



# ANNUAL QUEST CREATIVITY EVENT

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MAY 11, 2022

JUDY WINN

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# SHIFTING SANDS

Judy Winn, fall 2021

A warm Thanksgiving Day on the beach  
No summer heat in the cool white sand  
We wandered into the ocean's edge  
Stepping on bubbles from sand crabs  
That burrowed beneath our wet feet.

In the distance a deserted fishing pier  
Sand castles a memory from months ago  
No gay umbrellas or frisbee players  
Just the two of us walking hand in hand.

## SHIFTING SANDS - cont

Judy Winn, fall 2021

When retrieving our shoes at the dune  
We brushed them until free of sand  
Not taking a grain to the family dinner  
My mother said it scratched her floors  
We gave thanks for the plentiful food  
Glasses raised in toasts for good health.

If we knew we only had twenty years  
Would we have done it differently  
Loving more or laughing at ambition  
That took us away and brought us back  
To the beach where all of this started?

DENIAL

Judy Winn, fall

2021

I want to deny that I am getting old  
I don't want to think of diminishing years  
I want to believe that I have forever  
Days stretching before me with no deadly fears.

I want to think I will still smell the roses  
Never unable to get out of my bed  
I want to go dancing and sway with the music  
The notes of sweet songs going 'round in my head.

DENIAL - cont.  
2021

Judy Winn, fall

I want to hug loved ones who never forget me  
I don't want to hear of friends who pass on  
I want to celebrate all of my birthdays  
Not sorrowing over a year that has gone.

I want to keep laughing at the futile and silly  
I don't want to know what the next day will bring  
I want to keep living in total denial  
I want to hear when all the dead sing.

BRIAN BOSWORTH

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Mixed media: cold wax, oil, sand on a 24x24 wood panel





Cold wax and oil on a 24 x 36 wood panel





Cold wax, oil and sand on a 24 X 30 wood panel





Cold wax and oil on a 20 X 16 microfiber cloth





Cold wax and oil on a 16 X 20 microfiber cloth

STEVE KOENIG

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# Let Me Tell You How to Meet the Day

When the sun comes up  
pay close attention to all the hues and gradations.  
Remember in vivid detail all the friends you have  
and have had in all *their* hues and gradations.  
Degrations, even, for some; we all have bags to bear.

On cloudy days don't let memories of past  
shade your memories; we've all had days like that.  
On sunny days remember the days of your youth  
waking up to the the sound of *ribbit*  
and the sound of your foot simultaneously  
scrunching and squishing the leaves  
in search of salamanders.

## Let Me Tell You How to Meet the Day – cont.

Remember that salamanders  
and their cousins the phoenixes  
immolate all past missteps and transgressions  
and you may wake with a cinder in your eye,  
but the day starts afresh, new page, blank slate.

Sing if you can, aloud or in your head  
even in your shower if wary of overhearers.  
Songs of new beginnings, of hope,  
even risk as far as songs of romance  
whether or not you have a partner,  
no partners, or four abed from a fun night.

## Let Me Tell You How to Meet the Day – cont.

Screen in your mind the film from last night  
whether arthouse, grindhouse,  
or just an innocuous or inchoate dream.

Think of the soundtrack,  
human voices shouting, whispering,  
laughing Child ballads  
or an early Ornette Coleman melody.

Greet the day with a kiss on your lips,  
the one from last night's lover or a new one  
for the moon setting beyond the new rising sun.

## Let Me Tell You How to Meet the Day – cont.

Sing again, this time one your grandma taught you, perhaps from the 1920s: “I took her to the horses races, and this is what she ate...” or “O Katarina...”

For the younger among us, try a bawdy song Mom or Dad made up with their friends, not revealed to their own parents, but in a moment of tenderness, shared with you.

Bow down to the grasses and taste the mineral earth.  
Dig the radish roots with your fingers or your teeth  
Dig down till you reach the watershelf.

## Let Me Tell You How to Meet the Day – cont.

It's fine to waken with your feline or canine licking your feet but don't neglect while you are still abed spying the ceiling, to focus on the web and the spiders about. Those really strong can greet the roaches revealing themselves when the light switches on; that is their morning sun.

When you greet the day don't overthink what will happen between now and the next go-round of the yellow, spiky orb; likely you'll be here and able to figure out the next steps yourself. If necessary, ask yourself, a friend, a shrink, an advice columnist.



## Let Me Tell You How to Meet the Day – cont.

Meet the day with the characters you've met in book and song;  
they are as real as the ones your fingers can touch.  
And don't forget to welcome the night with equally open arms.  
It will bring the dreams for tomorrow's greeting of the dawn.

MARY BETH  
YAKOUBIAN

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“African Leaves”



"Puffy Heart"





“Baby Girl”



"Zentangle"

DENNIS SHERMAN

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# Unreasonable Silence

Dennis Sherman

Flowers drooping purple and white in a glass vase  
not quite dead,  
though I add water thoughtfully and regularly.

A woman well-dressed and hunched by age on park's path  
walks cautiously,  
pausing at a small stairway painted a warning yellow.

Land's level sinks under the weight of Paris skies  
tumbling down,  
past slanting roofs and years of drying words.



## Unreasonable Silence – cont.

Dennis Sherman

Late-autumn apples wrinkling and pears spot-browning  
in the grey bowl  
that I chose so carefully when I bought them for you.

The remains stand against the *unreasonable  
silence of the world*,  
now soft as these flowers' bowing heads.

