

Walk Talk

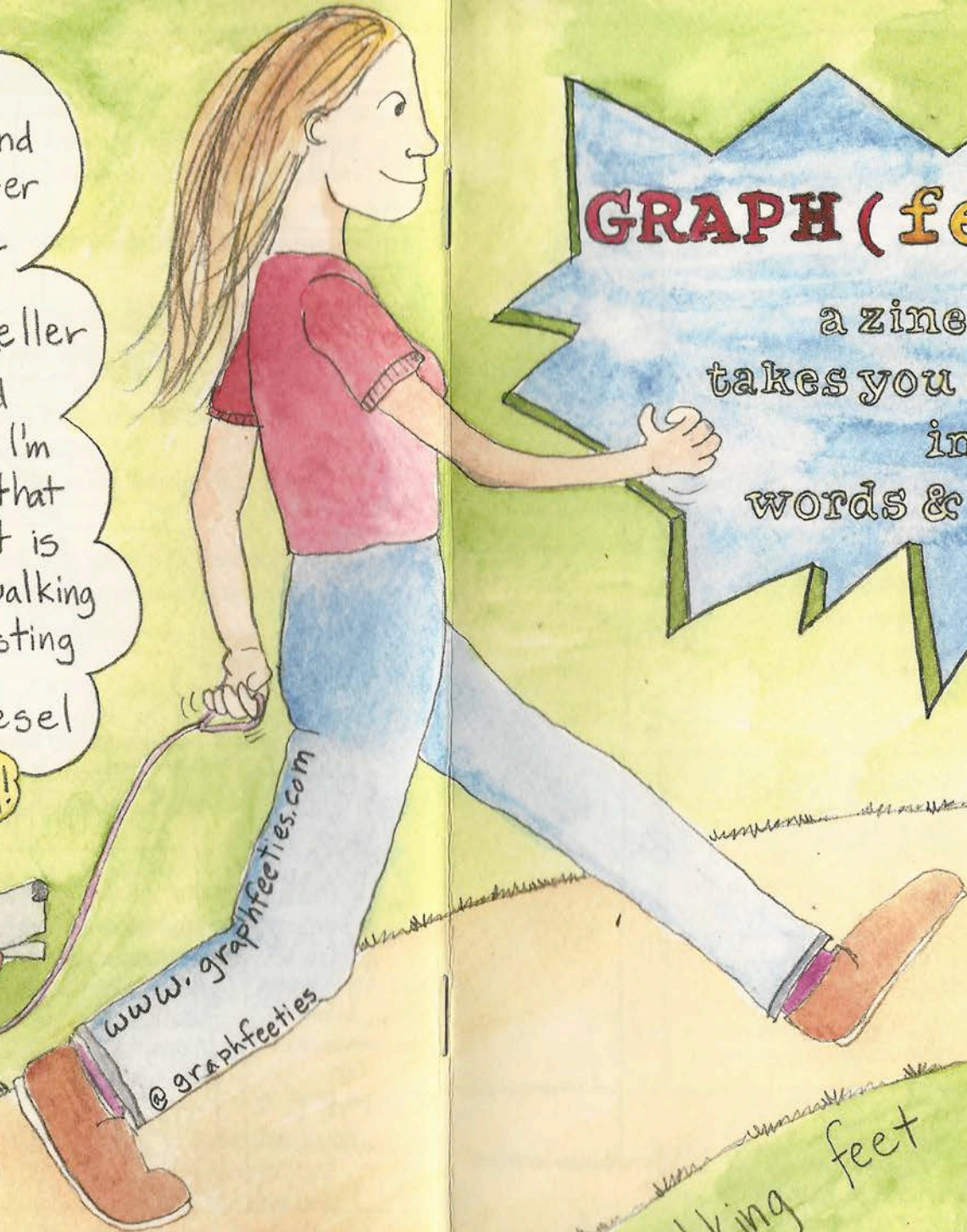
"Walking with a friend in the dark is better than walking alone in the light."

Helen Keller

"I'm not really afraid of the dark, except if I'm walking. The thing that scares me the most is the possibility of walking into a wall and busting my lip."

Vin Diesel

Walking!



