

**BLUE DOOR**

# QUARTERLY

**JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND ART**

**\$8**



**VOLUME 1.1 FALL 2014 / COMMUNITY**

**BLUE DOOR**

# **QUARTERLY**

**JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND ART**

Fine art, poetry, nonfiction, fiction, photography

**VOLUME 1.1      COMMUNITY**

**BLUE DOOR**  **QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE & ART**  
A Project of the Blue Door Art Center

On the cover:

*Urban Decay No. 99*, photograph by Rachel McCain  
originally published in *Dark Phrases*, a literary magazine  
published by Sara Lawrence College.



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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# ABOUT THE INAUGURAL ISSUE

## ABOUT COMMUNITY

The notion of community is broad.

Community can mean many things to different people: one's home, workplace or school. The neighborhood one currently lives in or grew up in: The now-demolished Mulford Gardens or the "tree streets." Up in the "Nanny Goat Hill" or down in the newly developed "SoYo" community along the muddy Hudson River. Community can mean a group of writers or artists who support one another's craft and provide a sense of home and comfort. Community can mean how someone holds onto his or her native tongue, cultural identity. Tightly clenched memories of begotten, better days can mean community to some. Community can mean what the eyes see—or don't see—each morning on the way to work and school: expansive manicured lawns or small squares of balding brown grass. Community can mean a lack thereof: what *isn't* there for its people who reside in and out of the interwoven streets—in homes or without homes at all.

Blue Door Journal's interpretation of community was expansive and abstract. We wanted to see where you call "home" –what your eyes see, your thoughts vividly on the page. Because ultimately, a community is what *you* make it.

-Rachel McCain

Editor-in-Chief

# ABOUT THE EDITORS

## EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: Rachel McCain

[rachelmccain.net](http://rachelmccain.net) | [www.westchesternoir.com](http://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](http://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 exhibition both at Blue Door Gallery and at venues throughout Westchester County, and initiated many public art installations through Yonkers. Luis collected photographs and co-authored two historical books: *YONKERS THEN & NOW* and *IMAGES OF YONKERS*.

## DESIGN EDITOR: Arlé Sklar Weinstein

[www.fiberfoto.com](http://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), [www.blurb.com/b/512973-lest-we-forget](http://www.blurb.com/b/512973-lest-we-forget), *THROUGH the LAYERS: The Photomontages, 1997-2012* (2013), a 98-page book with photographs and descriptions of techniques and inspirations, [www.blurb.com/b/4252371-through-the-layers.4](http://www.blurb.com/b/4252371-through-the-layers.4). Her TV interview with host GG Kopilak can be seen at <http://pctv76.org/show.php?epid=598>.

## **i collect neighborhoods**

inwood on hudson 1968-1970

irish fight blacks fight dominicans fight boys scent of manhood in fists hidden weapons  
open rage cheering squad of girls tarnished hoop earrings tight short skirts academy  
off dyckman where vermilyea place spills red after 8th period

home economics class girls cook and sew shop classes teach how to safely use a  
hammer and make wooden tie racks for fathers absent fathers stepfathers no fathers  
live-in uncles boys almost men vocation choices policeman fire fighter mickey d  
manager if they make it past 4<sup>th</sup> period lunch reserved tables surf and turf meals  
steam up tempers

after school snacks bloodied noses toke of a smoke track practice sprinting away  
from shops local precinct called scared storefront owners holdouts when inwood  
spoke german sanctuary from the battles tuesdays and fridays off exit 3 stairway  
behind auditorium don't want to fight feign a lisp speech improvement teacher in  
burn-out offers a place to hide conversation sibilants hissed in medial positions

## blues in c minor

for so many years i could play the charade  
all I had to do was remake myself  
i had to become sealia instead of celia  
and be able to say three instead of tree  
i had to tell the kids on the block that my  
mother  
was a housewife and not an artist  
and god forbid  
i couldn't tell them that I was from  
somewhere south of the border  
you know  
those wild places where wetback breed

traded long hair parted on the side  
for shoulder length and layered  
traded cotton  
for nylon and polyester  
traded passion for books and intense talks  
for television and the mute stare of keg  
parties  
i would've done just about anything to feel  
real in this world where I didn't belong  
but the lyrics just didn't speak to me  
the three of us we each rebelled in our own  
way

i sought the refuge of my soul  
found my own percussion and rhythm born  
of *pampas*, martha graham, tangos, joan  
baez, *asados*, '59 mustangs, el tigre,  
beethoven's 9<sup>th</sup> with bow and resin, *palermo*  
and *callao*, bike riding with tara, mercedes  
sosa, mrs. kari first position plie, *mates y*  
*sobremesas en noches porteñas*, allman  
brothers, *cafecitos y vinachos*

you went back to where we left to  
*almacenes y boliches* to the dusty roads

of our past lingering hesitantly on distant  
shores

*el rio de la plata y la boca* beckoned you  
home

you went to brooklyn where the sabbath  
starts at sundown and the *quena* and  
*charango* linger softly on the lampshades  
white linen starched on the clothesline above  
the navy yard  
it always leaves a grey film,  
no amount of washing will take it out

but we've run out of songs, lp's, cassettes,  
cd's none of them work now even the lyrics  
we'd rewritten, the ones we carved out of  
stone to reclaim ourselves the ones that  
bring us back *cuando comíamos helados*  
*con la abuela julia y te acordás*  
*cuando te llevaste el dinero de delia y*  
*compraste alfajores para todos y maria*  
*elena walsh cuando nos cantaba de la vaca*  
*y manuelita?*  
none of them work now

i wear my hair long parted on the side I love  
cotton  
passionate about books and intense talks  
i'm celia I don't correct mom when she says  
it's "it's tree o'clock"

but none of them work now for the darkest  
of grieves knocks at our doors

I will reach into the deepest corners of the  
night  
i will not leave without our songs to mark  
the passing of our lives