MICHAEL RUSSO

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**Seagram  
Building**

375 Park Avenue

Ludwig Mies  
Van der Rohe

International  
Style

1958





**Solow Building**

9 W 57<sup>th</sup> Street

Gordon Bunshaft

Postmodern

1974





**Time Warner  
Center**

1 Columbus Circle

David Childs

Late Modern  
(International Style)

2004



## 8 Spruce Street

Frank Gehry

Deconstructivism

2011





**AT&T Building  
Sony Tower**

550 Madison  
Avenue

Philip Johnson

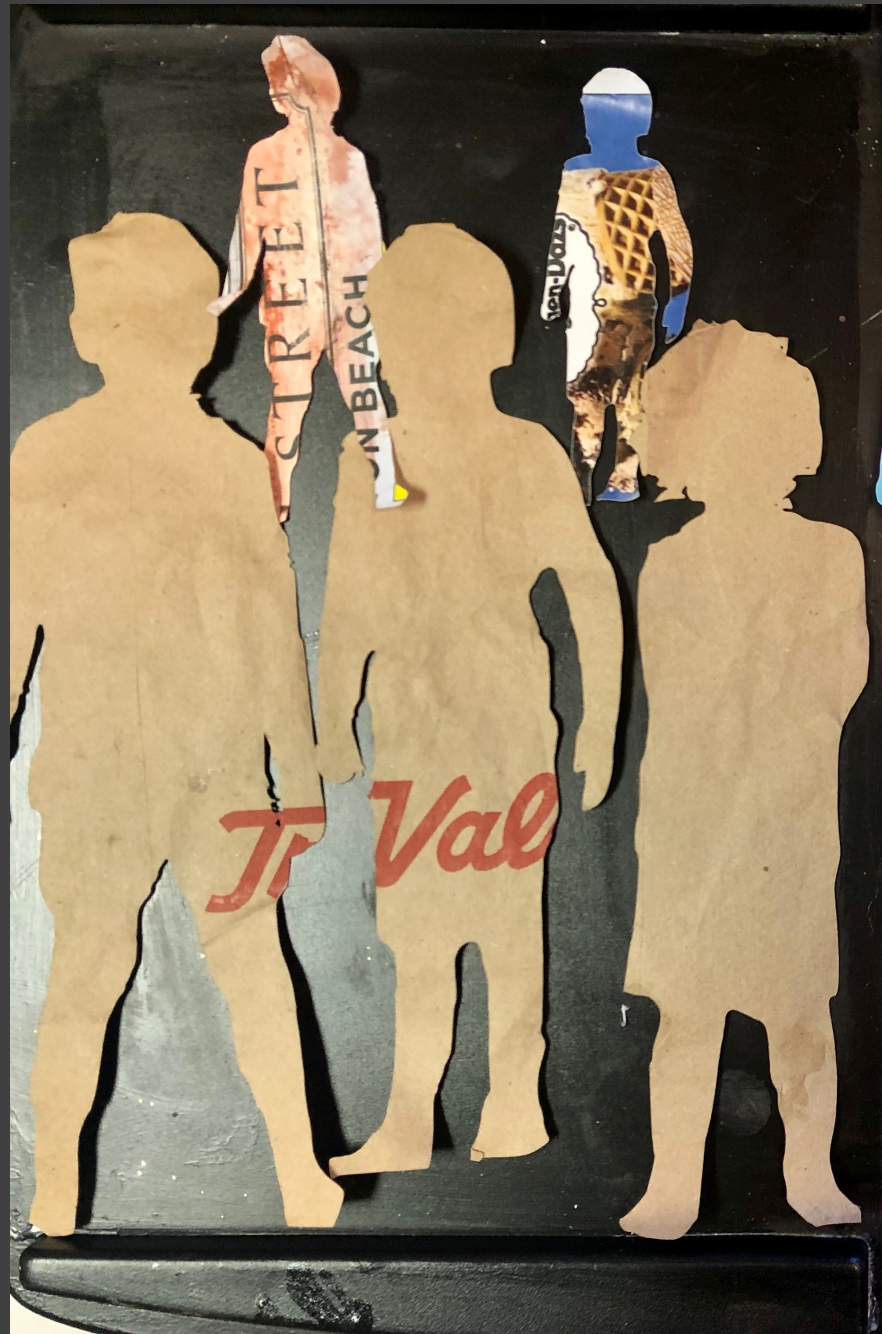
Post Modern  
1983



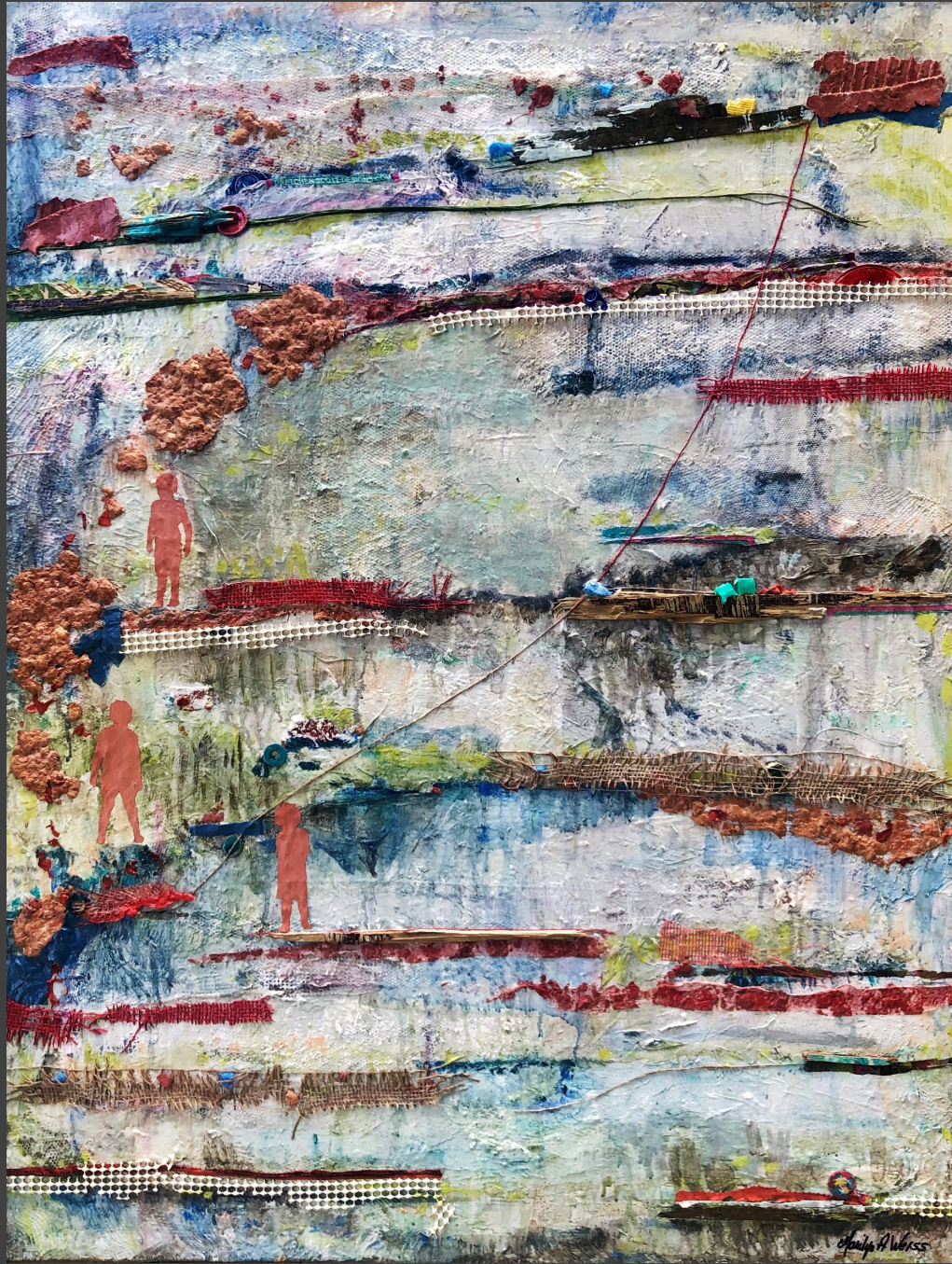
MARILYN WEISS

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Charles A. White



ZE'EVA COHEN

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LORRAINE WEBER

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Designer: Kim S. Bridgeo



"Horizon Sunset" Knitted Shawl 2021



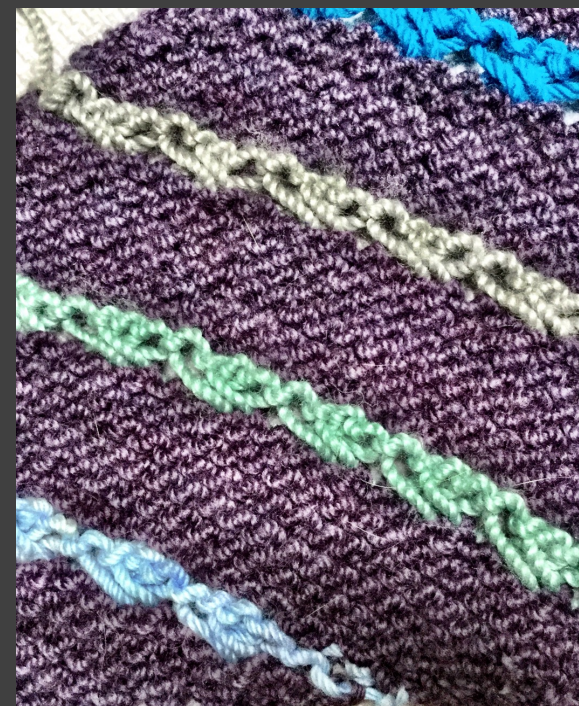


Designer: Suzanne  
Nielsen



“Moody Shawl” Knitted Shawl - 2020





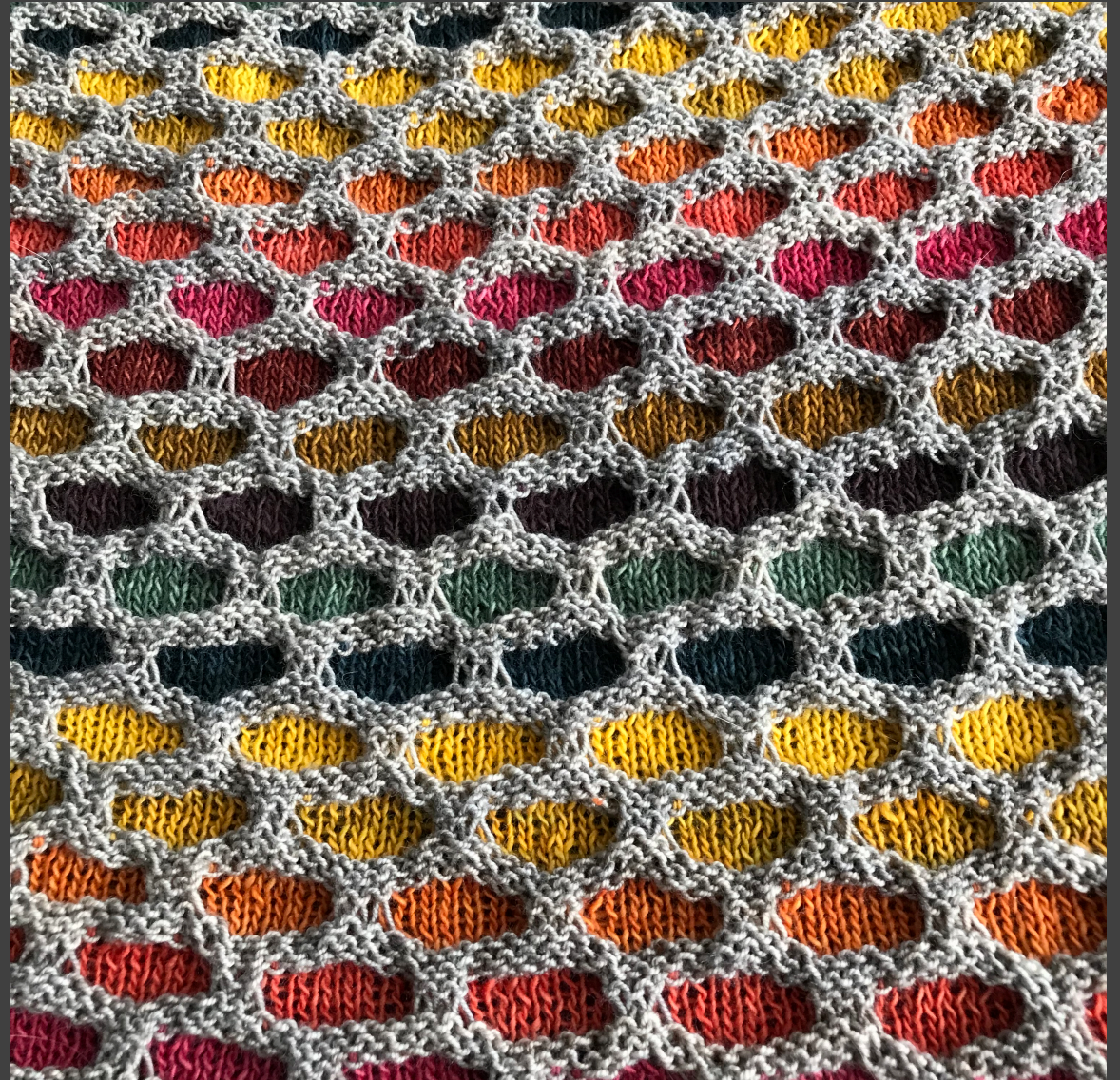
Designer: Melanie Berg

“The Joker’s on Me” – Knitted Shawl 2020





Designer: Stephen West



“Autumn Honey” – Knitted Shawl 2021



Knitted Shawl 2021



Designer: Alina Appasova

“Myriad Stars” Knitted Shawl 2021



RUTH WARD

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# On his scion's 16<sup>th</sup> birthday

*Ruth*

*Ward*

On his scion's 16<sup>th</sup> birthday  
Pappy Gene would not be cowed,  
On his carbon copy's worth-day  
He would prove that he was proud.

So he drove Eugene to Kmart,  
Bought some bullets and a gun.  
“— Your ma would kill me if she knew,  
But now we'll have some fun.”

They zoomed away to Sunnyville  
To go and shoot some trap.  
“Your mama says it's dangerous  
But that's a load o' crap.”

# On his scion's 16<sup>th</sup> birthday – cont.

*Ruth*

*Ward*

The fragile youngster trailed his dad,  
Watched how he pulled the trigger,  
His parents' fights had started small  
But now were so much bigger.

He took the gun into his hand  
And pointed toward his head,  
“Now ma and pa won't fight no more!”  
Soon after he was dead.



# Jazz

Ruth Ward

They all wanted to be song—stress—es, not singers  
For Billie, Sarah, Ella, Dina — weren't they ringers?  
