



SEPTEMBER 2020 ONCJC NEWSLETTER

Our Website: www.oncjc.org

Contact Emails

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Hello ONCJC Members

Welcome to September 2020. As I sit down to write this note to you, I am somewhat at a loss for words. Unbelievable I know. This year has been so difficult to comprehend and so much has been said already that new words and thoughts are not finding their way to my fingers.

I truly hope and pray that you all are staying healthy and happy during our time away. I miss each and every one of you and the greetings that we share each week.

As you know from the previous newsletter, all activities are on hold until further notice. Trust me when I say, this was a difficult decision for the board to make. We were recently informed that the Pittsburgh Area Jitterbug Club has suspended all their activities until 2021 and our friends at Mid-Ohio Valley Shaggers have cancelled this year's dance, but are planning next year's Riverside Party for July 31, 2021, so mark your calendar now.

During this nondance time, please think about those Club members that you used to see on Wednesday nights and if you have not heard from someone recently please send them an e-mail, text, or phone call and just say howdy. I have recently been on our website **ONCJC.org** looking at pictures from our many events over the years. What a nice trip down memory lane. I encourage you all do the same and, again, if you see familiar faces that you have not seen for a while reach out and make contact. Thanks go out to Steve Mayo for arranging a very nice array of pictorial memories.

If you know of a member that has not received a newsletter recently, please ask them to contact Maria at mariamayo@neo.rr.com or me at johneinks@icloud.com to make sure we have the correct e-mail address. Also, if you have changed your name, moved, gotten a new phone number, or changed your e-mail address, please contact us so we can update our records.

If you know of any Club member that is ill, please let me know so we can send them a note or get-well card. Stay safe and healthy until we meet again.

Your, at lost for words President John
330-806-0654 - johneinks@icloud.com

IN THE MEANTIME, . . .

Attention ONCJC Members – If you are interested in dancing on Wednesday nights, during this time when our Club cannot dance, please contact Delbert at 330-697-6966 for details.



2020 Board Members
 Bob Poulson, Delbert Stewart, Jeff Pifer,
 Maria Mago, Verne Friberg, Carol Kyle,
 Bennie Rock, John Inks,
 Cheryl Minnich

DJ Schedule



Schedule is subject to
 change due to
 additional DJ'S &
 vacations

ONCJC DJs – Ed, Mary, Jerry, Lou, Roy, Dave
 THEY MAY FORGET WHAT YOU PLAYED,
 BUT THEY'LL NEVER FORGET HOW YOU MADE THEM FEEL!

2020 ONCJC ACTIVITY SCHEDULE



DATE	ACTIVITY	CHAIRPERSON	LOCATION
<i>All events have been postponed.</i>			
*** 1st Wednesday of each month is BIRTHDAY CAKE & CLUB SHIRT NIGHT			

Happy Birthday September Members

1	Barry G		18	Donald B
1	Shirley W		18	Donald E. H
4	Carolyn H		19	Bob C
8	Ottilia N		20	Joyce S
9	Steve M		23	Frank G
11	Richard B		23	Mary Beth P
11	Dana Z		24	David L. W
13	Bonni B		27	Wendy F
13	David A. J		27	William S
17	AnaMarie D			
17	Mary F			

MEMBERSHIP RENEWALS

Like dancing, the Board has suspended membership renewals. Once dancing begins, all memberships will be extended for the length of time we were unable to dance. Expiration dates on membership cards will not be accurate. There may be some confusion as to when your renewal is due. Please see Jeff Pifer, who will update our master membership roster.

HOW WE USE OUR BODIES TO NAVIGATE A PANDEMIC

By Gia Kourlas March 31, 2020

NEW YORK — One day, before the coronavirus pandemic, a river of pedestrians — half manic, half clueless — was feeding onto the escalator at the West Fourth Street subway station during rush hour. Blocking the escalator entrance were people gazing at their phones. Once they finally stepped on, they planted themselves on the left. It was a mess.

You stand on the right; you pass on the left. This is the choreography of everyday life. I found myself directing people where to stand and when to move. As the bottom half of the escalator started to organize itself, I noticed that something similar was happening toward the top. I recognized the voice up there: It belonged to Ori Flomin, a dancer, teacher and choreographer. We saw each other and giggled. “Of course,” he said, “we are the ones arranging people in space.”

I’ve been thinking a lot about choreography lately. Not the kind performed onstage, which we won’t be seeing for the foreseeable future, but the choreography of space: How are we using our bodies to navigate a pandemic?

In this time of confinement, we have been given one immeasurable gift — the freedom to go outside. In exchange, we must abide by a simple rule: Stay 6 feet away from others. As choreographic intentions go, that’s not remotely vague. Yet during my runs and walks over the past few days, I’ve noticed that 6 feet doesn’t mean the same thing to everybody.

Spatial awareness, like coordination, isn’t a given. Watching the choices people make when they move in public, much less in this time of social distancing, can be shocking, from the much-bemoaned tourist who comes to a grinding halt in Times Square to the woman with a yoga mat knocking people aside to get her spot on the floor. (It’s OK; she’ll still feel good about bowing her head and saying namaste.)

Now the choreography of the streets has taken on higher stakes. It’s the difference between health and sickness, life and death. Inside we’re alone. Outside, a new alertness is in order, one that demands a deep connection to the position and movement of the body — or proprioception, sometimes referred to as the sixth sense. Close your eyes and balance on one foot: However much your proprioception, or sensory information kicks in, it will help you to remain upright. Wobbles and falls are normal, but that means it’s time to work on balance.

