

NEWSLETTER

Professor Sam Knecht to Critique Art Work, May 5

Are you working on a piece of art that needs something to make it special? Do you have art that just isn't coming together?

Be assured, help is in the offing at the next JCAA meeting. Professor Sam Knecht will attend the JCAA meeting on Tuesday, May 5, 2015 to critique the art work of members.

Professor Knecht teaches art at Hillsdale College. He is an excellent teacher who has the ability to quickly assess artwork and offer constructive criticism. Take this opportunity to get a fresh perspective. Bring your art work and hear what Sam has to say.

And, if you do not have art for critique, attend the meeting anyway, and learn from the critiques Mr. Knecht will offer. As usual, the doors open at 6:00 p.m., and the meeting starts at 6:30.

Welcome New Members

Barb Anderson, Betty Bigger, Cheryl Conrad, and Connie Wolin

Annual Meeting May 19

The Annual Meeting of the Jackson Civic Art Association will be held on Tuesday, May 19, 2015. The membership will receive a report from the Nominating Committee, and elections will be held for JCAA Board positions, and officers of the Board. Other matters of business may be conducted at the meeting.

Members will be given the opportunity to address items of concern regarding the association and its events and activities, and to offer suggestions.

The meeting will feature a **pot luck**. Please plan on attending, and bring your favorite dish to pass.



Photo by Fred Bruey

Dominec Pangborn walked the talk in his fashion label shoes from the Pangborn Design Collection while speaking at his presentation "the Art of Creativity" at the April 21 JCAA meeting.

President's Message...

Relative to many of our members, I haven't been a member long. (I joined the JCAA in 2010.) When I was elected President, I prepared the mailing list and began mailing newsletters to members. Since then I've come to wonder about the members I've never met, faithful members who don't or can't come to meetings, the ones we don't hear from.

A while back, I received an email from Nancy August, one of our members I'd never met. Nancy said she was once the Vice-President of JCAA, when Millie Gift was President. She told me she had health issues, but she's doing better and hopes she can return one day. She said she really missed being there with all the people. She said she has many paintings (her favorites are portraits) and hopes to have an exhibit soon. She said if I would care to see some of her paintings I could look on her website, www.mistyaugust.com. She closed the email by saying, "My very best to all."

So, I visited her website, and she does have a lot of paintings, and they're very good.

Thank you, Nancy August, for your email. I hope these newsletters offer some measure of connection. If you do manage to have an exhibit, please let us know, and in any case, please keep in touch.

Charles Reisdorf



Dick Stanton, Artist of the Month for April, 2015 with his colored ink drawing, *Africa*.

Nancy McKay Demonstration

Artists often find inspiration and success in strange places. Nancy McKay finds hers located somewhere near the intersection of silk, a computer printer, French dyes, poetry, and a microwave oven, all within the context of places like the Hot Springs and the Badlands National Parks.

Ms. McKay shared her realm with JCAA members at the JCAA meeting April 7 in her demonstration, "Digital Image Making as an Interpretive Medium." The demonstration included a rousing lecture followed by hands-on experiences at four work stations as she walked participants through the process. The final products included art on silk, poetry, and an appreciation for a very unique, and beautiful form of art. It is a form of art that is all Nancy's, original, designed and built using her own creative applications of technology,

knowledge of textiles, and accomplished artistic ability.

Her work, "Colors of Time," a large-scale representation of the view of the the Grand Canyon from the North Rim was shown at the Gerald Ford Museum during the *ArtPrize* competition in Grand Rapids.

Ms. McKay's workshop, "Silk Painting for Watercolorists: Brilliance to Dye For," was held on April 28-29. The experiences of some those attending the workshop may be shared in a future edition of the JCAA Newsletter.

Important reminders

Please remember the **exhibition of JCAA members art at Art 634** to run from Aug. 1 to 31. Watch for more information coming soon.

Gerald Hill will be presenting his **AWOL (Acrylic, Water-color, & Oil Learning) Work-shop** July 9 - 11. Brochures will be available soon.

The **Armory Arts Art Show** theme for this month is "May Flowers." The show will open on Saturday, May 9 from 4 to 8 p.m. Submit work to Jean Weir in the Ceramics Studio on Thursday, May 7 from 6 to 9 p.m.

Plein air sessions will be held from 9:30 until noon -
May 12 at the Liberty Mill Pond.
May 19 at the Iris Farm at 9919 Sand Lake Hwy (off M-50) near Onsted, (to be confirmed.)
May 26 at McCourtie Park located at S. Jackson Road and US - 12.

Calendar

Fridays, May 1, 8, 15, & 29 (No season on May 22)

Figure Drop-in Drawing Session at Ella Sharp Museum, dry media only, 9 to noon.

Tuesday -Thursday, May 5-7

"Celebrate Spring in Plein-Aire" Workshop. Registration closed.

