MHAUDH



No. 06 COLD FEET

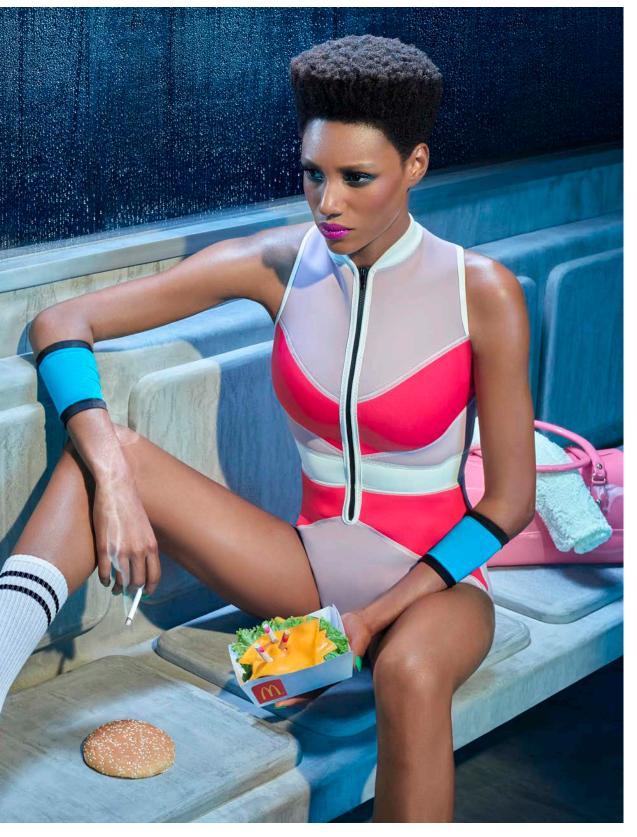


MIAUDA

No. 06 COLD FEET

AARON ROBINSON	{ 0 }
POL KURUCZ	{ 2 }
ASHLEY SOPHIA CLARK	{ 5 }
MAYA McOMIE	{ 6 }
TRACY PITTS	{ 8 }
CRISTIAN OCAMPO	{ 10 }
KAILLA COOMES	{ 11 }
GUDIM ANTON	{ 12 }
STEPHANIE GUY	{ 14 }
MARIA BIONDOLILLO	{ 15 }
SÉBASTIEN NOTRE	{ 19 }
LIEL ANAPOLSKY	{ 20 }
DANIEL YU	{ 24 }
CLAUDIO PARENTELA	{ 25 }
PAN WANGSHU	{ 28 }
POL KURUCZ	{ 30 }
PERLA DE LOS SANTOS	{ 34 }
LENA GUSTAFSON	{ 36 }
ROZENN LE GALL	{ 39 }
KELSEY VANDERSCHOOT	{ 42 }
TELAVAYA REYNOLDS	{ 44 }
KATIF HFAI Y	{ 47 }





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?



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.

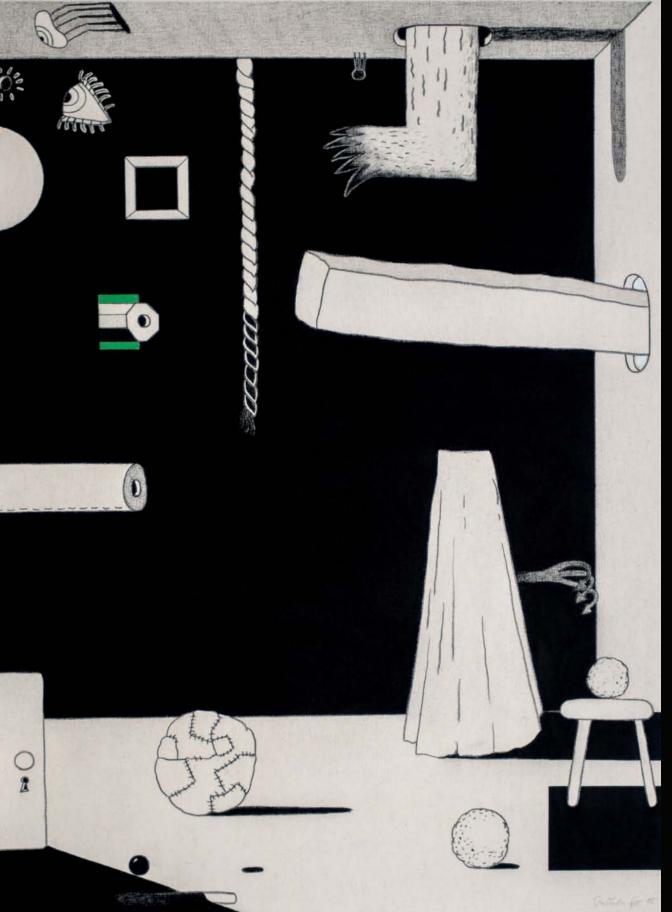
Warmth: all that is seen or demanded of me.

