

ARTELLA

t h e w a l t z o f w o r d s a n d a r t

From the first time she saw a zine, (Mélange Mar/Apr 2002) Marney Makridakis knew that publishing one was in her future. A few months later her web site was up, followed by a weekly newsletter to spread the news. Here is her story.

The Lil' Bang Theory of Evolution

by Marney K. Makridakis

Not so long ago, in an artistic galaxy far, far away, a pre-cosmic whirling ball of dust, pigments, and wavy fonts began to take form. Influenced by the planets of Nick Bantock and the rays of inspiration from *Somerset Studio*, art and writing merged with the fiery ball of zine publishing ...and with a bang, a lil' zine was born!

Day 1

What a day! Was thinking about how much I enjoyed creating works with both art and writing together. I thought how exciting it would be to encourage other writers and artists to collaborate and do the same, and then publish the wild results! Wait! Am I getting in over my head?

Day 3

Definitely in over head. But did brainstorm a bunch of names and came up with *Artella*, from Art and Telling. Yes, lil' zine has a name: *Artella* - the waltz of words and art!

Day 5

Whoa, as soon as I begin thinking about *Artella*, I'm learning about this wonderful surge of art zines popping up everywhere. Awesome! I must be on the right track.

Day 20

Working on a small web site for *Artella*. It's simple, but if this takes off, I can always upgrade. Now I'll take on the stuffy art and literary world and be the coolest, most encouraging publisher anywhere!

Day 30

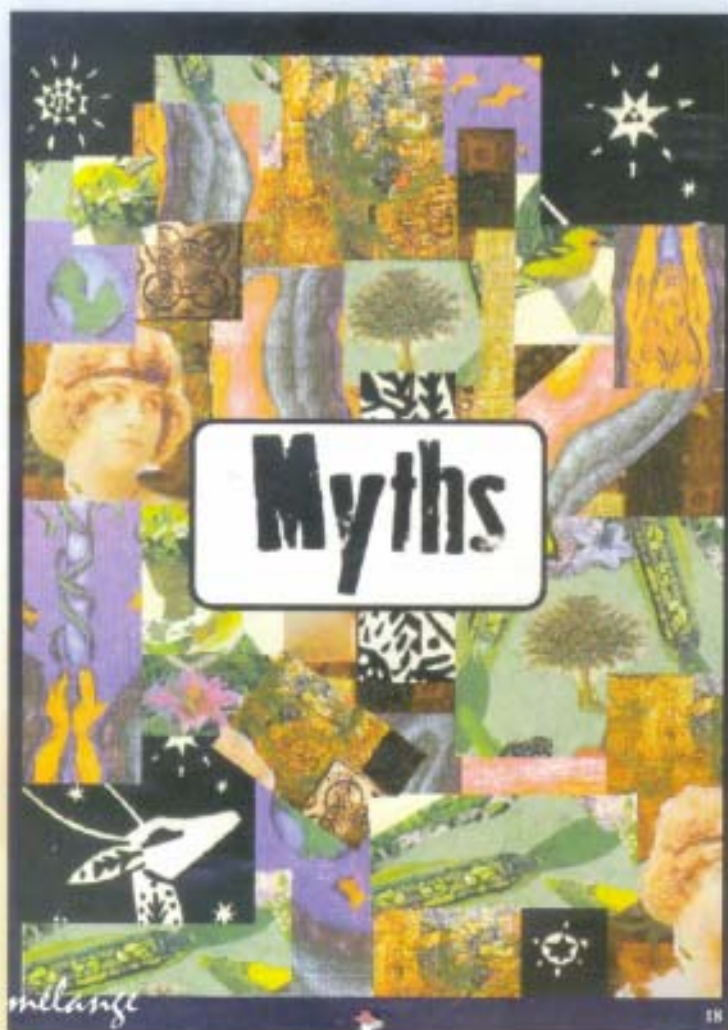
Hmm....didn't think publishing would be this hard. Lots to do and every step feels like a crawl. On the up side, the web site is up and *Artella*, now has her niche: the only zine focusing on the collaborative nature of words and art.