## NOTES:

*pampas*—Argentine plains

*asados*—Argentine barbecue

*palermo* — (neighborhood in Buenos Aires, Argentina)

*callao*— (street in Buenos Aires, Argentina)

*mates y sobremesas en noches porteñas*—  
Argentine tea and after-meal conversation  
on evenings in Buenos Aires

*cafecitos y vinachos* – drinking coffee and  
drinking red wine

*almacenes y boliches* – grocery stores and  
bars

*el río de la plata y la boca* – (river in  
Argentina and neighborhood by the port of  
the city of Buenos Aires)

*quena* – (flute of the Andean region of  
Northern Argentina)

*charango* – (small guitar of the Andean  
region of Northern Argentina)

*cuando comíamos helados con la abuela  
julia y te acordás*

*cuando te llevaste el dinero de delia y  
compraste alfajores para todos y maria  
elena walsh cuando nos cantaba de la vaca  
y manuelita?*—when we ate ice cream with  
gramdma Julia and do you remember when  
you took Delia's money and you bought  
caramel cakes for everyone and when Maria  
Elena Walsh sang to us about the cow and  
Manuelita?

# SHULA RUTH WEINSTEIN



IN THE HOUSE OF WIN CHOY LI

## read all about it

new york times tuesday, august 12, 2014

headlines/photographs: *Ebola Breakout*  
*Clash of Rebels Continues in Baghdad*  
robin williams centered

the focal story  
his suicide  
his choice

a non-newsworthy day  
for an unarmed boy shot  
killed in missouri

at the bottom right  
of this front page  
words weep out

*FBI Steps In Amid Unrest After*  
*Police Kill Missouri Youth*  
2 brief columns in sparse inches

continues full blown on  
page 13  
text and gore in color

i will miss robin williams  
his energetic freewheeling  
always youthful demeanor

his battle with depression  
one i know intimately  
but i mourn as a mother

for Michael Brown  
another black son  
brother friend manchild

in whose promised land  
violence steep  
i write as a storm brews

the grey hudson river  
agitated slant truths rain  
down on a defenseless

pavement branches  
green shoots of brown boys  
sway mother's arms

beseech heaven for  
mercy  
this is civil war i

demand to end  
his name will join  
Travon Martin

the heavens pound down  
forty days and forty night's  
of wet warning in a few hours

in ferguson it takes  
less than a minute  
an unarmed

boy  
is  
killed

america  
is justice  
an alien

## Found Objects

Black feathers  
necklace to me  
sporrán to the artist.

My heart grows restless  
as a dream reveals incantations  
of a voodoo shaman.

In Barcelona  
birds don't know of disasters  
perpetrated by inquisition.

Under a vault  
red parasol extends open  
black menacing figure stands

Blood  
there are no lines to cross  
or grey crosses to bear



**MERRY MULFORD**

ARLÉ SKLAR WEINSTEIN



**LIBERTY VOIDED** PHOTO MONTAGE ON COTTON

## Water Lily Blue

Forever drawn to water lilies  
Blossoms floating on water's surface,  
Unreachable.

Grandmother said  
It was bad luck to pull them

I never did

The pond near our house  
White and pink lilies floating on dark water  
Pads for coots to walk upon  
Placing green feet with care  
Respect for exquisite blossoms

It is all about sensuality

Sadness engulfs  
Sometimes love is not enough  
My brother and I, galaxies apart  
Nothing left to say  
A sky-blue lily lives in his pond

I will never see it again

This photograph's invocation  
Burrows into my life.  
Lilies here  
Are not in bloom  
Leaves wrinkled, not spread out nor inviting  
Reddish brown, yellow, orange, touch of pink  
Green roots crawl into the black water  
Tentacles of a surreptitious animal  
I seem to fall endlessly

No surface, no orientation, no sound

Just breathing, gentle swaying of the plant  
Lilies and water coming alive  
My memories tangled in green roots



MOTHER

## Recipe for Return

Take two or three old friends  
Play a few rounds of “Remember When?”  
Laugh long and hard  
Talk about now  
Remember to *listen well*  
No matter how eager you may be  
To tell your own tales.  
Ask questions  
But no more than are wanted  
And no less than are needed  
Tolerate a few bad habits:  
Cigarettes  
Certain husbands  
Republicanism  
(Consider the benefits of surprise)

Do not stir, shake, or freeze  
Rather, leave in the open air  
For as long as it takes  
Allowing ingredients to  
Bring out the best in one another  
While retaining their natural qualities.