GRAPH (feeties)

a zine that takes you on walks in words & images



Walking feet on every page

issue one
feb. 2016

Welcome to GRAPH(feeties)!

This is the very FIRST ISSUE and I'm so psyched you picked it up!

WHAT'S INSIDE PAGES

Nietzsche in the Wild by Jason Payne	1-2
Walking by Cait Scudder	3-4
Ultreia (Onward!) by Carmella Guiol	5-6
La Promenade du Poussin by Chip Sullivan	7-8
These Rocks & Grand Canyon Hiking Friends by Thea Gavin	9-10
The Longest Walk I Never Took by Rebecca Fish Ewan	11-12

PLUS!
 PROFILES OF GREAT WALKERS
 WALKING ARTIST: Beverly Piersol
 ACTIVIST: Peatónito
 AND LONG WALKS TAKEN

RFE 2016

Eddie Campbell says

Make sure you draw a pair of feet on every page.

sound advice to guide the content of GRAPH(feeties), a zine that explores through graphics (words and images on paper) the meaning of

WALK



Whoa! Was A WALK IN THE CLOUDS a redundant movie title?

THE OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY records WALK'S diverse and expansive senses:

1. A CLOUD or CLOUDS
2. TO ROLL, TOSS
3. TO MUFFLE UP
4. TO TURN INTO SOMETHING
5. TO MAT TOGETHER
6. WANDERING
7. THE SLOWEST GAIT OF A LAND ANIMAL



WANT TO SUBMIT?

see inside back page of graphfeeties.com

Nietzsche in the Wild!

BY Jason Payne



MY NAME IS JASON. ON MOST DAYS I CAN BE FOUND WALKING IN THE WOODS.



WALKING WITH MY DOG LUCY.

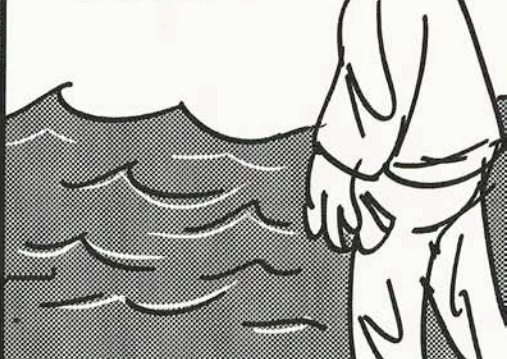


IN THE Winter...



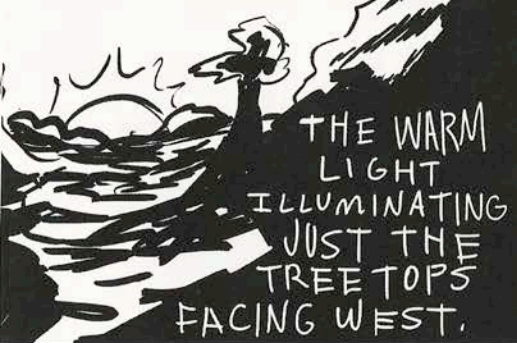
I ENJOY walking along the BEACH.

THE BEACH IN WINTER IS A GOOD PLACE TO LOSE YOUR-SELF.



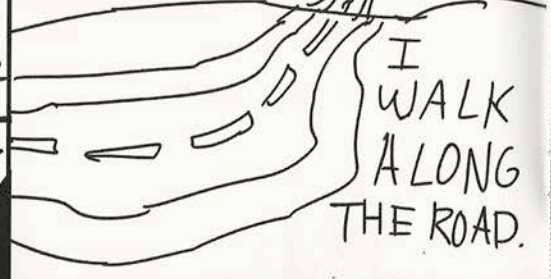
I TAKE PHOTOS OF TREES ON THESE WALKS.

TREES ARE OFTEN DRAMATIC AS THE SUN SETS IN THE EVENING.



THE WARM LIGHT ILLUMINATING JUST THE TREE TOPS FACING WEST.

