



CREATIVE GUTS

ENIN



FALL 2022

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BLUE BLUE BLUE BLUE

Hello, Readers!

What's your favorite color? This is a question we ask guests on the podcast every episode. Blue, of the three primary colors in the RYB color model, is the most common favorite color in the world. That's understandable! Even Wikipedia says that blue has been an important color in art and decoration since ancient times. In this Zine, we wanted to see how artists and writers feature blue in their work. Whether it's the color or one of the many emotions that blue can evoke.

This Zine is possible thanks to a couple incredible collaborators. Little River Oriental Rugs, based in Concord, NH, generously supported this Zine with a sponsorship — ensuring creatives would be able to participate in this edition for free! Guest juror, Angie Lane, the executive director of Red River Theatres and a member of Creative Guts' Board of Directors, joined the team to review submissions for this edition. Others on the Board of Directors loaned their time to the project to make it a success!

We're proud to feature the art of nearly thirty creatives, representing six countries and three U.S. states. As always, our mission is to awaken your creativity. As you browse through this Zine, we hope you are inspired by the artists and writers who bravely share their work with the world. Whether you're located in New Hampshire or elsewhere in the world, we're glad you found us. Learn more about Creative Guts at www.CreativeGutsPodcast.com and say "hello" on Facebook and Instagram.

So with that, show us your creative guts!



Laura Harper Lake
Co-Founder + Co-Host



Sarah Wrightsman
Co-Founder + Co-Host

ANNA GALLAGHER

Blue, Poetry

The loneliness of the
midnight blue sky,
Where you think you'll escape into
But never come back
Cold, so cold it hurts,
Darkest right before the
sun comes up
Sullen to the core.
At times,

And there is the light,
turquoise of the sky,
Do not forget that
comfort of the blue above
Like a Dream of joyful blueness,
Will be there, has been there,
and really is there,
Forever.

Feel the memory of the comforting blue when you are in dark.

Push into the blue of day.
Embrace it.
Blue is the cool color that will envelop you
And prompt an awakening spirit.

This is expressive poetry about loneliness and blue.

Concord, NH

KERRYANN TORRES



Rising Sea, Oil on canvas

My oil paintings are about the climate crisis, depicted as a painting within a painting. I do this in order to condense the overwhelming nature of a global crisis to a digestible frame size concept. I thoroughly research each concept and embed it into the paintings, through a painted QR Code or other technologies showcased in a hand rendered frame. Having lived on islands for ten years, I have seen the effects of rising sea levels first hand, thus the goal of my work is to make a distant concept, something tangible that inspires conversation and action.



Leaking, Oil on canvas



Melting, Oil on canvas

Sonoma, CA

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JACKIE HANSON

JACKIE HANSON ARTS



Annie C Maguire Shipwrecked Here 1886, Soft pastel

The experience of exploring a place drives my art practice. Growing up, my family frequented the ocean along the New England coast. We find our centers in the great blue expanse and the rhythmic movements of the tide. By layering my paint or pastel, I attain the color and texture from life and a sense of depth felt on location. Through the act of painting, I recreate my lived experiences and pass the emotion from a place in the world onto the viewer. In my paintings of the ocean, I convey its grandeur and sense of calming at once.

Belmont, NH

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ELIZABETH PIERONI

SCHULTE - EPS ARTS



Frost Reformed, Acrylic on canvas

Life as we know it has changed. As we gather the pieces and collect all that we hold dear, we question our most recent transformation. Waking up from altered realities, we search for order and instead find something more subtle and new. This new reality forces us to question our innate truths and values. What has shifted gives way to new ways of thinking, feeling and seeing the world as we once knew it. This painting seeks to illuminate the chaos and lean into exploring subtle realms of order, finding calm within. This exploration of chaos theory and mindfulness serves also as metaphor for women's work and motherhood which has led to the creation of a body of work entitled Destiny Unveiled.

Hooksett, NH

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JULIE HAMEL



Boar, Cyanotype



Duck, Cyanotype

I frequently use what's found in nature to highlight the distance in human interactions, marking the importance of connections and the emotional effects of separation. Reflecting on the broader context of exposure, time, and sensitivity, my work simultaneously represents what may be absent or present, whether visually or emotionally.

