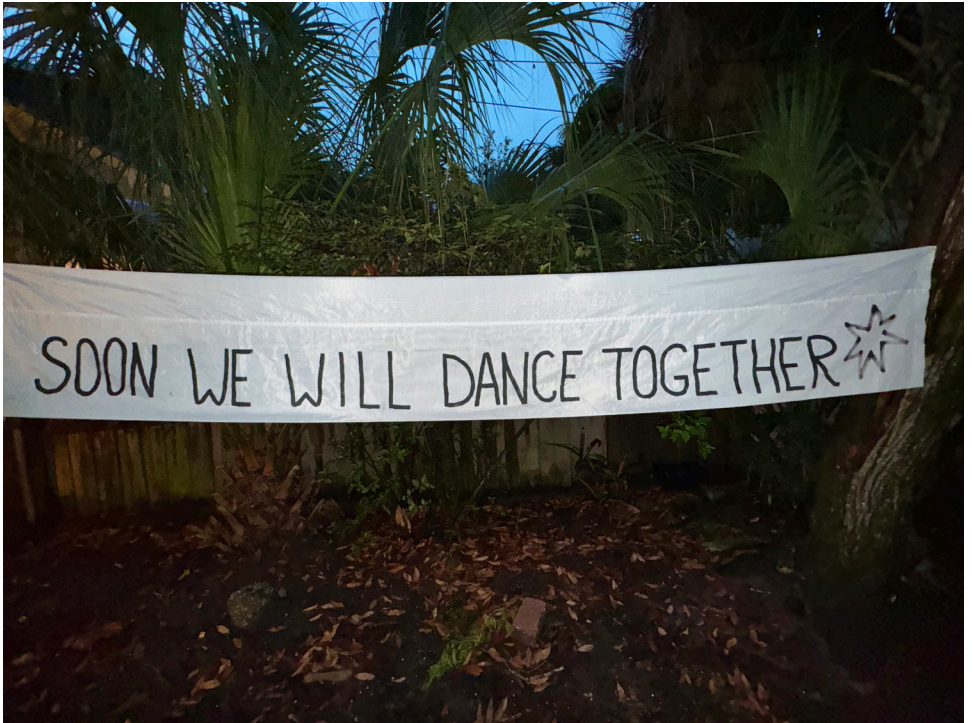


SUBSTRATE



note from the editor

1. i believe that the work of imagining is sacred and necessary.
2. in biology, a substrate is a substance, material, or underlying layer on which something acts or depends.
3. making brings me joy. it brings me a lot of complicated feelings, actually, but mostly it brings me joy. the residue of making forms a base layer that sustains me. i use this to offer what sustenance i can to others. this is a shared experience among people who make things.
4. thank you to all who submitted to the inaugural issue of this zine. it is an honor to steward your dreams for better futures in this way. it is my hope that bits of all hearts here (contributor, reader, alike) talk to one another and form new substances on which to act. for information on submitting work to future issues of Substrate, please email me at corthartle@gmail.com.

with love,
cort hartle

cover image: glyn coyote, "(any day now)"

i am a body and beyond
entering a portal of the present
hereafter there is no exit
only a chance of infinite beginnings
my body is a vessel for the future
to see myself is to hold past, present, and future at once
i cannot merely touch the depth of this
i must wait, watch, listen, feel, rest
in
intent
on honoring a lesson unfinished
this time is ours