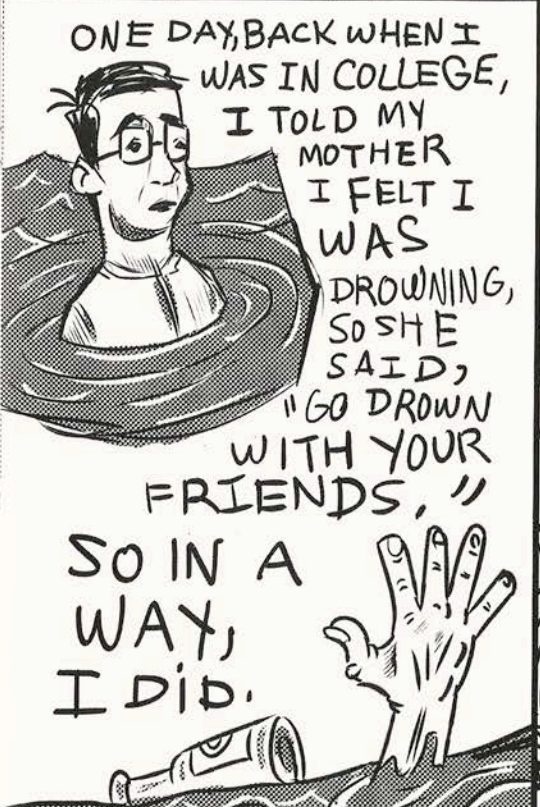
I DON'T WALK IN THE WOODS AT NIGHT.



I WALK ALONG THE ROAD.



I CAN SEE THE STARS FROM THERE.



ONE DAY, BACK WHEN I WAS IN COLLEGE, I TOLD MY MOTHER I FELT I WAS DROWNING, SO SHE SAID, "GO DROWN WITH YOUR FRIENDS."

SO IN A WAY, I DID.

LUCY HAS NEVER BEEN TO THE BEACH.



IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I WAS LAST AT THE BEACH IN WINTER.

Walking

Through the tang tang taaaang two-stroke
downshifting of motorcycles,
the friendly honk
of a Toyota HiLux
refurbished and revving in sea green,
the back bustling with *panameños* and *indios*
women clad in dirt stained mono-color dresses
with bright brown faces and piercing wet eyes,
you may feel a sense of sameness
an illogical affinity for people
whose lives
look vastly different
from your own.
These roads
and your inability
to sleep any longer as the sun climbs
over green speckled peaks
where avocado and lima beans
burst from bud to fruit
connect you
as you meander along, raise a hand
and somewhat backwardsly
say adios,
which in this particular place
happens to mean not goodbye
but hello, or more
specifically,
to God you go.

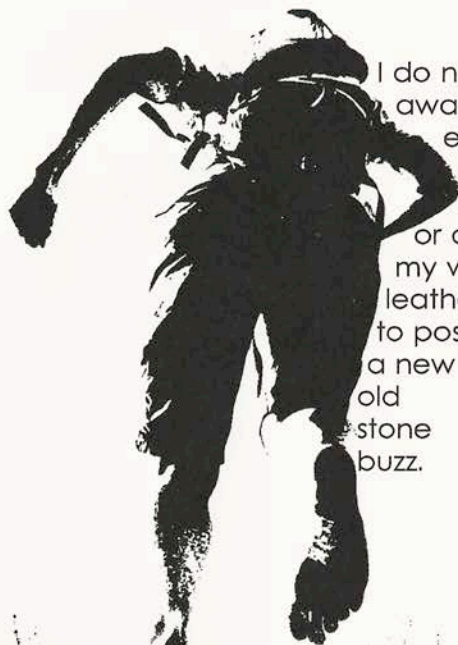
Walking

over winding dirt roads
levied with cement brick,
the smell of wet earth and *leña de horno*,
toasting *biscocho* and *café chorriado*,

Cait Scudder

may reach your nose
from kitchen windows
cracked to let the light in.
Your tongue may
tingle with the memory of *desayuno*,
a steaming scoop of *gallo pinto*
and sizzling sweet plantain
soaked with oil and salt.
Up ahead, *mujeres del pueblo*
wear white sandals
as they talk about the day
and climb.





I do not wish them
away: each sharp
encounter
forces a choice –
clench, slow, tiptoe –
or dance on, expose
my whole tender
leathery sole
to possibility . . .
a new bruise or
old
stone
buzz.