COLLECTION: LEWIS COHEN

**BRIDGETOWN MARKET/BARBADOS 1940** PHOTO MONTAGE ON COTTON

## Strangers

Do you ever really look at the person next to you  
Buying his coffee with cheeks a bit flushed,  
Skin tanned and rough  
Weariness in the lines cradling his eyes?

Can you see the baby boy who at some other point  
Would have been innocent and beautiful,  
With soft fingers and tiny toes, someone  
Adults would coo over. Maybe  
You would have waved hello or  
Asked him his name using a sing-song voice  
Or made silly faces just to hear him laugh.

Do you ever wonder where this man came from or  
How he got to this point,  
At 5:45 on a Wednesday morning  
Looking like the day had already been too long?

## The Red Dress

Rafael rides his bike to work even when it's ten degrees and the frozen slush is criss-crossed with deep ruts. His friends make fun of him, asking Raf why he needs to be in such good shape. Doesn't Rita give him a workout at home?

All of Rafael's friends have cars, even if they're only a rust-bucket held together with gray duct tape and noventas to the Holy Mother. His buddies are still single. They have nothing to worry about but their cars and no one to care for except sometimes each other. None of them know about saving money and have to keep the same woman happy for longer than one summer. They shoot pool and drink beer and buy silky shirts as if they will still be doing these things when they become old men who put their teeth in a glass.

In February, as the streets become icy with melted snow, Rafael lets more air out of the big balloon tires on his old red and white Schwinn. He calculates how much he saves on his way to work. The thought keeps him warm. He pictures the cream-colored blouse he is going to buy for Rita's name day and the Golden Book he will get for little Madelina. She will sit in his lap and read it to him, making up her own story for the bright pictures. The next time she reads the story to him, it will be different. That is how Rafael knows what Madelina is thinking about. He does not have to ask; he only needs to listen.

Rita knows Raf does not listen to her when she tells him he should get a new bike: a racer with hand brakes and skinny tires. "I like the old one," he says. "I don't have to worry someone will steal it. It's good enough." His favorite words.

He is a good man, a good husband and father, but his attitude makes Rita crazy. He wears his blue jeans and torn sweatshirts until they are too thin to wash the floor with them. Rita tries not to complain too much. Her friends laugh at her when she tells them she wishes Rafael were more selfish. They tease her, saying they would be happy to trade husbands with her, although Lucie probably means it. They tell her they are ready, whenever she is tired of being treated like a famous actress. She knows her friends talk about her. They think Raf spoils her. And sometimes, when she and her friends sit around the kitchen table squabbling like hens, one of them teases too far and it comes out.

Rita thinks Rafael is not always honest with her. She watches him when they meet his friends outside *El Gato Negro*. Their chests out like roosters, they lean against Roberto's lipstick-red Mazda, rubbing their hard thighs against the flawless metal.

Rita wonders: *Do they think no one sees them?*

She knows Raf wants a fast and flashy car like Roberto's. But Rita cannot persuade him even to look at a new bicycle. She wonders if he does this to hurt her. Or is he already tired of her after five years of marriage.

\*\*

Five summers ago, Rafael bought her a sleek red dress of material so shiny it looked almost metallic. Rita loves the dress. It is cut low and rides up on her thighs, conforming to her like the cool, damp towel she wraps around herself after a shower. She puts on the big chrome earrings he gave her for Christmas, the ones that look like little hubcaps.

# BRIAN ALLAN SKINNER

After dark, she and Rafael go out for a stroll on Fordham Road to enjoy the breeze that bypasses their sweltering apartment. Heads turn like compasses. The men leer at her like she is a red Corvette. But Rita loves the shiny dress and the chrome earrings Rafael gave her. That is the entire problem. And whenever she thinks of the red dress, she slips into the memory of the first time she wore it.

It is the last sultry Saturday in August. Rafael comes home from his job at the cabinet factory on Webster Avenue soaked with sweat. Rita knows he has raced his bike straight home without stopping at *El Gato Negro*.

She pushes him away with her fingertips. He smells vinegary from the oak shavings in his tousled hair; sawdust is stuck to his sweaty skin. He looks tired, but Rita has waited all week to go dancing in her new red dress.

While Rafael showers and shaves, Rita braids her thick black hair in a single plait down her back. She watches Raf put on a clean pair of jeans and a white cotton shirt. He would be embarrassed if he knew how handsome and sexy she finds him.

Rita slips into the red dress. The shimmering fabric is cool and sleek like water.

Raf slowly pulls the silver tongue of the zipper up the curve of Rita's back. His fingers linger at the nape of her neck, playing with the damp wisps that have escaped her braid. His rough hands slide over her shoulders and down her arms, the downy hairs prickling where he touches her. Rita shudders. A chill inches up her spine.

They slide to the floor, overtaken by the fever of a summer night, and roll onto the carpet her mother gave them as a wedding present. The air grows muggy, so thick it is audible. Rafael pulls off his cotton shirt and unbuttons his jeans. Rita pulls down her soaked underpants and Raf slides the shiny red dress up her thighs. They do not undress any further.

