(drawing by Pepe)

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ARCATA HOUSE PARTNERSHIP

UPSTATE

Northcoast Environmental Center

Our Space Volume 2!

April 24, 2024

(drawing by Pepe)

Our (adjective); Of or belonging to us, or ourselves as possessors; due to us; inherent in us; associated or connected with us; as our hands, our passions, our thoughts, our community.

Space (noun); That which is characterized by extension in all directions, boundlessness, and indefinite divisibility.

Welcome to Our Space!

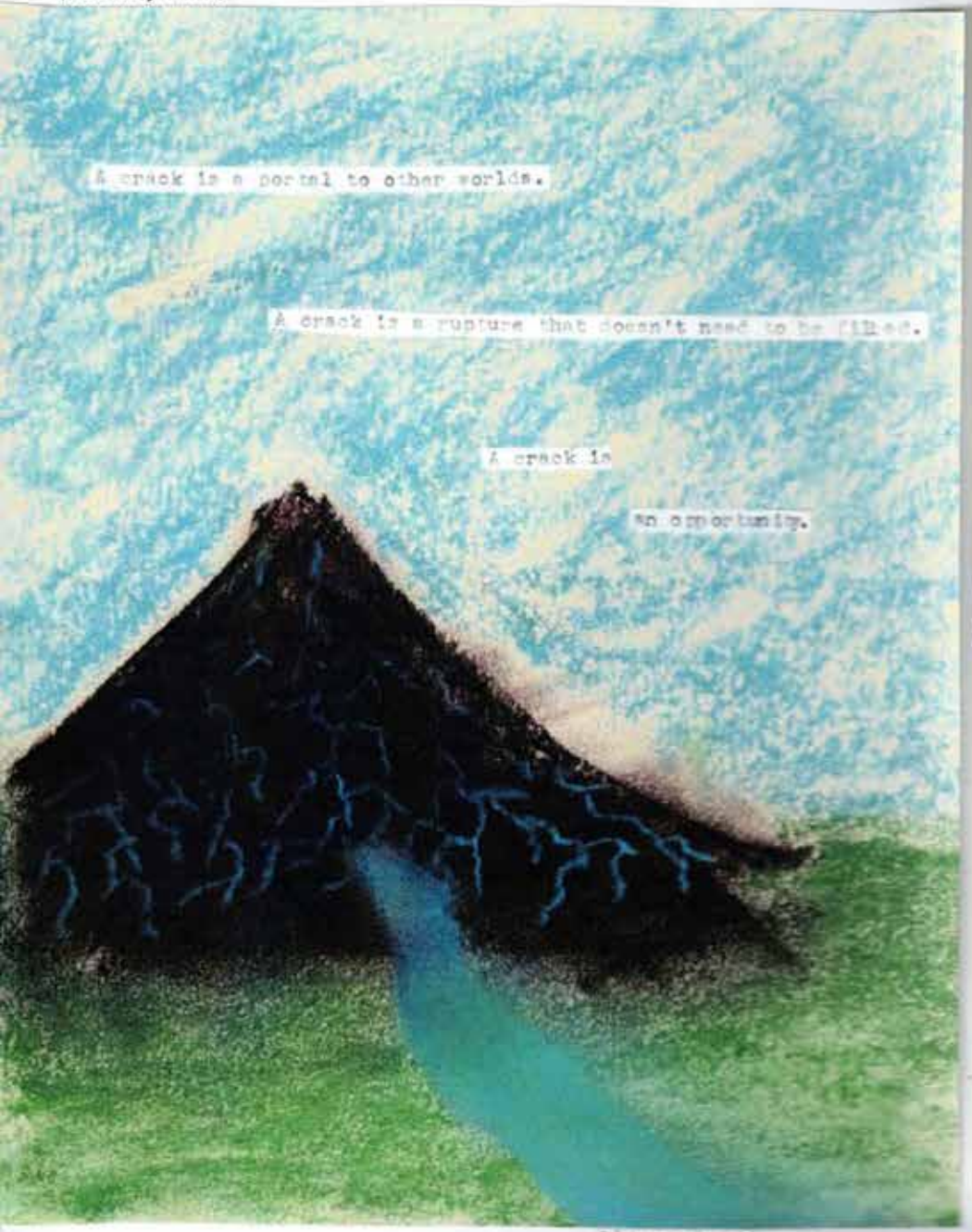
What is Our Space? It's an open space of philosophical inquiry, artistic expression, and hot soup. It's on the Plaza, it's in the oldest church in Arcata, it's at West Village Studios, it's wherever we can pull up a piece of pavement or grass and make art with our friends without being told we don't belong there. Technically it's a drop-in art space for everyone, but especially for artists who live on the streets, artists whose housing is insecure, and all of their allies.

We believe in the importance of having all voices contribute to creating culture, and in the need to humanize all experiences. We believe the arts are a transformative medium for self-knowledge, self-worth, and collective contribution toward the world we deserve. We believe it's going to take whole lot of creative thought and imagination to cultivate a compassionate, equitable future, and we're building up the soil of our little garden of collective imagination and belonging so we can grow and blossom together. We believe that people contain multitudes and need more than just shelter and food to thrive.