These Rocks

Itea Gavin



Oh sharp ones:
nolina, yucca,
opuntia, agave—
which of you rewarded me
with blood-pearl shins?
Who splotted pollen gold
on my old skin?

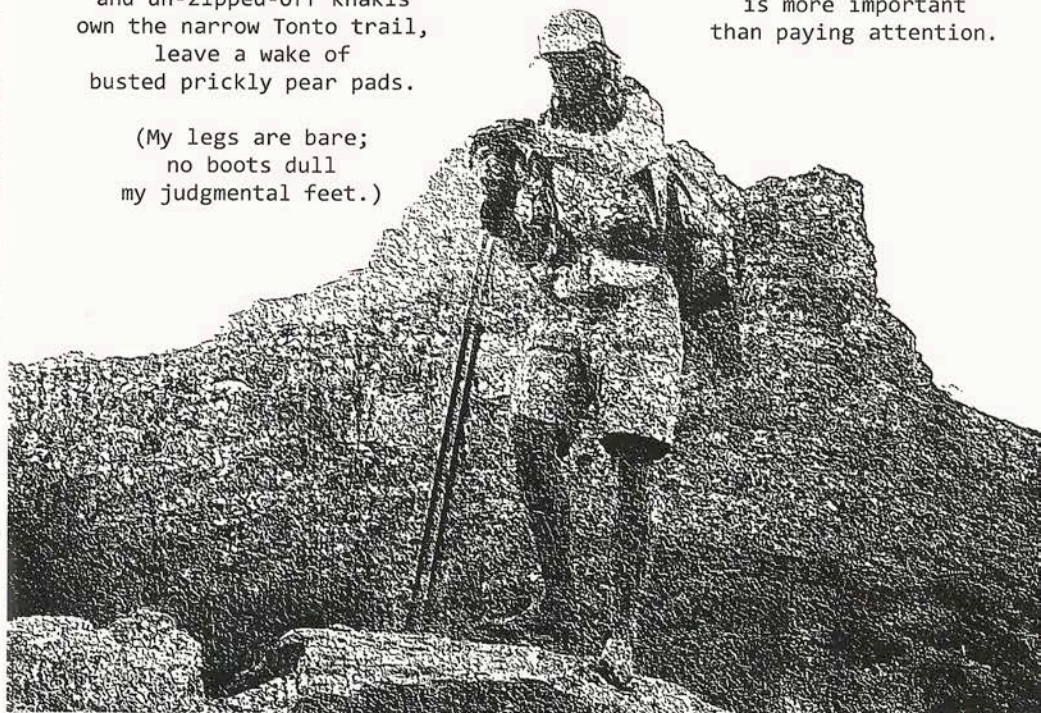
I was focusing on not
focusing on
the thousand-foot empty
just over the edge.

I was focusing on
every blessed rock
in this shoeless fool's
paradise, where nothing
is more important
than paying attention.

Grand Canyon Hiking Friends:

Your monumental Vibrams
and un-zipped-off khakis
own the narrow Tonto trail,
leave a wake of
busted prickly pear pads.

(My legs are bare;
no boots dull
my judgmental feet.)



1 La Promenade du Poussin

A SEARCH FOR THE FORGOTTEN PROMENADE OF POUSSIN ALONG THE TIBER RIVER NORTH OF ROME.



THESE VIEWS WERE A SOURCE OF INSPIRATION FOR THE 17th c. LANDSCAPE PAINTER NICOLAS POUSSIN (1594-1665).

2 TWO SCHOLARS VISIT THE BRITISH SCHOOL IN ROME DURING THEIR WINTER BREAK.



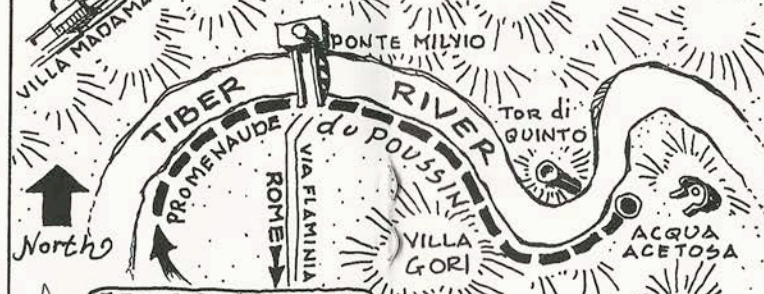
WHILE TOURING THE LIBRARY THEY ACCIDENTALLY MAKE A STARTLING DISCOVERY.