Rida Rosemore, "Self Portrait"
@owlscooststudio

There was a time before now
When we raced down the driveway
And skipped stones in the creek.
We listened to nature's sounds and learned the language of our ancestors.
When the wind whispered and trees talked.
When we were all princesses that sang with animals and believed in happily ever
after.
After that there was a time, not yet now
Call it then.
When we realized fairytales were just dreams
When our teachers taught us wars
And our bullies taught us doubt
When society showed us shame
And we learned the trees name
For a test and forgot how to rest,
Go slow.
No. No more of that.
And that brings us to now.
Now when we see a tree we take a pic and Google it's name.
Then we get distracted by the news and notifications of bombings and birthdays.
We see a city
Sprinkled with locals struggling on sidewalks and drive by listening to music and
sigh "what a pity."
But tell me what would happen if we exchanged now for when?
When we decide to go slow and talk to a stranger.
When we stop and choose to actually help our neighbor.
When we drown the sounds of fear and doubt
By making art and melodies to smile about.
When we share moments and memories with the wind and each other.
When we and the trees transpire
And we learn to love one another
So please,
Now.
Not then, but when
Ceasefire, ceasefire, ceasefire, ceasefire, ceasefire.

Sarah Beth Saho, "When"

@sarahbethsaho \ \ sarahbethsaho.com

standing on the rim of the grand canyon. the absolute magnificence of gaia, her power rushing through my body, energizing my soul, incredibly vast and full of life. sunset on the north rim, camping with new friends, sunrise on the east rim, soul rejuvenating.

in the days following our visit with this natural wonder, we drove through Navajo nation, to Chaco canyon, reflecting, the land we are on was stolen and altered irreparably by greedy colonizers. people who had lived respectfully with nature were murdered and driven away so the land could be used and abused by humans with no respect for creatures other than themselves.

how can we repair this?

this society has altered earth to levels disastrous for our species and countless others.

can we repair this?

this society continues to allow the ruling class to abuse the land, the people, and the other living creatures all just trying to survive this brutal world. we must work to break this cycle to save ourselves, our community, our world.

in a society where taking care of yourself is a rebellious act, you must rebel to survive. take care of yourself, check on your loved ones, approach the world with love, the only way through this is with love.

willow



willow faith hart, "love letter to the grand canyon"

@willowfaith.art \\
willowfaithart.com



desire paths are tracks created by erosion through the foolfall of humans and animals. they are often a shortcut, but can also indicate the freewill of us living creatures.

they are the ultimate metaphor for our collective hunger for alternative ways of being, relating, loving, working, moving that fall away from the pre-determined paths in front of us.

like a flower peeking through the cracks in a sidewalk, these lessons of hope and desire are abundant in nature. they are reminders that we can break cycles, we can step outside of the systems and structures most familiar to us.

together, we can not only survive, but thrive - as desire paths teach us: repeated, collective action forges new paths everyday.

Sara Rocks, "Desire Paths"

@sara_the_sprout

grief comes in waves
as do most things
energy
laughter
orgasms

and sometimes
the waves will
knock me
down
but i will get up
and i will
keep
swimming

i am not broken
the tides are low
but they will rise again

the snows melts away
and takes with it
the svelte dip
between my rib and hip, the
round slope of my breasts

the spring brings blooms,
and new shoulders, too,
rounding, slowly muscling,
reminding me of the trees,
eating sun, laden with fruit

and with summer comes stubble,
cropping up on my babysoft cheeks,
(the lesbians I kiss hate it,
mostly, I do too,
but I love the feeling
of shaving)

almost a year now, carving out
this holy body, blessing of blessings,
a shape new, but a shape
that's always lived within me,

at times, I do not recognize myself
in my own sprawling and bold-jawed shadow
which leaps across the sidewalk from my feet
taking up so much space,
eating the sun, laden with fruit



hunter, "Eat Me"
@stringyomit

Q4. Who is looking out
for ~~my~~ ^{our} interest?
BEST

-
- (a) ~~our elected leaders~~ politicians
 - (b) ~~corporations~~
 - (c) ~~the banking~~ financial institutions
 - (d) ~~the health-care~~ medical industry
 - (e) the agri-food sector
 - (f) BIG-Pharma
 - (g) BIG-Tech
 - (h) our government
 - (i) corporations

- (i) all of the above
- (j) none of the above

(selecting an answer completes the artwork)