Tuesday, May 5

Spring Critique by Prof. Sam Knecht. Artist of the Month. Doors open at 6:00 p.m., Meeting at 6:30

Wednesdays, May 6, 13, 20, & 27

Costumed Drawing at Art 634. 6 p.m. to 9 p.m. \$15, or \$50 for 5 sessions

Tuesdays, May 12, 19, & 26

Plein air sessions, 9:30 to noon at Liberty Mill Pond, the Iris Farm, and McCourtie Park.

Friday, May 15

JCAA Board Meeting at Ella Sharp Museum, 1:00 p.m. to 3:00.

Tuesday, May 19

JCAA Annual Meeting and Pot Luck, Doors open at 6:00 p.m., Mtg at 6:30

Friday, May 29

Portrait Drop-in Session at Ella Sharp

The Jackson Civic Art Association (JCAA) is a non-profit 501(c)(3) corporation which promotes art and artists in the greater Jackson, Michigan community. Membership is open to artists and those interested in art.

Opinions expressed are the views of the editor and do not necessarily reflect the views of the JCAA.

The JCAA may be contacted by mail at 3225 Fourth St. Jackson, MI 49203, or through our website at www.jacksoncivicart.org.

the Jackson Civic Art Association Annex

ANNEX #3 Revised Edition

May 1, 2015

Dear JCAA Reader,

Welcome to this, the third in a series of JCAA Newsletter Supplements. The Annex offers space for member contributions of written and graphic material offered for the interest, amusement, consideration, and education of the membership. The views expressed are solely those of the contributor.

Down to Earth and Cementing Relationships

By Dianne Grose

In the spring of 1951, I set out to meet some new friends on Bournemouth Street, where my parents just built their first home in Harper Woods after 10 years of marriage. It was pretty barren no lawns, garages, fences or paved streets. There were ditches for drainage in front our new houses and woods along the back lot line. Many of the new neighbors were ex World War II G.I.'s starting new families. With a shortage of housing in Detroit, they moved to the new suburban areas where they built bungalow dwellings. I set out down the block to meet new friends. We were the first of the baby boomers and I was going on five years old.

As I walked up the street, I met Mrs. Lingemann. She was elderly and I asked, "Do you have any children I could play with?" Mrs. Lingemann said, "No, my children are all grown." She did have a Springer Spaniel, Spike that eventually became the neighborhood's most popular dog. The Lingemann Sisters held a 10th birthday party for him with all the neighborhood kids in their backyard. He even got presents.

Continuing on my journey, I next encountered Kathy and Billie Staperfenne playing in front of their new home. They always cried when I passed their new house being 3 and 2 years of age, respectively. Their mother quickly came out of the house to scold me. So I stuck my tongue out at them. They laughed in an up roar. This bonded us for the rest of our lives. I did something stupid and they'd laugh. They also had a sandbox. Who could say no to them? A few doors over was Kathy Padden sitting at the side of her new home making mud sandwiches out of cellophane wrappers. She made one for me. I told her that I ate it. She said, "You really didn't eat that, did you?" I confessed that I did not. Up the street were the Mach's; Patty, Susan, Kathy and their baby brother Billie. After meeting them they came looking for me the next day calling on every house till they got to mine. They wanted to play with Dianne Mary. That was me. Patty was always adventurous and she had us always running and screaming away from fictitious monsters. They had a swing set. Who could say no to them? Next door to the Mach's was Diane Watz. Guess where? She was playing in the mud in front of her new home, where of course, I joined her. In the meantime my mother was yelling, "I change her three times a day!" I was an only child. The other moms knew the futility of all of that mud.

Going in the other direction down the street, I met Diane and Kathy Nimke. With the other girls we formed a club. She was the oldest so we voted her president and Patty Mach vice president. In case Diane got sick Patty could be president, as in what happened to President Eisenhower when he got sick. Our first order of business was to name the club. It was a predicament. I brought

the situation to the dinner table that night. My dad said, "Why don't you call yourselves, "The Bournemouth Gigglers." "Every time I see you girls, you're always giggling." Dad replied. I brought it up at the meeting for a vote. It was unanimous. We became The Bournemouth Gigglers. Now besides running and screaming, Diane Nimke, who was older by three years, taught us games like kick the can, hide and go seek. Ring around the Rosy and in the wintertime she taught us how to build a snow man and how to get used to the cold weather playing outside. Sitting at the side of the Nimke's house Kathy Nimke and I got into an interesting conversation. We saw a land snail. I wanted it as a pet. I told her Italians eat snails and sometimes my mother lets me keep one as a pet when she cooks them. Kathy said, "Now you're making me sick. I'm going to kill it." I started to cry and went home before the deed was done. Sometimes I'd tell my mother that I saw lobsters in the mud. She replied, "Those are crayfish." We also saw what we thought were fish swimming in the ditches. They were tadpoles.

