BLUE DOOR QUARTERLY

JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND ART

$10

VOLUME 1.2 WINTER 2015 / ON THE FRINGE: BEING DIFFERENT

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JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND ART

Fine art, poetry, nonfiction, fiction, photography

VOLUME 1.2 WINTER 2015

ON THE FRINGE / BEING DIFFERENT

BLUE DOOR QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE & ART

A Project of the Blue Door Art Center

cover:
SHH! painting by Sandra Wright

ArtSpeak Writing Workshop with Poet-in-Residence, Golda Solomon

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A Project of the Blue Door Art Center
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Corrections
The photo titled "Murder Gardens" (p. 30) in our inaugural issue was attributed to Rachel McCain.
The correct photographer is Ken Davis.
The artist for the collage "Journey East" (p. 36) is Lynne Friedman.
Although Vinny Lanni is listed as a contributor in the inaugural issue, his poem "Spilled Ink" was not included.
It is included in this issue.
Tiffany Cudjoe is also listed as a contributor in the inaugural issue. Her work was not included.

ABOUT ON THE FRINGE /BEING DIFFERENT

For the theme **On the Fringe / Being Different,** we selected work that embraced the outskirts of undefinable differences. We wanted to see artists with a perspective far beyond the obvious—pieces that reflected one's will to no longer, and never want to conform.

Too often, being different means to be put in a proverbial box. There are confining phrases and associations, restrictions and judgments. Sometimes, the concept of uniqueness is shunned and often, regularity is forced, like the blunt blade of a kitchen knife cutting through a tender tomato.

But being on the fringe is altered thinking. It is observing the spectrum of colors in vivid and garish hues. It is stringing words together to create resonant sentences about the mundane. And being different is all about perception: the eyes cannot categorize what they see.

In short: It isn't all relative.

Do not toe the line. The kaleidoscope is yours.

-Rachel McCain, Editor in Chief

ABOUT THE EDITORS

Editor-in-Chief: Rachel McCain

rachelmccain.net | www.westchesternoir.com

Rachel McCain received her MFA in creative nonfiction writing from Sarah Lawrence College in May, 2014. She has previously served as an editor for Home Town Media Group, a community newspaper chain in Westchester County, and has written for various publications including *The Source Magazine* and *Ploughshares*. Currently, she is a professor in the Humanities Department at SUNY Purchase College and is also a Purchase Writers Center Fellow for 2014-2015. McCain is also the founder of the *Westchester Noir* photography project and is an art director of a summer camp.

Associate Editor: Golda Solomon

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Golda Soloman is a professor of Speech, Communication and Theatre Arts, poet, spoken word artist. "Words are my instrument." As Poet-in-Residence, Blue Door Gallery, Golda created and facilitates *ArtSpeak:* ekphrastic writing workshops and hosts *From Page to Performance,* a reading series, both funded, in part, by *Poets & Writers*. Solomon hosts *Po'Jazz on Hudson* (Poetry in Partnership with Jazz). Mentor to emerging writers, Solomon is a facilitator in the Brenda Conner Bey, Learning to See, Legacy Writing Workshops, Greenburgh, NY. She is a founding member of the Jazz & Poetry Choir Collective. Her most recent poetry collection is *Medicine Woman of Jazz* (World Audience Publishers).

Photo Editor: Luis Perelman

www.luisperelman.com

Since 2002, Luis has been the Founder and Director of The Blue Door Artist Association and Co-Director of Blue Door Art Center. He has organized and curated exhibitions both at Blue Door Gallery and at venues across the country, and initiated many public art installations through Yonkers. Luis co-authored two historical books: *Yonkers Then & Now* and *Images of Yonkers*.

Design Editor: Arlé Sklar Weinstein

www.fiberfoto.com

In addition to Arlé's role as Gallery Director and Co-Director of BDAC, she has served as Designer and Editor, publishing *Sacred Visions, Out of Africa, Fiber Plus, Art & the Human Form, Double Exposure,* and, most recently, *Visionaries: Seers of the Soul*. For ArtSpeak poetry chap books: Co-Edited with Golda Solomon, *Narratives x 4, Time & Tide,* and *New Weaves*. Arlé has recently authored *Lest We Forget, Holocaust in Art* (2014), *Through The Layers: The Photomontages,* 1997-2012 (2013), a 98-page book with photographs and descriptions of techniques and inspirations. Her TV interview with host GG Kopilak can be seen at http://pctv76.org/show.php?epid=598.

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The mirror

i remember
when the mirror crashed the floor
my spirit fell through
i was alone
20 & broken

the pieces of mirror
surrounded me
reflecting only fractured parts.

ROSIE HERTLEIN

COSMOS OF THE SQUINTING EYE CANVAS, BICYCLE RIM, ROPE

Worlds apart?
(With love and admiration)

No, I didn't understand English
But I understood
Strength
Warmth
The clarity of her voice
The rhythm of the strummed guitar cords,
so deep it changed your heartbeat.