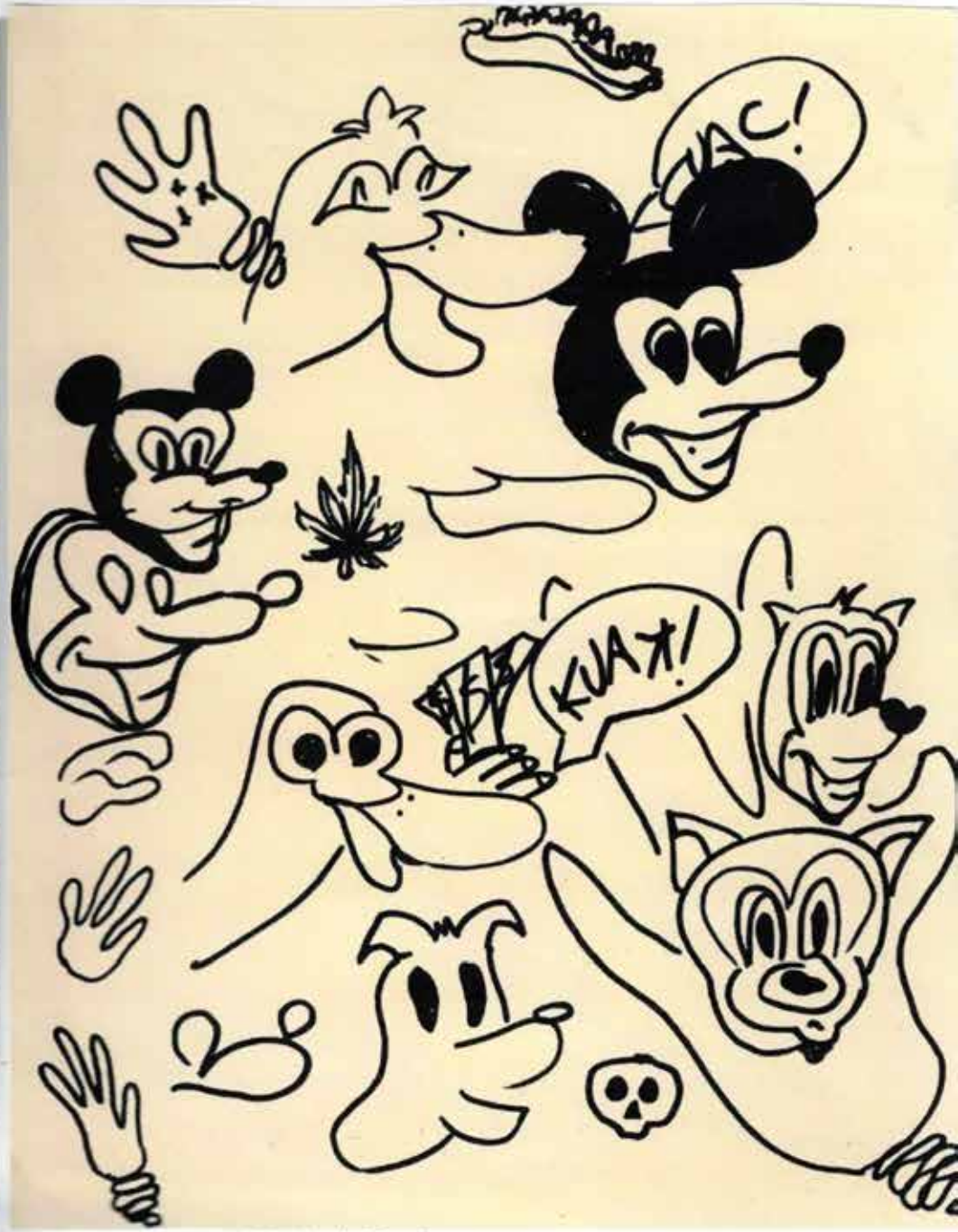
The art in this volume (volume 2!) of the Our Space 'zine was made during pop-up tea and art parties on the Plaza, in the warmth of the Arcata Presbyterian Church, and during Writing Group at the West Village Studios. Some of the artists featured in these pages are no longer with us; they've moved on, passed away, or gone to jail. Some of them are unknown because they just showed up, made a beautiful thing and then left. We've shared food, cheered the people who've found housing, and vicariously ridden the roller coaster of sobriety. And laughed and danced and played the piano. And laughed. And ate (thank you Mara and Autumn!).

Maybe you'll stop in sometime and check us out.

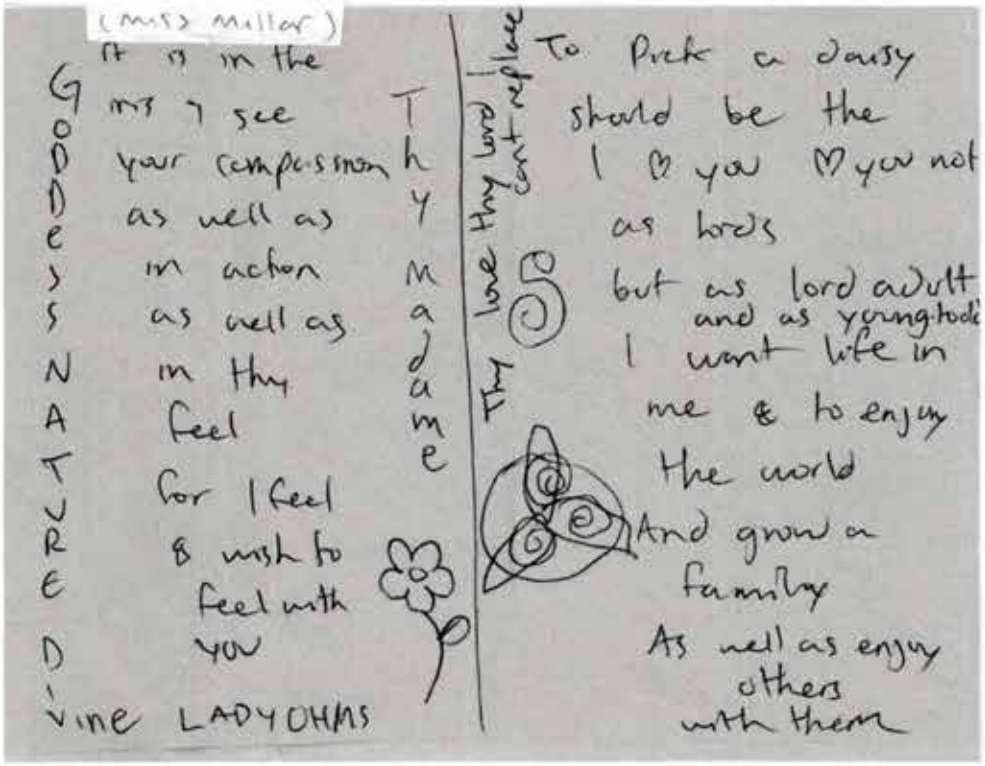
(words by Laura)



(drawing by Unknown)



(drawing by Pepe)



it is in the
iris I see
your compassion

as well as
inaction

as well as
in thy
feel

for I feel

& wish to
feel with
you

to pick a daisy
should be the
I ❤ you ❤ you not
as lords

but as lord adult
and as young to old

I want life in
me & to enjoy
the world

and grow a family

as well as enjoy
others
with them

(words by Naomi)

9/13/23

Time Travel

I faded away,
Morning dew melted heart broke;
Yet one life in pain.

My Tears are fallen,
From painless empty dreaming;
Open the drawer!