Jazz, Bree, Dawn, Sugs — who would dare deny it?  
They were ready to audition — tough seniors — they would try it.

But six months later, Bree went wild,  
Abandoned by her boyfriend when she murmured, “with child.”  
And Dawn stocked shelves for hours at her mother's store  
From 1:00 to 10:00 pm; she couldn't handle any more.

Sugs spent all her evenings by her grandma's bed  
Dreading the morning she would find her dead.  
Was then Jazz saw she would have to stand tall  
“I'm 'a get a job a'singin' in the name o' y'all.”

## Jazz – cont.

Ruth Ward

To avoid their fate, Jazz got a gig  
Crooning nightly at Moe's bar, "Oh, I know it's nothin' big."  
But she told her friends, "— Better jobs are gonna follow,  
Yeah, someday y'all be hearin' me belt tunes at the Apollo."

The hands of the clock kept reaching for their fix  
Bree's little boy turned five, then six,  
Dawn took possession of her coked mom's shop,  
Orphan Sugs went to school to become a cop.

Jazz sang at Moe's bar to pay her momma's rent  
When she checked in on her homegirls, she had no heart to vent.  
"There's no real sense in belly achin',  
Aimin' high is just like fakin'

# Jazz

Ruth Ward

A life more fittin' for a friend or kin  
Or someone with a diff'rnt color o' skin."  
She decided her real payoff would be  
Dark smiles, white teeth, not celebrity.

She bought sweets at Dawn's shop on Sugs' beat  
To delight Bree's son on Orchard Street.  
And, accepting she would never be what she had planned,  
Her heart whispered to her ways to give them all a hand.

DEBORAH YAFFE

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Four Seasons





Duck Pond





Blue on Blue

YONA ROQOSIN

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# In Memoriam

Yona Rogosin

The day I went to see you  
I got lost  
But someone at the school nearby  
Happened to know of the Iron Arch  
And showed me the way.

The day I went to see you  
I brought a rock from my new home  
To let you know I was close by,  
Not a stone's throw, not in the same town,  
but close enough.

## In Memoriam – cont.

Yona Rogosin

The day I went to see you  
I walked in and found you right away  
Behind your two sons and the women they pursued.  
I looked for but did not find your grand niece  
