

REACTION



No. 06 COLD FEET



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FOREWORD : FROM THE SONG BY ALICIA KEYS HOW IT FEELS TO FLY

COLD FEET DOESN'T ALWAYS HAVE TO BE BECAUSE YOU ARE AFRAID. IT DOESN'T MEAN THAT YOU ARE GIVING UP, THROWING IN THE PROVERBIAL TOWEL. ALICIA KEYS HAD IT RIGHT IN THE SONG HOW IT FEELS TO FLY:

**HAVE YOU EVER FELT
SO SURE THAT IT GAVE
YOU COLD FEET THAT
YOU FELT ON EDGE,
YOU CAN FEEL YOUR
HEARTBEAT
WELL I NEVER KNEW
THIS FEELING, NEVER
NOW I HOPE IT STAYS
AND LAST FOREVER...**

TAKING CHANCES EVEN THOUGH YOU DON'T KNOW HOW IT WILL TURN OUT. COLD FEET CAN GIVE YOU THE STRENGTH TO TAKE THAT LEAP, INTO THE UNKNOWN. THE ONLY QUESTION IS, WILL YOU JUMP?



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They say I quit because of cold feet
but really persistence just didn't work for me.

I like the idea of consistency
but holding true to branding
doesn't sweep me off my feet
so much as dig a deeper hole.

I rub at ankles, soles worn out
from sustained standing.
I couldn't know to trust them, my feet:
led away from convoluted diluting.

Could toes be like ears?
Tentative ground-sensors,
forgotten appendages, odd-lookers stared at long.

To say I have something foundational
inflates how in control I really am.
To admit I know nothing, that's real
courage, or it should be. I know
meekness is not wrong—facts fetched
by walking further from comfortable sitting.
Feet grow larger as the day progresses; shrink overnight.
Do not try on shoes in mornings and own them permanently,
only to discover, to dismay, how small.

Imagine egos mitigated without bloating outward,
as if earthly force could not outdo them.
Larger-looming in the self-conscious;
I want to tell them not to fear this,
without requiring me to put in the work.

To live in another's shoes—
affirming as laughter, breath.

No one wants to dance with no feet. Or all feet.
As if dancing means fitting in.
To not care, hardly—the real feat.

What if: cold feet were the flip side to cold shoulder—icing someone out?
What I mean: is it better to lay down softly
before spritzing around in tributaries.

If I could undo my iciness I would,
but I have often frozen wounds off;
fallen like frostbitten toes.

How can they name me: flaky, unfeeling,
when feeling is all I am most days.

I can't stand to be cold.
I can only fantasize about it.
Warmth: all that is seen or demanded of me.

Overtly dramatic, perhaps.
I cannot answer the accusation,
but when I'm sober I know it's deluded to say: I don't want to be nice.
Cold feet, even thinking this.