Day 32

Inspiration! In addition to full-color print issues every other month, I'll use all I've learned from creating e-books as a freelance writer and I'll publish a completely different electronic version, called *e-Artella*, on the alternate months. The print issues can be organized around themes, while e-issues can be even longer with more varied content like interviews, articles, and resources for artists and writers. Now I need to spread the word.

Day 40

Today I started *Articulation*, a free weekly newsletter. It contains *Artella*, news, creativity bits, an offering of intermingled writing and art, and links to lots of *Artella* freebies like clip-art files and free e-booklets on creativity topics. The first one was really well received...people e-mailed to tell me



Contemplations

written by Jerry Dreesen

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art by Emelisa Mudle

<http://www frogsy.com.au/emelisa/gateway.htm>

Summer, the heat and blue-white sky makes everything move in slow motion pastels. Except her dress - that wild cherry dress she bought on our last day together. How long has it been? A year, two? Time has a way of collapsing on itself, leaving memories one dimensional, tasteless like the half empty cafes of Chablis neither of us wanted but drink anyway. We have followed our own paths, connected now only by casual e-mails, with those hurry-up dyslectic types and cryptic smiley faces. How difficult, how achingly difficult to see her again.

Oil on canvas, 39" x 37 1/2"

It was only one kiss, brief, unsuspected. We were both a little drunk, a little unhappy. She had just broken up with her live-in artist, I had no one to cry over. I was her best friend, wiping away her tears, my hand barely touching her cheek. I wanted to touch her, thinking it was to console her, but I realized there was more to it than that. I loved her. Wanted her in a way that surprised me.

But that was then, this is now. She has married, and I'm still searching for what ever it is I need. She looks good in her red dress. I wish I could touch her.

Midnight Moon

words by Marta Luzina

www.melanie.com

My art is my lover
it excites me
like a caressing hand
it stares into my
eyes and sees the pool
of clear water
that whirls into my soul
it dreams along with
my wildest thoughts
and deepest desires
A rush of a waterfall
over a naked body
the sun stroking
an oiled back
lovenmaking under
the stars of the desert night.
The fall of autumn leaves
brushing the air
raindrops patting the ground
dots of lamplight lining
the streets familiar
the look of a stranger
curious to know who you are



Acrylic on canvas, 31 1/2" x 55"

Melting Moments

art by Emelisa Mudle

www frogsy.com.au/emelisa

Ocean liners sailing
across blue waves
water drenches shores
Parties humming music
to Lala beats
shimmering gowns
rub against the night air
they say such illusions
do not exist in life
If this is true then
my lover will take
me away never
to return.



Research

words by Robin Hintze-Kreutzberg

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You have to do a lot of research
To know if he really loves you.

You could think how he acts
When you're together
And what he says
And whether that feels like love.

You could find out where he works
And what he does there
And whether he does it better since you met.

You could research how he treats
His mother
And his sister
And his cousin
And even his dog.

You could check into the recent activity
In his investments
Or his prayer life
Or both.

You could figure out what he calls fun
And go watch him do it
And see if he likes you watching.

But you should definitely research
By looking for a sunflower
With the right number of petals.
And if the number is even
For goodness' sake
Be sure you start out saying
He loves me NOT.



Acrylic on canvas, 48" x 24"

HE LOVES ME

art by Marney K. Makridakis

Editor@ArtistsWordsAndArt.com

WHERE PASSIONS START

WORDS & ART BY JEMMY DRYW

<http://home.asnthink.net/~j33/>

Oh mind, oh mind,
Thoughts like wanting fluid,
Swishing fearlessly within the crevices,
That form your pavement of curving hurdles.
Oh mind, oh mind,
Absorbing the influential sips of outside forces,
Filling in the creases within the retaining walls,
That hold this river of passions in noble check.
Oh mind, oh mind,
Musing over your compassed pavement,
Imprinting jumbled links of anger,
Gathering stifled attachments.
Oh mind, oh mind,
Churning the emotions of lustful juices,
Storing rapacious, splintered possessions,
Suffering reckless power camouflaged in self-righteous knows.
Oh mind, oh mind,
Curving threads and fingers stretch,
Passion colors swirl across and beyond your pavement,
Carrying their vibrations into reality.