Loudon, NH

juliehamelphotography.com
IG: @juliehamel_inprogress

TIM GILBERT



Rumination, Acrylic

My painting is a very emotional, visual interpretation of the world I live in. It tends to be structured, but also captures the soul of an environment, expressed through abstraction. I try to paint the nature and the motion of an imagined area, using light and color. The palette for any one canvas emerges from a limited number of colors and the overall colorations evolves as the painting evolves. My process of painting is a continuous search for spiritual, rather than the physical nature of our existence.

Hampton, NH

www.mastertg.faso.com

EZGI NADIR



*Mechanical Lung,
Gouache on paper*



*The Idea Of Eternal Life,
Gouache on paper*

I am analyzing the bond between body and time, material and spiritual of our identities. Also I am trying to predict where our existence might go further with science. I have been working on my blue series since 2017, where I bring together the relationship between eternal life and science. The color blue reminds me of hope, possibilities, obscurity, seriousness, eternity, science, life after death.

Ankara, Turkey

IG: @ezginadir

LAURA HARPER LAKE

ARTFUL HARPER STUDIOS



Slowly Submerged, Digital painting

This painting represents the duality of sadness and calmness, both of which feel like blue emotions to me. When you've hit the acceptance phase of pain, there is stillness in that.

Epping, NH

www.artfulharperstudios.com
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JEN DROCIAK



Dunes Motel, Rye, Digital photography



Blue Felt Wall Panels, West High School, Digital photography

Jen Drociak studied art and photography at the New Hampshire Institute of Art. She has exhibited throughout New England and has been in several publications. Her poetry has also been published. She loves finding art, irony, and humor in the otherwise mundane.

Memorial Day Weekend, Poetry

It's Memorial Day weekend
the unofficial start of summer
the beginning of
 cloudless skies,
 sea salt and Rugosa rose,
 and bare feet on sand.

of Kentucky bluegrass,
 pick-your-own berries,
 and ripe watermelon slices.

and of bonfires,
 long walks,
 and Strawberry moons.

We had weathered the brisk wind and rain
until the forsythia and other harbingers of spring
brought with them endless possibilities.

But instead, we are on your couch
and you are telling me you need
proverbial “space” and “time”.

And in that moment you become
the young boy who tears the wings off butterflies
and suffocates fireflies in glass canning jars.

Manchester, NH

jdrociak.wixsite.com/jendrociak

YULIYA KACHAN



Injured Leg, Oil on linen

A peculiar hospital atmosphere is familiar to everyone, and in my opinion it is characterized by stopped time and distorted, swollen, like an injured limb, space. Any human suffering freezes and dissolves in this atmosphere, is reduced to nothing. In whiteness and blueness there is something otherworldly, light, sublime, too light, too sublime and sterile for the flesh, overflowing with physiological processes, pains, inflammations, never truly healthy and perfect.