No, I didn't understand the sexual innuendos of her lyrics
But I felt it
I used to say, "the blues tastes salty"

She was Lizzie Douglas
She never liked that name Lizzie,
So her family called her Kid
at Columbia Records
they gave her the name
Memphis Minnie

No
for most of my life
I didn't know the importance and
impact of her artistry in the world
But she sure got me.
I was seven or eight and sang along:
"Won't you be my chauffer, won't you be my chauffer,
I want you to drive me, I want you to drive me downtown…"
Not knowing what it meant
But the deeper meaning of her music, her sound was inescapable.
Memphis Minnie became my hero.
No, before I knew her,
I didn't know that women could be
artistic, strong, and beautiful.
Her existence took me out of my world
in which I was told daily
What women cannot do.
And maybe my spirit was never broken,
because I knew about her.

No, I never knew about all the hardship
she had to endure in her life.
But when I read in a blues magazine that she was ill,
sitting in a wheelchair and
wanted to hear from her friends in the world,
I wrote her a heartfelt letter.
By than, I was thirteen,
My school English barley sufficient,
But I was not ashamed
It was too important to let her know
what she meant to me.

No, she never got my letter
She passed away a week before it arrived.
I know, because her sister
Ms Daisy Johnson of Memphis, Tennessee
wrote to me:

Dear Rosi,
Sitting, reading your letter lets me know that
you is a real fan of my sister Memphis Minnie,
but sorry to tell you that she pass away August 6th 1973.

No, I never responded
My parents didn't allow it
It scared them that this Negro music had such a hold on me and
They cancelled the subscription to my blues magazine.
No, nobody got the blues out of me.
Nor the wisdom and knowledge that came along with it.

January 19, 2015

The birch tree in the gardens fights against winter's wrath
Unasked for palette of rage
Brown white bark- chapped hands rough peeling
Pieces drop like worn pages of the oft read good book
Words and text ignored
There is no mercy in this ugly season
A few windswept bare brances arc, sway with story
Strong trunk resilient still a-climbing towards a chilled sky
Nubs where transluscent leaves birthed in spring
Where innocent children played
Their laughter grren with warm promise
The river is close
Don't be fooled by currents that flow north and south with indicision
A low sun teases a crystal stairs reflection on black water
I say a silent prayer for Martin Luther Ling
He marched for all our children

Spilled Ink

It's the
unorganized
mess
and
unusual
appearance
blotted all over
perfectly lined
paper
that makes
black ink's
permanent
and
dark existence
its own
distinct kind of beauty
its mistake
of being
spilled over
and
splashed
across the table
will push it to
adapt and live
in a new environment
while forcing it to
tap into
its true
inner beauty

the type of beauty
an artist could never
perfectly rearrange
on his eyes

WELFARE DIET PHOTOGRAPH

It could say Now Ate R / NOR AINBOWS
(No Water, No Rainbows)

Walking
among so many others

the activist

a stalwart of goodness
carries a cardboard sign
shaped like waves and painted blue