Collage and acrylic on hardboard, 24" x 18"



RIVERSONG

words by Louis Colfax

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He can still taste her tangy-green smile sprigged to my
Her sweet breath smells like the white-green flowers
scattered along the shore in the spring

"Your smile is simple
your eyes are colored
your nose is fragrant
your neck blossoms sweet
Come into the water
away from the shallows
rescue me
let's dance into the deep"

And the whispers too loud but inside softly scream
Rises her soul in the river
watching close the pond's reflections
of her dreams

Last night he saw his angel
dancing near the water
her bright, fiery flowers
fell off on the shore
his driftwood promise
led out to dry
while he and the tide
cried out for more

Then he asked her "where are you leaving?"
As her lips continued to spread
the salty ocean mist
and the crashing belt of a wave

And the best like a cross
and heretofore has a sudden kiss
whispering to him
when he remembers today --

"Your smile is simple
your eyes are colored
your nose is fragrant
your neck blossoms sweet
Come into the water
away from the shallows
rescue me
let's dance into the deep"



Acrylic on canvas, 48" x 30"

THE RIVER OF LIFE

art by Dan Gremminger

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FADS

round-robin word-play poem by

Arthine Kliever & Barbara Hintze Miller

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digital collage by Arthine Kliever

Godfathers love us, hate us, bless us, curse us, never go away
Herb, my godfather (alas!), faded fast, like a tad (like an herb!)
Raid, at midnight, for a last visit and the Slinky and a
Boarhug, his specialty, and the pet rock and the hula hoop

Jo, my jo, he whispered, his
Breathing shallow, but his love so deep
Joy mingles with sorrow - the one for love, the other for loss
Rye whiskey, eye broad on his breath - is love a tad?

Year: '67? '68? Miniskirts were in. We wore at the
Lake. He taught me how to sail, to water-ski, to touch the sky
Lankier than most my age - I was all arms and legs - on the
Jet ski he saw me as graceful, not awkward, and so I was

Blaze (my pet chinchilla when I was nine (1968) was named in
Jest - Herb's gorgeous horse was named Blaze too (she really had a blaze)
Face the facts: Blaze the chinchilla is gone, Blaze the horse is gone.
Jules the nurse says Herb is gone - heart has stopped (his or mine?)

"You Light Up My Life" makes a perfect Muzak moment
Mix in a little jazz, a little light rock, a little swing
Mix up the days and the nights - I can't tell which is which
Maxi or mini, dress or coat or skirt - who cares?

Wag your tail at a world gone mad
Dawning now is my happy-less Herb-less world (happless, hopeless)
Clap, cloppity, clop, cloppity, clop
Vow (cloppity, clop) to put down the Jacob's Ladder (clap-pity, clop) and
try not to focus (pity-clop-pity) on my self-pity (clap)

Video! I'll go watch the video that we
Wove together from three decades of home movies
Zit City at thirteen! I can't bear to look!
Zit - Herb's zit - herb zit - seems like it's in every meal scene -
almost enough to

Alone for the zit - remember, relive - the ups, the downs,
the hard, the easy
Lurk at the past, lure myself into sorrow
Peen the corners of my memory box, as with a hammer
Loot and plunder - ponder, wonder - is remembering also a tad?



that they thought it was highly original, inspiring and the highlight of their week. Yipee!

Day 62

Best-selling author Suzanne Falter-Barns proclaims *Artella* is "free-spirited, unique, and not like anything I've ever seen on the Web." A small step for *Articulation*, a big step for *Artellakind*...

Day 63

Well, after all the good word that's been spreading about *Articulation*, I've got a small and eager group of charter subscribers ready for the first issue. Now I'm working to get enough great submissions to make this first issue absolutely SPLASH with color and creativity. I set up a projects-seeking-partners list for artists to select written works to interpret, and vice-versa.

Day 75

Reality is sinking in as I do layout and research printing costs. OK, I'll start out with a small run for the first issue and print them out on my home printer. It will be quick and easy.

Day 90

What on earth was I thinking? Printing a run of hefty color issues on my home computer has been about triple the cost of offset printing and my social life has consisted of babysitting the printer, listening to it constantly say "Please load paper." Will this run ever be ready?

Day 95

Baby printer has learned two new words today: feed jam, feed jam.

Day 99

Now up to my elbows in "jam." Maybe printing first issue on inkjet not such good idea.

