



Snapshot Stories: cj madigan
framing a life in pictures



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INTRODUCTION

This is the place to write a little introduction that will provide some context for future generations: why this book was put together, for whom, for what occasion. It's also a good idea to include full names, dates and places as part of the caption.

This particular book was put together as a sample of a Snapshot Stories™ basic book. It has:

- a one page introduction
- 20 photos with captions
- an image wrapped hardcover casing with a custom designed collage on the back cover
- and a custom designed collage on the title page

We all have stories to tell - so do our pictures. Let them speak.

cj Madigan
Vero Beach, Florida
August 2010



Carole Jo Sachs, Julia Wazaluk, Jimmy Lyons around 1955 at Jimmy's house on Desmond Street in Sayre, PA. It was Jimmy's first Holy Communion. Julia is with us probably because Jimmy's mother Helen is ill. She died within a year of this photo. Notice the railroad tracks behind us. That's where our grandfather worked when he came to the United States from Hungary.



Carole Jo Sachs, Lauren Clark, Adelaine Clark, Fritz Clark in the Sachs home 412 South Elmer Avenue, Sayre, PA, circa 1953-54. Lauren and Fritz are my cousins; their mother Rose and my mother Josephine were sisters. Rose was married to Dr. Larry Clark and lived in Kansas; she died young of cancer and Larry remarried Adelaine. There was another boy, younger than Lauren, but I'm not sure if his mother was Rose or Adelaine. This was the only time they visited us.



This is me, Carole Sachs, in Alsace, France, with my French boyfriend Patrick. This was 1968-69; I was on my sophomore year abroad from George Washington University, attending the American College in Paris when it was housed in the American Cathedral on the Quai d'Orsay. This was the first time I had been out of the country - what can I say about being in Paris at age 18: "If you were lucky enough to have lived in Paris as a young [wo]man, then wherever you go for the rest of your life, it stays with you, for Paris is a moveable feast." — Ernest Hemingway



This is Name Removed and me in Australia in 1986. I think this particular photo was taken on Green Island, site of one of the love scenes in *The Thornbirds*. Na cor sequis dolese minciliquat. Facinci blan utpatum dolenim quatumandre velit elessectem doloreet prat. Im doluptat amconsequi el ipit, sim aut alit vel iniamet prat. Ut lorperat, quam alis ero endignis enit nis dio odipsum el utpat nullaorpero del digna feu feu feu feum autpat nullumsandre dunt dolor alisit, sequame tuercillam eniam zrril do do el ullum dunt velisl inibh esseniam dolorem et, sequis do dolorpe raesto do corperit vulput num zrrilla metumsan ulla.



This was me on that same trip to Australia - not exactly sure where this is but I spent a good deal of time here, as I recall. Just to my right was a stream of water emptying into the sea. As always, I felt so myself and so at peace when I am near the ocean. Any water, really, but particularly the ocean.



This is my favorite photo of myself. It was taken in the British Virgin Islands around 1969/70. We started barboat chartering there with my father Richard Sachs in the late 60s - he would organize people from his Power Squadron and he invited me and whatever boyfriend I was with at the time, my roommate and her boyfriend, and we'd go for 7-10 days. This picture was taken at the end of the day - I always felt so myself on the boat, on the water. Never more than when we made the blue-water crossing from St. Thomas to St. Croix. I really miss sailing.



This was the strip from one of my passport photos. This was a typical 1980s look: big padded shoulders in our jackets, permed hair. I loved that jacket and still regret getting rid of it.



Another picture of me in Australia in 1986 - obviously visiting a koala sanctuary. These were dopey little creatures - by that I mean those eucalyptus leaves must have narcotic properties because they slept most of the time and when they opened their eyes and moved, they certainly appeared stoned.a



Vero Beach, Florida, probably 2002 or 2003. This is the ArtWorks studio on 20th Street. From left to right: Marcy Purdy, Lisa Angel, cj Madigan, Mary Segal, Donna Morris, Eleanor Pearson. Mary was the creative center around which the rest of us revolved. We all met one another through her classes first at the Center for the Arts, later in this studio. I was fortunate enough to share studio space with her for a few years while I was doing my Master's degree at Goddard College, exploring the topic: How do people maintain a creative practice in the midst of a consumer society? Mary and Donna were part of my final project.