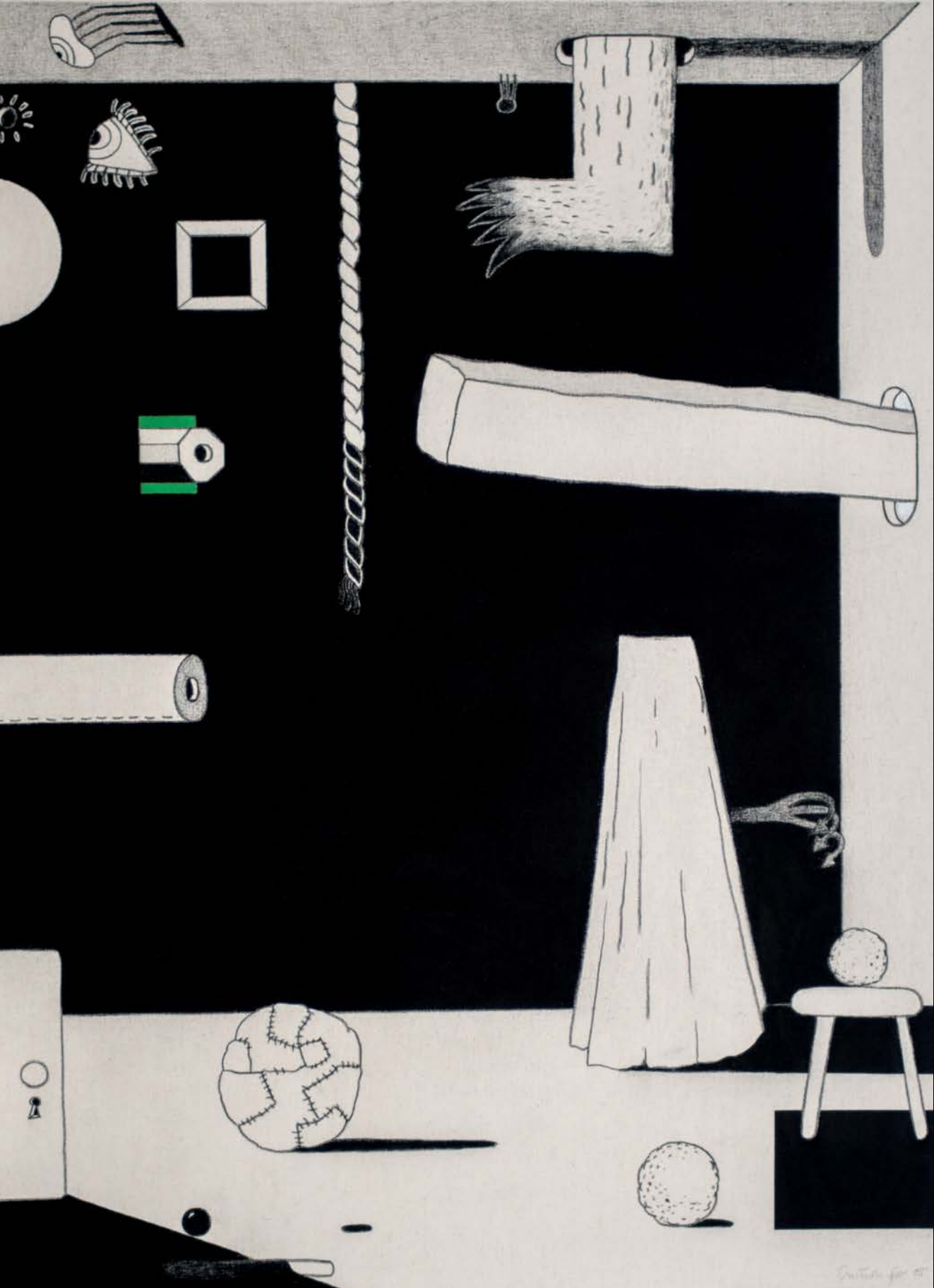
But if I suspend doubt just for a second:
maybe politeness, all the way to excessive niceties—not needed.
The anti-cold: difficult to undo what
has been in place to
behold.

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THOSE DAYS

Sometimes I feel like I'm six feet under
That my crow's feet are showing
Or that I'm just waiting for the other shoe to drop
But other days I feel footloose and fancy free
That I can go the distance
And take a giant leap
into the unknown with confidence
Those are the best days
I wait by the foot of my bed for those days.

FOOT IN MOUTH

I was always walking on eggshells, waiting for the
carpet to be pulled from under my feet
Maybe it was because I didn't want to get off
on the wrong foot
I wanted my best foot forward when we finally met
Because I knew that if I wasn't ready I would end up
with my foot in my mouth
I thought you wouldn't want to touch me
with a ten foot pool
But I said fuck it to cold feet
I asked you to dance, you said you had two left feet
The funny thing is, I think I swept you off your feet,
you fell head over heels
I fell head over heels.

ALL IN

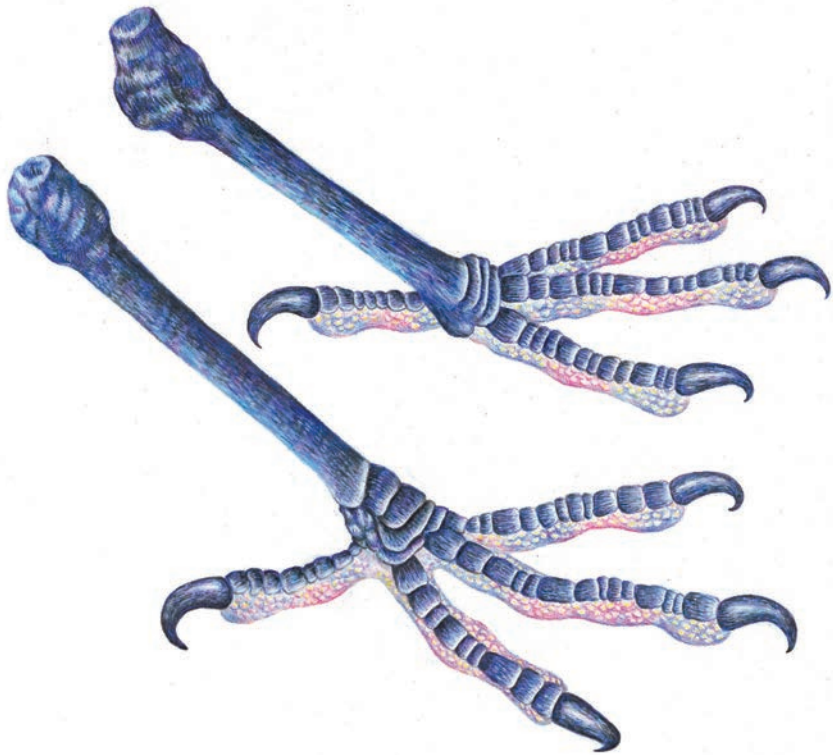
I've been tiptoeing through life
Afraid to speak my mind, to dive in with both feet
Why am I always treading lightly?
No more shaking in my boots,
wondering what to do next
I must stand on my own two feet,
march for equality
No more dragging my feet, just dipping my toe in
Cause guess what? These boots were made for
walking.