Speaking of ditches, it calls to mind a glorious occasion with "The Bournemouth Gigglers". It was right after my mother cleaned and dressed me to go somewhere. She said, "You can go outside, but don't get dirty. We are going out." I fully knew what that meant, but temptation got the best of me. There were the girls out having a boat race in the ditch with 2 by 4's. I told Kathy Nimke, "My mother told me not to get dirty," Kathy said, "My mother doesn't care if I get a little bit dirty, but not a lot." That should have been the end of the discussion. I reasoned that I would really get spanked getting a little bit dirty or a lot dirty. I wanted in the race and I was going to race

Down to Earth and Cementing Relationships

(Continued from Page 1)

to win. So, there I was back in the mud and the ditch laying all over the walkway over the ditch getting filthy, but I was determined to race my boat. UNTIL, my mother got hold of the sight of all the girls laughing at me and she saw RED. Needless to say, I got a severe spanking, which I knew was coming. The question was did I learn? I have more to tell.

The neighbors were upset with the builder of their new homes something was always going haywire. The builder's office was at the end of the block and no one was usually there. The phone was always ringing. One day I was out with my friends, the phone seemed to never stop. So, I went into the office, which was also the model home, and I answered the phone. I said, "Hello." The person on the line asked if the builder was there. I said, "No. He's not here." The person on the other end said, "This is some kid" and quickly hung up the phone. When I told my mother of the incident she wasn't too pleased. Again temptation got the best of me.

With woods behind us and virtually no fences Susan Mach and I liked walking along the plot line picking wild flowering weeds for our mothers. Mrs. Mach told us their names. My favorite, always, to this day was the Queen Anne's lace. Susan always liked going for walks even in our teens. My mother kept me out of the woods by telling me there were snakes in there. That did the trick. However, the woods didn't last long, even, if we were living in Harper Woods. More housing was coming for families looking for housing outside Detroit. With that, we were left with one lone oak tree at the end of our street. The Bournemouth Giggles would sit under it and gather acorns until one hit me on the head. That sent me home, crying. I always missed the woods

behind us and I still like living in wooded areas as in our homes in Grand Rapids and Jackson. It was a childhood dream come true.

With the new housing behind us came new kids. With the new construction the kids erected a plank to a mound covered with a substance I thought was probably mud. The chant went on from all of the kids, "Who will walk the plank"? Of course, I volunteered getting the substance all over my shoes. I thought that the mud would come off my shoes without a problem. It happened before. Coming home my mother saw the sight and screamed "CEMENT"! I don't remember what happened after that.

By and by, we entered school together Kindergarten, grade school and high school. Our Lady Queen of Peace was only a block away and new schools were cropping up everywhere. Regina High, Notre Dame and Bishop Gallagher as well as Tyrone school and Harper Woods High School. The neighborhood was taking shape with lawns, fences, paved streets and sewers. Still there weren't many trees except for ones that were planted by the homeowners. Many things were happening to the family of neighbors. Mrs. Lingemann died of cancer. I remember her daughter Frances crying in our living room telling my parents about their mother's disease. Mrs. Nimke contracted polio, a year before the Salk vaccine came out. My mother helped organize a series of dinners cooked by the neighbors so that her mother, Mrs. Mc Guire could spend time visiting Mrs. Nimke in the hospital. She was in an iron lung fighting for her life at Herman Kiefer Hospital for polio victims. Mrs. Nimke lost her battle the following fall and left four children. Kathy Nimke and her sisters moved to Florida with their father. Within three years Kathy and her three sisters came back to Detroit to live with their Grandmother, Mrs. Mc Guire. We were glad to have them back.

Unbeknownst to me their father had left them. Diane Watz became a nun working among the poor in Detroit. Patty Mach's spirit of adventure took her to Mexico as an exchange Student. She became a Spanish teacher. I sold her, her first Spanish book in high School. She and her husband and daughters travelled to Hawaii and liked it so much they moved there. It was the dawn of the space age, too. Kathy Padden and her seven brothers and sisters moved to Alabama because her father was working on the Red Stone Rocket. Billie Staperfene became a Christian brother. His sister Kathy met and fell in love with one of her high school teachers from Bishop Gallagher High and married him. I eventually learned to stay clean thanks to a free sample of Zest soap that came in the mail and a good bath that I decided to take. My father's business was doing well and we moved to Grosse Pointe after I graduated from Regina High. I became an art teacher at Wayne State University in Detroit. Many other kids from the neighborhood also attended there, because it was affordable and they could commute and live at home.

I wonder sometimes through the trials and tribulations that life hands us all that if my former playmates remember our care free days in the mud and discovery of the world around us.

Quote

"Modern art =
I could do that +
Yeah, but you didn't."
- Craig Damrauer

This quote was submitted by Tom Boyer.