Through a bricolage
Of broken dreams
We learn we are
Extraordinary beings

We learn to paint
With what we've lost
We learn, in fact
Our lives have costs

We learn that fire
Makes all things grow
We learn the gold
Is in the rainbow

Inside the spectrum
Of destiny's hues
That splashy wave
Of light + blues

The alchemy
Of sun + rain
The way we shine more
After pain

It's how we see
All life is death
And you can't make art
Without a mess

// Extraordinary Beings

i am rising
from the ashes
of what i once knew
the ash nourishes my soil
so(w) my seeds may grow
stronger than before

when the worst thing that happened to me
set me free
and i am oh so grateful i didn't end up with what i thought i wanted
because what i have now, what i am now, is better than i (could have) imagined

what i thought was the end
was a new beginning
the light of the future eclipsing the pain of the past
stronger
yet more tender
coming home to myself
honing my power

following the lodestar of gratitude,
guiding force to fulfillment
my heart overflows, grows
abundance
passion
inspiration
love
the worst thing that happened to me
set me free
and i am oh so grateful
i didn't end up with what i thought i wanted
because what i have now, what i am now, is better than i (could have) imagined

what feels better than perfect?
messy
loud
a race to the end of the block
laughter in the back yard
cooking a meal for friends
making love
sentimental jazz
a day off
a week off
a month off
a whole year
of tides turning
the unforgettable gift of our lives
i just hope
i get to remember
remember remember
but holding on feels like strange perfection sometimes
and what feels better
is letting go
turning into earth
then turning into magic, dust
sailing off to the sun one day
and today
what feels better than that?
better than perfect?
breath
a deep inhale with purpose
for me:
i am divine purpose and there is nothing
that can cover that nothing that needs to
exhale
through my nose like
the dragon
a force to be reckoned with
we are a force to be reckoned with
no cops
no judge
no demon
can stop
a flying, living rock, amongst other rocks, amongst stars

so
i watch the forgivers rise
watch their compassion
like wind
their dreams
like kites

i watch the rememberers
rise
their time
an ancient sun-clock
where shadow and sun meet
to move us forward
towards destiny
without fear
of perfect

Renee Marino, "year of the dragon"

@reneestee

witness my body:
my wise eye, my fine bones,
my bound breast and barking mouth,
my hair shorn close to the pulse

I am the flame, consuming
and the pyre, consumed

witness my holy Delphi tongue
slick with your wordless secret
made manifest



Ada Everman, "The Soul"
@supernova.ada

I dream of the bombings
I dream of the enduring spirit of the people of Palestine
I dream of their rage

I dream that they show me how to resist
that my singular act of rebellion is enough
I dream that I am enlightened
i dream that I too, cannot escape this
i dream i am a hero—my saviorism is showing—i drown a suitcase representing
the colonizing body. this is my resistance.

i dream
to convince myself i am good
that i could never be part of something so hateful
and yet
somehow i still am
every day.
and it hurts badly.

I dream of silly things
because my body cannot comprehend
what war crimes
really feel like

my mouth
cannot comprehend something there is not
words for

the word
genocide
is just the cherry
on top of
leveled buildings
now

entire cities
turned to grave yards

i dream that i will wake up
that these horrors will cease

and in a way they do for me
each morning
before i reach for my phone

they always said 'you are lucky'
living in the stolen states

i see us outsourcing death as a hobby

having stolen much more than land

stolen lives

stolen labor

and they sold us a dream

this dream

this one

we can't wake up from

only ignore

ignore

Ignore

as they

increase the infighting

increase the scarcity

control

control

control

the workweek as chokehold

yet we must scream

landback

landback

landback

to its original stewards

land back to the people

land back to the plants

land back to the living

it's never too late

to dream

Renee Marino, "we dream, we endure"

@reneestee

Billy Branca

glyn coyote

Ada Everman

willow faith hart

Samson Huang

Hunter

Keli Ma

Renee Marino

Sara Rocks

Aida Rosemore

Sarah Beth Saho