Who passed when she was only two.

Standing there feeling your presence  
The funny stories you told me sitting on my bed  
The freight train's passing signaling it's time to sleep  
You tucking me in and caressing my curly head.

## In Memoriam – cont.

Yona Rogosin

What pride I felt

Walking down White Street holding your hand

The shopkeepers waving and calling out,

“Mrs. Fixman, Ah, little Nonie’s here to visit you again!”

The day I went to see you

I counted how many years it had been.

Does it matter now why it has taken so long?

I am here and close by.

Our circle is no longer broken.

It is enduring and complete.





ART SPAR

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# *Great Expectations*

*Art Spar*

Ilana was conceived with great expectations. Shelley and I were in our twenties when our daughter Amy was born. Ilana came ten years later. Her conception followed the death of my older brother Len, whose loss created a vacuum of love that Ilana hopefully would fulfill.

I expected a son. In the delivery room my heart skipped a beat. One beat. I didn't miss the second and I never looked back. Ilana and I became buddies. I took her on outings with "the guys." When she was in second grade, I spent Tuesday mornings assisting in her computer workshop. Ilana became a runner and we began running together. We ran road races in the sweltering Wellfleet Fourth of July five miler and in the frigid New Year's Eve midnight runs through Central Park.

## *Great Expectations – cont.*

*Art Spar*

A few years ago, we kayaked for several hours to find the “Disappearing Island” in Cape Cod Bay, the subject of a storybook I read to her as a young child.

Shelley and I learned that Ilana was romantically involved with another woman after she was out on her own. Gathered at our summer retreat in Wellfleet, our older daughter Amy asked us to come into the living room because Ilana wanted to talk to us. She told us she was in a serious relationship with Sarah, the woman who would become our future daughter-in-law. On the sofa my heart skipped a beat. One beat. I didn't miss the second, and I never looked back. Shelley and I offered our full support. It never occurred to us to do anything else.