This is a page from an art journal I created during this time. The pictures are of Billye Miraglia, an artist from Stuart, Florida on the left, me in the middle, and Mary Ann Brehm, a dancer from Tucson, Arizona and my best friend since first grade. They were both part of my Master's thesis, which culminated in an artist's book titled: *Behind the Studio Door: Writers and Artists Discuss Practical and Profound Aspects of Their Creative Lives*. These were some of the pictures I used in the book.



Here are the 17 handmade artist's books and, on the cabinet to the right, the retail version of the book, albeit still hand-bound and with a hand-crafted cover. [Oh if only blurb had existed then.] I made 17 copies of the artist's books: one for each of the 14 participants, and one for each of my Goddard advisors. Although I got my MA from Goddard in the summer of 2001, this book party, which was hosted by my friend Suzanne Fox in her home, was held in November of 2003. I submitted the manuscript of the book as part of my thesis, but had not yet made the artist's books and was out of energy to do so for some time.



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Sayre High School Class of 1967 40th [!] Reunion, 2007 at O'Brien's Inn, Waverly, NY. From left: Gerard Zeller, Linda Hency, cj Madigan [Carole Sachs], and Gernant Maurer. I enjoyed high school while I was in it and I enjoy returning to "the Valley" for reunions. It's nice to reconnect with these interesting adults who shared our years growing up in a small town as the country was going through significant changes during the 1950s and 60s. As an adult, and to some extent due to social media, I am in touch with people I didn't hang out with in high school.



Judging from my hair color, this was a trip I made back to the Valley either in 2002 for my 35th high school reunion or another trip around 2004. I am with Yuska relatives at the Shepard Hill Country Club in Waverly, NY. From left seated: Mike Yuska, Louise Yuska, back row: Pauline Yuska Wilcox, Jim Lyons, Rita Lyons Tomasso, cj Madigan [Carole Jo Sachs]. SHCC was where the bougeois of the Valley gathered during the 1950s and 60s. It also attracted a number of Jewish members from Elmira because the golf club there excluded Jews.



This was my 2007 trip to Sayre. We are on the porch of the Park Place Inn where I loved to stay. It was originally the home of my friend since first grade Barbara Bolich. She, Mary Ann Brehm, and I were inseparable for years. Behind us is the Church of the Redeemer. Front row from left: Pauline Yuska Wilcox, Isabelle Yuska [widow of George Yuska]. Back row: cj Madigan [Carole Jo Sachs], Jim Lyons, Rita Lyons Tomasso, Nancy Yuska Nau [Isabelle & George's daughter]. As always, we trekked across the bridge to Mangialardo's one night and another had a picnic on the large porch.



Standing with pride and great hope during the inauguration of Barack Obama, January 2009, as he takes his oath of office. From left: one-half of Suzanne Fox, Mary Segan, Bettina Boudrot, cj Madigan, Rita Bernstein. The party was hosted at Mary's fabulous duplex in Roseland; you can see some of her encaustic series of paintings on the wall behind Rita and me.



Suzanne Fox, wearing her "VOTE OBAMA/BIDEN NOV 4TH" t-shirt, cj Madigan, and Mary Segal in Mary's studio attached to her home in Roseland, FL. More of Mary's artwork is behind us.



One of the reasons I bought this house was because of the lush landscaping in front. It separates me from the street and makes me feel like I am tucked inside a jungle.



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Another of my cats, f'Paz, in one of her favorite spots. I think she likes the heat generated by the MacBook Pro. She has a sixth sense that tells her which, of all the papers on my desk, are the ones I'm actually working with. Those are the ones she'll sit on.

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