



Port Community Arts Centre

July 2008 Newsletter No 17.

To communicate: Please contact

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www.geocities.com/portcommunityarts/



Hard work pays off!

Congratulations to Port Community Arts Centre Board and Volunteers who worked so hard to make this event a success

“As you like it“ Exhibition, May 17 to June 1, 2008

This was the first of our member exhibitions for 2008 and, for the first time, thanks to Newport Quays Consortium Urban Construct, Brookfield Multiplex we were able to offer a first prize of \$1000. In addition to that, there were two merit awards, four encouragement awards and three prizes for the Fran Coop Memorial Peoples Choice award.

One hundred and nine works were exhibited by twenty-nine artists and the standard of the work was very high. All exhibiting artists are to be congratulated on their efforts.

The exhibition, which was held on a cold and wet Friday evening, was opened by Ms Diep Romeo, Marketing Manager for Newport Quays, and was attended by over seventy people. During the sixteen days 544 people attended the exhibition and four works were sold.

Bev Bills, a member and former president of the Royal Art Society of SA, judged the exhibition and deemed John Ford's watercolour, "On Reflection", the best. Elizabeth Webb and Cindy Pape won merit awards and encouragement awards went to Phil Bolding, Sean Wiegand. Yvonne Ashby and Graham Benson-Smith. Graham Benson-Smith was also successful in the Fran Coop Memorial Peoples Choice section, winning first prize. Cindy Pape was second and Margaret Prior, third,

I would like to thank Phil Bolding, Colleen Gates, Gary Martin, John Simmons, Jennie Fitzpatrick and John Ford, for their help in hanging the exhibition, and to John and Jennie also, for catering the opening.

The significant increase in prize money, and number of prizes, is sure to stimulate further interest in our exhibitions and will surely raise the standard, over time, and bodes well for the Centre's future.

Mick Freeborn – Curator



Newport Quays Representative **Ms Diep Romeo**
Beverly Bills. Exhibition Judge
John Ford . Chairperson



Casual Moments

URBAN CONSTRUCT

**Brookfield
MULTIPLEX**

**NEWPORT QUAYS
CONSORTIUM**

News Flash ~~~~ Another Sponsor & Prizes to be announced at the AGM

Let's start 2008/09 with some new faces on the Board

This is your chance to be involved with next years exciting schedule. Help your Arts Centre grow. Bring new ideas. Come to the **AGM**. Even if you are not sure you want to become a Board Member, come along, have a chat, a coffee & nibbles **AND watch a pastels demonstration by Cynthia Dowler**
~ Best known for her pastel portraits ~

We currently have 129 members. We would like 12 members to fill the Board to it's maximum. As mentioned in the previous Newsletter we (Phil and Sylvia Bolding) are retiring. We would like to thank the present & past Board members for their friendship and support during our time on the Board and wish the new team every success.

NOTICE OF THE 2008 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

Date. Saturday 26th July 2008
Time. 2.00 pm
Venue. Black Diamond Gallery
66 Commercial Road – Port Adelaide 5015.

~ FORMAT ~

The official business will be dealt with first, followed by a short break for light refreshments. We hope to have our Website on display.
A Pastels demonstration by Pastel Artist – Cynthia Dowler – has been arranged as the main attraction for the meeting. See you there!

How do I RSVP?

Please ring [83412430](tel:83412430) and leave a message on the answering service
OR John Ford [84493987](tel:84493987) - Sylvia Bolding [82546525](tel:82546525)
OR email – pcac@arcom.com.au

All board positions become vacant at the time of the AGM and the election of a new Board will take place during the meeting. A maximum of 12 persons is required. Only Financial Members can vote, nominate or be nominated. Proxy votes are not allowed per our Constitution.

Exhibitions at Black Diamond Gallery

September 6 - 21 (PCAC Members) Indulgence
September 22 – 30 PAE Council "It stARTS with me"
October 3 – 19 Brad Holland
November 7 – 17 Penny Mortimer
Nov 31 – Dec 7 (PCAC members) CELTICA

Other Galleries

SALA Festival 2008 Statewide ~ Aug 1 - 17
Pick up a Programme Brochure & do the rounds

Gawler Community Gallery
'AMITY' Exhibition July 24th – Aug 24th
Gawler Station -Twenty Third Street
Official opening Sunday 27th 2.00pm

Drawing Classes at the Centre with Gary Martin.

