber Orchestra in Erie, Pennsylvania. She is concertmaster of the Fredonia Chamber Players and performs regularly with the Buffalo Philharmonic.



Lucy Ginther Firlie, Columbus, Ohio, is a free-lance violist who has performed with the Orchestra de Minería, Mexico City.



Marjory Lunt Cornelius, Norman, is a professor of cello at the University of Oklahoma and part-time cellist with the Oklahoma Symphony Orchestra.



David Gauger is principal trumpet and, most recently, soloist with the Tulsa Philharmonic. He is the instrumental director at the First Baptist Church in Tulsa.



Deborah Egekvis, flute, is an assistant professor at the School of Music, University of North Carolina, Greensboro.



Allan Kaplan is principal trombone with the Oklahoma Symphony Orchestra and also teaches at Oklahoma City University.



John Williams, Norman; bass, writes arrangements for and performs with the Oklahoma Symphony Orchestra. He is a visiting instructor at the University of Oklahoma.



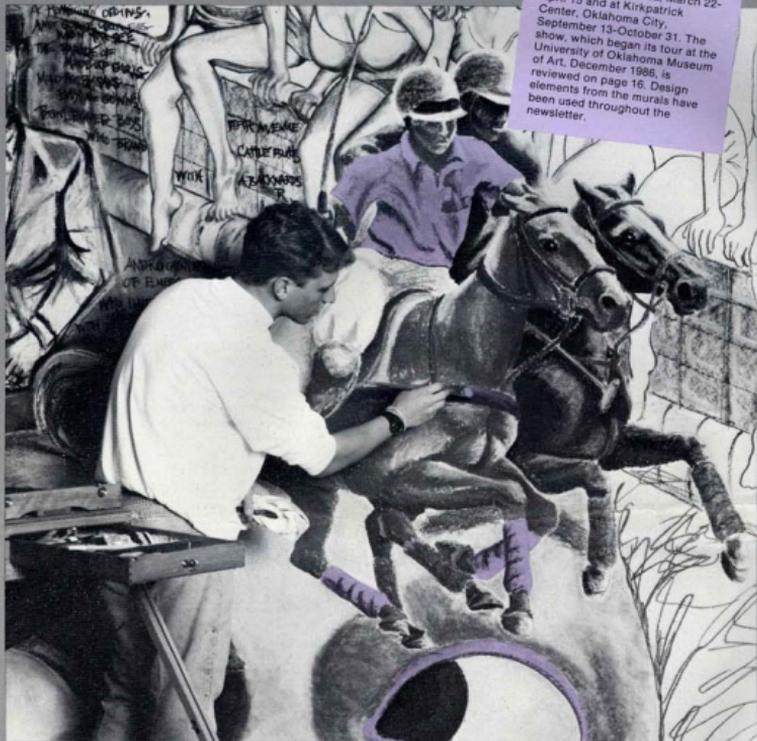
Vic Firlie, cello, is a member of the Columbus (Ohio) Symphony and has performed with the Orchestra de Minería, Mexico City.

Guest Artists:

Photographer Jerry Poppenhouse, Bartlesville, OK
Poet/essayist John Lane, Bryson City, NC
Critic, art historian Helen A. Harrison, Sag Harbor, NY



Front and back cover: Details from two of eight murals created by 1986 Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute drawing students. The murals and student photography will be on display at Philbrook Museum of Art, Tulsa, March 22-April 15 and at Kirkpatrick Center, Oklahoma City, September 13-October 31. The show, which began its tour at the University of Oklahoma Museum of Art, December 1986, is reviewed on page 16. Design elements from the murals have been used throughout the newsletter.



Pictured above: Richard McKown, Norman; front cover: José Herrera, Clinton.

ONSTAGE

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