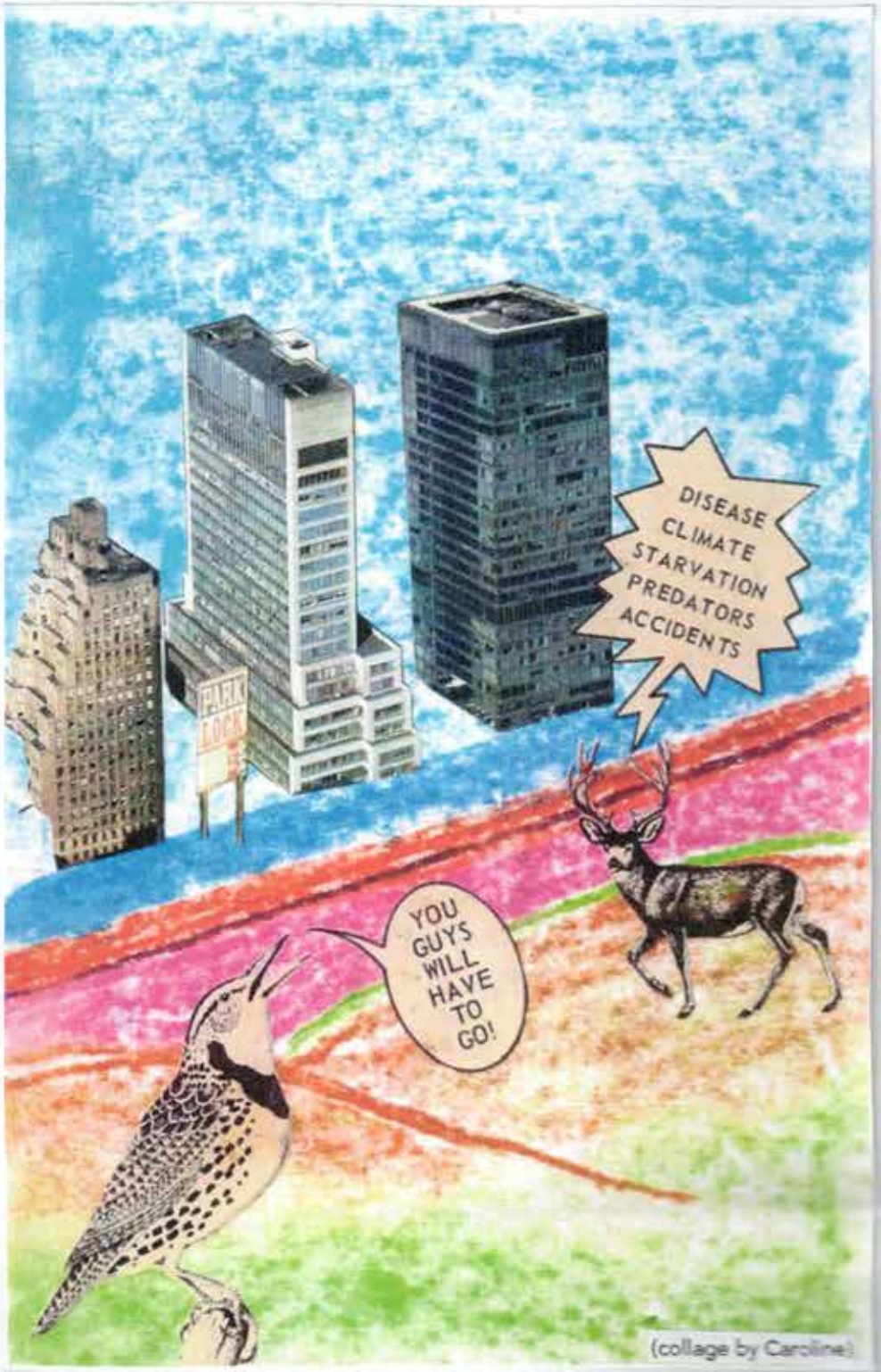
Can you Dont dreaming,
Is your speaking, compassion;
Or is it Question?

Did you want a start,
Or will leave common alone;
Braking heartless pains?

Timeless is a hope,
Endlessness will challenge;
a peace deeply here!

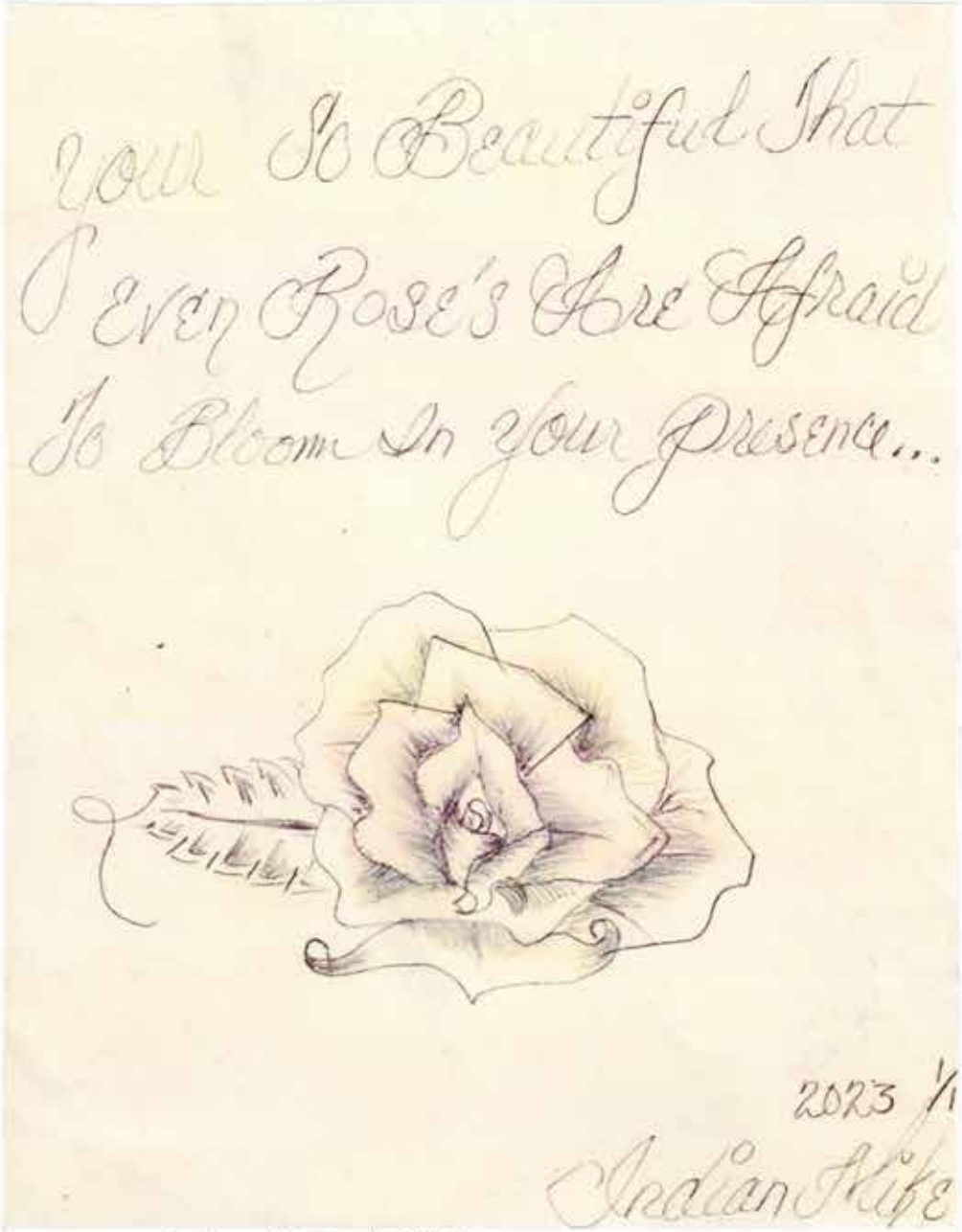
Yet no life pain of,
Dew mornings melted heart broke;
away faded I.

Michael Wasslip


DISEASE
CLIMATE
STARVATION
PREDATORS
ACCIDENTS
YOU GUYS WILL HAVE TO GO!
(collage by Caroline)

(words by Ben)


the skeletons of misery
are dancing once again
my tortured soul rescinds
oh-
it's the tune of youthful folly
of wanting to love again.



