

THE CREATIVE PROCESS

Woodturning BY SCOTT CAMAZINE



The first time I ever did woodturning was at Buck's Rock. I tried to make a small walnut bowl, but unfortunately miscalculated and cut through the side. I ended up with the halo having left the bottom of the bowl on the lathe and its rim rolling onto the floor. I used this wooden torus as a frisbee on the front lawn by the Oak Tree until it shattered. That was the first (and last) woodturning project I did at Buck's Rock. Frustrated with

my failed attempt I turned to pottery and sculpture, as well as the haven of the Science Lab. I suppose the only moral of the story here is that Buck's Rock introduced me to many skills and creative endeavors, many of which I am still pursuing and trying to perfect 40 years later.

Nowadays, in central Pennsylvania, I've taken up woodturning once again. I start with a 'raw' piece of wood — usually something I've cut from a local tree. Instead of rotting or being burned in the fireplace, these ordinary chunks of wood can be transformed into beautiful decorative and functional objects.

I work almost exclusively with wood I collect. This brings back fond memories of working as a JC in the Sculpture Shop when counselor Jo Jochnowitz would announce a salvaging day, when we would all climb into the back of a truck with chainsaws and pry-bars and head off to a junkyard to gather raw materials for our sculptures. We brought back car bumpers, pieces of old farm equipment and a variety of logs.

I delight in the fact that fully 40 years later, I am doing exactly what I did when I was at Buck's Rock with hardly a care in the world. Here in Pennsylvania, I take a day now and then to drive to my favorite dumps where I can find an abundance of cherry, oak, maple, tulip poplar and even walnut. I particularly like to turn this wood when it is still "green" and not yet dry because of the way my sharp gouges peel off wet shavings as the lathe spins.

When I travel, I am always on the lookout for unusual tree species. I have come across mesquite, pecan, and cedar being sold as firewood in Tucson; a few chunks of olive from an estate in southern France; small limbs of apricot trimmed from a friend's house in California.

Rather than selecting blocks of wood with straight grain and even coloration, I prefer to use wood that has unusual features — the crotch between large branches, a large knot, a burl, wavy grain, bark inclusions, insect borings. These features make the wood more difficult to work on the lathe, and it may even develop cracks. However, I try to work these idiosyncra-

sies into the design of the piece, and make each turned object unique.

As a biologist, I love to explore the natural world. Woodturning provides me with an opportunity to search fields and woodlands for unusual trees. Each tree has a different story to tell about its growth, climatic conditions, even some of the social conditions in its proximity.

Back in the workshop, I try to do as little as possible to the piece. My goal is to bring out the intrinsic beauty of the different woods I work with. I continually stop the lathe while I am working to observe the pattern of the grain, and to see how the piece is developing. As a result, the form and design of each piece emerges as the wood turns on the lathe. Rather than turn intricate shapes from the wood, I usually rely on simple designs that highlight the natural beauty of the wood.

As the lathe spins, I am almost mesmerized, peaceful and alone. The hum of the motor hulls me into my own world that I have come to call the "Buck's Rock way of life." I don't think my wife and friends really know where I go during these reveries, but I am sure those of you who have spent a summer at Buck's Rock will surely understand.

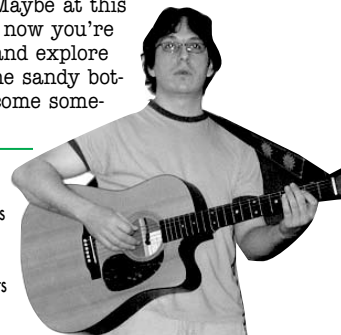


A piece by Scott Camazine

Writing Music BY DAN SEIDEN

Writing a piece of music is like jumping into the ocean. It's really cold at first. You wonder why you are doing this. Others stay on shore and admire your bravery. Perhaps you're only doing it on a dare. The breath recoils as you propel your head out of the water. You try again, that time it was a little easier. Now you push into a wave and swim a stroke or two. It's still incredibly freakin' cold. Maybe at this point you run out of the water, or maybe now you're starting to like it. You do a surface dive and explore the seaweed that sticks to the rocks on the sandy bottom. You float on your back. This has become something you will remember.