It says NOWATER
NORAINBOWS

One-of-a-kind
"flowey" handwriting
an original calligraphy
runs together

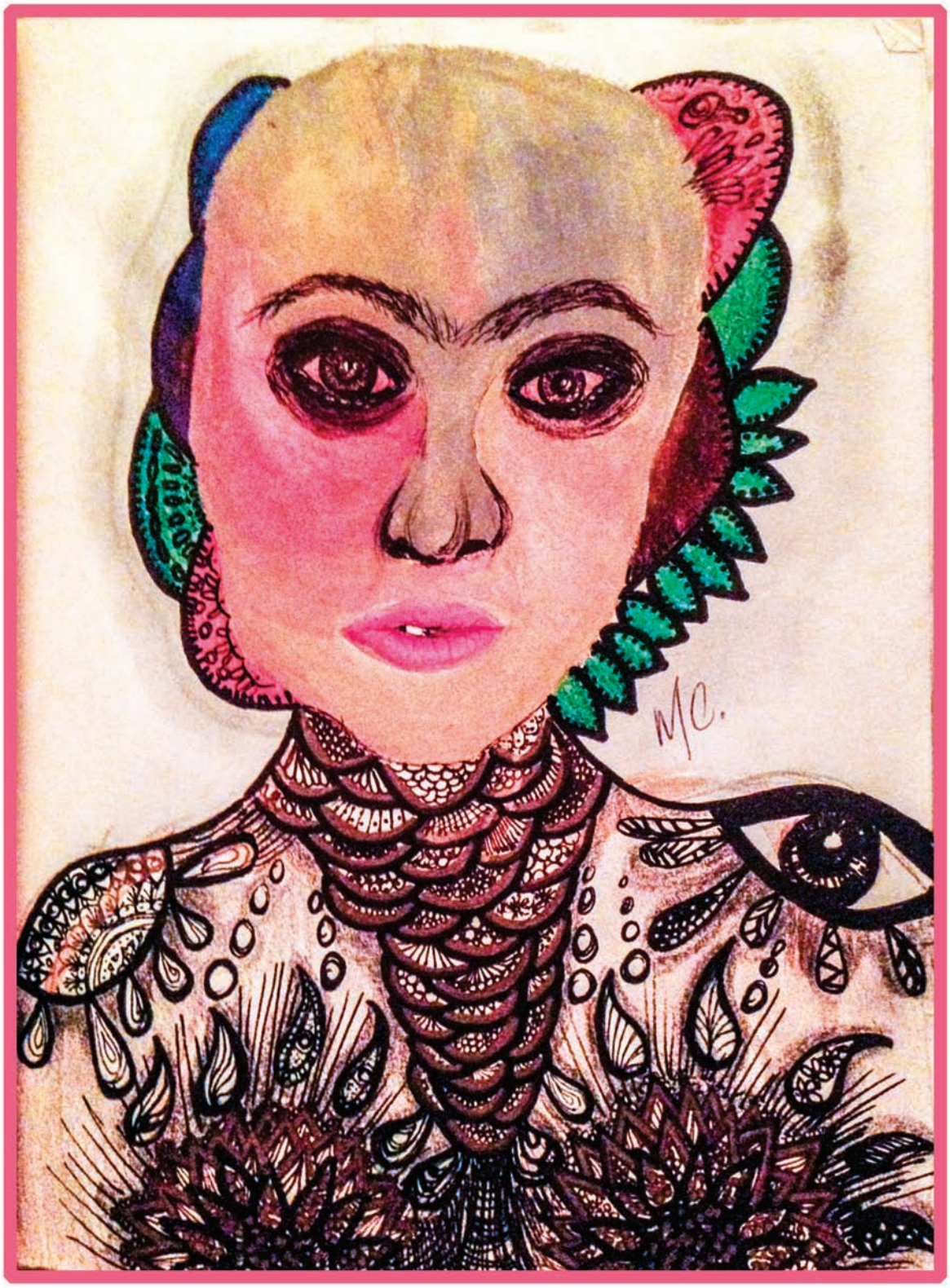
Her bag
though ragged--
is a knitted tapestry of every

color

Carried into the daylight
its threads absorb the
full spectrum
returned from before

when they were
absorbed
into black
and alone
as you are
in your houses
worrying

MARELY CORNIEL



UNTITLED 1 MIXED MEDIA PAINTING

My Bag

For Psychosis Sequence R

(Mental illness is a thief. It is a thief that steals promise. That is, until you pull sequence R out of your bag and cheat the thief out of his spoils.)

Schizophrenia is a sneak. You are aware intermittently of what you pass through. But when you are there, it is real.

It is not a multiple personality disorder. It is hearing voices that dictate poetry and school you. It is the belief that minds can converse, though it is not socially acceptable. It is thinking you can slow walk a popular musician to the altar and acting on it. It is fuchsias and iridescent purples screaming yellow and orange, one day. And then, it's every hue of blue on the spectrum. It is often the barest trees in winter in a black and white photo. It is stark and foreboding. It is always embarrassing when you come to reality and know how far out on a limb you were.

It is a suicidal low for days on end and the highest manic state later on. I lived and still live with distortions, delusions, extreme paranoia and people talking to me who aren't there.

In my years of living with my spectrum, I have had many disappointments.

A great part of dealing with a mental illness is the disappointment that comes at every turn. First, it disrupts your life and some of us never get back on track. It is a very hard thing to accept.

But you have a whole bag of tricks to get you through. And I am a rather refined bag lady. It is somewhat akin to the rather large mustard colored, faux leather alligator bag I carry. I just get out the sequence R, reinvent myself and begin again. It's always in the side pocket, right next to the orange lipstick and the cell phone.

Witnesses to a Child Abduction

What happened? A world
of baseness, sadness.
Describe what you saw.
A satellite in the void
quietly sliding down
against the passenger window
abject in understanding
that another human being
was taking her out
beyond the boundaries
of solar winds, termination shock.
And? Gravity
clodded our feet.
Anything else you remember
about the day? The sun
was angry, like it
had something against
this little planet
fortunate enough
to sustain life.

ANOTHAI HANSEN

SPIRIT DOLL DETAIL

Morning Ritual

Each day, more of my father
glares at me from the mirror
with a scowl on my face.
All I've shunned, I've become.
Some days I smash the mirror,
each crack a scar or wrinkle,
wishes unfulfilled yet undiminished.
There is a medicine chest full of anger.
On other days I am compassionate,
forgiving everybody everything,
but not myself, for anything.
As the man in the mirror says:
"When God gave out brains,
you must've been in the bathroom."