When the fever has burnt through them, they have no inclination to get up from the floor. Rita and Raf lie on their backs, their skin now cool, the carpet prickly. The curtains, translucent with streetlight, flutter over them. The breeze, a languid ghost of a summer's night. That night they made little Madelina.

\*\*

Rita puts Madelina to bed and stands at the window. She melts a hole in the leafy frost with her warm palm, and looks down the street for Rafael. It's too early. She sits on the sofa, her feet snuggled under the worn velvet cushion. She feels something compact and square-edged with her toes. Maybe it's one of Madelina's little books. Rita lifts the cushion.

Nestled in a valley of collapsed springs is a small white box tied with a satiny red ribbon. Rita tugs on the ribbon and the knot falls loose. She lifts the lid.

On a bed of cotton lies a silver heart on a fine silver chain. In the center of the heart, Rita and Rafael's names are engraved in flamboyant script. Rita turns the pendant over.

The front of the small heart is bright red enamel with the word *Siempre*.

Unhooking the tiny clasp, Rita lifts the heart to her throat when she hears a noise. She puts the heart back in its box, hastily reties the knot and replaces the box beneath the cushion. She realizes the old steam radiator in the hallway is clanging. Her heart pounds.

Rita thinks of the red dress and the first time she almost went dancing in it. She returns her toes beneath the sofa cushion, keeping them warm until Raf gets home.