3 **-La Promenade du Poussin-**
 FOLLOWING THE TIBER RIVER UPSTREAM WHERE IT ENTERS ROME BY THE PONTE MILVIO or PONTE MOLLE AS IT WAS CALLED THEN, ONE COMES ACROSS VARIOUS SITES OF THE ACROSS VARIOUS SITES OF THE PROMENADE DU POUSSIN. THESE SITES WERE ALSO DEAR TO COROT & OTHER PAINTERS OF THE 19th CENTURY. NORTH OF THE ACQUA ACETOSA IN THE AREA OF THE TOR di QUINTO NOT FAR FROM THE VIA FLAMINIA. THIS PATH AS DESCRIBED BY GOETHE WITH

LET'S GO!

4 THUS THEY SET OFF FROM THE BRITISH SCHOOL IN SEARCH OF POUSSIN'S WALK.



HUFF-HUFF! WHAT A LONG WALK.



ARE WE LOST?

LOOK! THE TIBER RIVER.



THANK GOD!

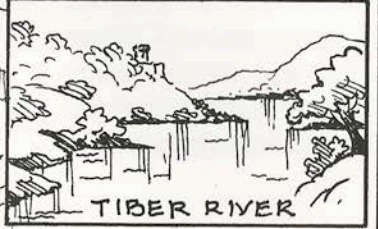


HERE IS WHERE PAUL FLANDRIN DREW POUSSIN PAINTING THE TIBER.

LET'S DRAW FROM THE BRIDGE.



CAN WE FIND THE TOR di QUINTO TOO?

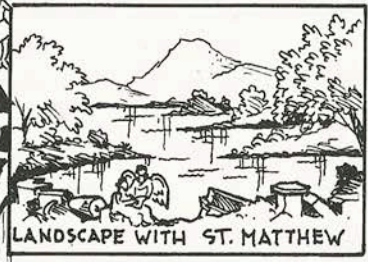


THERE IT IS.

OK... TIME TO REST.



AH! THE SPLENDID PANORAMA THAT INSPIRED POUSSIN.



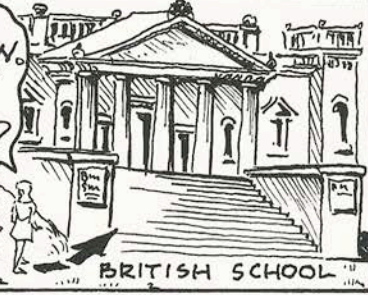
ONE LAST SKETCH.

WOW! THE ACQUA ACETOSA LET'S GET A DRINK OF IT'S CURATIVE WATERS.



LET'S HEAD BACK.

WHAT AN EXCURSION. I'M READY FOR A PINT!



AND I'll SMOKE MY CUBAN CIGAR...

LATER WHILE PACKING TO LEAVE.



HOLY COW! I JUST NOTICED THIS PHOTO OVER OUR BED.



Ultreia (Onward!)

by Carmella Guiol

“Let’s go, Mami,” I said, walking up the sun-dappled path and craning my neck, as if I could see the next town in the distance. “We’re almost there.”

“You’re trying to kill me!” my mother sputtered from where she sat splayed under a tree. “I can’t walk one more step.”

on my own, after my mom flew back to the States for work. That was the plan. But in Madrid, my mother got awfully distracted by museums and parks and double-decker tour buses. With some wheedling, I finally got her on a bus out of town, northbound towards the Pyrenees. Switching buses in Pamplona, we clamored



We were only day one into our journey across Spain on the pilgrim’s path, El Camino de Santiago, and I was already wearing both of our packs: my mother’s in front, and mine in back.

I took a deep breath and stopped myself from stamping my feet like a child. What I wanted to say: “Maybe if you had done some training before coming over here, we wouldn’t have this problem.” What I said: “Come on, Mami! You can do it!”