(words and drawing by Mike)

[redacted]
were going to all grow
into a greater

those that grasp my heart
I am taking you with me

so we can be
a form of healthy support

you have no need
to leave yr current location or
be in proxy to my physical body
it's about allowing
psychic conditions to be as they weather

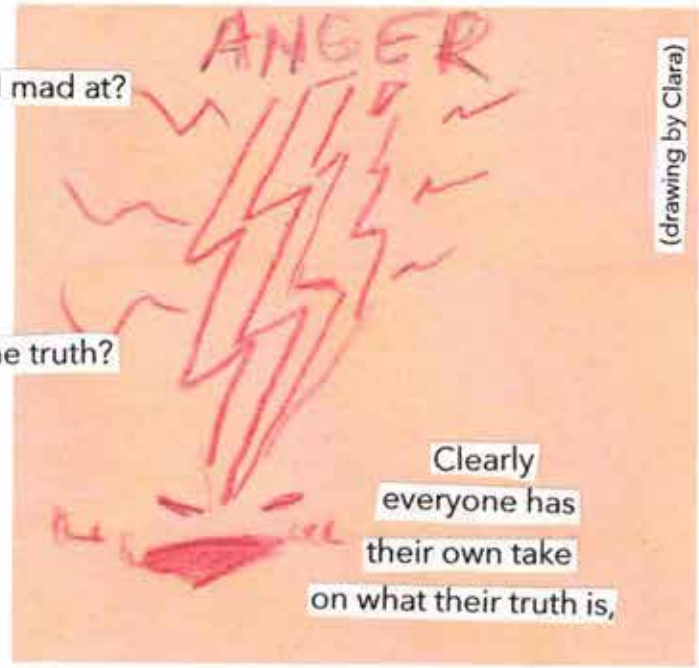
whether it's pleasent or otherwise
to feel through
over definitive conclusions
on revolving notions
pertaining to that which yr contained to
hear what complaints are saying
instead of just killing a fly
for buzzing around.
playing more like a game
become the anger
don't make it stain, see through serious
we're all going to die

(words by Niell)

Who...or What am I mad at?

I am mad at

the idea of what is the truth?



(drawing by Clara)

Clearly
everyone has
their own take
on what their truth is,

but in the
totality of the whole, I feel the truth has been controlled by the most
exposed.

With more exposure in one's life brings more information which brings the ability to digest and be more critical to what resonates the most.

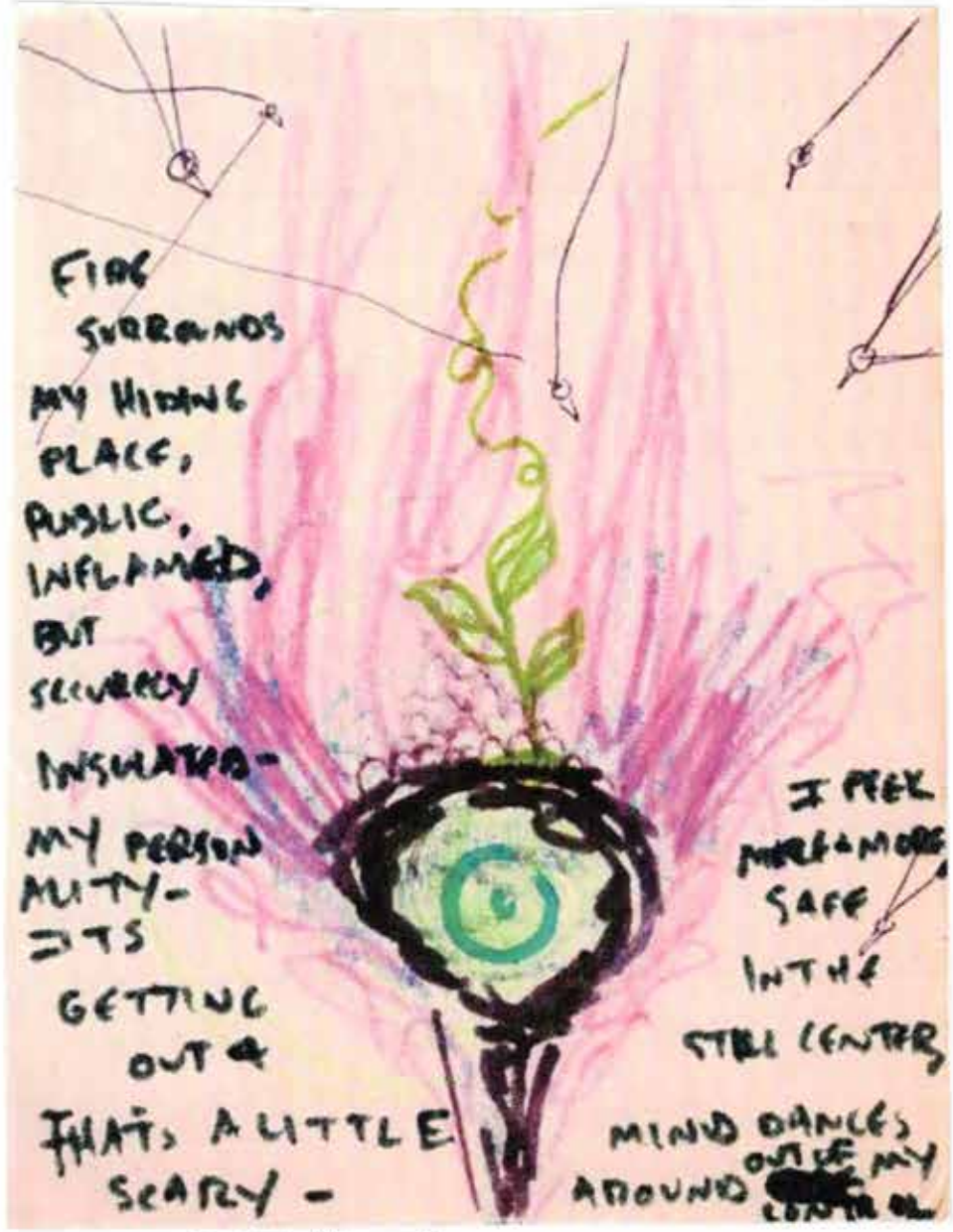
So, I guess I'm the most upset with the idea that there is someone out there controlling the narrative on the basis of I do not have the capacity to make the best intuitive decision.

I just want to know the truth rather than a lie.

I'm also mad at myself for not utilizing the information to formulate my idea of what my truth really is, to the best of my ability.

(words by Daniel)

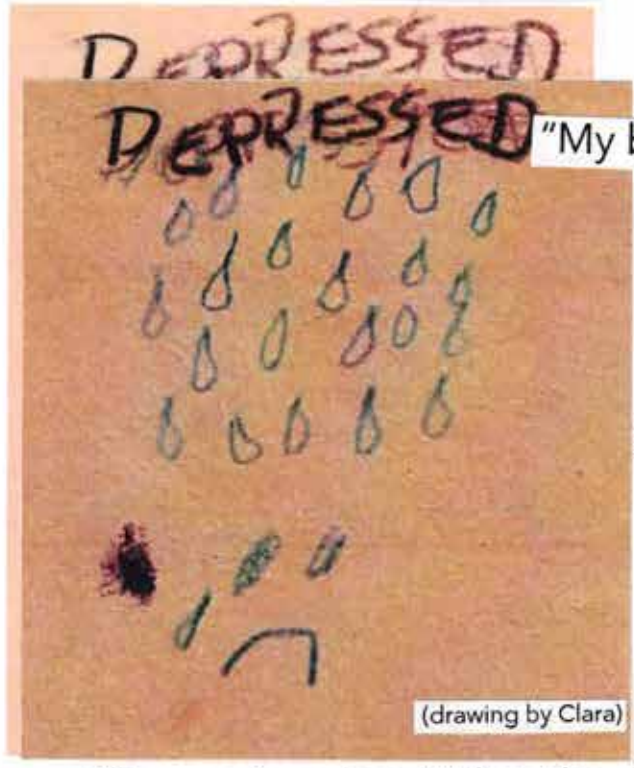
One day at a time!