That feeling and control of where we are in space is important right now; dancers, through years of training and sensorial alertness, grasp this inherently. If this pandemic is teaching us anything, it is that we need to return to our bodies. Life is precious, and so is movement.

Dance is no longer being shown live on proscenium stages, but its materiality haunts New York City. It might be a friendly ghost. Is the proliferation of dance classes being offered on Instagram a sign that dance might be the kind of medicine our bodies need?

Along with that comes mindfulness, a word that has become too synonymous with self-care. But focusing on the present moment is a necessity. When I’m walking or running — and I’m about to buy a jump rope — I bear witness to a lot of mindlessness. Why is it that the person wearing a mask — practically full ninja, as if about to dispose of radioactive waste — is often the one who heads straight at you? What makes the couple jogging side by side on the Williamsburg Bridge think it’s OK to pass an older man by a matter of inches? What are the runners wearing marathon finisher shirts thinking when they spread across a path for a bro chat, their saliva and sweat misting the air?

Either a new entitled breed has revealed itself or people are showing how oblivious they are to their bodies in space. When you walk outside, you are responsible for more than just yourself. We are in this together, and movement has morals and consequences — its own choreographic score, or set of instructions — in this age of the coronavirus.

Walking or running in the middle of a sidewalk is no longer acceptable. Pick an edge. If passing someone from either direction, make an arc with 6 feet between you — just as soon after you’ve made sure the coast is clear behind you. As for running or walking side by side on a narrow path? You have to be joking. Single file.

If you’re standing in a line, make some space. Feel the floor. Play with gravity. Get to know your feet. Start to recognize that even in stillness, there is movement.

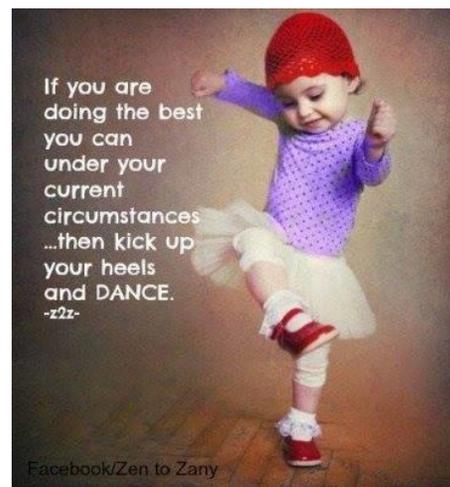
When you look where you’re going, you see things. It used to be that condoms littered the sidewalks; now, the pavement is littered with used disposable gloves. Both objects of protection are of great importance, it seems, until it’s time to find a garbage can. But what we can’t throw away — especially on the street — is the protection and grace of social distancing. The pandemic has created something fascinating: a new way of moving, a new way of dancing in the streets.

It can feel like a game of chicken. Who will be the first to make space? What is the latest swerve or hop to become a step of survival?

One thing seems certain: It will be a while for duets to regain their place in dance culture. (After the world rights itself again, I predict years of solo dances, just as after Sept. 11, choreography was full of dancers gazing upward.) But in real life, duets have cropped up everywhere. Your partner is a stranger; the stage is the sidewalk.

We need to refocus our minds, to get back to basics. Social distancing isn’t just about honoring space; it’s also about celebrating it. An odd thing happened when I was running the other day — my random playlist went to Bach, the same music used in the first section of Paul Taylor’s “Esplanade,” his 1975 masterpiece based on the everyday or found movements. There isn’t one dance step in it, just as there weren’t any in my run. But running, like walking, is moving in time in space. And suddenly it felt like a dance.

In the 1960s, a generation of experimental choreographers was forward-thinking enough to embrace the beauty and wisdom of pedestrian movement: standing, sitting, walking, running. As we find ourselves in a position of cherishing what we’ve always taken for granted, we need to retrain our minds as well as our bodies because right now we’re all dancers, and we need to start acting like it.



This article originally appeared in [The New York Times](#).

CLUB APPAREL AVAILABLE ONLINE

Control and click on the following link: www.embroideryondemand.com/ohio-north-coast-jitterbug

Select an area and start shopping. The ordering format is easy to follow. Items shipped directly to you. Several men and women shirt styles. Sizes XS through 4XL. Men’s tall available in select shirts. Sizing charts listed where available. Caps, totes, shoe bags, jackets and other items also available.

All items embroidered with ONCJC red, white and blue club logo. Club Logo will be embroidered on left side of shirt. Larger version of ONCJC logo available for back of jackets and certain shirts.

Items are non-refundable once logo is applied. Any questions can be directed to Sharon at 636-343-5309.

ALL SALES FINAL!

If the mountain seems too big today,
Then climb a hill instead.
If the morning brings you sadness,
It's okay to stay in bed.
If the day ahead weighs heavy
And your plans feel like a curse,
There's no shame in re-arranging,
Don't make yourself feel worse.
If a shower stings like needles
And a bath feels like you'll drown,
If you haven't washed your hair for days,
Don't throw away your crown!
A day is not a lifetime,
A rest is not defeat.
Don't think of it as failure,
Just a quiet, kind retreat.
It's okay to take a moment
From an anxious, fractured mind.
The world will not stop turning
While you get realigned.
The mountain will still be there
When you want to try again,
So climb it in your own time
...and love yourself 'til then.