A few days before, we had flown from Miami to Madrid with the intention of walking half of El Camino together. I had taken the semester off from college so I was going to continue to the end

onboard a bus full of pilgrims, also on their way to start the Camino like us, except these pilgrims carried lightweight walking poles and wore tiny backpacks about a quarter the size of ours.

“I told you to leave all those shoes at home,” I whispered to my mother. She didn’t say a word, her eyes wide with fear.

When we finally made it to St. Jean Pied de Port, the traditional starting point of El Camino, Mami found out about an upcoming festival in the town and decided we had to stay to celebrate. Meanwhile, the other bunk beds in our room were filled by different pilgrims each afternoon, and then empty in the morning.

“We came here to do the Camino!” I said to my mother when it was going on day three of being in town. “We’re not here to be tourists! We’re here to be pilgrims!”

When I suggested we do a short trial run on the Camino, she acquiesced but only if she didn’t have to wear her backpack. And even then she could barely make it out of town.



Now here we were, finally on the Camino but stalled between towns. Eventually, I was able to coax my mother into walking to the next village (where she insisted on finding a taxi to bring us to the pilgrim’s hostel another dozen kilometers away.) In time, we found our groove, falling into step day after day with the same middle-aged ladies who were more interested in taking long cigarette breaks on café patios with a glass of red wine than they were in walking. Every night, we ate epic multi-course meals with endless bottles of wine; while the other pilgrims woke up at the crack of dawn, we never made it out of the hostel before noon. We were the stragglers, the bon vivants of the Camino.

Every mile was a struggle, physically for my mother and emotionally for me. I was a few months shy of twenty one, stuck in the Spanish countryside with my mother. Sometimes, we’d have screaming matches in the middle of wheat fields and I’d storm down the trail, leaving her in the dust. Other times, we laughed about the characters we met along the way: the blue-haired Japanese man with a crush on

my mother, or the Andorran pothead who claimed to live on the Camino, always smoking cigarettes and drinking beer as he walked. Anytime we hiked up a hill, I teased my mother that I’d finally found her mute button.

The trail taught me that we have no choice but to keep walking, but we can choose how we walk our path: with humor and lightness, or in acrid darkness. Both my mother and I pushed each other’s buttons and surpassed our personal limits. Always, we returned to what we know: one foot in front of the other. Onward—Ultreia—like the many pilgrims who came before us.

The Longest Walk I Never Made

by Rebecca Fish Ewan

My dad was in bed when I told him I'd be walking to Canada with some friends. My dad has a way of not looking surprised when people say ridiculous things to him. It's not a poker face, more a chess face, one he gets from being so busy thinking about his next fifteen moves, he forgets I'm in the room. He gave me one of these faces and agreed to let me borrow some of his camping gear.

I was fourteen at the time, but would be going with my seventeen-year-old sister, her boyfriend, and their two best friends. I don't remember preparing, except for a trip to the Army Surplus Store. My sister's boyfriend liked to look good, fancied himself a kind of blond Mick Jagger, so we were probably looking for the right neck scarf to go with hiking boots.

We took a bus to Yosemite and hiked to a waterfall. Blond Mick posed shirtless for a while in the mist, and then we hitched to the spot where we would connect to the Pacific Crest Trail. The plan was to camp for the night, head out in the morning towards Canada, and eventually get there. We had 1,714 miles to iron out the details.

After we made camp, us girls cooked dinner while the guys went in search of whiskey, since that's what men drink around campfires. Second wave feminism had hit the shores by then, but gender normative roles were still rocking it like it was 1950. So we girls cooked. We cleaned. We waited. And waited some more. Then we went to bed.