(drawing by Unknown)

(drawing by Heidi)

"Don't go to work. No one goes to work anymore."



"My biggest complaint is that I have to spend money at the Dollar Store."

(drawing by Clara)

"No one is saying, 'What I have is enough.'"

"People don't know how to do without."

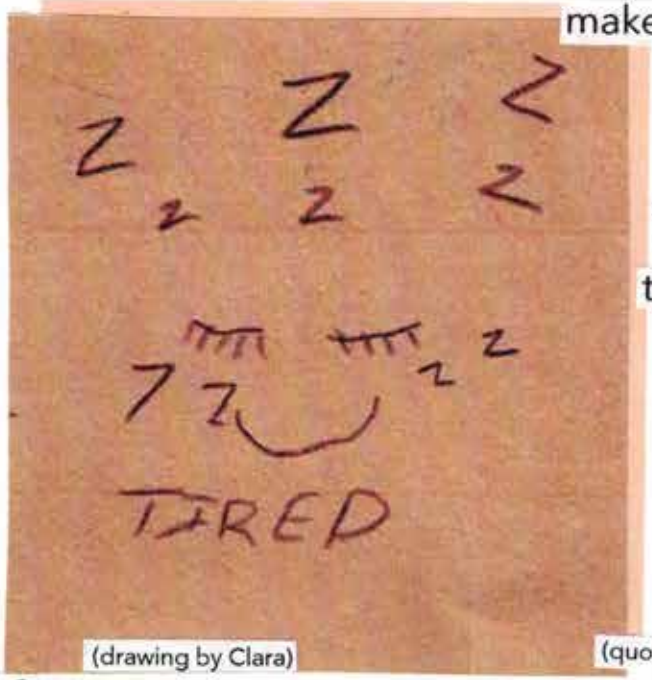
(drawing by Clara)

"You can't depend
on the government,
so do it
yourself."

(drawing by Clara)

We were both being assholes.

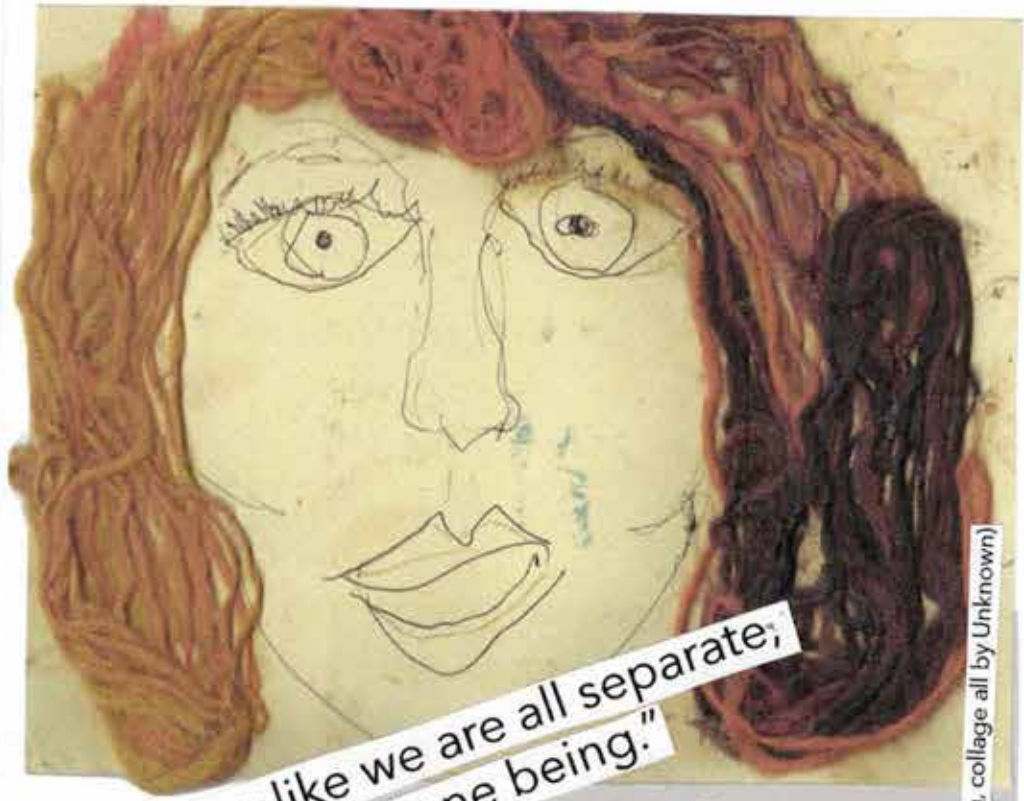
"Four women have asked
to camp next to me
because it would
make them feel safer."



(drawing by Clara)

For me
to be homeless,
that's the biggest
fuck you
to the system.

(quotes from various people)



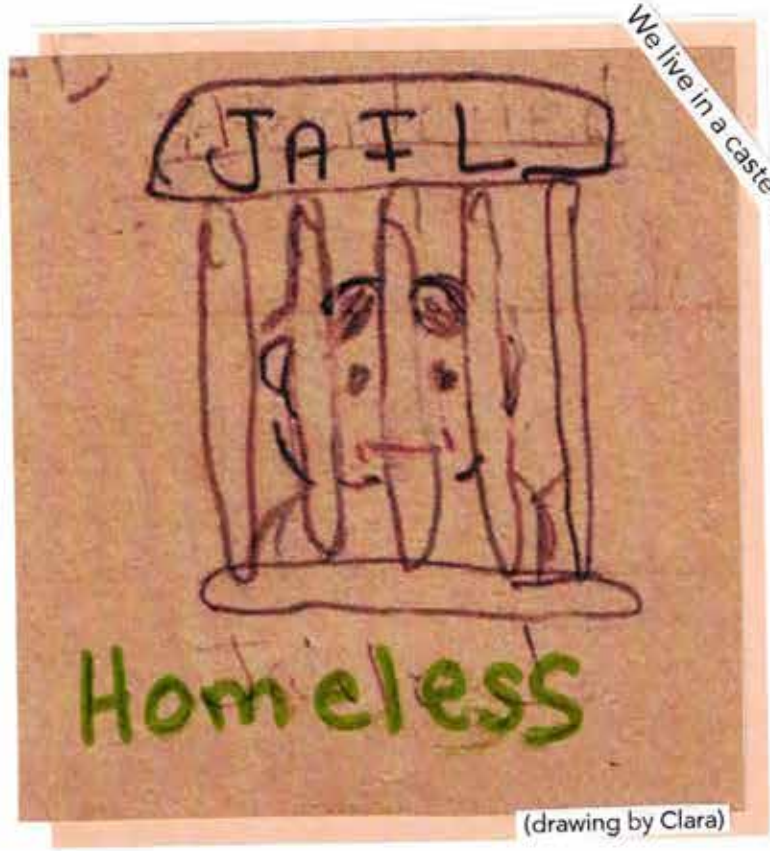
"It seems like we are all separate,
but we are all one being."