Dan Seiden is a singer songwriter who has written songs and played guitar for such artists as Lisa Loeb and Jewel. He has headlined major NYC night clubs including The Wetlands and CCBG's with his band **The Round Band** and others. Dan is an incredibly supportive member of **Friends of Buck's Rock** and has performed at our fundraising concerts and events. <http://www.danseiden.com/>



The Process: Remembering Kate Harper

BY JENNY LYN BADER

The whole Buck's Rock universe was invested in the creative process. The myth of Athena bursting spontaneously from the skull of Zeus, the cult of genius promoted by prep schools, the cool adolescent aesthetic of being great without trying or caring — these were not the artistic values that captured the imagination of our summer camp. Even the mailing address at the time, "Buck's Rock Creative Work Camp," announced our serious, hip intensity. Sure I winced as my friends teased me, asking questions about the "Work Camp" part. Were we actually employed by the camp? Was a chain gang involved? The address eventually changed. But the ethic remained: creativity and work, intertwined.

Especially for the late Kate Harper, czarina of the Summer Theatre. Somehow she imparted to teenagers the importance of ritual in the building and layering of performance. Kate showed us drama doesn't just explode into being like the goddess Athena did but has its ups and downs. A performance perfected on the rehearsal stage in the woods, mottled light shifting through trees, will pretty much always suffer its first time in the amphitheatre, then will improve only to worsen again when music, lights, costumes are thrown in. That's why, even given our tiny window of preparation, Kate insisted on reliable milestones: character meetings, blocking rehearsals, onstage run-throughs, dry tech, final dress. A dancer by training, Kate offered us repeated steps, with intricacies at each step, from the warm-up routine to the breathing exercises to her encouraging thank-you notes before opening. While there were still ups and downs, we knew what they were, and we knew how to ride them into the climax of opening night. Which at Buck's Rock was coincidentally closing night. Somehow that didn't matter.

Providing consistent touchstones made the new feel familiar. It grounded us. Kate frequently spoke of the creative process — since it was her friend, she called it simply by a nickname, "the process."

The process! We could address it or access it anytime! The process could be trusted to melt away creative blocks, to see us through when we got stuck or when we couldn't see. The process defied conventional wisdom and promised us that after things got worse, they would always get better: that in the realm of creation, what goes down must come up. The process reminded us that making and understanding your mistakes was actually part of doing good work well. The process assured us that a bad dress rehearsal meant a great opening night. Of course Kate had a lot to say about acting and direction and movement, but if she taught us anything, she taught us about process.

At least, at first.

After being a camper, CIT, and JC, I found myself finishing my final summer before college. Late August before freshman year, heading into the unknown, I turned to Kate: did she have any advice for me? She did. When you do theatre at college, she told me, and other places, you're not always going to get to do The Process.

What?!

She explained that a lot of people don't do the process. A lot of them don't even believe in the process. Or use it at all. — Or use any process!

Of course now this doesn't seem that startling as a memo about amateur theatre: You don't always get a tech and a dress rehearsal. Hey, you sometimes don't get a full dress tech. But at the time the news staggered me. The process seemed so simple, so obvious, so necessary: how could people not cleave to its basic demands?

I thought of Kate a lot in the years to come. I realized she was warning me about the perils of artistic collaboration. You don't want to cling

(Continued on Page 6)

Remembrance

Farewell to Sam BY NIGEL HEDGES

I first met and worked under Sam Mazzarella in the summer of 1990. I don't recall our initial meeting but I do have fond memories of being part of his maintenance/grounds crew. I feel no hesitation in describing Sam as one of life's true comedians. He would occasionally become serious when discussing his financial plight and lack of long-term security but he was always ready with a smile and a line. His approach to dealing with his new charges each summer was relaxed and friendly. Because of my long hair and round-rimmed spectacles, my new boss was soon referring to me as 'Lennon.' "Better stay outta New York City" he would snigger, "unless you wanna get shot!"

Sam chuckled in the manner of a cartoon character and once he recognized someone as reciprocal, the days passed in a glorious barrage of gags and innuendo. In fact, I came to realize that the more he poked fun at me, the more comfortable and happy he was in my company. Many people enjoyed the Mazzarella treatment and I don't recall anybody taking offence, as he did everything with enormous humor. One hot afternoon I was prostrate on a bench in front of the maintenance shed and Sam climbed onto the roof to douse me with a bucket of water as he shouted "get to work," one of his favorite refrains, inevitably followed by the Mazzarella chuckle. Who wouldn't be happy working for a guy like that? We were all happy.