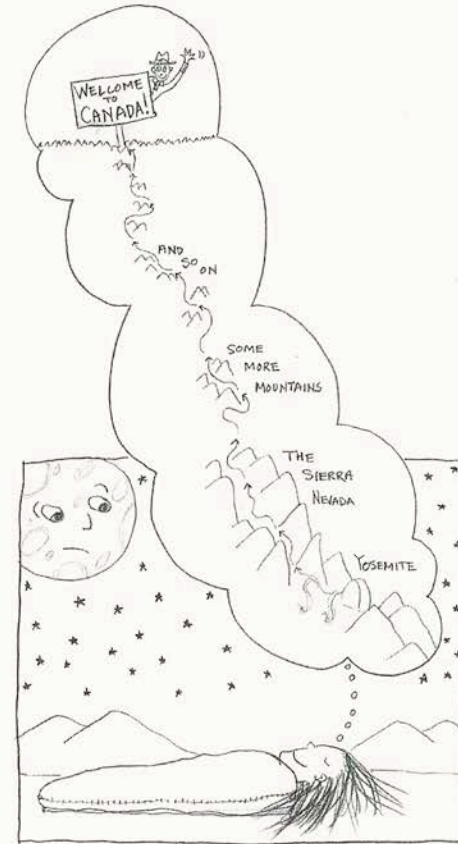


I love sleeping under the stars. The whole universe lays on you like a big celestial blanket. It's very comforting.

In the morning, the couple camping nearby, who had watched us all night so intently I thought perhaps they intended to rob us, came over to visit. As the tag-along, I wasn't privy to any of the talking they did with my sister and her friend, but it looked earnest. I sat on a log and warmed my hands by the fire. Then we got in their car and took off.

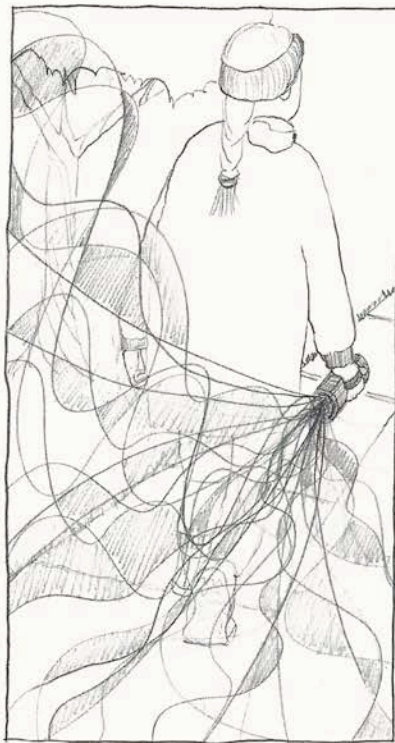
The guy drove while the woman described all the grim things that can happen to young girls who camp alone in the wilderness. Yeah, like getting kidnapped by a friendly-looking couple in a sedan. Supposedly they were returning us to my dad's house, but I paid real close attention to road signs just in case.

We made it back in tact and were greeted on the porch by Blond Mick. Turns out, he had decided walking all the way to Canada would be boring, so he and his buddy had hopped a Greyhound to Berkeley. Things soured between him and my sister after that.



“if you have enough time,
everywhere is within walking distance.”

Steven Wright



BEVERLY PIERSOL Walking Artist

I keep a postcard of Beverly Piersol's artwork on my drawing desk. She's a walking artist located for the past thirty years in Vienna. When we walked together last October, she told me "I use public space as my studio." Her work—video recordings that she projects on multiple surfaces in installations, and stills captured from raw video footage and then printed on canvas—has an ethereal quality. When I look at the postcard's four still images, I think of how theoretical physics imagines a deeper space beyond our world of (xyz + time). Her camera—clasped to her hand, always on, as she walks through Vienna's public parks and streets—seems to record another dimension, a fifth space where light slows and splinters. The results are both dizzying and captivating.

PEATÓNITO Activist

In a time when masked avengers are all the rage in fiction, it's refreshing to meet a real one. Inspired by former mayor of Bogota, Antanas Mockus, who once hired mimes to control traffic, Peatónito donned a mask traditional to wrestlers of Mexico and has started a pedestrian revolution. His grass-roots activism, aimed at repossessing public streets from automobiles—through real action such as guerilla painting of crosswalks, or standing in front of cars so people can safely walk across the street—has spawned a legion of imitators worldwide. "3,287 people will die today because of cars," he announced from the stage at the 2015 Walk21 Conference in Vienna. Peatónito, LIGA Peatonal and other masked avengers are taking to the streets to bring this number to zero. *Viva La Revolución!*



LONG WALKS TAKEN

JOHN MUIR

In 1867, for a love of plants, Muir left Wisconsin and headed to Kentucky to walk for 52 days, botanizing along the way. He reached the Gulf in Florida, a journey of 1,000 miles.

most glorious billowy mountain scenery.