(words, drawing, collage all by Unknown)

"Would you say
it makes you feel
less lonely?"

"Absolutely."

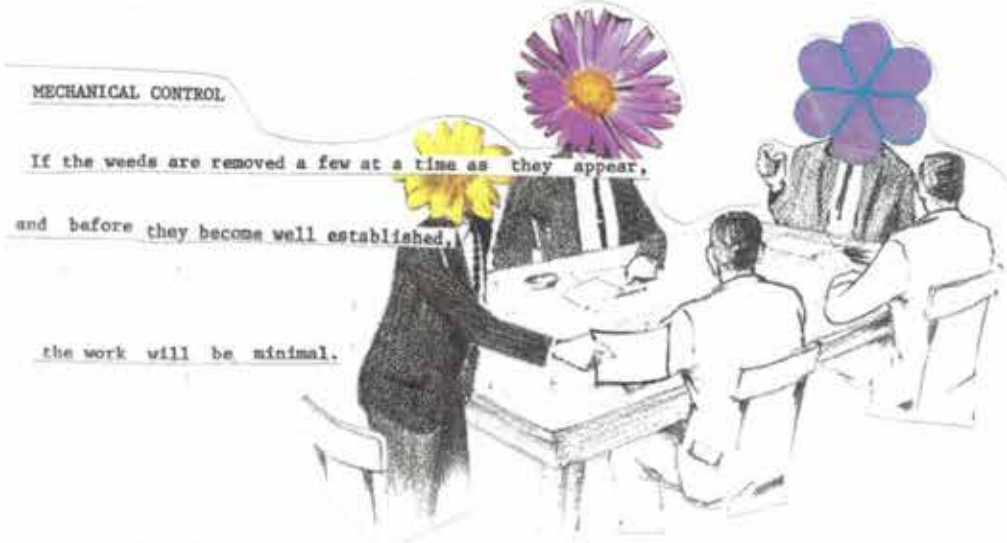
(drawing by Niell)



We live in a caste system.

(drawing by Clara)

Is our highest value to make money?

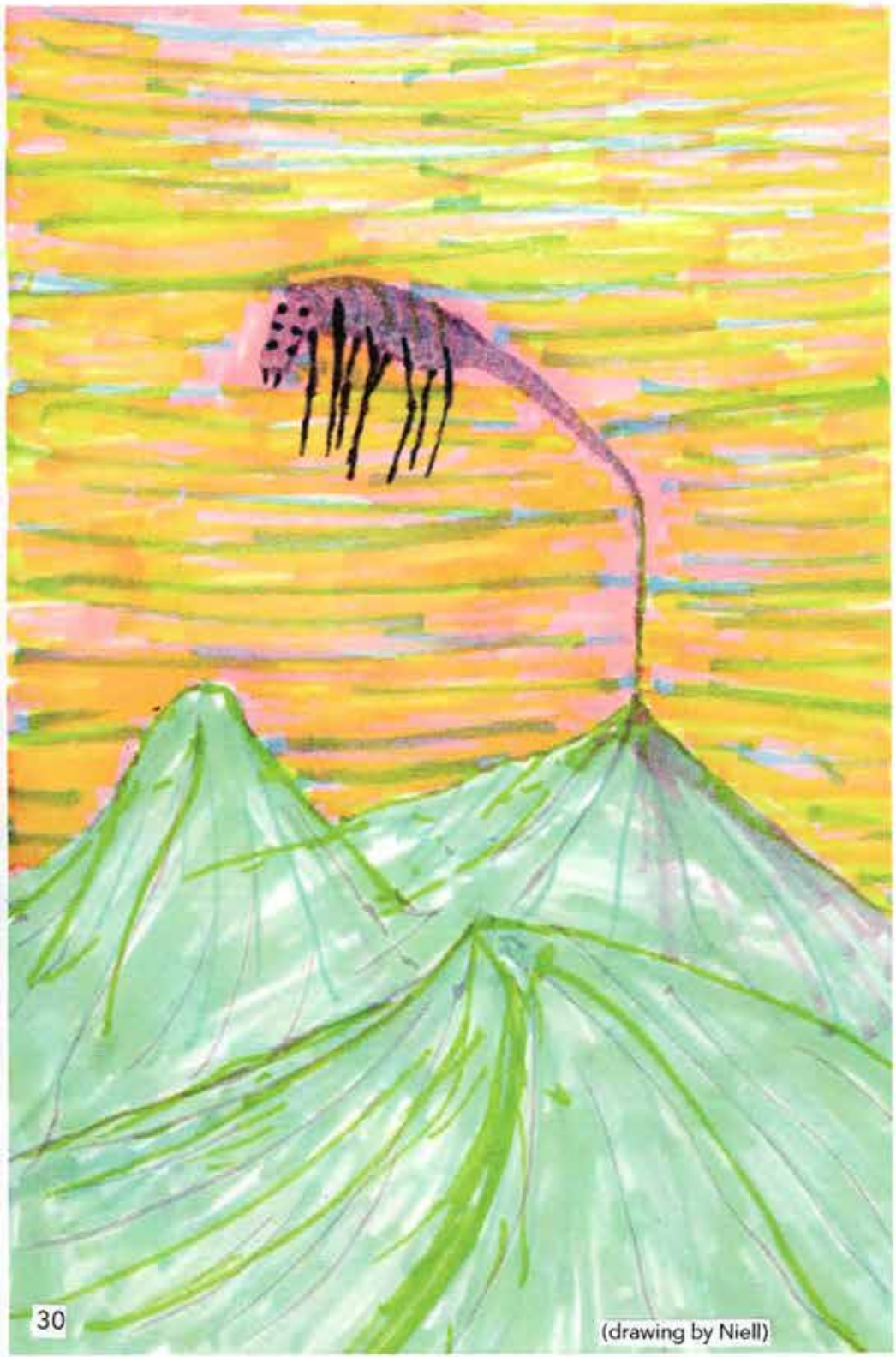


(collage by Caroline)

(drawing by Sabrina)

for Lord
we feel
for love
& much
for all
we stand
for together
as lord
we grow
we gather
we hunt
we nest
we breed
and collect
things
I am something
special. Naomi '24
Miller

LIVE LOVE LEARN GROW



(drawing by Niell)

Imagine I was a plant...

I would be a willow tree. Does that count? I would have bright blossoms in the spring and enjoy all of the birds chirping in my branches. I would grow majestically to offer shade to all that pass under me.