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.







THOSE DAYS

FOOT IN MOUTH

ALL IN

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.

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,

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

written by KAILLA COOMES

walking.

you fell head over heels I fell head over heels.







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 raindrenched 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. She straightened and looked in the mirror again. Her chest was almost dry, but the skirt was hopeless.

The door creaked open. She turned, expecting another wife, but it was a husband. Red hair, brown eves.

"I saw how you went through the store," he said. "Then you came in here. Are you waiting for me?"

The bathroom was silent, except for the humming HVAC. His hands shook. She thought of letting him hoist her up onto the counter, pull up her skirt.

"No," she said. "Sorry.'

But he didn't leave. Instead, he sat down on a toilet, smiling.

She should get a clerk. A female clerk might understand. But she would get a male one. He'd think she'd done this on purpose. Jesse, The Exhibitionist.

Jesse, The Penthouse Story

"I mean it," she said. "I'm just trying to dry off."

A preteen girl opened the bathroom door, saw the red-haired man, and shut it

He looked scared. "I should go," he said. After he left, she pulled open the window, and took a breath. He'd worn a dark green sweater and bulky puffer jacket. Plenty of room to hide a knife,

a blunt-nosed gun —

Without warning, the window fell, the glass clattering in its frame. The door slammed open, and a matronly woman came in. Her eyes had the unfocused look of the mentally unstable.

"Have you seen my terrier?" she said "What?"

"My terrier is loose." The matron eyed the

window. "Did you let Frank out?"

Jesse flushed. "No!"

"He's a Norfolk terrier, you know. Purebred."

"Please," said Jesse. She gestured down. "I'm only trying to dry my dress."

"I'm getting a clerk."

The matron crazily banged off. Jesse slipped her fingers under the window. It rose four inches, not high enough to escape through. Behind her, wheezy breathing. She turned to see the red-haired man watching her.

Her hand flew to her chest. "A clerk is coming."

"Why don't you come here?" he said.

"Can you help me open this window?" she said, trying to sound calm. "There's a dog loose."

He gave her a narrow glance, then started rocking the window back and forth.

"I like dogs," he said. "Shame if it got run over."

"Yes," said Jesse, unsure if the dog existed

The window squeaked, then fell, crushing the man's index finger.

"Fuck!"

Then the matron barreled in, followed by a clerk with penciled eyebrows.

"There she is."

The clerk peered at Jesse "Her?"

"Forget her," said the red-haired man. "I'm injured!"

"I'm sorry sir, but this is not a gender-neutral bathroom," said the clerk. "Go get an ice bag from the service desk."

He stomped out. The clerk turned to Jesse.

"Did you let this woman's terrier out the window?"

"I opened the window," said Jesse. She dropped her voice. "But here's the thing. I'm not sure there is a dog?"

"Why wouldn't there be a dog?" said the clerk.

"I have always had dogs," said the matron,
"Even as a child. We kept puppies in the
carriage house."

"I'm telling you, I don't know anything about it," said Jesse. "My dress is wet and I'm embarrassed. Can I borrow a long coat from the Lost and Found?"

"Sorry ma'am," said the clerk. "But we have to investigate this lady's claim first."

"I never saw a dog!"

The clerk muttered into her walkie-talkie.

"What's up, Steiner?" said the walkie-talkie.

"We've got a code 5.

Desperate, Jesse' eyes strayed to the window. Where, of course, she saw à black terrier, wagging his tail on the fire escape.

She yanked at the window and it miraculously slid up, far enough for her to get through. Frank rose on his hind legs barking with pleasure, then ran up high halfway to the roof.

Jesse could hear a commotion behind her, but ignored it, placing her soles firmly on each step. Catching Frank was the right goal, something that might redeem her.