SHEILA PERELMAN

THE RUNWAY COLLAGE

UNTITLED 2

Solstice / Dawn

Now where
The light begins to rebirth itself
We unearth our atrocities.
The Mothers can scarcely comprehend
How a small pit of refuse, ash, bone
Could represent so many missing children.
That sharp open throated cry
Slicing the murmured grief and anger –
Is it woman or rooster?
Will it fly unerring as Gandiva's arrow
Straight to the mark?
Pierce the sun's Heart?
Will the new light shed mercy
And we sinking to our knees
Melt?

The Long Way Home

For months, for most of fifth grade,
I followed Janet Kapche home,
blocks out of my way,
always a half-block behind.
I grew bolder, followed more closely:
ten, five, three houses away.
If she turned her head, ponytail swinging,
I'd stumble behind bushes, duck into gangways.
I wanted her to see me, to catch me lurking;
heart pounding, I waited for the day.
When it arrived, I was struck dumb.
She turned, laughed, clicked her front door shut.
I never walked that way again.

BRIAN ALLAN SKINNER

IT IS ALWAYS MONDAY PHOTOGRAPH

Shaman Drummer

plugged
in
to
the
Vitruvian
matrix
of
myriad
traditions
the
drummer
works
the
well
of
our
Essence

with the pump of his left foot
Vibration wills the stream of Kundalini
to surge through the grained grid of the floorboards
up through the squared circle of your bar stool
up and through the core of your spine
all the way up through the top of your head
and back around again
to rejoin the Source

that is,
if you so choose
to accept
that a healing man of sight
can
twine
and
untwine
horizontal and vertical
lines
of light
to cross and spark
at will
by completely removing himself from the equation

be forewarned:
at key junctures during the course of an evening
this Shaman's eyelids may fly open fiercely
hold your gaze unrelentingly
and
with
just
the
right~timed
kind of delicate~force~fantastic
lay wood
to rest
against metal with
a karate chop of angled precision
that divines
purity of sound

purity of sound and an essence of movement he directs geometrically
through a wall of bricks
and into the spaciousness of your body cavity
where you may or may not
be pleased to find
that he's got all ten fingers wrapped firmly
around
your
spleen

CHELSEA RAIGO

WHITE IN BLACK PAINTING

Small

The smallest in the family
In an apartment full of big noise
The only Latina in her Chinatown school

Play with congis,
Even eat dried squid
Show that you are the same.

They still called you white girl
Which felt bad
But they called your sister black girl
Which was worse somehow

We foolishly believed we should stay small
Like tributaries to a river
Flowing toward something bigger

Santa Monica Mountains

Backdrop clusters of palm trees

Next to the bridge

Where traffic ensues

As pelicans dive headfirst

Into the murky lagoon below

Oblivious to the pollution

MATTHEW TUROV

PIECES OF PSYCHE PAINTING

A Song Amidst the Noise

Several weeks before the 2007 Kenyan election ended in riots, the holiday season was in full swing as I boarded a plane in New York City that was heading to Nairobi.

The first surgery I witnessed as a medical photographer for Operation Smile was for a child twice as old as his malnourished size indicated. He had been born with a cleft lip and smiled at anyone who looked his way. When he was happy his lips split in different directions practically swallowing him but creating a greater cavity from which to release his laughter.

My duties required me to take medical photos of the patients before and after the surgery and while they were on the operating table but I found myself overwhelmed with the desire to stay in the operating room as much as possible. The 15 professionals performing two concurrent surgeries just a few feet from one another had the operations running with the flawless precision of a Busby Berkeley choreographed medical wonder.

The room had hit capacity with brilliant, handsome, funny surgeons and anesthesiologists changing the futures of children left and right. Any single woman would have found it difficult not to develop a crush on one of them as they were closing holes and suturing voids in boys and girls who deserved to have nothing but a “complete” everything in life. Yet, the person who stole my heart was a 10 year old girl who when she smiled raised her eyebrows, twice.

Several people thought Caroline was mute since no one had heard her speak. Her auntie answered all questions during the interviewing process and the prep for surgery. As someone who values her alone time I found her silence both familiar and comfortable to be around. She had two surgeries on her foot, which required her to be at the hospital the entire week we were there. During this time she became my touchstone. Each morning before going to the OR and every evening, at the risk of missing the ever elusive bus to the hotel, I would go to Recovery to get my smile followed by two eyebrow raises.

I needed those smiles to get me through the time away from the hospital. They were two separate worlds. The hospital was brimming with wide eyed children filled with laughter and the hotel mood was tense with signs posted notifying passersbys that hooting to intimidate and threaten was illegal. Both worlds had their share of tears and heartache but the hospital and Caroline were pure optimism and a relief. When I returned to the hotel mentally and physically exhausted in the evenings, venturing downstairs to the bar was the only option. Especially considering the two times I had attempted to leave the grounds I had been met with naysayers and large cutlery. The first time, in broad daylight at the hotel gate, a guard carrying a machete, informed me I should not be walking around in anything less than a group of three, even while on the grounds. The following evening I joined a group of 4 male doctors as they went to dinner around the corner. As we traveled the 50 feet from the restaurant door back to our hotel gate we walked straight into a group of 20 men with machetes as they hooted in the street. The hotel bar would be my nightly refuge.