I would be flexible and bend with the wind during a storm and not fall over like my pine neighbor. I feel sad for Mr. Pine tree. Men came and cut him all up for firewood when he fell over this last storm.

I would reach my roots deep in the soil and thank the soil and water for sustaining me.

All the birds like to hunt for worms at my base after rain.

In the spring baby birds would hatch in the nests built in my branches, and I would be happy.

I can't imagine being anything but a willow tree. I will be here for many, many years, content and happy for the beautiful life that has been bestowed upon me.

words by Ben

(words by Niell)

faces in between places where

the green isn't growing thick enough

rough sculpture really a vessel

of sorts, not a face besides

relation to shape from the angle perceived

bushes and trees

surround me in a large garden yard

exotic plants poisonous

occasional noise from nearby highway

coastal waves and neighboring mating amphibians

dog eating arthropod dug out

under the pine and sod

quite a layer of foliage

composted by feet

electrical tool buzz out front by the street

rusty elbows collected

(drawing by [redacted] Heidi)

(words by Craig)

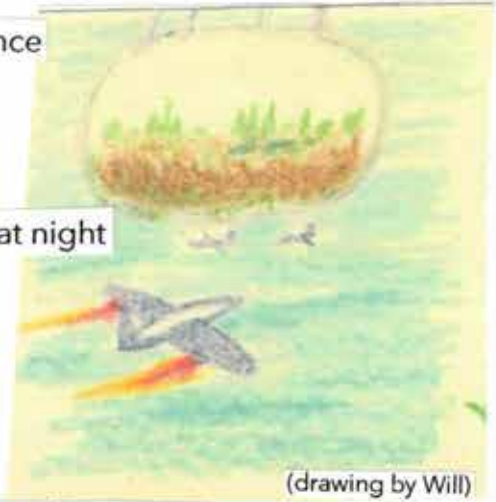
Teachers so right

In love with the silence

In balance,

readying for the hunt that night

moaning,



(drawing by Will)

First chips and a promise has come

The same one given to man, the one from the sun

A creation being forwarded to our creator's delight

A community in harmony

All the day,

all the night

(drawing by Will)

(words by Craig)

Forest Song

Deep within the shadows of forest green
cries the wind's revelations
of power unseen

Whispers as shouts
Gently in flow

Awaiting a listener willing to know

Of the stories hidden
within nature's ways

Of her bonding love,
and her seasons at play

Morning's lightrays
beaming to spark

Glowing reflections wildly teasing the dark

Creatures of heaven tending their song

(drawing by Niell)

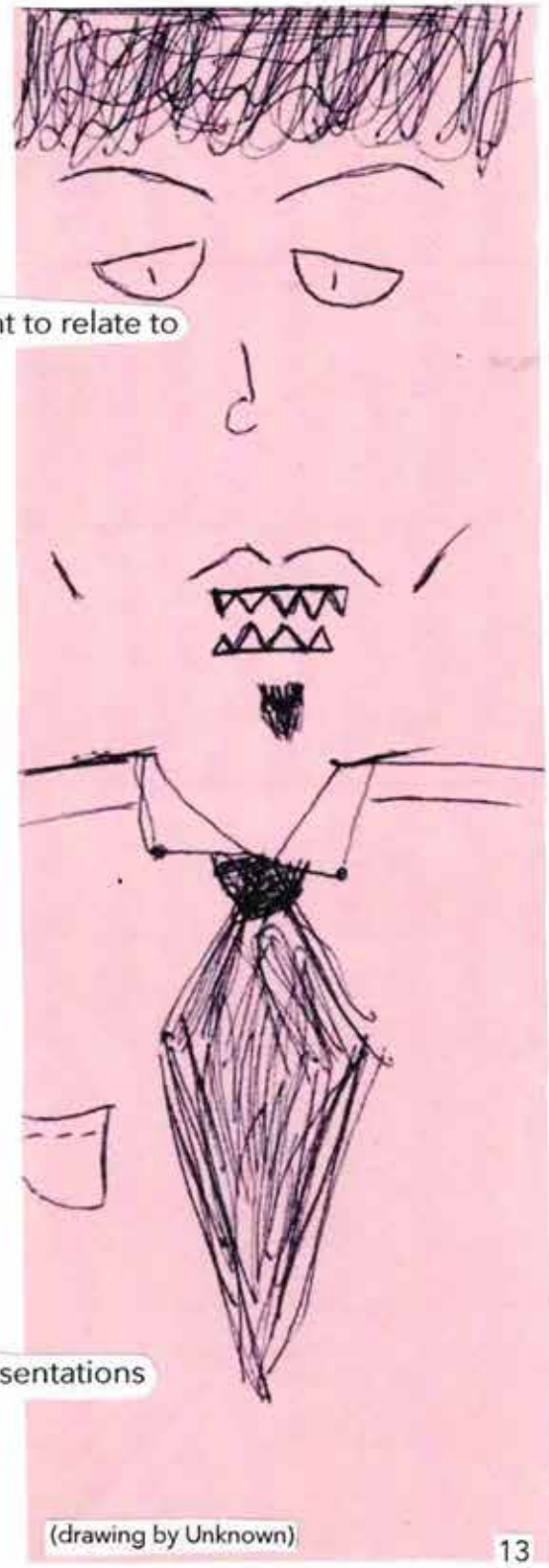
wet dew makes puddles
for polliwogs to congregate

fences make hate a statement to relate to
urges of destruction
call like a liberation

what some call patience
can look like obeyance

away from self interest
needle protrude out of
scales in a branches bark

there's a feeling of invasive
to the image but
the organisms manifest this
from within as a protection
collections of isolating representations
of what some of the sun
formed to become



(drawing by Unknown)

(drawing by Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds)

My perfect day:

To wake up in a perfect world. There would be no wars, all people are in harmony and peace, there would be enough food and housing, and illnesses are a thing of the past.

My perfect world would not need government control.

All negative emotions cease to exist.

I would wake up to the sun shining and a gentle breeze,

Listen to the birds chirping,

I sit in the Mirror, an look at ME,
An wonder at what I see what hand
life has dealt ME, Maybe I have
a greater purpose In the sky. No wait its
not my time to die, I've kicked &
struggled an fought so long, I never
though I'd be here so long. I grow
restless an want to be free to soar
like an Eagle among the trees to live
my life in harmony, But I can't do
much with a Broken wing, But Just
sit here + DREAM

written in 2005 Indian Mike

(words by Mike)

(painting by Naomi)

Go out to the field and plant some food seeds,

Smell the morning air with its crisp morning dew.

I remember the best smell I ever had: the morning dew, just after a light rain, in a pineapple field in Hawai'i. That earthen, fresh soil and the pineapples ripening is the best smell you will ever smell, and reminds you just how closely we are connected to the earth.

(words by Ben)

(drawing by Blake)

(drawing by Daniel)

We may have to book a ticket to avoid a tangled-up,
bumping-into-each-other
journey through the Ethers of
Time and Space.