written by KAILLA COOMES





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JESSE, the GREAT

MARIE BIONDOLILLO

A woman went out on a Thursday to do the shopping. A strong rain appeared, and bent the willows down. She wondered if it was ordinary rain or global warming rain, a sign of worldwide illness.

Her heels were suede and the rain ruined them. Her blue shirt-dress became soaked through, the flapping cotton reminding her of hanging wet sheets on the line with her mother.

As she hovered in Aisle 9, trying to decide if organic tampons were worth it, a wife drifted close by.

"They're showing," she murmured.

"What?" said Jesse.

But the woman had gone. Jesse hurried to the bathroom. In the mirror she saw: pink cheeks. Gray eyes. Her nipples and black underwear, quite evident through the rain-drenched dress.

"Oh God," said Jesse. She turned the hand dryer on, and crouched beneath it. What if a client had seen her? Or one of Bill's friends?

Jesse, The Desperate. Cruiser of Grocery Stores.

She had to stay here until the dress dried. The bathroom reeked of lemongrass-lavender hand soap, a brand she had only seen in hotels.

Bill had never taken her to hotels. After work, in his car. That was good enough for him. And for her, at the time.

The dress still lay transparently against her chest, so she braced her arms and leaned back, trying to get her boobs close to the dryer. If anyone came in, it would look like she was trying to seduce it.

This morning, sunshine had streamed through her yellow curtains, and she had been happy. To go coat-less, to wake up in an empty bed.







LIEL
ANAPOLSKY



**ASH
LEY**

SOPHIA CLARK





FLÂNERIE

DANIEL YU

In that painful stillness of past-midnight, when silence pools under the street lamps and when even the ghosts are asleep, I go walking. The tip-tap of my footsteps against the breath of the distant highway is the only pulse of the evening. All around me lies an invigorating deadness, a vital void — the city is a beautiful corpse, all mine for the taking.

In the deafening emptiness I spot another pilgrim of the night, far and away down the street. Though our paths diverge, I feel a silent communion with him across the pooling shadows, a sort of bond as nocturnal creatures. When all others are tucked away in dreamworlds, we left behind are kin. Even so, I turn the corner, desiring that my imagined connection stay as such — unrealized. I choose the night as my arena to be solitary as much as to seek out its beauty. The dark is comforting; it embraces me and I embrace it. Lost in the folds of shadow, free from the gazes of the sun, the sky, or the eyes of the city, I press on.

But even as the dark brings comfort it also brings disquietude. As I submerge myself within the alleyways a sense of trepidation burgeons in my chest. Stealing across the shadows like a thief in the night, my very presence in this

place is called into question; every step is as if on a precipice.

Who are you? What are you doing here? Each shimmering window, each darkened sign interrogates me thus, and I have no sufficient answer.

The night itself casts me as an outsider, a nocturnal intruder — it belongs to the deviant, the othered, the forgotten. It is the faerie realm of those discarded and yet brave in their own way, a bravery that eludes me.

And it is not only the dark, but the light as well that confronts me

— the glowing office-spaces enshrined within tall glass walls are like far-flung closed-off worlds, reminders that this place is of a particular purpose for a particular people. Temples to technological wonder and the industriousness of the information age, they stand silent, imperious, inscrutable. I am but a poor wanderer in halls belonging to sleeping powers fearsome.

As if at the bottom of a well— Dream

Limbo

Threshold

—in this place I am no one and nothing.