∞∞∞

# ARLÉ SKLAR WEINSTEIN



**LEAVING**

# LUIS PERELMAN



ARAB COLLAGE 27

**LUIS PERELMAN**



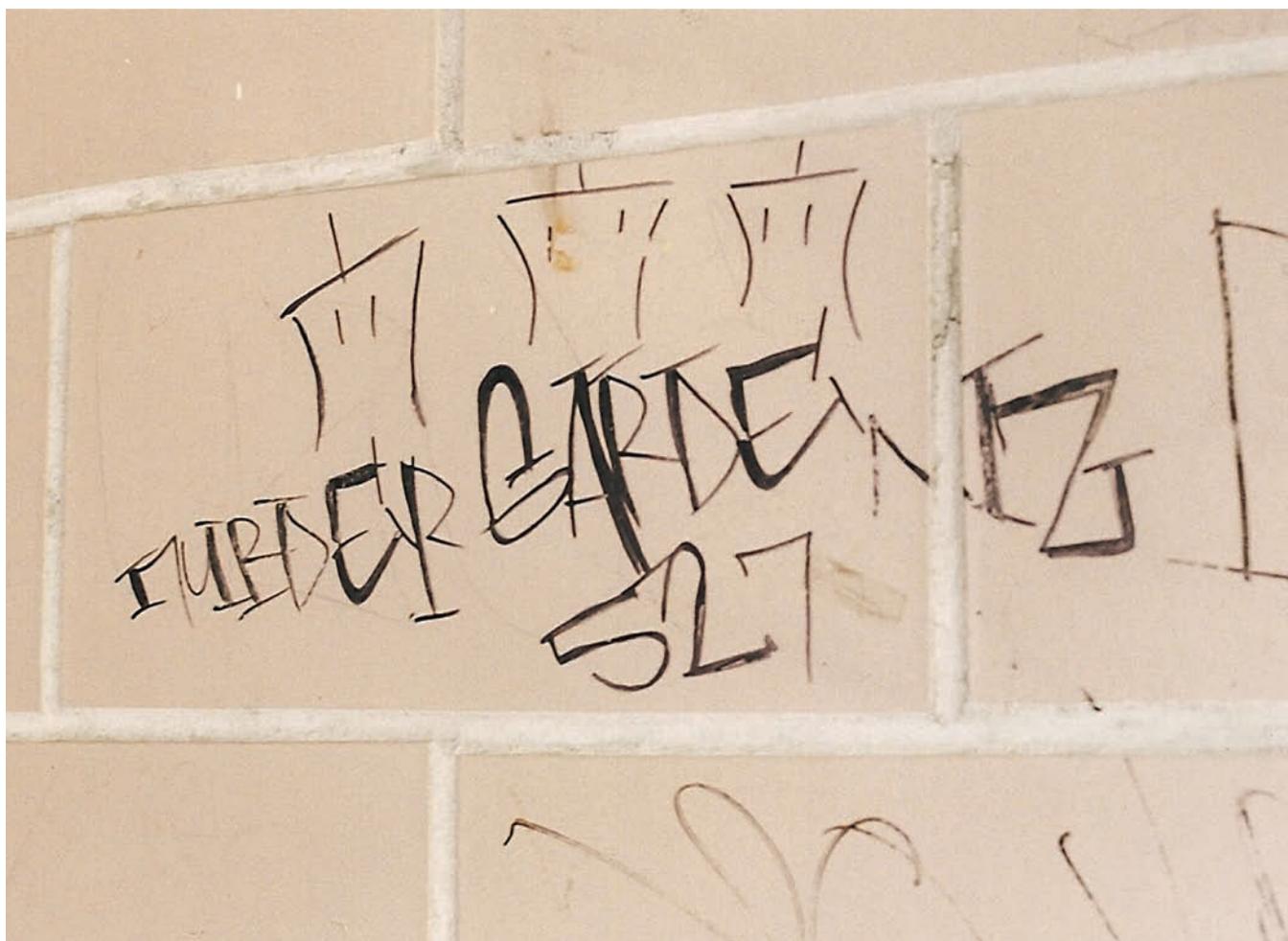
**ARAB COLLAGE 3**



BATTLE HILL

## **i collect neighborhoods:1960's wadleigh jhs onyx charm**

#10 bus crawls north central park west green plantings 110<sup>th</sup> demarcation line  
gray streets rancid odors forlorn screech of brakes get out here boarded up  
storefronts broke glass broke lives broke ground for change your life housing  
concrete tries re-vi-ta-lies stay alive neighborhood cement trodden strays  
sometimes ate better than students walk into 114<sup>th</sup> this towering edifice learning  
pillars brick and limestone am i in paris ghosts of gentlewomen etched in stone  
onyx rapunzels in silhouettes now their blossoms flirt open tempt ebony  
princes rush the falling tower refuse to humble teachers work scarred textbooks  
rejects crumbs and dreams never loose the dream teach and rescue read and  
rescue adds and subtracts rescue verb tenses dis agree creaky elevator to 5<sup>th</sup> floor  
slow slow stop cubicle of a room converted book closet or janitorial supply  
whiff of disinfectant rodent spray speech improvement served here now

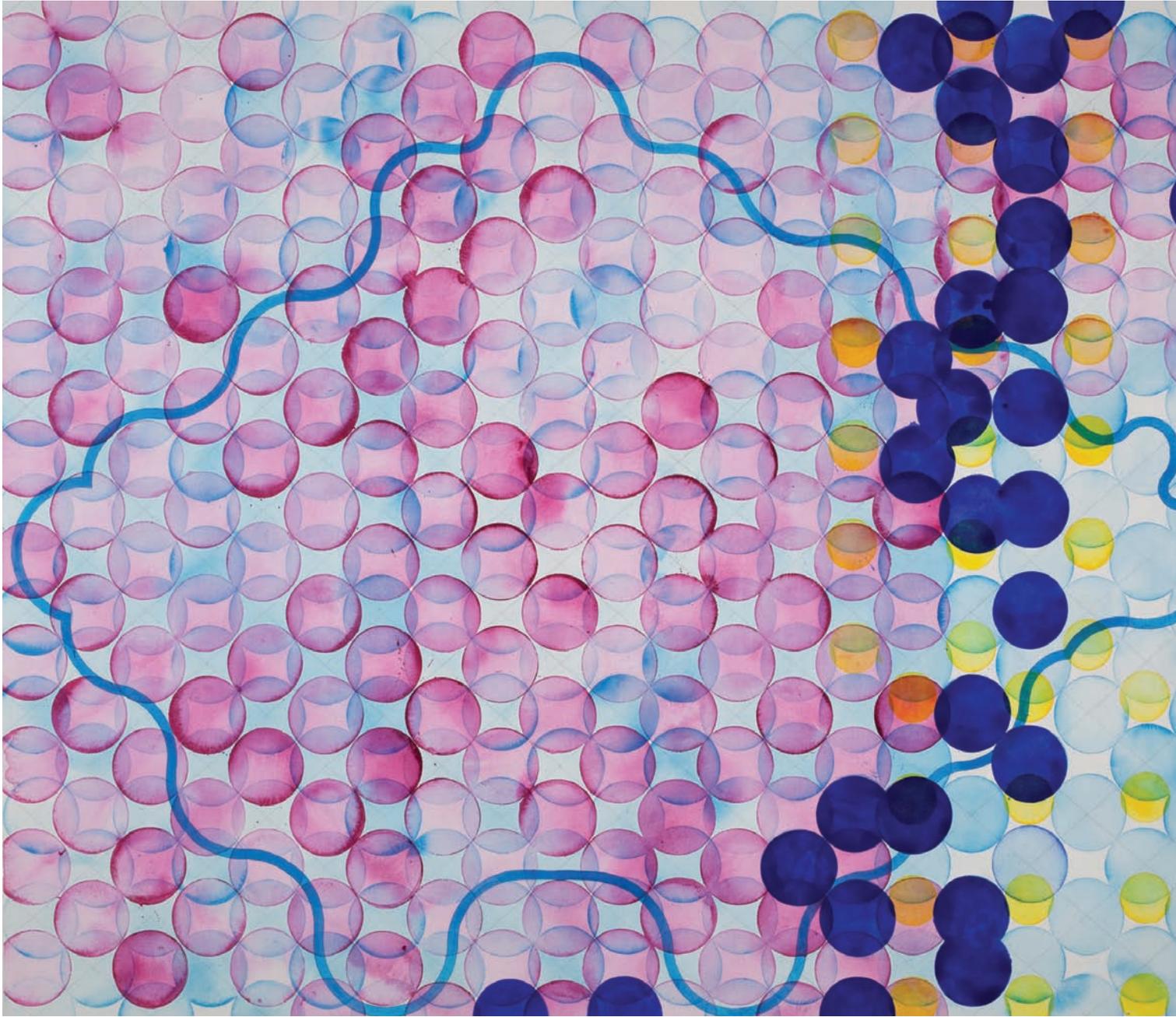


MURDER GARDENS

# LUIS PERELMAN



CHINATOWN MUSICIANS



**LABYRINTH**

## Runners

Tarmac ellipses sketched lanes lined with runners poised at their designated "Ready, set, go" points. Their stillness watched by those who have stood at the blocks before them. Bystanders, we mark their times, then wait to greet them at the finish, witnesses to the efforts taken to reach that point.