Day 92

Well, reams of jam and hundreds of printing hours later, *Artella*, Issue 1 is complete! Taking them to be bound and working with family and friends to assemble the inside goodies: little pockets of ephemera, interactive pieces to lift and twist, and a page called Art Workshop with a kit for creating a decoupage postcard. Hope to get these babies in the mail tomorrow.

Day 94

Artella's first kudos have begun rolling in, along with lots of new subscriptions and submissions. People love it! *Artella* has arrived...

Day 96

I think postpartum is setting in after giving birth to baby *Artella*. So just for fun, I offered a free teleworkshop on collage tonight. We really had fun; maybe I'll do more of these.

Day 99

I did a TV interview on a local cable station to talk about *Artella*. Lots of fun. Yay!

Day 123

Time to create a bigger and splashier online home for *Artella*. The new site, www.ArtellaWordsAndArt.com, exuberantly launches.

Day 150

Finishing up the first e-*Artella*. I interviewed artist Pamela Allen, and I've slated Claudine Hellmuth and writer Jennifer Loudon for

future issues. e-Artella is now a truly interactive experience with great links and features.

Day 160

In talking with so many of the contributors and subscribers, I see how much we all long for the same things: community, encouragement, and inspiration. With the new web site, I'll add even more services and offerings to support creativity. I have a feeling that Artella is becoming much more than a zine...

Day 165

Whoa! This 'Dream Big' concept is powerful: *Somerset Studio*, only the coolest magazine in the WORLD, wants to do a feature on Artella! Ok...now I know I am dreaming...nobody wake me up!

Day 170

Have received over 100 e-mails from people who really enjoyed an article I wrote about goal setting for creative people. Maybe I should do more with this?

Day 182

Encouraged by all the great feedback, I've created two e-courses: "Goal Energy: A Unique Guidance Program for Extraordinary Action" and "Writes & Passages: Your Guide to Being an Every-Day Writer."

Day 193

Artella is now offering free teleworkshops every month from collage to creative meditation to improvisational poetry writing. The positive responses are inspiring and make all the hours really worth it. I think it was Confucius who said "Find a job you love and you'll never work a day in your life." Well, he obviously never put a zine together, but got to give it to him, I sure am happy.

Day 224

Jubilant! Lots of people are taking advantage of the free 50-page issue of e-Artella, that can be downloaded from the web site. AND

Artella has now sprouted three online discussion groups that are already bursting with activity: ArtellaVision, EvocativeWords, and Creative bARTering. People are saying they feel like they've come home. I know I'm already there.

Day 256

A big week: I did another TV interview, a radio interview, and was interviewed for inclusion in an article in the *New York Times*. The new web site is already receiving more than 1,500 visitors a month. Interviews ask where I get the energy and enthusiasm to keep Artella growing and my answer is simple: I've found my purpose in inspiring others to tap into the joy of their own creativity.

Day 289

Artella is growing fast. We've now begun setting up the awesome gift shop where artists can sell their unique artwork and gifts, featuring artist profiles for EVERY item; a wild, artsy superstore for cool handcrafted gifts and art. Can't wait to get more artists involved.

Day 321

Great suggestions keep pouring in. Prize-winning contests for artists and writers begin in September 2003. Programs and tools to help writers create and market their own e-books will be launched in late 2003.

Day 345

Just put out the third issue of e-Artella, which is the sixth issue produced overall. Hard to believe it's been less than a year since I began.

Day 360

Finishing up this year-long journal for *Mélange*. I'm excited to think of the new visitors to www.ArtellaWordsAndArt.com, who can explore, contribute, and playfully leap into Artella's wild, raucous dance of words and art.

Contact Marney via e-mail at: Editor@artellawordsandart.com.

A FARMER'S WIFE

WORDS & ART BY KIM BARR



A farmer's wife loves her hens, pigs
in pens and the cows. She loves her life and
feeding her hens, pigs in pens and
the cows. She feels the need to plant
the seed to pray for sun and rain.
A farmer's wife loves her life.

A HARD LIFE

WORDS & ART BY KIM BARR



She wears fur in the cold Arctic day.
She knows struggle as the only way.
Shivering, eating, cooking, seeking the meat and fish.
If she had a wish it would be a warm place
a healthy child and rest.