Not a sanctuary from sound really as the volume on the television at the bar would go from an almost avoidable level 12 to a deafening level 29 the moment the news started. It wasn't until the latest coverage on the upcoming election was reported that the locals would approach the bar, at times cheering with clenched fists. I had no idea what they were saying, in fact, the only new word I had learned on the trip was my name, and that was something Caroline taught me.

It happened after her first surgery, when she was resting on a gurney with a hole in her foot the size of a golf ball. So silent if she hadn't used my hand to wipe away her tears I might have thought she was sleeping. I asked her if she wanted anything before I left and she stroked my hand and spoke to her auntie in Swahili. Caroline looked at my surgical cap, smiled, and raised her eyebrows, twice. Her aunt informed me Caroline wanted me to take my hair down. Which I did, pleased most of all that she was speaking. For the next 5 minutes I sat on her bed as she stroked my hair. We were all silent for a while and then her auntie told me my hair was so soft and they had never seen anything like it before. Neither had I, a 10-year-old girl so thin I had easily carried her around the hospital had just awoken from a 3-hour surgery, where one third of her foot was removed, and she was stroking my hair and smiling. Her auntie asked me my name and

A Song Amidst the Noise (continued)

when I said Leah she turned and spoke quietly to Caroline. With a smile on her face Caroline raised her eyebrows twice and put a hand over her mouth as she giggled. Her auntie smiled as well and informed me, "Your name means 'to cry' in Swahili." From then on whenever I stopped to visit they said my name with grins and great affection.

Later when I had a chance to google the Swahili meaning of Lia I smiled, without raising my eyebrows, and saw there at the end of a list that included to cry, to weep, have despair, or lose hope was the definition that fit: To sing. And my heart did.

THE END

MATTHEW TUROV

NEWBORN ADULT PAINTING

ROSIE HERTLEIN

THE SUNDOG SERIES: UNRAVELING CANVAS, BICYCLE RIM, ROPE

Cull the Extremes

Waves upon waves of tenderness
permeated the edge of eternity. My
secrets were stretched across the sliver of morning moon.
Rainy day before the children rise
and the pulse inside me is a bird who
can't find a place to land.
It is the heat and the dread, tangible
as death – and it is the dance on old,
infertile ground that helps the butterfly along.
But I am past freedom, immune to invention.
I am a sun-scorched park that has no shade.
I take the spider out of my mouth. I shape a skull with stiff fingers.