## *Great Expectations – cont.*

*Art Spar*

Ilana was the same daughter we loved before and after she informed us of her relationship with Sarah. We were happy she took her sister into confidence first. They will need each other long after Shelley and I are gone.

I don't think my relationship with Ilana would be any different had she partnered differently or not at all. I gave her advice, which she usually ignored respectfully. I urged her to wait until after she and Sarah committed to marriage before buying real estate together. She ignored me and it worked out well. I advised her not to wait to renovate their house before having children. She ignored me and we now have the most beautiful granddaughter, Adele. In fact, Ilana and Sarah make very good decisions for their family like Shelley and I did for ours.

## *Great Expectations – cont.*

*Art*

*Spar*

I know so many parents who watch their children make unexpected life decisions. Some parents like to retain control, usually disastrously. Most parents eventually gain the wisdom of acceptance. For me, watching Ilana take her place in the world is like reading a good mystery novel. She keeps me guessing.

My great expectations have been realized. They are simultaneously different than I expected while satisfying every need they were conceived to fulfill.



DIANE FIGUEROA

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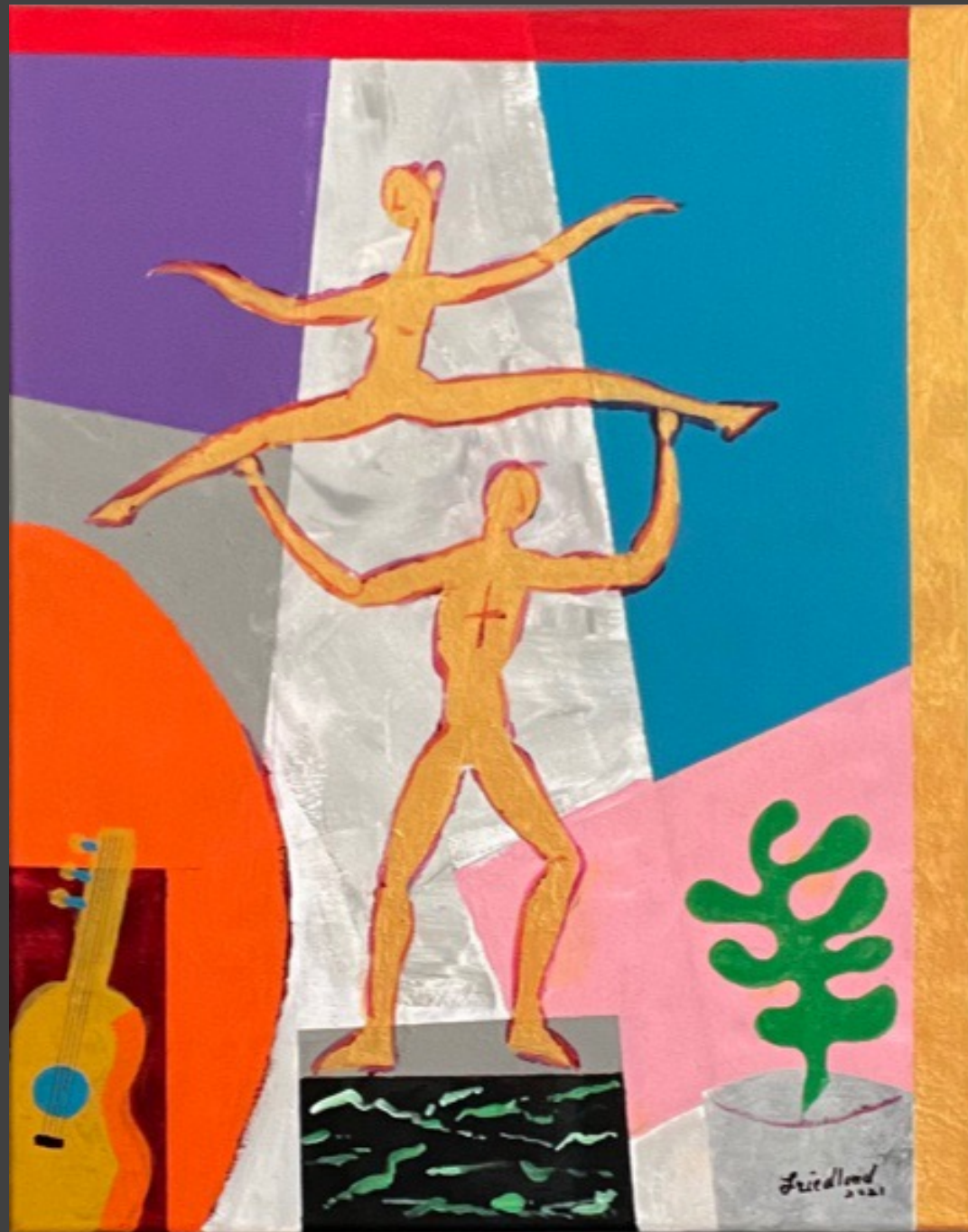






GARY FRIEDLAND

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The Dancers – after a sculpture by Manuel Carbonell





Garden of Eden – acrylic

HELEN SAFFRAN

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# Be Gentle with Yourself

Helen Saffran

“Be gentle with yourself.

You are a child of the Universe, no less than the trees and the stars. In the noisy confusion of life, keep peace in your soul.”

—Max Ehrmann

You've wasted time.

You've squandered money.

You've acted mean.

You've made a scene.

You've made a mistake.

# Be Gentle with Yourself - cont.

Helen Saffran

Be gentle with yourself.

Rest your hands on your cheeks.

Call yourself dearest.

Be kind.

Be gentle with yourself.

Be very gentle with yourself.



# Soaking in the Tub

Helen Safraan

Soaking her dresses  
In the bathtub with dye  
As a teenager  
my mother was sly.

From white to yellow  
or maybe pink,  
blue, green or brown,  
or black as ink.

## Soaking in the Tub - cont.

Helen Safran

Her dresses, two,  
increased to ten.  
A best-dressed girl,  
So lovely then.

I wonder though  
What her siblings said  
Not knowing if the tub  
would be blue, green or red.