Minsk, Belarus

IG: @robustamalformation

DANIELA WENZEL



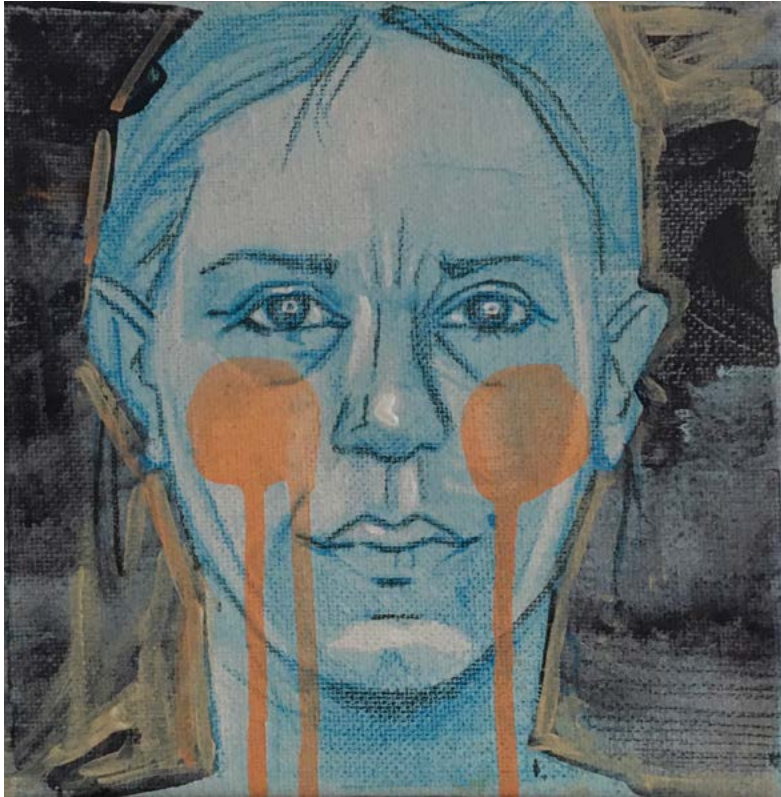
The Void, Oil on canvas

Daniela Wenzel is a German born painter, who came to the US in 2001 and moved to New Hampshire in 2013. Primarily using oils, she paints geometric abstractions that explore biomorphic and architectural renderings. In her colorful work she sets out overlapping dynamic shapes with a grid pattern and implements dimensional shading and/or patterns to create a sense of abstract realism. Daniela works intuitively, drawing inspiration from nature and architecture, fragments of memory and personal experiences. She pulls from an array of colors, patterns and shapes to create a unified and coherent visual experience that conveys her artistic language. Her practice demonstrates the power of creativity as a source for human resiliency.

Bedford, NH

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MICHELLE PETERSON



I Said I was Feeling Blue, He Asked Me, "Cerulean?" I replied, "No. Phthalo."

Acrylic on canvas

Sometimes, a miniscule moment will erupt and become a turning point. I choose to record these moments of contemplation and reflection often, creating swift diaristic works that sit outside of the current body of work I am indulging in. These pieces, together, I consider a method of storytelling but also a method of art therapy.

Hooksett, NH

linktree.com/michellenpeterson
IG: @articulatedstring

MORGAN LITTLE & JOSHUA HALLENGREN

THE MILD REVOLUTION

Dark Blue, Poetry

Close your eyes
Sunshine
Sleep has been waiting for you
Dreams sing softened melodies
And the night will whisper Dark Blue.

Please don't push me aside
I will always be right here for you
And as long as you want me
I'll stand by your side
And I'll always be singing Dark Blue.

I don't want to fight
Don't want to lie
All that I need is you
And I'll be your armor
And I'll make you my bride
And all that you need to be is Dark Blue.

Close your eyes
Sunshine
I know the pain in your past
But the past ain't a problem
As long as it's behind you
And I am in front of it Dark Blue

Morgan Little and Joshua Hallengren are songwriters and musicians from the artist collective The Mild Revolution.

Dover, NH

IG: @themildrevolution

ERICA BODWELL



JourneeLE, Watercolor on paper



Blue Sunday, Watercolor on paper

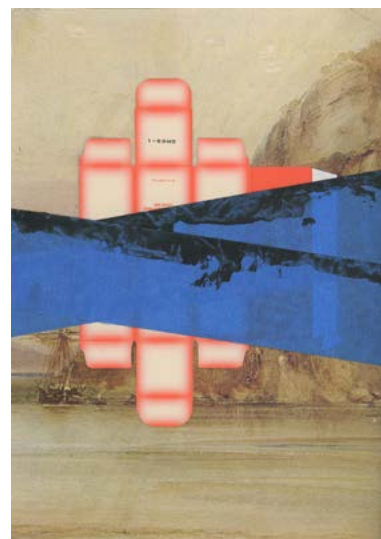
These pieces are all in response to Giorgio Morandi's watercolors, which I fell in love with when I encountered them. I love the way his watercolors are ethereal and solid at the same time, letting the paint do what it will, which creates beautiful and unexpected images. I love the color phthallo blue, which to me looks warm and cool at the same time, and is multi-dimensional. In creating work for this submission, I knew phthallo blue would be my go-to blue.

Concord, NH

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ROD BOYER

OUR THOMAS



A Steady Upward Progression,
Mixed media collage: vintage book
page, product packaging, artists
tape, and acrylic on paper



In Sadly Diminished Numbers,
Mixed media collage: folded vintage
magazine page and found napkin
on paper

Blue lives in many of my works, perhaps because it serves so well to highlight other colors or, if needed, to take center stage – both anchor and sail. And the shades! So many, to match any mood. It easily ranges across emotional registers, grounding and giving surety while still singing. Blue is a color you can fall into, be held by, and so I am drawn again and again back to blue, beautiful blue.