Sept. 14: "Walked through many a leafy valley..."
 Oct 2: "pines in glorious array with open, welcoming, approachable plants."
 Oct 18: "Am walking on land that is almost dry."
 Oct 23: "To-day I reached the sea."

EMMA GATEWOOD

In 1955 GATEWOOD walked the Appalachian Trail. She was 67, had 11 children, 23 grand children, and a pair of sneakers. She walked for 4 months & 15 days, a total of 2,050 miles.

Because I wanted to.

JOHN FRANCIS

On January 19, 1971, a massive oil spill polluted the San Francisco Bay. So Francis stopped using cars & stopped talking. He earned 3 degrees in 3 states, on foot; in silence for over 2 decades.

The story of my pilgrimage.

begins with the separation from the familiar.

I will remain a wanderer

until mankind learns the way of peace

THE PEACE PILGRIM

On January 1, 1953, at the Tournament of Roses in Pasadena, a forty five year old woman began to walk for peace. She walked for 28 years, trekking all across North America. peacepilgrim.com

No PEACE AHEAD

RIP

GRANDMA GATEWOOD BY BEN MONTE, PLANETWALKER

Rebecca Fish Ewan is the founding editor/staff writer & cartoonist/layout artist of GRAPH(feeties) and a walking professor/mom/writer/poet/cartoonist. She's been published in *Brevity*, *Landscape Architecture* and *Hip Mama* and is the author of a CNF book, *A Land Between*, and a memoir manuscript of cartoons and words about a childhood friendship cut short by murder.

Twitter: @rfishewan Website: www.rebeccafishewan.com

Thea Gavin is a native of Orange, CA, where the steep trails east of town continue to inspire her barefoot running and writing. Other inspirations: Summer Fishtrap workshops in Wallowa County, OR; the Artist-in-Residence program at Grand Canyon National Park; and all the adventurous wanderers and writers she's met in her journeys.

Twitter: @theagavin Website: www.theagavin.wordpress.com

Carmella Guiol is a Florida-based adventurer, gardener, dancer, photographer, and writer. You can often find her in the garden or kayaking the Hillsborough River.

Website: www.thorestlesswriter.com.

Jason Payne is a cartoonist living in South Georgia with his dog and two cats. He draws a weekly webcomic called Princezz.

Twitter: @syrupneko Website: www.ArtOfPayne.com

Cait Scudder is a globe-skipping writer, yoga teacher and apostle of vibrant living. With a Masters in Teaching and a deep appreciation for cold coconuts, she bops between Bali, New England and Australia writing about wellness, travel, green juice and grace + other musings on living a bright life.

Instagram: sun_skip Website: www.sunskip.com

Chip Sullivan is a wizard with a fountain pen, author of many books on drawing and landscape design, including the long-awaited-sure-to-be-a-classic *Cartooning the Landscape*. He has been blowing the minds of landscape architecture students at Cal Berkeley for decades. Basically a national treasure.

Website: www.gonzogardens.com

UNSOLICITED PLUGS FOR WALK ZINE LICIOUS THINGS



MUSEUMS OF WALKING
One in TEMPE, AZ
museumofwalking.org

The GREAT OUTDOORS
Take a break from the treadmill and Stroll, Ramble, Roll Toss, Wander about OUTSIDE

Another in LONDON
museumofwalking.org.uk

Both offer a glimpse of walking as an ART FORM.

AWESOME stuff to check out!

my mind feels so open and refreshed

TAKE TWO WALKS AND CALL ME IN THE MORNING

WASTED INK ZINE DISTRO
new small press shop, library and Community in TEMPE AZ
@wastedinkdistro and on Facebook
WIZD

SUBMIT! TO GRAPH(feeties)
ISSUE 2 DEADLINE JUNE 15, 2016
send in WALK ONLY true stories of walks Comics prose please graphfeeties.com visit submission details

INK=BRICK
a micro press and literary journal that is COMICS POETRY in full color SPLENDOR @inkbrick

MICROCOSM PUBLISHING
in PORTLAND and the web PUBLISHES AND DISTRIBUTES Zines Books, T-shirts...

RFE 2016