BETTY FARBER

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Country Mouse said to City Mouse,  
“Don’t live in the city! It’s dull and dirty.  
Move to the country and you’ll see,  
It’s much more fun and it’s prettier there,  
With beautiful colors everywhere!”





City Mouse snapped, "Certainly not!  
The country is certainly not for me.  
The country is boring with nothing to see.  
The city is bright and full of excitement.  
The days and nights are glowing there,  
With beautiful colors everywhere!"



Country Mouse frowned and twitched his whiskers.  
“I don’t understand why you can’t see how wrong you are.  
But come to the country with me, and you’ll see! You’ll see!”





So off to the country went Country Mouse and City Mouse.





“Look!” cried Country Mouse.

“RED roosters crowing, near  
RED barns, with

RED rosebuds growing all around.



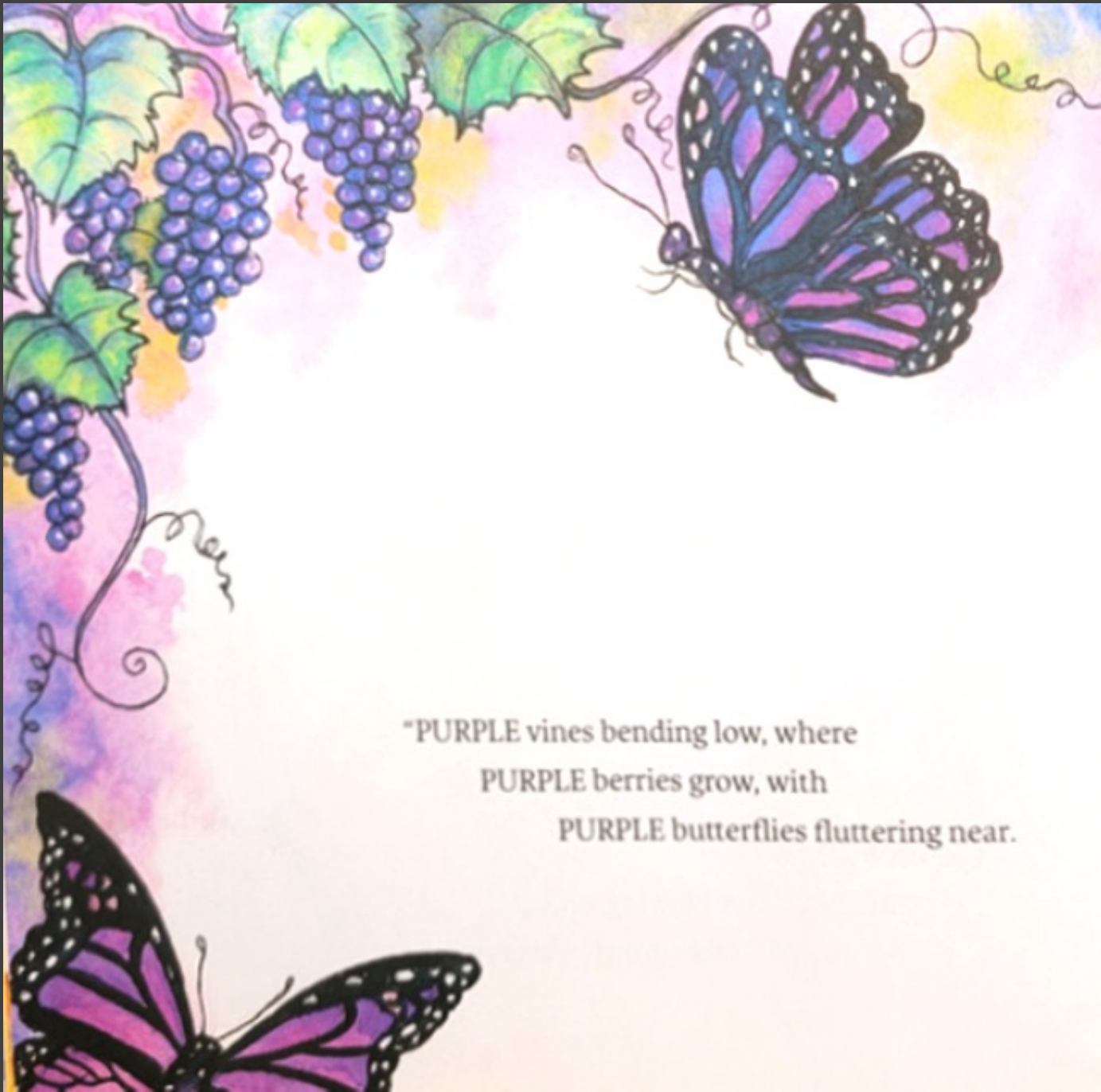
“YELLOW chicks pecking at  
YELLOW corn on the ground, with the  
YELLOW sun shining down.