The collage pieces I've submitted feature a range of blue shades, and a range of ways the blue interacts with the other colors present: sometimes grounding and holding them, sometimes boosting and highlighting them, and sometimes outshining them completely.

Exeter, NH

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MEG MCINTYRE

MCINTYRE EDITORIAL SERVICES

Pantone 17-4140 TCX, Prose poetry

There is something singularly edifying about the bursting blue of a Colorado sky. Pantone has surely claimed that this particular blue is bottled, catalogued, neatly nestled somewhere between bluebird and baby. But these self-satisfied rainbow arbiters would be lying, because I have not once seen the color captured so crisply, so achingly as it appears splashed across the yawning horizon.

Maybe it is the thinness of the desert air masquerading as mountain freshness, or the dazzling proximity of the dry-dripped sun, but it is almost intoxicating, this shade of blue. We are all taught never to stare directly into the blazing daylight, but I'd wager that falling into a Colorado blue is more dangerous. You could get lost in there, you know – you could start believing that clouds are nothing but the comfort of pessimists who spend too much time wasting away under the flares of fluorescents.

I've witnessed the gentle drift of crystalline flakes floating to their pillowy beds on a wave of Colorado blue. The cognitive dissonance is almost too much for the meteorological moderate who sees that azure blanket and feels, from within, a shock of radiating warmth, in spite of himself. It's a color that cares little for season or supposition, prediction or expectation. It unfurls when it is ready, like a pretty-petaled daisy drinking in dew.

I have also seen the sickly grayish intrusion of smoke casting an entitled pallor on my Colorado blue. It's like a seeping watercolor, at first, leaving bruises across the landscape. And then there is the red – an unhappy twin who leaves a sheen of uncanny anguish on whatever it may touch.

The sun sprouts a halo and noon feels closer to nowhere in time as that brilliant blue hue is swallowed up in greedy flames. There is always a sense of knowing that it will return – that the clouds of cough-inducing smog will dissipate.

But the blue days come less often, now. Or sometimes the color arrives, right on schedule, but it is not quite right. Not quite bright. Dimmer. Duller.

Each time the sun comes out, I long for the feeling of finding myself wrapped in it. Swallowed by it.

That true. Blue. Hue.

My prose poetry explores the power of textural descriptive language to convey images, thoughts, and sensations that often defy simple explanation through the written word. I gravitate toward the visceral nature of verbal speech and frequently experiment with alliteration, assonance, and internal rhyme, drawing inspiration from the way a word's sonic quality can spark unique resonance with its meaning. For this reason, I believe the most authentic way to experience my work is through hearing it read aloud. This piece, "Pantone 17-4140 TCX," is an ode to the complex emotions, memories, and impressions embodied by a particular shade of blue.

Brattleboro, VT

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IG: @ByMegMcIntyre

MYRA JAGO

MYRA JAGO PAINTING



Blue Lagoon, Oil on canvas

Myra Jago makes realistic oil paintings about our relationship with the world, looking at our intuitive response to reality and questioning our ability to see things as they are. Recent works employ Earth images from the International Space Station, Cartograms and Pangaea projections in an effort to grasp, for both the artist and her audience, the finite orb we all occupy. Although subjects stem from their social, political and ecological roots, the painter strives to place these within an atmosphere of calm. Symmetry is a constant motif throughout Jago's practice - she uses mirroring to reveal the underside, exposing another point of view. Soft silks carry chosen imagery between their folds, partly hidden like unclear thoughts, suspended halfway between what is seen and what is felt.

Bray, Wicklow, Ireland

www.myrajago.com
IG: @myra.jago

OLGA GVINDZHYLIYA



The Big Blue, Collage

I do my analogic collages using the magazine (and etc.) cuttings. That makes any piece a unique one, because of a limited availability and different forms of cut material. I like it this way, it challenges my creativity. I take what I have and produce something absolutely new and different. I see myself as a metamodern artist. I take trash and create art with it. I give a second and unexpected life to the material I use. In general, the idea of a circular economy is important for me. Sometimes I like to draw people also.