Knowing when life leads them to places where the racing lanes are not as clear and the starting gun reports sound only in their minds, their commitment and values learned will make the difference more than all the medals won or records broke.

For these runners viewing stands are filled with people who come to see them not because they're wearing a flag or branded logo or are followed by the press. We came to share the longer race, the one not measured in feet, but in how they use their mind and heart; in what they do and say. We came because their race is part of ours; they are on our team.

We will watch them join the others: moving into classrooms, professions and families. Their wins are tallied by the good they do, the difference that they make.

Through challenges, love and loss, through the sharing of our lives they have formed a community, borderless in place and time. The decades have formed one people, connected not by race, gender or DNA, but by a sport whose beauty shows through.

The runner who chooses to end his race stays and turns to the runner coming up behind him and helps them on his way.

## All the Word, with Voice and Sound\*

memory speaks, lies abound  
green ice  
    blacks my quick love  
shout out  
    fires the gray:

ignite my rags in flames!  
ignite these tags in frames!  
best friends fucking forever lol

                                  lol  
                          lol  
                  omg  
                  g2g  
                  u

                                  r the love of my life and I can't remember how to retrieve  
your information to let you know what time I'll be home for dinner

                  I text myself  
  
a note to self  
  
                  to write a list  
  
of times when I  
  
                  can call you to  
  
find out when is  
  
                  the time that your  
  
machine will let me  
  
                  leave you a  
  
brief message

calling cards digitize  
this  
now~cancellation

lol ??

lol ?!!

omg I am now a fire breathing flame of green ice  
struggling through the wireless habitat plain  
looking to inhabit the next tambourine

to be your tambourine  
with garlands

\*This poem is dedicated to the world-renowned frame drummer,  
Layne Redmond, who reminded us of the ease with which community  
can develop through the Ancient Goddess Tradition of connection  
through rattle, drum, dance and song.



JOURNEY EAST

# ANDREA WOLPER

June 12, 1994

Domingo is singing  
Songs of love—  
Of perfidy and  
Green eyes, yes—  
But also love of  
homeland: Veracruz,  
Buenos Aires, Puerto  
Rico: “*La perla de los  
mares*” Such passion!  
You know what I mean—  
That tenor’s cry Just  
made for songs *De  
alma, sufrido, amor.*  
I recall a day last summer when  
I crossed the park from west to east  
Walking the middle of the  
broad avenue Past Bethesda Fountain  
And to either side on the lawns  
and little hillocks, Picnics:  
Families, friends, cousins  
Had gathered with  
Coolers of beer  
Rolls, I imagine,  
Bread from the A&P  
Sliced meats, cold chicken  
Potato salad,  
Mangos.  
Boxes boomed with  
Boleros, merengues  
And flags red, white, and blue  
*La bandera borinqueña*  
Limp with heat,  
Stiff with pride  
Had been strung  
On anything standing High and straight Along the road.

## Beyond The Ordinary

Jasper Johns immortalized Lucien Freud  
By version six Freud is unrecognizable.  
A transfiguration, changing the face of things,  
Creating something of beauty.  
What is beauty?  
Each viewer decides accordingly.  
For me, beauty is partly fascination,  
Being transfixed,  
Transmogrified.  
By lines of ink morphing into new form, shape.  
By power of the artist to surprise and astonish.  
By lines of poetry reaching unforeseen destinations,  
By a life that sees beyond the ordinary.

# ARLÉ SKLAR WEINSTEIN



**MERGE RISING** PHOTO MONTAGE ON COTTON



YA NO MAS!!

## **There is a poem dodging me**

Running down streets, turning corners,  
Hiding in sewers and overstuffed garages.  
I run, thinking it within my grasp  
Only to be fooled again.  
It taunts me with lofty ideas,  
Lunatic sentences posing as kite streamers  
Only to be lost in billowing winds.

One day the first line appears  
Ready to commit to paper,  
Proving childbirth achievable.  
Other lines follow in quick succession  
Like soldiers marching on parade day.  
The verses assemble, make sense even.  
Their credulity though seems uncertain to trusted ears  
And I escort them to the door,  
Encouraging a walk to the corner, a stop for beer and chips.  
I look in the other direction and see five lines  
In tattered rags waving to me frantically and I,  
Feeling the pull, take off after them,  
Skateboard afoot, never giving up the pursuit,  
Exhilaration,  
Like the first kiss ever  
Or the first baby step toward a life lived.

## ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTORS

### **Monique Avakian**

Monique Avakian is a poet, arts educator, published author, musician, dreamer, doer and relatively new lover of all things jazz. In addition to teaching urban adolescents how to read and write, she helps marginalized youth cultivate and direct their powerful creative forces through poetry, music technology, multicultural history and active engagement with the culture at large. Avakian is also founder of the transmedia zine *5over4*.blogspot.com and seeks the work of others to share. For more information, email her at [monava9@gmail.com](mailto:monava9@gmail.com).

### **Julienne B. Ryan**

Julienne Ryan is a story collector and people connector. She helps people tell and share their best stories so they can improve how they communicate, learn and work together. Her goal is to help people find their “true voice” and appreciate the “hero” within themselves. As a coach, facilitator, trainer and speaker, Ryan finds a special way to tell each story, mixing humor and poetry with more traditional storytelling. For more information go to [www.jryanpartners.com](http://www.jryanpartners.com) or [julienne@jryanpartners.com](mailto:julienne@jryanpartners.com).

### **Maria Costa**

A native New Yorker, Maria Costa currently lives in Fayetteville, North Carolina, where she teaches high school English. Costa received her undergraduate degree in English literature and creative writing from Sarah Lawrence College, her Master’s in English education from Hunter College, and her Master’s degree in creative writing from Manhattanville College. She is in a constant struggle to figure out which side of homework assignments she prefers to be on.

### **Tiffany Cudjoe**

Tiffany Cudjoe is a photographer based out of Brooklyn, New York. She photographs events, documentaries, portraits, and corporate images. Cudjoe is the founder of HunbleNation Photography; she uses her camera to capture life’s precious moments within different mediums. Cudjoe has photographed Dr. Makaziwe Mandela, Sister Sonia Sanchez, reggae artist Shaggy, rap artist Nipsey Hussle, and actress Issa Rae. Cudjoe wants to use her passion for photography to promote change using one positive image at a time.

### **Ken Davis**

Ken Davis is a 27-year veteran with the Yonkers Police Department. During the early 1990’s, he served within the department’s Community Affairs Division. As a community affairs officer and law enforcement instructor, he assisted in street gangs and graffiti vandalism reductions, along with police and community issues. In 2009, he was assigned to the Detective Division’s Gang/Narcotics Unit. Since the early 1990’s, he has presented and attended numerous gang and graffiti-related conferences sponsored by law enforcement and civilian agencies.

### **Lynne Friedman**

A New York native and avid bird watcher living in the Hudson Valley, Friedman’s work has been shown in solo shows at the Whistler Museum of Art, Booth Western Art Museum, the Galleria Nacional Museum - Costa Rica, and numerous solo shows in New York City. In the fall of 2014, her work was featured in a juried show at the Albany Institute of Art & History and in 2013 her work was selected by the U.S. Department of State Art-in-Embassies Program for the U.S. embassies in East Africa and Sri Lanka. For more information, visit [www.lynnfriedmanart.com](http://www.lynnfriedmanart.com).

# ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTORS

## **Vinny Lanni**

Vinny Lanni is a 2014 graduate of Rowan University. He resides in New Milford, New Jersey and has lived there all of his life, but he plans to venture out into the world someday soon. He is a big fan of writing, poetry and expression in a creative art form. When Lanni isn't writing, he enjoys watching sports, eating pizza and playing video games. His dream is to witness the New York Jets win a Superbowl in his lifetime.

## **Sheila Perelman**

Sheila Perelman has been a Yonkers resident since 1991. She received her MSW from Fordham University in 1990 and worked as a psychotherapist in an out-patient mental health clinic for 20 years. Doing art part-time for all those years, she became passionate about collage and currently is studying drawing and acrylics. Over the past two years she has been part of a writing group and has recently become fascinated with poetry and writing.

## **Julienne B. Ryan**

Julienne Ryan is a story collector and people connector. She helps people tell and share their best stories so they can improve how they communicate, learn and work together. Her goal is to help people find their "true voice" and appreciate the "hero" within themselves. As a coach, facilitator, trainer and speaker, Ryan finds a special way to tell each story, mixing humor and poetry with more traditional storytelling. For more information go to [www.jryanpartners.com](http://www.jryanpartners.com) or [julienne@jryanpartners.com](mailto:julienne@jryanpartners.com).

## **Brian Allan Skinner**

Brian Allan Skinner has worked extensively in publishing as a writer, editor and graphic artist. The publications in which his work has appeared range from the literary (*Kirkus Reviews*) to the scientific (*Scientific American Newsletters*). Though he began his career in the fine arts in the traditional media of oil-on-canvas and watercolor, he now works exclusively in digital media. Recent explorations include *cliché verre*, a technique of etching and painting on glass and photographic plates, in which he first dabbled over forty years ago.

## **Jean Wolff**

Born in Detroit, Michigan, Jean Wolff now lives and works in New York City. She studied fine arts at the Center for Creative Studies in Detroit as a high school student and went on for further studies at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, where she received a BFA in studio arts. Wolff attended Hunter College, CUNY in New York and graduated with an MFA in painting and printmaking. She is part of the artistic community of Westbeth. Wolff has had group and solo exhibits in various galleries in New York City and has also exhibited internationally. For a complete exhibition list and bibliography, visit [www.jeanwolff.com](http://www.jeanwolff.com).