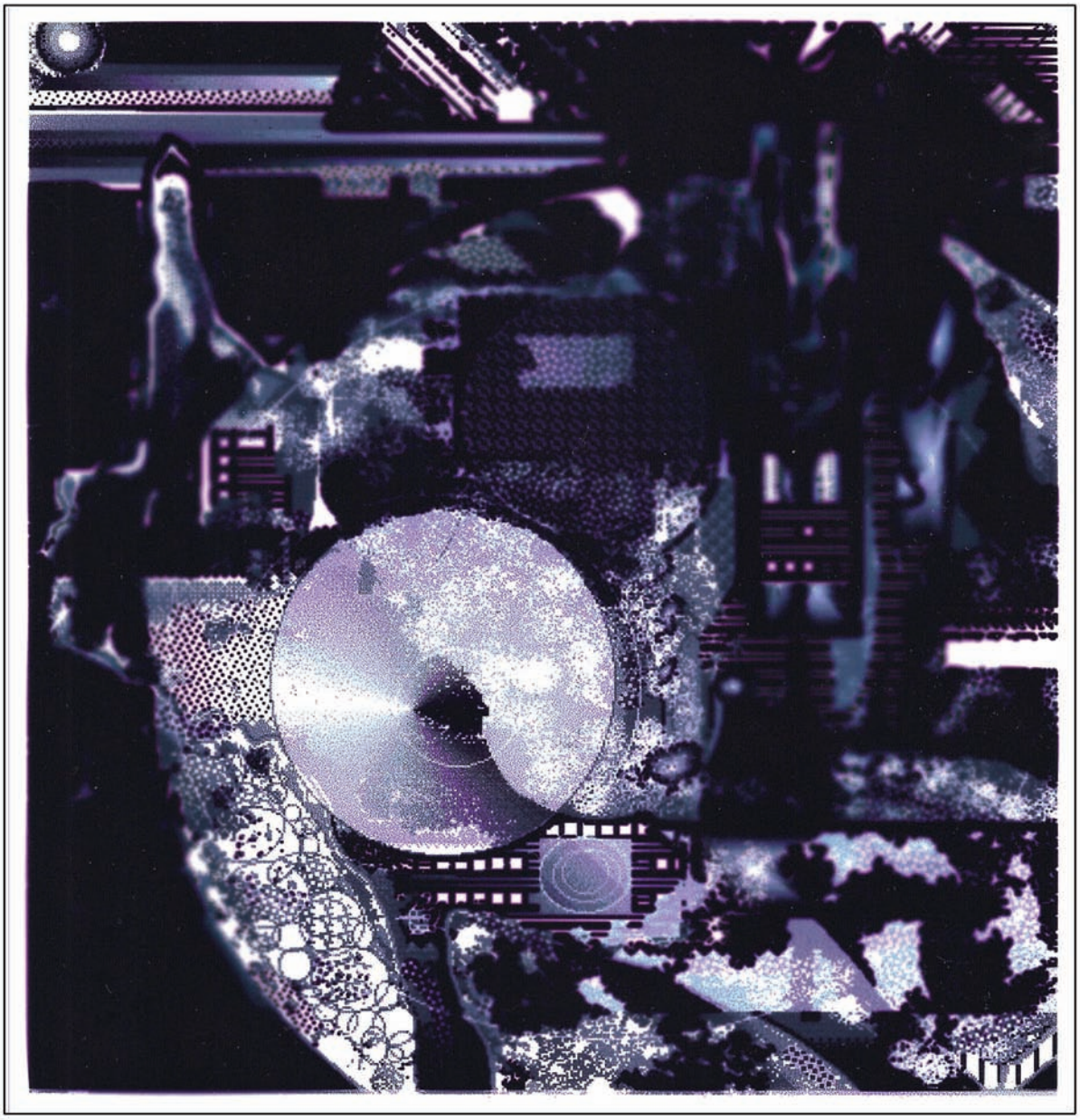
POINT OF VIEW

Angling off runway into full moon
still sky-sailing at sunrise,
pale silver shimmer
refigures glints off golden ponds sequestered
among spent-green sponge ball trees
whisper-touched by autumnal messages, miniatured
thrusting to eighteen hundred feet.

Bridging the Hudson, shadow shapes,
feathering mists hover-cling lakes, river trails
far below.

Dawning sun chases flight hours into Chicago's morning haze.

ARLÉ SKLAR WEINSTEIN



POINT OF VIEW DIGITAL DRAWING

SHEILA PERELMAN

MAN IN A JAR COLLAGE

epithet

With your ear to the tomb,
you might hear the dreams
or the screams
of the freshly exhumed.

In Imitation of Ou Yang Hsiu

I watch a girl with golden hair
swing down the street,
but we will never meet.
I'm too old for that.
Still, the flesh stirs,
as a blossom stirs,
but the unfolding is too long.
I stare at the trees,
as they lose their leaves.
My brain spins like a needle
in a groove. I can't make
the past come back.
There are many things
I've long forgotten.
Winter arrives too soon.
I look at falling leaves,
and find the apples rotten.

SHEILA PERELMAN

THE SPLIT COLLAGE

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BDAC HOSTS COMMUNITY EXHIBITIONS, EVENTS AND PERFORMANCES AT BDG

GIRL'S INC HAS A FAREWELL OPEN MIC FOR PHYLISHA VILLANUEVA

BDAC partners with GREYSTON
to create the
CHILDREN'S MURAL PROJECT
with Mexican-born Yonkers Mural Artist,
Emilio Barrioz and the After School program
of the Greyston ChildCare Center.

OUR STATE SENATOR, THE HONORABLE ANDREA STEWART-COUSINS. CONGRATULATES THE CHILDREN ON THEIR IMPORTANT ACHIEVEMENT.

ASHLEY BRUNO, OUTREACH COORDINATOR, WELCOMES THE COMMUNITY, INTRODUCING EMILIO, PARENTS, STAFF AND THE YOUNG ARTISTS AT GREYSTON'S UNVEILING CEREMONY.