CLAUDIO PARENTELA

“I create continuously without any thought behind



**I create continuously.
I like foot and knife**





**they're well together
like two perfect lovers."**



ADMIRAL BUBBLEWATER DAPAN



BROKEN HAND

LONG NOSE PIG



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POL KURUCZ







PERLA

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ROZENN LE GALL

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FOOT NOTES

from COPENHAGEN

KELSEY J VANDERSCHOOT

I climb the last step of *Our Savior Church* in Copenhagen, Denmark and hear the words I read off of a website early in the day scraping their way through my brain, "400 steps.....90 meters high." I begin nervously doing a mental conversion and realize I am about to witness the streets of Copenhagen stare up at me from 295 feet below.

I let out the breath I had been holding and stare down at my feet, trying to calm my mind by looking at my steady body still grounded to the roof of the church. I remind myself that we are a family: mind, body, soul, and all of the components that make up each, and we must work together to conquer the fears that hinder us.

I catch sight of the remnants of paint clinging to my toenails through the straps of the sandals I had carefully selected that morning. The last time I had a pedicure was probably six months ago, if I remembered right. I really needed to take better care of my feet. For all

the trouble I gave them, they had served me well.

I raised my foot and turned it in the air, glancing at the scars on the inside of my right arch. I had forgotten about those small rebellions from my smaller foot. He was the straight-laced child, the one who hated change, and every time I bought a new pair of running shoes and requested that he run more than a mile, he let out a small yelp in the form of a blister. After a few weeks of running three plus miles daily, however, he usually submitted, until the next pair of Nikes arrived that is. I suppose perhaps he just hates that I can only ever buy shoes for my left foot, the bigger foot.

Even with one rebel child, I had lucked into a pretty productive foot family. They had really run me around, especially in the last year. I had asked them to walk through twenty countries in the last eleven months - to board dirty subways, trudge through airports at all hours, stroll across urine scented city sidewalks, and to do it all again the next day without whining. There were days in England, Ireland, and Warsaw when I had asked them to walk my stubborn self through the city for

up to six hours at a time: the days when I had run out of British pounds and Polish zloty so taking the subway was not an option. There were days when we had crossed the entire city of Barcelona multiple times with a Naval cadet who had said "I'm used to marching."

We had walked through the somber grasses that still remained in Auschwitz, braved blizzards during Christmas in Slovakia, been soaked and chilled to the bone in a rainstorm in Seville, illegally pushed down on the gas pedal of a VW in Madrid, and waded into the waters of Cadiz so sunburnt we could barely feel any cooling effect. I had even forced them to struggle through Hamburg in boots that did not fit simply because I could not return them. My feet had acquiesced to every request. They rarely complained, and when they did, I often pushed them on because there was no other option. There were flights to catch, places to see, people to meet, and I could not do it without my feet carrying me.

My feet were not like my car, which would simply refuse to move when out of gas: they lumbered on even without proper fuel, past the point of overheating, and beyond when the suspension and belts of the shoes that protected them were worn. I am sure they learned to treasure the moments spent in bed or tucked into slippers while reading in welcoming homes, because those were the only moments of reprieve they got.

My feet had been the grease behind the operation "Small town blonde girl becomes a traveler," but even before that, they had had leading roles in "Awkward Middle Schooler becomes a Varsity Basketball Player," as well as "Northern California Nobody takes on D1 Rowing and Life in Los Angeles." They had allowed me to move through every life transition with ease, and I had said "thank you" with small dabs of lotion when a fleeting moment of delicate femininity floated

through my scattered mind. One broken toe and occasional blisters compared to twenty-four years of trekking, trudging, running, walking, skipping, and jumping. It seemed the scales were a bit skewed. My mind and my soul had perhaps forgotten my body: my feet specifically.

Mental and spiritual me had been ungrateful to the feet that took on every task we all chased. I racked my brain. Had my feet ever truly failed me? Had they ever said flat out "no?" I could only think of one time. I was eleven, and after dancing for five years, I wanted to put on the hard-earned pointy shoes all the girls in my class had. "You can't," had been my teacher's simple response. When I asked her why, she said I had "funky feet." What she meant was, I had bunions already, and had inherited my dad's flat arches. I didn't have the high swooping, narrow, delicate feet of the dancer I hoped to be. My feet were more than functional, but they were not going to allow me to enter into the world of limberness and grace.

In a moment when I thought my mind and soul could handle that ultra-feminine realm, my feet decided for me: we were not going to. Looking back on it, I'm glad we didn't. My feet hadn't betrayed me by ending my dancing experience: they had merely guided me.

"Mira!" (Look!) The Argentinians behind me yelled, and I glanced up, realizing I had reached the front of the line. I stepped forward. There, below me, lay the entire city of Copenhagen. The fear I had felt transformed into silent, breathless awe, and as I looked down upon the micronation of Christiania and the Tivoli Gardens, I sent down a thought of mental gratitude towards the two guys who had hiked the 400 steps to bring me here. They had done it again.