I worked for Sam for a few summers and we remained in touch after he left Buck's Rock in 1997. He endured some difficult times in the late '90s but continued to work hard, helping his daughters through college. For the last few years he had been working as Head of Maintenance at another camp in Kent, the same position he enjoyed at Buck's Rock. He really did enjoy Buck's Rock. He once told me "sure, there's still a little redneck in me" and went on to explain how working in an arts and drama environment had softened him up. I visited Sam at Kenmont along with the two lads (Gittins and Jackson, two longtime staff members and friends). He seemed happy enough in Kent but conceded that it was not as much fun as his old job. Not as many quirky folk to provide and inspire the laughs. It wasn't just the laughs that made Sam such a great guy. I am fortunate to have gotten to know him well and he was undoubtedly a thoroughly good man. He and his wife Carolyn did much to care for Ernst as they lived as neighbors for years. He was an awesome guy to work for and he treated us all with love and kindness.

I last saw Sam in the fall when he complained to me of ill health. We drank a beer and he gave me a ride up to camp in his white Cadillac. I showed him around the Four Seasons, which was built after he left Buck's Rock. He remained interested in how camp was evolving. We said goodbye for the last time and he drove away. A little part of Sam remains at Buck's Rock. In the words of Adam Ellyson, "Farewell to a true Buck's Rock Legend."
God bless you Sam. - Peace 'n' love Nigel.

Sam Mazzarella was caretaker at Buck's Rock during the '80s and '90s. He lived with his family in the apartment which is now the staff lounge and nurse's bedroom. **Nigel Hedges** began working at Buck's Rock in 1990. He is an amazing person, a bon vivant and has the best wink you've ever seen!

Remembering Kate Harper (Cont'd. from Page 4)

to the process when you are working in a collaborative medium and your collaborators have a completely different idea of what is simple, obvious, and necessary.

But she was also doing something more miraculous. This piece of advice was worthy of the greatest teachers (Was it Lao Tzu who said forget everything I ever said? Or was it the Buddha?) Anyhow with this Buddha-like tip, she transformed everything she taught me before, so that I would know how to survive in the topsy-turvy world. What she was telling me was not to abandon the creative process forever. She was advising me that it is important to use what you know selectively, to have a creative bag of tricks for each occasion: to live in the moment, even when that means changing the process. Because the moment is all we have.

As I've continued to work in theatre, I've often thought of Kate, especially when dealing with people who have zero sense of process. And also especially when I find theatrical homes where process is valued. When a play of mine was staged at the O'Neill Center, I had a bit of *déjà vu*: there I was, doing a play in the wilds of Connecticut with a bunch of people who had an exacting sequence of steps they cared about deeply, from the number of hours spent on each type of rehearsal, to the color-coded system for revising and sorting scripts. They even had an amphitheatre and a barn.

Kate and I were in contact for awhile, but had fallen out of touch when she started spending less time in Manhattan. So imagine my surprise when she turned up to see my play at the O'Neill Center. She gave me one of her heartfelt hugs and we talked about being back in Connecticut doing theatre in a barn. I think it was the last time I ever saw her. She passed away a few years ago. I will always miss her, but will always cherish her lessons of remembering and forgetting.

To this day, I think so many artists come out of Buck's Rock because of the value placed on process itself there by counselors who are themselves artists. Art is not all glamorous opening night parties and oils framed in museums. There is an emotional rollercoaster of struggles and joy leading up to creative triumphs in performance and display. There is a complicated private journey behind each public showing. There are setbacks and reversals, and rewards.

Jenny Lyn Bader's work is published in UNDER 30: PLAYS FOR A NEW GENERATION (Vintage), HEAVEN AND HELL (Dramatists Play Service), and 10-MINUTE PLAYS: BEST OF 2004 (Smith & Kraus). For more about Jenny Lyn, surf to www.jennylynbader.com

Remembering Julian "Winnie" Winston

BY LEWIS FRISCH

Julian Winston, best known to Buck's Rockers as Winnie, died on June 12, 2005, peacefully at home in Wellington, New Zealand, with his wife Gwyneth at his side.

Born May 31, 1941 in the east Bronx, Winnie came to Buck's Rock in 1950 when his parents joined the staff. They were both arts teachers in the New York City school system, but did many things at camp, most notably starting the Print Shop. Winnie was a fixture at Buck's Rock from 1950 to 1959, his younger brother Rick attended until 1963.

For two decades, the entire family was an inspiration to a generation of Buck's Rockers. Truly the Winstons were as integral to the camp and its spirit as the Lawn, the Gong, or the Front Porch. When I attended in '62-'64, Winnie had already left to make his mark in the world, but his presence and influence were still everywhere at camp. Even 40 years later, I can clearly recall the tremendous excitement and anticipation that his visit in 1963 engendered.