CHRYSILIS CONSORT, A CHAMBER CHORAL ENSEMBLE RECITAL AT BDG. BENJAMIN NIEMCZYK, DIRECTOR

MICHAEL T.A. THOMPSON SETS UP TO LEAD A PO"JAZZ PERFORMANCE AT BDG

BLUE DOOR ARTIST ASSOCIATION

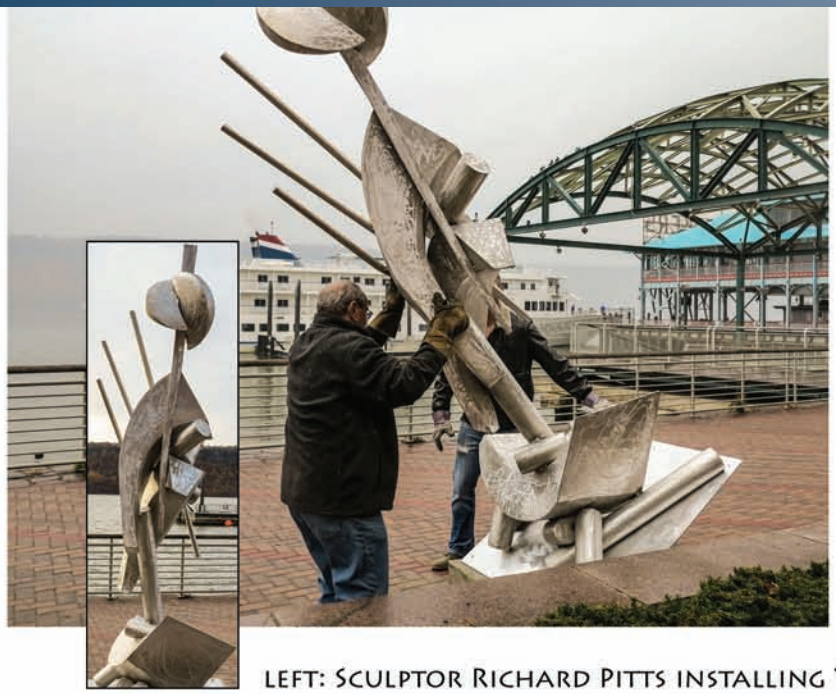
The Blue Door artist association

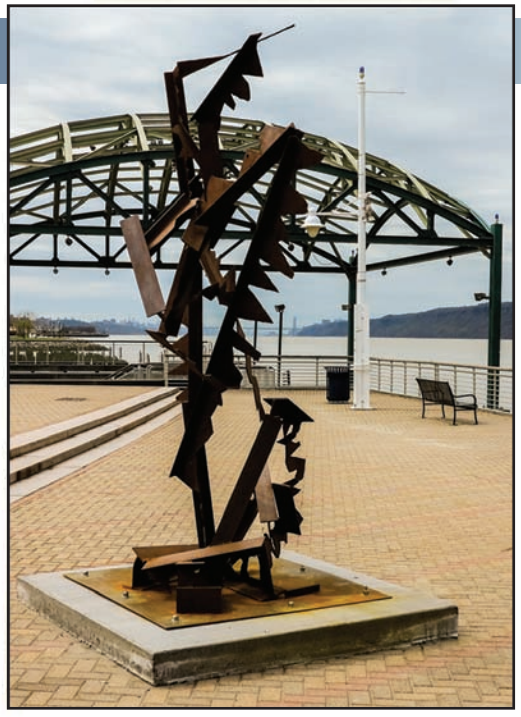
The Blue Door Artist Association started as a membership organization in 2001 with a exhibition of ceramic art at Philipse Manor Hall. Since then, the Association has organized numerous exhibitions in the Yonkers Public Libraries and other venues throughout Westchester County.

BDAA also supports its Artist Members with an online portfolio of their work, offers discounts on all BDAC activities and enables members to participate in members-only exhibitions.

JEAN MESSNER ACCEPTING HER FIRST PLACE AWARD AT THE BDG OPENING RECEPTION.

FIND OUR MEMBERS PORTFOLIOS ONLINE
WWW.BLUEDOORARTCENTER.ORG





LEFT: SCULPTOR RICHARD PITTS INSTALLING "QUIXOTIC"
RIGHT: MICHAEL POAST'S WATER MUSIC

BDAA has initiated a number of **Public Art Projects** including installation of sculpture at City Hall Park and along the waterfront.

We have commissioned artists to decorate planters and receptacles in Downtown and South-West Yonkers,and have commissioned the creation of a large mural on South Broadway.

SHELLEY PARRIOTT

FRANCE GARRIDO'S GETTY SQ. PLANT

BDAA OFFERS ADULT AND CHILDREN'S CLASSES AT BD GALLERY

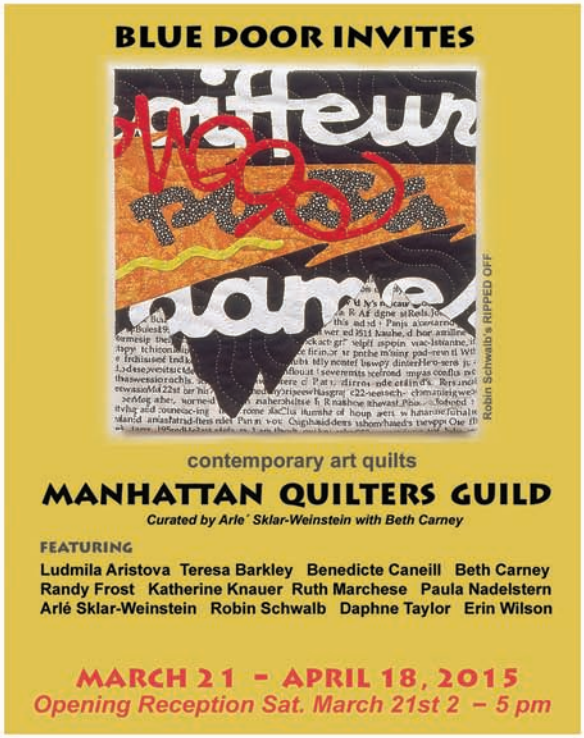
SOLO ARTIST, SATISH JOSHI MENTORS VISITING HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