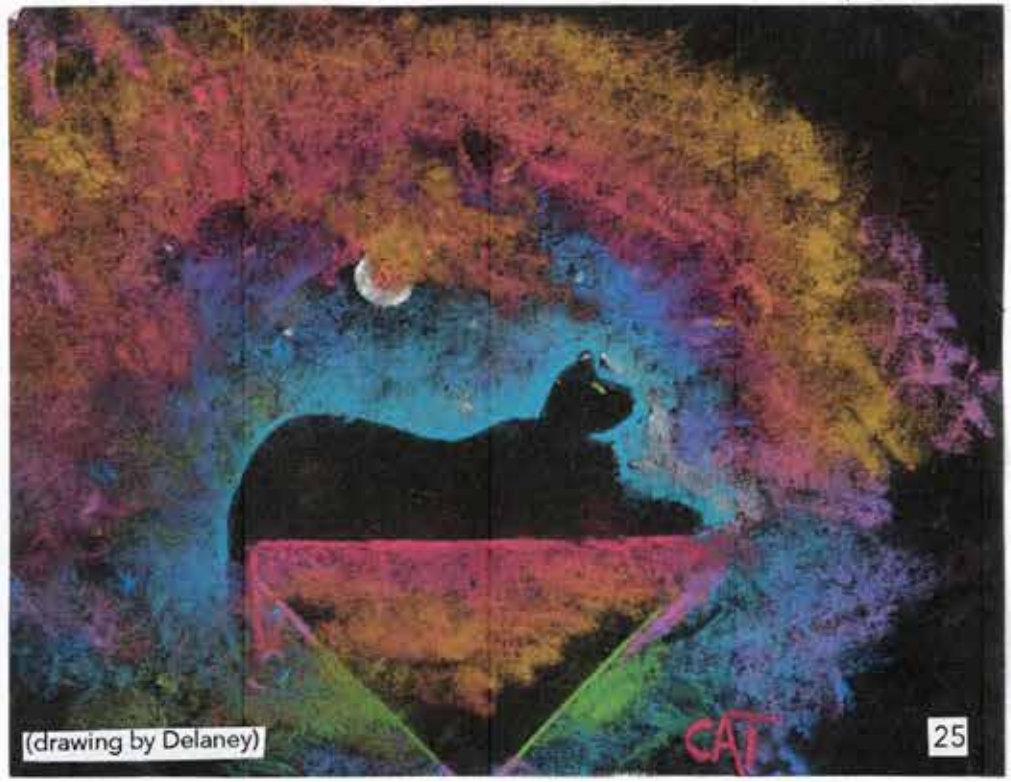
Well anyway, I'll see ya all later, Gators, for I'm booking a journey to Ancient Egypt to see if the Ancient Aliens people I've been watching on TV have got their facts right.

And,

if my plumbing still works,
to put the moves on Cleopatra.

Who knows, I might get lucky.

(words by Craig)



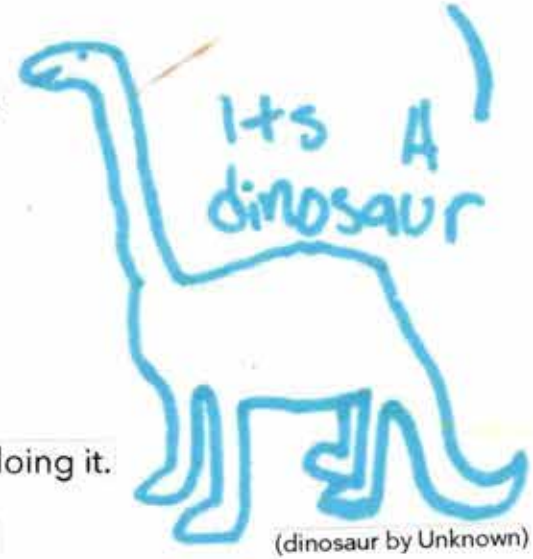
(drawing by Delaney)

Just think,

we may be the reincarnation

of those we meet

back in time.



(dinosaur by Unknown)

WOW, WHAT A WORLD!

And what if everyone was doing it.

It would be like taking

short vacations to visit people all through history.

With so many of us on the move,

there likely would be

times when people would go to the same time and place,

creating a multitude of tourists

like the not-so-user-friendly

crowd that formed over Trump's (Stop the Steal)

INSURRECTION on the US Capitol.

There may be even opportunities for the first wave of travelers to set up a McDonald's franchise or a well-stocked dispensary to be waiting for the next wave of

Weekend Warriors to arrive.

(words by Craig)

What if the future was beyond comprehension?

Embracing the complexities

of creation,

acknowledging

consciousness.

An intelligence

so divine,

so magnificent

Surpassing the limits of understanding.

What if we,

as conscious beings,

stepped into the realm of

accountability,

Recognizing ourselves as vessels

for this cosmic

creative

force?

(words by Sabrina)

(drawing by Daniel)

In this paradigm
our purpose extends beyond passive
observers,
Positioning us into the role of active participants
in this
collective masterpiece
called life.
Within this revelation,
we embrace the imperative
to dream,
to take deliberate action,
and to prioritize
the
shared endeavor
of crafting a better world.

(words by Sabrina)

(drawing by Daniel)

(words by Craig)

Time Travel

OH YES, AND A DAY.

I would love to go back in time if I
were free to return. When I'm ready.

I may prefer to stay back in time if a sweet young DAMSEL would win over my heart. Actually, any age will be just fine. May even meet up with a captivating Sugar Momma.

And wouldn't it be the wildest and bestest way to live if we could all go back to any time and place just like a Frequent Flyer explorer, bouncing ourselves through the ether.

This would put a new light on the phrase
"Respecting our
Ancestors."

It would be more like
"Guess Who's Coming to Dinner."

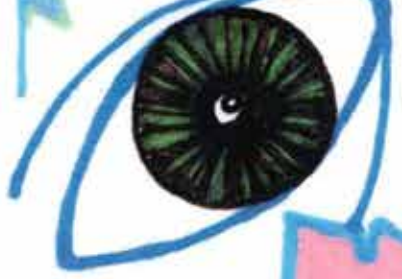
Visiting the ancients would ignite our dormant instincts to be far more intimate, emotional and tribal
and increase our
sense of
BELONGING
to the
ALLNESS OF LIFE.

(drawing by Kimberly)

22

(painting by Naomi)

For
in acknowledging
our
interconnectedness
and
assuming
the mantle
of co-creators,
we unlock the potential
to shape a future
that
transcends
the boundaries
of our imaginations



And
in recognizing the limits
of our influence,
we unlock
the power
to shape a future
that defies
our
expectations.

Remembrance is
returning to the truth
that our
responsibility
lies not in control,
but
in embracing the
mystery.

(words by Sabrina)

(drawing by Caroline)

What does freedom smell like?

It smells like a cool ocean breeze, when you are about to set sail.

It smells like a good home-cooked meal during the holidays.

It smells like lilac and mint when you walk through your garden.

It smells like the morning rain, right when you wake up

Or the wood in the fireplace keeping you warm.

It smells like coffee and breakfast in the morning.

Freedom is the most wonderful thing to have,

to live

our lives

to the fullest.

(words by Ben)

(drawing by Kimberly)

(dinosaur by Unknown)