Winnie did so much during his lifetime, excelling in enough different areas to fill the lives of a half-dozen men. Many of his interests began at Buck's Rock and were pursued throughout his entire life. To mention just a few: He learned to play guitar his first year at camp and also began a lifelong fascination with riflery, earning an NRA sharpshooter bar. He did ceramics, worked in the printing and photo shops, turned bowls on a wood lathe, rode horses, took up fencing and read science fiction, horror and fantasy. He later wrote, "I gained a love for snakes at the science labs, I learned how to deal with cows and pigs — not bad for a city boy. I learned how good it smells at night walking along the road with only a flashlight and the stars. I learned how wonderful it is to lie in a tent and listen to the rain."

By 1955, he had progressed to the point of working his way into a position as CIT of riflery or fencing. But one day he saw folkmusic CIT Paul Presotipino playing a beautiful Martin guitar on the porch. Paul introduced Winnie to a world of folk music — Travis picking guitar and Scruggs-style banjo. Winnie bought a Martin D-18 and began spending Sundays hanging out in Washington Square, listening and playing. He returned to Buck's Rock in 1956 as the folk music CIT. By 1959 he was the Folk Music Counselor and that summer he and his CIT, Josh Rifkin, created his first enduring legacy, the Buck's Rock Song Book. It became a standard reference as folk music crested in popularity during the early '60s.

Winnie had been introduced to design and drafting well before he entered elementary school. By age four, he acquired the desire to become an industrial designer and by age eight he was already producing cross section mechanical drawings along with mechanical linkages built with Erector Sets, and buildings created with Lincoln Logs.

High school guidance counselors tried to steer the talented young man to Swarthmore, Oberlin or Brown, but Winnie had eyes for Pratt Institute, said to have the finest industrial design program in the country. He graduated in 1963 and, after a number of jobs designing packaging, bottles and typewriters, he found employment and some success with Creative Playthings in the late '60s.

All the while he had become a fixture on the exploding New York bluegrass and old-timey music scene. He formed the New York City Ramblers, made recordings, mentored dozens of musicians and traveled during the summers to the great fiddle conventions in the southern Appalachians, where he played with the greatest names in bluegrass including Ralph Stanley and Bill Monroe. He still found time to take up pistol shooting and to race a Lotus 7 sports car at Lime Rock and other northeastern venues in the summer of 1966.

By 1969, his growing interest in education led him to exit the commercial world of product design for an industrial design position at the Philadelphia College of Art. He found the most wonderful job he ever had and stayed 26 years. Teaching was the great love of his life.

Moving to Philadelphia in 1970, he met more musicians who were also deeply involved in both music, gun collecting and shooting. Winnie discovered the pedal steel guitar, predictably built his own instruments, played in several country bands and went on to write two instructional books which of course became enduring classics. He was a fixture at steel guitar conventions for years to come. He joined the National Rifle Association and was a life member by 1978.

Winnie was introduced to homeopathic medicine in 1971 by his physician, William Seidel. He took courses at the National Center for Homeopathy in 1980, was elected to its Board in 1982 and began editing its newsletter in 1984. While holding his tenured position at the Philadelphia University of the Arts, he also served on the faculty of the NCH Summer School and was Dean of that program from 1988 until 1992 when he was invited to New Zealand by the Wellington College of Homeopathy. His meetings with the school's principal, Gwyneth Evans, sparked a new interest. They were married in 1994 and Winnie moved to New Zealand in 1995.

Winnie curated a personal library of some 2000 volumes and 4,000 vials of historical remedies while serving as co-director of the Wellington and editor of a homeopathy magazine. Winnie continued to play the steel guitar, and was composing and recording up until his death. He was a member of the Wellington NZ Muzzle Loading Club and went shooting every weekend with a cap-and-ball revolver.

He stayed in touch with many Buck's Rockers and wrote pieces for Ernst Bulova's Memorial in 2001 and the Friends of Buck's Rock newsletter.

This brief and all too incomplete remembrance can in no way begin to convey the enormous impact that his life had on countless students, co-workers and friends.

His was truly an extraordinary life, lived to the fullest and a testament to the true meaning of Buck's Rock. Winnie exemplified in so many ways the genius, adventurous spirit, and far-reaching humanity that Ernst hoped would develop in all of us. Learn more about his life and interests, in his own words, at www.julianwinston.com.