LEFT ABOVE: WRITING ZION: WORDS & PICTURES
LEFT: ANN TADASCO TEACHES CALLIGRAPHY
RIGHT: HANDS ON WITH CLAY

ART EXHIBITIONS : REGIONAL / NATIONAL / INTERNATIONAL

INTERACTIVE PERFORMANCE
BY MARCY FREEMAN WITH BDAC'S
ONLINE STORE MANAGER,
KAREN WYKS-LINDSAY

FILMS ABOUT ART & ARTISTS
AT GALLERY EVERY 3RD THURSDAY
DOORS OPEN 6:30 FILM AT 7 PM



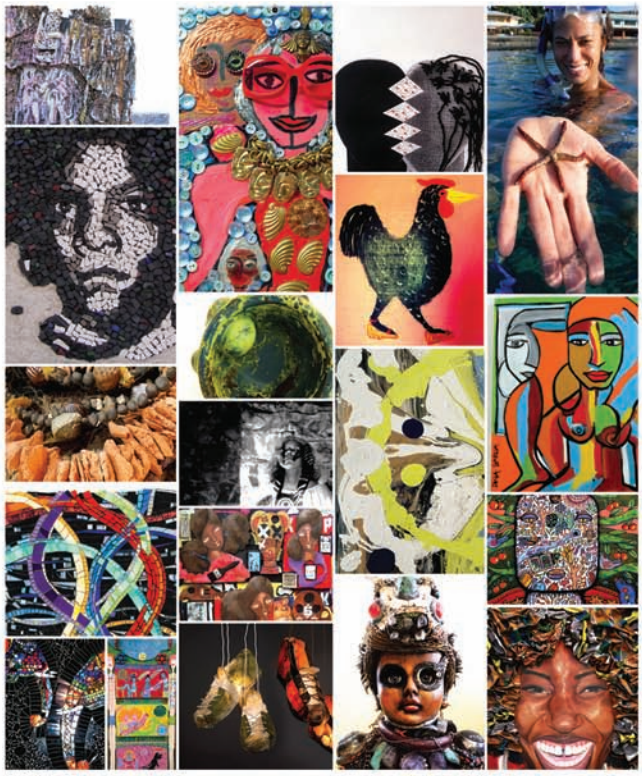
POPUP COMMUNITY GALLERY @ BDG

GALLERY MGR.
ROBIN
HUTCHINSON

ASTREL

SPUN IN THE SAND PAINTINGS FROM **HAITI**
ASHLEY BRUNO, OUTREACH COORDINATOR

HAPPENINGS AT THE BLUE DOOR GALLERY



SHELITA BIRCHETT BENASH, CURATOR

SHELITA WITH OOB ARTISTS, & RECEPTION VISITORS

DIRECTOR ARLÉ SKLAR-WEINSTEIN AND SHELITA

ARTSPEAK

POET IN RESIDENCE, GOLDA SOLOMON

PO'JAZZ PERFORMANCE

ROSI HERTLEIN, PHYLISHA VILLANUEVA, LARRY ROLAND, E.J. ANTONIA

BLUE DOOR KIDS HANDS ON WORKSHOPS

BDK: ORNAMENTS WORKSHOP

PHYLISHA VILLANUEVA, FACILITATOR

SHOW & TELL

LILY SCHOR, CLAY DEMONSTRATION

BLUE DOOR QUARTERLY

JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND ART

BLUE DOOR

Next Issue: Volume 1.3 Spring / Summer 2015

ENDINGS AND BEGINNINGS

Fine art, poetry, nonfiction, fiction, photography

Submissions accepted beginning now through

June 15, 2015

Please send your submissions to
BlueDoorJournal@gmail.com

SUBMISSION REQUIREMENTS

- Three (3) submissions per artist
- Word count limit for fiction worl: 2,000. 12pt Times New Roman
- Hi-Res images at 300dpi with 8" on longest side
- Simultaneous submissions accepted
- Include a short bio (75 words)
- In addition, please include 2-3 sentences about how submission relates to theme.

We accept the following formats: PDF, DOC, DOCX, PNG, JPG.

Please send all submissions to: BlueDoorJournal@gmail.com
Include the appropriate category of your submission in the subject line. Additionally, please include your name, phone number and other methods of contact. If your work submitted to the Journal becomes published elsewhere, please notify us immediately.

FOR MORE INFORMATION,
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Blue Door Art Center is grateful to Arts Westchester for awarding us a Yonkers Cultural Initiative Grant, that has enabled us to launch this Blue Door Quarterly Publication. We are appreciative of their ongoing support and encouragement of our mission to enhance the quality of life in our community.

Golda Solomon, Associate Editor

Rachel McCain, Editor-in-Chief

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This event was funded in part by Poets&Writers, Inc. with funds from New York State Council on the arts, a state agency.
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