For those of you who would like to improve your drawing skills Gary's classes are running **every Thursday**
From 9am - 12 .noon
Please contact Gary on 83447045

The Website

is up & running, but not quite complete. Do visit it & check out available information. ie Workshop activities & times, the Gallery Calendar & Painting Classes etc.

Any Comments, Suggestions or for Help ~
Contact Mike Freeborn 82481978

Brad's story - Final Chapters

Week 2- This week started with Ghana's 51st birthday (independence). There was a huge march at the Technical College with the local military and school kids. Practice had been going on for weeks, and some of our kids didn't make the cut because of their marching. In the end, none of our girls made the cut either because their shoes were the wrong colour, or not nice enough, or their school patches were not sewn on straight enough. Harsh, considering they are orphans!

I and another volunteer actually got to stay a night at a local hotel at the request of the owner. Warm showers and western toilets made for the most luxurious sleep since arriving in Ghana.

We got a tour through some of the traditional villages today. Lots of mud brick and thatched roofs. It seems that each village has a speciality, such as kente weaving or drum making.

The other volunteer and I went down to Cape Coast and saw the slave castles and beaches. The tour through the slave castle was humbling. Most of the slave trade came through this one strip of coastline. The cells in the castle still reek of human occupation from hundreds of years ago. Some of the ways that the people were treated was quite brutal, and touched a lot of people.

The trotro (bus) ride back from Cape Coast was an interesting one. While waiting for it to fill, we sat in the bus and a woman got on and conducted a brief church session. Everyone- including people outside the trotro prayed along, amen-ed at the right times and sang the songs. Then we had a salesman come on selling books about bible study. He left before we started the trip, but another man replaced him selling some sort of miracle cure... By the end of the trip, we had been subject to this at least 2 or 3 more times.

Towards the end of this week my baggage had finished its little side trip and had returned to Ghana and I was back to wearing my own clothes again. What a relief to be in 36 degree weather with a whole set of clothes, shoes and toiletries... Plus, I could finally give the children the gifts that I brought for them- a plush kangaroo, koala and wombat. They had no idea what they were but made up names and sounds for them non-the-less!

Week 3- The week started with an ill-fated trip to the North of Ghana. Everything that could go wrong with the trip did, one after the other, sometimes through the fault of our very young guide, and sometimes through the fault of whatever runs the universe. Regardless, we got there, had a safari that was at the wrong time, so we saw very few animals, and saw the oldest mosque in West Africa.

I also found that the orphanage had been informed that I was bringing the money for the build. This simply wasn't true, and Village Volunteers had been dealing with all my money, so they weren't to blame either. Luckily, the plans were so bad that the building could not start when I arrived, or otherwise, we may have gone ahead with the build and someone would have received a very large bill!

I found out some things about the local hospitals this week. There is no triage- you go there, register and sit in the queue until you get to the front of the line, and if you are still alive, you get treated. That's no joke. Many people die in the queue at the hospital. Half the doctors are foreign- Cuban and German mainly- and the rest turn up whenever they feel like it.

This was also the time when I decided to cut the trip short due to lack of things to do and issue with getting a visa extension for 3 days. The organisers were sad to hear that I was leaving early, but understood that at that point in time I was going to be more help at home than I was in Ghana.

The local authority had been chasing stray goats that day (sidebar- all goats run free in Ghana), and had chased one into the pen at the back of the orphanage. They caught the stray goat and took the three goats of ours that were in the pen. So we had to go up to the local municipal authority (council) and get them out of the pound. After weaving through the herds of stray goats grazing on the municipal authority's grounds, we argued our point and eventually agreed to pay for the stray goat in order to get our three back. It didn't make sense, but saved us up to \$25 in fees, so we just ran with it. I had to walk a goat home on a makeshift leash. Goats don't like to be walked- that was my lesson for the day.

I turned 30 this week, and between me and another volunteer turning 35, we all went out to the local and celebrated until we could celebrate no more.

All of the volunteers in the program took a trip out to the local waterfalls at Wli. It was a rather inexpensive trip, and we got to see the highest waterfall in West Africa. A mountain-top spring with two waterfalls- the lower one a 45 minute walk in a national park through fairly flat terrain, and the upper one a little more than an hour with two New Yorkers up a quite steep, rough path. Well worth the hike though. Beautiful scenery.