## **Andrea Wolper**

Andrea Wolper has been described as "a giant singer" (in *Tune International*) "an audacious artist [who] flouts genre limitations...delivering an inventive, thrilling, appealing musical vision" (*Blogcritics*). That vision includes incorporating poetry with music, and composing musical settings for poems and texts. She performs in the New York area and tours nationally and internationally. She teaches vocal technique, coaches singers, and leads improvisation and performance workshops. Wolper is also a writer whose journalism and poetry have appeared in numerous publications. Among her works are two books, "Women's Rights, Human Rights: International Feminist Perspectives" (with Julie S. Peters: Routledge) and "The Actor's City Sourcebook" (Watson-Guptill). For more information, visit [www.andreawolper.com](http://www.andreawolper.com).



## BLUE DOOR ART CENTER

Celebrates its sixth year as our new sign is installed at 13 Riverdale Avenue, Yonkers, NY 10701



BDAC is a not-for-profit arts organization with the only art gallery in downtown Yonkers. The gallery on Riverdale Avenue was designed to be both a fine art exhibition and performance space. Movable gallery walls were installed to allow larger audiences to attend gallery events, in addition to the small stage that accommodates performers. Over these years, Blue Door has attracted world-wide and world-class talent in music, the spoken word and fine art. But this intimate, unusual venue also welcomes a new audience to the arts, as a growing body of emerging talent in Yonkers is finding a home within its walls.



### BOARD OF DIRECTORS

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**Arlé Sklar-Weinstein**, BDG Director  
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**Hector Santiago**, Community Liason



Yonkers Mayor, Mike Spano, pays a visit



At the Gallery Every Third Thursday Evening  
Doors Open at 6:30, Film at 7:00

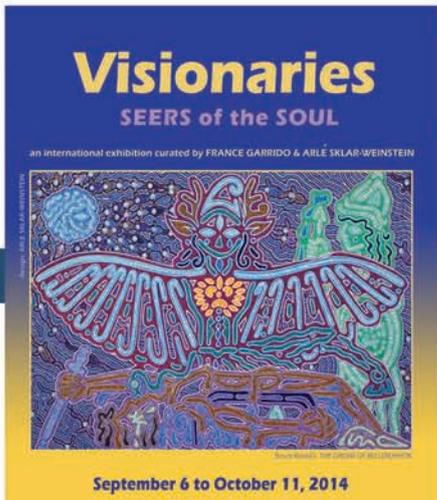


left:  
*Bridge Builder*, Lindsey Carrell

below:  
*Visionaries* Artist, Lannie Hart  
with Curators, France Garrido (L),  
Arlé Sklar Weinstein (R)



**HAPPENING AT THE GALLERY:**  
*Visionaries: Seers of the Soul*  
Opening Reception & Workshop



Book Available



*Visionaries* Artists, Hal Katz (L), Anthony Santella (R)



*Her Power  
is Not a  
Myth*  
Lannie Hart

*Self Defence*  
Anthony Santella



left:  
*Blue Door Kids:*  
Paint & Pizza with Ashley Bruno





The Blue Door Artist Association (BDAA) started as a membership organization in 2001 with an exhibition of ceramic art at Philipse Manor Hall. Since then, the association has organized numerous exhibitions in the Yonkers Public Libraries and at other venues throughout Westchester County. BDAA also supports its artist members with an online portfolio of their work, discounts on all BDAC activities, and participation in members-only exhibitions.

BDAA has initiated a number of public art projects, including the installation of sculpture at Yonkers City Hall Park and along the Yonkers waterfront. BDAA has commissioned artists to decorate concrete planters and receptacles in Downtown and Southwest Yonkers, and has commissioned the creation of a large mural on South Broadway.

BDAA offers classes and workshop for children and adults at Blue Door Gallery



A sculpture Installation at the Yonkers Waterfront Esplanade:  
*Ammi'el*, Boaz Vaadia



One of the sculptures at Yonkers City Hall Park:  
*Maya*, Lorraine Kiernan

# ARTSW ARTSWESTCHESTER

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



Poets & Writers

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



## SHOW & TELL AT BLUE DOOR GALLERY



**ARTIST RANDY FROST DEMONSTRATES HER FIBER COLLAGE TECHNIQUES**

**BLUE DOOR**

# **QUARTERLY**

**JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND ART**

BLUEDOOR

Next Issue: Volume 1.2 Winter 2015

## **ON THE FRINGE/BEING DIFFERENT**

Fine art, poetry, nonfiction, fiction, photography

Submissions accepted beginning now through  
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### **SUBMISSION GUIDELINES:**

- Three (3) submissions per artist.
- Word count limit for fiction/nonfiction work: 2,000. 12pt Times New Roman
- Hi-Res Images at 300 dpi with 8 inches on longest side
- Simultaneous submissions accepted
- All submissions must be original work of artist.

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

Please send all submissions to: [BlueDoorJournal@gmail.com](mailto:BlueDoorJournal@gmail.com)  
Include the appropriate category of your submission in the subject line.  
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of contact. If your work submitted to the Journal becomes published  
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