Santa Barbara de Nexe, Portugal

IG: @gvinolga

LOGAN PARROTT

All Reclining, Poetry

Deep in the paths, in the wheelock of my heart
in my lungs, in my stomach, in nowhere in particular
my solar plexus bare to sky–
there is midnight and my higher self–
there are curtains of royal velvet
and a garden of chaise lounges where I am
idle; my hands at work, my mind a'wander
through the white roses and delectable hedges
our playful hide-and-seek I am
goat-like munching on leaves searching
for peacock blue elegance and dancing alone,
my spirit bare to that all-moon sky.
The craters gray and visible in the velvet,
moonrays shining soft the golden trim and neat-cut grass blades
there is not meter, rhyme, or reason
I cannot call; can you please
come out and meet me
Higher Self I know is there
Somewhere among the resting chairs
all soft azure set out for you
The white of moon and peacock blue
less higher than hider
existential object of desire
I am not lost, but can't be sure of
the scene that I've laid out for her.

A garden play, lunar plexus
naked as a grub– I'm aware of
the work in these homegrown set pieces
I can touch the time it takes to make sense of you–invited to the stage,
meaning lost in calligraphy and playful spirits.
Are you hiding, or getting into your dress?
Are we playing the same game– should I stop and wait,
take in the moon on one of the many couches,
sprawl on the lawn, eat the leaves, twist the roses, touch the petals
move my hands in strange and arcane ways and keep the
curtains parted for you
who may not be here at all?
In truth I wander through the lush,
my body close to being born
my forehead aches, I spit, it splits
A crown of peacock feathers placed in trembling fealty
You will come, and I will wait
beneath the moon,
which eats the sky.

It's hard to consider your spirituality when life sucks every moment away. I feel like I'm still searching for some higher self, even if I don't have the time I'd like.

Keene, NH

IG: @coowritings

SARAH LITTLE



Open Spaces, Digital photography

To me, blue often represents nature and our inability to escape it. Whether that means appreciating the nature around us or searching for open spaces in constricted cityscapes, it is something embedded deep within us. We are drawn to it. And while nature provides an infinite palette of hues, blue bleeds into our everyday lives. It gives no warnings or apologies. Both warm and cold, blue is the color of the human experience. The very nature of life itself.

Dover, NH

IG: @sarahlttl

KRISTEN ROONEY



Aveiro, Cyanotype

I love combining artistic media and processes whenever I feel that they work together harmoniously. When I create cyanotypes, I pull photographs that I've taken on film because the graininess lends itself so well to being transformed into a soft, weathered, monochromatic image. This means that the development of cyanotypes takes many weeks, sometimes even months, for me to first find something I deem worthy of shooting on film, developing, and then readying for the printmaking process.

Pelham, NH

IG: @kristenrooneyart

TRACY HAYES

The Shape of Abandon: Marks (ambivalence/grounding), Poetry

I see the marks as entrapment, but paradoxically I also feel they hold the key. There could be comfort in yielding completely to them, as a state of adjourned reality, smothered yet supported. The seduction of a dissolution into nothingness beckons, a fall into the seam, fully enveloped, suspended and still, yet unencumbered. The darkness is of a density strong enough to hold, a resting place, a pause which is blanketing and disorienting at first yet once adjusted peaceful in its weight as in a thunder shirt for the senses, holding everything in, all turned inward in a hyper aware state of self and freed from outside distractions.

Floating, drifting, buttressed from the nothingness which stretches outward below, the dawning awareness of which is gradual and delayed as if I knew I could remain superficially and casually participating in this suspension experiment instead of succumbing to the reality of the incredible horror of the abyss extending ad infinitum, limited in scope only by the imagination's inability to grasp it and thus endure...

But maybe the nothingness is just a density of aggregations that create this massed darkness (and not an unfathomable chasm) keeping me at a distance and aloft, pushing me out and away, when all I want is to reach down into this complicated tangle of growth and let it engulf and intertwine and consume...

The marks support me.
The marks pin me.
They guide me.
They foil me.
They unite.
They strangle.
They abridge.
They tangle.
They release.
They moor.

They are freeing.
They are free.
They trap.

They mire.
They give.
They take.
They are giving.
They are selfish.
They are confident.
They are confused.
They are confusing.