The end of this week was Easter. Being a very religious country (Christian in the South and Muslim in the North) Easter was a really big deal. All of the children got dressed in their Sunday best and went off to church while a few of us non-religious types stayed back at the orphanage and watched the open air churches that were dotted around the orphanage.

Week 4- I was nearing the end of the drawings so I spent a bit more time at the orphanage this week building a website for them. I got the chance to be there when the children returned from school. All the boys come home after lunch and give a quick salute and "good afternoon", and the girls return at about 3pm and give a curtsy and "good afternoon" to the adults. It's very cute.

I was put in charge of the children while the women were at a wedding. I had 30 children that all spoke English as a

second language, so I couldn't understand them without one of the older girls as a translator. At the end, all 30 of our kids were present and accounted for, and I think I may have picked up at least 2 more. It seems that if there are guests at the house, they are extended the same courtesies that the kids get- food, water, playthings- even if the orphanage can't really afford it. It's the African generosity.

At the end of this week, a Ghanaian woman that had married a German man came to the orphanage because they were thinking of adopting one of the children. They were meeting for the first time, and it was a seemingly uncomfortable situation. The woman's hotel had been broken into, and much of the presents she had were stolen. But there were still some shoes and things. They talked uncomfortably about school and life in general, and all went their own way at the end. I think they are still going ahead with the process, and the little girl will eventually start a new life in Germany. It's a good outcome, even though she is leaving her homeland.

Week 5- The start to this week was a nice little African flu. The flu shots were pretty useless against it, and antibiotics seemed to make it better. There was much worry among the village about me being OK, since malaria starts with flu-like symptoms. Luckily whatever I did managed to get rid of it quickly, and I was back on my feet in no time. By the end of the trip I think this cold had cost me 10kg in bodyweight. I was overdue for a cold though, it was one of the few things that hadn't happened to me on the trip!

The week also saw the death of one of the women's fathers. So I had to take a little more responsibility in keeping the kids amused and in line. He had been sick for some time and had finally succumbed to the disease. It was still a great loss to the women though.

I got treated to a drumming session by the kids at another orphanage at the going-away of one of the other volunteers. For such young kids, they were quite good, and they all knew the traditional dances that went with each song.

Week 6- This was the beginning of the end. I wandered around thinking, "this will be the last time I..." for many of the things that I had been doing. Last cold shower; last wonderful dinner; last use of the bucket for a toilet; last hand washing of clothes; last of the drawings for the new orphanage; last wake-up call at 1am by the rooster outside the window; last afternoon with the kids; last photos with the kids; last goodbyes to everyone in the village; last cramped trotto ride; last time waiting an hour on a street in Accra at night because the guide was in no hurry.

It was a sad process, more so for the kids and organisers than me. I was happy to be heading back to a long list of luxuries that I was truly going to appreciate after spending so much time in a place where luxuries simply didn't exist. The kids have a stream of volunteers come through and then leave, but it is still heartbreaking for them to have to see someone else in their life disappear, never to be seen again.

But, although it was tough going and sometimes extremely frustrating, I did gain some wonderful insights into their lives, and I hope they gained something from my time with them.

People ask if I enjoy being back in the real world again. I think the question is worded backwards, I think that where I was, is the real world. For the majority of people out there, that is the day-to-day, and we, the select and lucky few have the luxury of such a blessed existence. The "real world" doesn't seem quite real when you go to a place like that, and when you see a child crying because their parents didn't buy them what they wanted, you have to stop yourself from saying something like, "it could be worse kid, you could be living in a place with no clean water, no parents, no family, no job, and no hope of the situation changing." Luckily for the kids at the orphanage, their lives are being turned around, and the hope for a better future is being restored.

We thank Brad for this very interesting Story.

Welcome to 8 new members

Pamela Bauer, Graeme Dixon
Cheryll Goodridge
Angelo Kontibas
Danica Gacesa-McLean
Jane Mattner,
Cassandra O'Sullivan
and Graham Webb



CITY OF
Port Adelaide Enfield



**PORT MALL
STATIONERS**
2006 Newsagent
of the Year



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We wish you well in joining us.
Please support us in our activities

From the Editor ~ As this is my last Newsletter, which has been running since April 2005, I finish with the hope that you all found something of interest during that period. I also hope that the person who succeeds me will have your continued support. One thing I request is that you participate more in the newsletter by sending in some comments, suggestions or helpful tips. It is much better to have an abundance of news than having to search around for items. Signing Off -- Phil