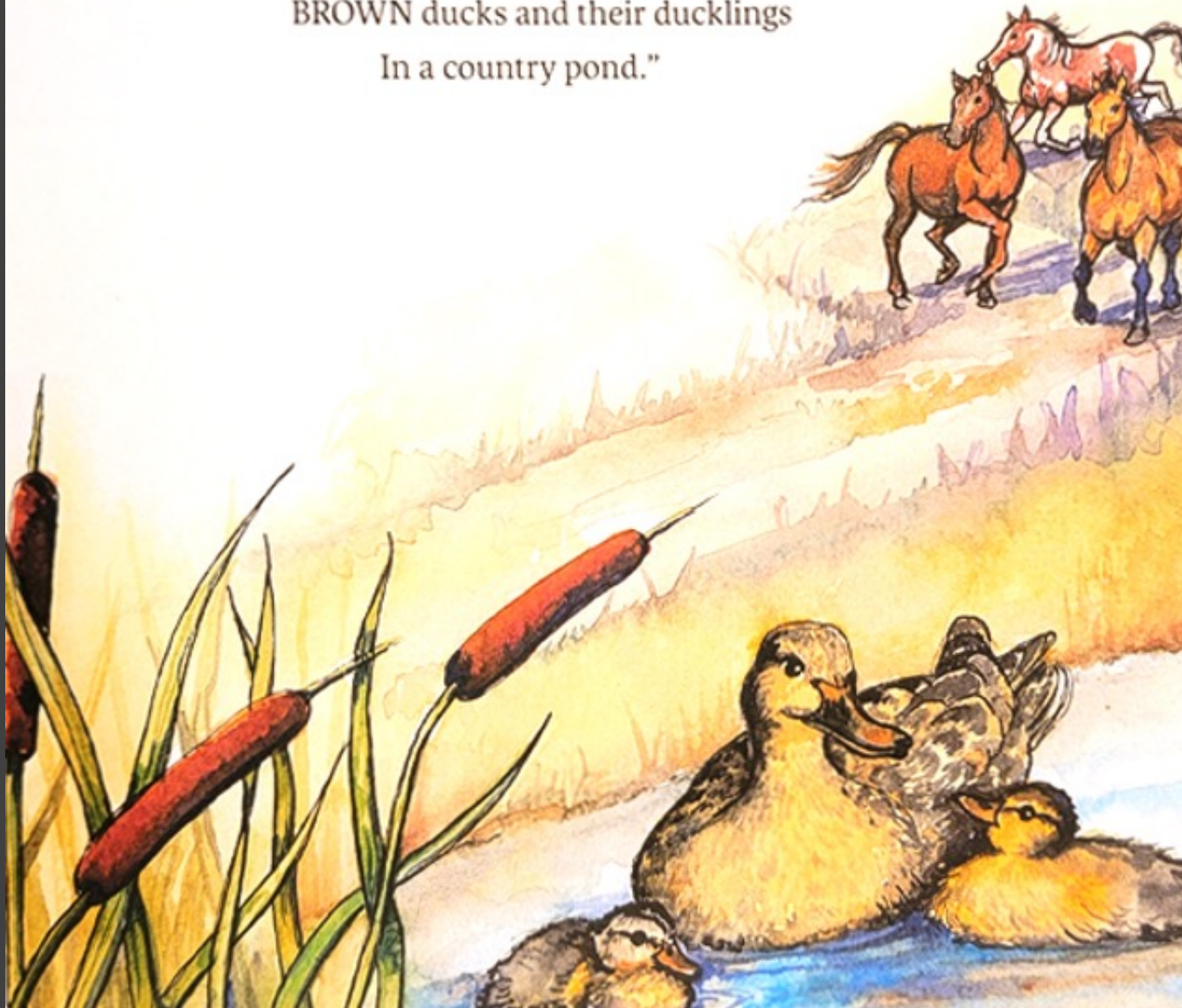
"GREEN bushes and  
GREEN grasses blowing, and  
GREEN trees growing everywhere.





"PURPLE vines bending low, where  
PURPLE berries grow, with  
PURPLE butterflies fluttering near.

“BROWN horses trotting on  
BROWN dirt roads, past  
BROWN ducks and their ducklings  
In a country pond.”







Country Mouse cried, "You have to agree,  
That colors in the city can't be as pretty."  
City Mouse sniffed, "Country colors may be pretty,  
But come to the city and see  
How beautiful colors can really be!"



So off to the city went Country Mouse and City Mouse.







“Look!” cried City Mouse,  
“RED neon signs glowing, and  
RED stop signs blinking, and  
RED traffic lights flashing off and on.”

“YELLOW taxis turning, and  
YELLOW buses riding, on streets painted with bright  
YELLOW lines.