The Shape of Abandon IV, Pastel, ink, and watercolor on Canson paper

Mixed media work emerges in series from a process that is as reliant upon drawn media as upon painted. These works seek to make sense of a world just outside of reach, beckoning yet elusive.

Morrisville, VT

www.tracyhayesart.com
IG: @tracyhayes__

RANDALL NIELSON

FROM STRANGE PIECES



Mother,
Digital illustrations



Neomorph,
Digital illustrations

These pieces are a fun experiment on using color to represent consonance and dissonance in a piece. While working on the more subtle portrait, I had hidden the details of the eyes and was shown a completely different portrait than what I had been working on. This led me to change the eyes and background of the portrait to create two pieces that are complementary but quite alien to one another.

Manchester, NH

www.strangepieces.com
IG: @fromstrangepieces

SUSAN ROSTON

SHIMMERLING



Cosmos, Fused glass



Bursting Ray, Fused glass mounted on stainless steel

I like experimenting with fused glass in trying to capture the luminosity, transparency, and radiance of light. I seek to explore the unfolding of forms, colors, textures in the layering of glass and inclusions.

Jaffrey, NH

www.shimmerling.com
IG: @shimmerlingglass

JIM MOONEY



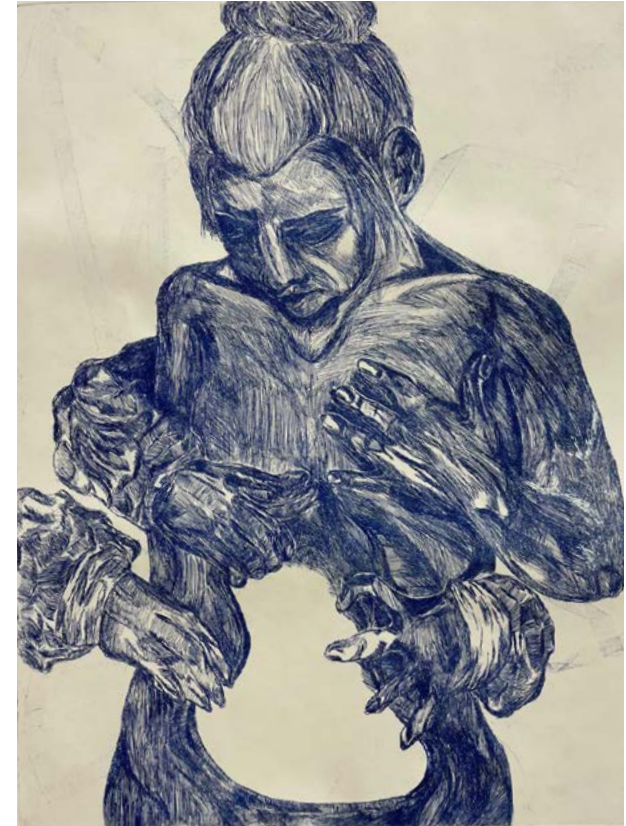
Near the Light, Linocut print

Ever since my first trip to Maine as a child the New England coast has fascinated me. Lighthouses and wooden dories are a working staple of everyday coastal life. Despite their practical roots each light and each boat stand as examples of form and their maker's craftsmanship. This print is an homage to these quintessential forms of coastal life.

Manchester, NH

IG: @jmooney776

JAYDE BAUMGARTNER



If my body could talk, Etching

This etching gives my body a voice; It speaks of pain, healing and trauma. Endometriosis, an invisible illness, an illness of the uterus, is often diagnosed so slowly, that many women suffer at length before treatment. The void represents a feeling of emptiness. Multiple surgeries are depicted by the many gloved hands. My skin has been stretched, pulled and violated, creating an empty wound. I separate myself from the illness despite feeling out of control and restrained. I hope other women can identify with this work, understand my silenced pain and need find strength in suffering.

Ponoka, Alberta, Canada IG: @lincoln_and_that_one_artist



Creative Guts is a nonprofit on a mission to awaken creativity within people of all ages by curating an environment for connection, collaboration, and the opportunity for gutsy creatives to share their stories with the world.

We do this through programs, zines, events, and a podcast that is focused on the pursuit of creativity. Podcast episodes are available to listen on all major podcast platforms and our website.

This edition is sponsored by Little River Oriental Rugs, based in Concord, NH. We appreciate their support!

www.CreativeGutsPodcast.com



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