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CHACHA SANDS

Founder &
Editor-in-Chief

"When I was 15 I went through a phase of always being barefoot."

ZACH WESTERMAN

Director of Design

"I tie my shoes with two bunny ears, and I always have."

NATHAN BERGFELT

Lead Graphic Designer

"I have climbed 2,830 stairs in Canada during a hike... by being lost."

BRITT MOHR

Art Director

"I have always wanted to be a foot fetish model."

REID KILLE

Graphic Designer

"Having to wear shoes makes me late every day."

STEPHANIE GUY

Graphic Designer

"I never buy the right size of shoes."

ARIEL WIESER

Graphic Designer

"I'm really good at pointing my toes."

KAILLA COOMES

Writer

"My second toe is the longest toe on my foot, surpassing my big toe."

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[@cribsdesignhouse](https://www.instagram.com/cribsdesignhouse)

[@beaconquarterly](https://www.instagram.com/beaconquarterly)

AARON ROBINSON

MADE IN WEST AFRICA (MIWA), 2018

inside cover
[@aaronrobinson](https://www.instagram.com/aaronrobinson)

ANDREW ESPINAL

BLUE SHOES (NEW YORK 2017), cover

andrewespinal.com

ASHLEY SOPHIA CLARK

pages 4-5, 22-23

models: Jaime Lynn, Madeline Zanone, Drew Escrive, Bridget Donegan, Rachel Crissman, Cassandra Pittz,
somedaysarelikethat.com

CLAUDIO PARENTELA

UNTITLED, 2018

pages 25- 27
claudioparentela.net

CRISTIAN FERNANDEZ

OCAMPO

NOT GUILTY, 2018

page 10 | photographer: Sebastian Zavallla
producer: Cristian Ocampo
location: Buenos Aires, Argentina

DANIEL YU

FLÂNERIE

page 24
[@yudanielyu](https://www.instagram.com/yudanielyu)

GUDIM ANTON

pages 12-23
inktale.com/gudim

KAILLA COOMES

THOSE DAYS

FOOT IN MOUTH

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page 11
[@kaillatc](https://www.instagram.com/kaillatc)

KATIE HEALY (KutByKT)

FLORAL BLOOMIN, 2018

page 47
photographer: Graham Morrison
model: Cairo Ven Levias
agency: SLU
stylist: Katie Healy
MUA: Katie Healy and Cairo Ven Levias
assistants: Logan Heard
location: Cobalt Studios
PDX

KELSEY VANDERSCHOOT

FOOTNOTES FROM

COPENHAGEN, 2018

pages 46-47
[@kelseyjeanthequeen](https://www.instagram.com/kelseyjeanthequeen)

LENA GUSTAFSON

PLIFE LENAG

pages 36-38
lenagustafson.com

LIEL ANAPOLSKY

URBAN BALLERINA, 2017

pages 20-21
photographer: Liel Anapolsky
producer: Liel Anapolsky
model: Alina Gavrilov
unsplash.com/@lielian

MARIE BIONDOLILLO

JESSE, THE GREAT

pages 15-18
[@chestnutclub](https://www.instagram.com/chestnutclub)

MAYA McOMIE

COLDER THAN FEET, 2018

page 6-7
mayamcomie.wordpress.com

PAN WANGSHU

ADMIRAL BUBBLE WATER

DA PAN

BROKEN HAND

LONG NOSE PIG, 2017 –

2018
pages 28-29
hastudio.cn

PERLA DE LOS SANTOS

BAILA EN LA ZONA

(DANCE AT THE ZONE)

2017, pages 34-35 | models: Ana Patricia Peña & Manuel Abreu
photographer: Perla
producer: Perla
location: Zona Colonial, Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic

POL KURUCZ

back cover, pages 30-33 |

models:
Edna Serpa, Meteus Gama,
polkurucz.com

ROZENN LE GALL

COLLAGES, 2017

pages 39-41
rozennlegallcollages.com

STEPHANIE GUY

CROWS FEET

page 13
www.stephanieguyart.com

SÉBASTIEN NÔTRE, 2018

page 19
[@sebastiannotre](https://www.instagram.com/sebastiannotre)

TELAVAYA REYNOLDS

NEURO, 2017

pages 44-45
photographer: Telavaya Reynolds
location: Lovinia, Bali, Indonesia
telavaya.com

TRACY PITTS

UNTITLED

pages 8-9
[@littlemissbiggsam](https://www.instagram.com/littlemissbiggsam)



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