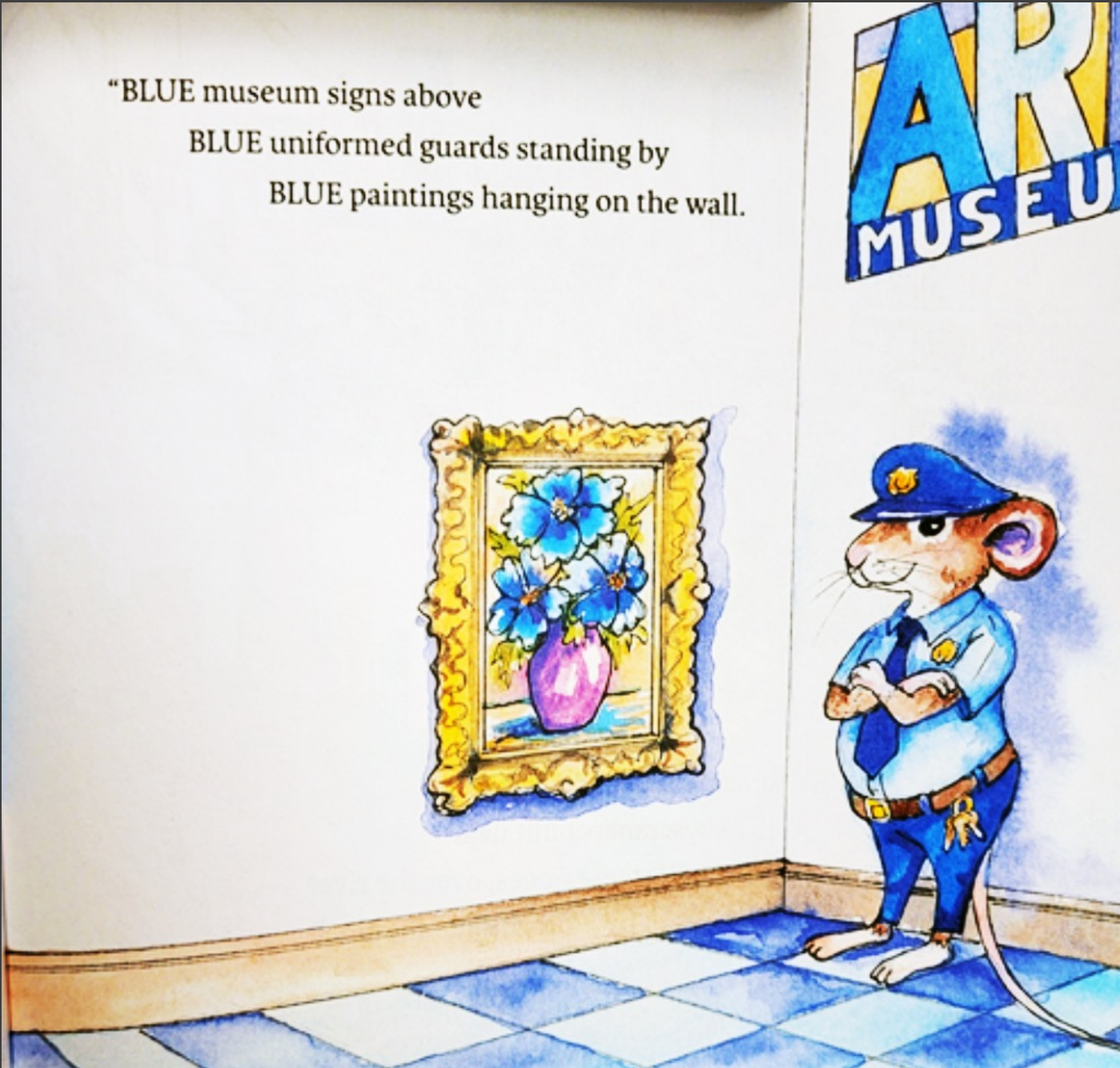




“WHITE ballet slippers and  
WHITE tights on ballerinas dancing on their toes, with  
WHITE lights shining down on them.

"BLUE museum signs above  
BLUE uniformed guards standing by  
BLUE paintings hanging on the wall.

AR  
MUSEU





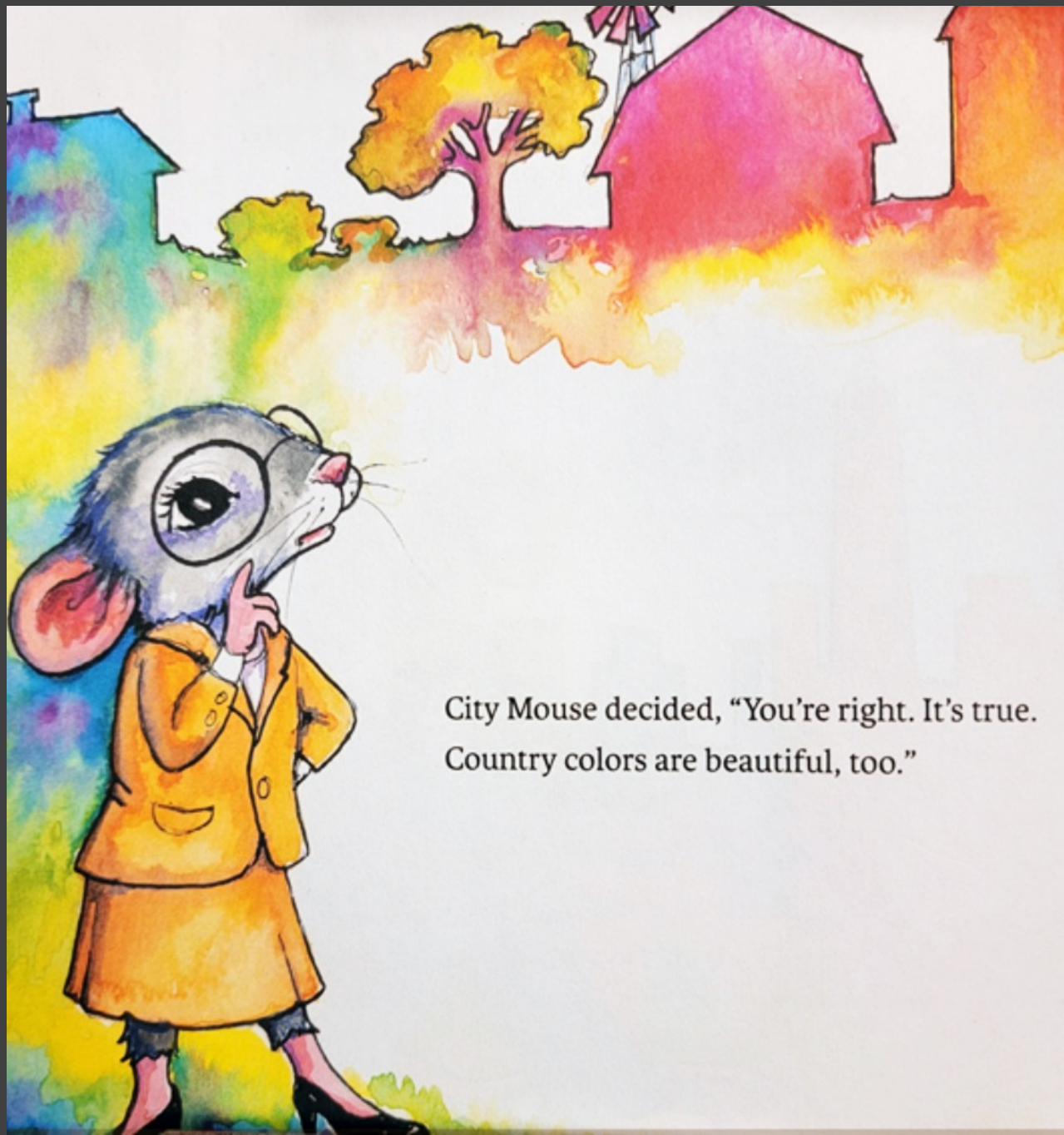


"GREY concrete sidewalks, with  
GREY skyscrapers built near  
GREY steel bridges, over the river  
That flows beside the city."

Country Mouse whispered, "You're right. It's true.  
City colors are beautiful, too."







City Mouse decided, "You're right. It's true.  
Country colors are beautiful, too."



They both agreed, with smiling faces,  
"It's fun to visit other places."  
Country colors, city colors,  
Colors here, colors there,  
Beautiful colors everywhere!



BETH CALLENDER

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Four panel wall mural – 36" x 60"





Air dry clay, acrylics, oils paints, shoe polish





Oven bake clay, colored pencils and oil paint – 12" x 15"





Air dry clay, oil paints, shoe polish – 12"x14'





Air dry clay, water colors, shoe polish, acrylics 12"x10"



"WINE & SPIRITS"

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ANDREA IRVINE

FRIEDA LIPP

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"WE'RE STILL HERE"