Her heels had minimal tread, and as the metal

steps were slick with rain, she was forced to go slowly. She wished she had stayed home and ordered pizza.

The fire escape ended on a small platform, leading to a blue door. The terrier danced on the roof ten feet above it. She tried the door, which was unlocked. Did it lead to the street? But she still had a path to the roof: a thinbarred iron ladder, beaded with rain. She tested the first step. Could she scale it in heels?

The rungs felt slippery. Jesse went for door handle, ready to run home. But it opened first. To reveal a thin brunette. And the redhaired man, looking sheepish.

"We need to talk," said the woman.

The red-haired man groaned. "Laurie —

"What the hell did you do to my husband's hand?" Laurie said. "He's a musician, his hands are his living."

"I didn't do anything," said Jesse. "He was helping me open a window."

"In the women's bathroom?"

"There's a dog loose —

"Where?

Jesse pointed. "Right there. I'm rescuing him."

"Is he your dog?"

"No." said lesse

She shook her head "I don't get this. Tom

"How's this," Tom said. "I went into the bathroom after her. Is that what you want to hear?"

Laurie laughed "Maybe I do" she said

"Maybe I'm sick of your lies.

"Please," said Jesse. "I'm not trying to steal your husband —"

"Oh, it's not your fault," said Laurie. "He's crazy."

Tom started scaling the ladder, too fast

"Stop that," said Laurie

"I have to get him down.

"Fuck the dog. Stay here and talk to me!"

Tom ignored her. "What's his name?

"Frank," said Jesse

He went up another rung, and called the dog "Frank," he said, "Frankie."

Frank yipped, without budging. Laurie reached over and savagely yanked on her husband's pant leg, making him lose his footing.

"lesus God," screeched Tom

"Come down and face me like a man!"

"Can't I get the goddamn dog first?

"No," said Laurie. Her eyes snapped at lesse's "She'll do it."

'Shouldn't we wait for the clerk?" Jesse said

"No," said Laurie. "This is all your fault

Jesse's mouth dropped. "How is this MY fault?"

"You're one of those girls. One of those chaos girls."

Jesse stared at her. Was she a chaos girl? "I'm not," she said. "Prove it

"Fine!"

Tom came down, and Jesse went up the ladder in heels, cursing. She could hear a siren in the distance. She paused.

"Keep going," said Laurie, Jesse chanced a look over her shoulder and saw that Tom and Laurie were further below than she might have supposed. She could slip and fall, break her neck against the cement of the parking lot, And for what?

She climbed several more steps and grabbed at Frank with her right arm. She missed, but tottered before regaining her balance.

"Careful," said Tom

Jesse hooked her left heel around the next highest rung, and swiped for the dog again Her fingers brushed him, but he stayed put, barking ungratefully.

"Please," she said. Her arms shook. She didn't have the strength to haul herself onto the roof.

She grabbed again, and this time her fingers caught in his fur. She yanked him down and stuffed him into her dress.

Tom and Laurie cheered. So did someone else, She saw the matron and clerk below watching from the parking lot. The clerk was on her walkie-talkie, but the matron raised her arms above her head in a savage gesture of triumph.

She kicked her heels off and descended the lauder barefoot, inderwear visible. Frank's claws scrabbling against her collarbone lesse. The Great.







LIEL
ANAPOLSKY



ASH LEY sophia clark









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













DMIRALBUBBLEWATER DAPAN



BROKEN HAND

LONG NOSE PIG



POL KURUCZ

















ROZENN LE GALL





FOOT SOTES 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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ANDREW ESPINAL BLUE SHOES (NEW YORK 2017), cover andrewespinal.com

ASHLEY SOPHIA CLARK pages 4-5, 22-23 models: Jaime Lynn, Madeline Zanone, Drew Escriva, Bridget Donegan, Rachel Crissman, Cassondra Pittz

CLAUDIO PARENTELA UNTITLED, 2018

CRISTIAN FERNANDEZ OCAMPO

NOT GUILTY, 2018 Sebastian Zavallía producer: Cristian Ocampo location: Buenos Aires,

DANIEL YU FLÂNERIE page 24

GUDIM ANTON

KAILLA COOMES

THOSE DAYS FOOT IN MOUTH ALL IN page 11

KATIE HEALY (KutByKT) FLORAL BLOOMIN, 2018 page 47 page 47
photographer: Graham
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Ven Levias

KELSEY VANDERSCHOOT FOOTNOTES FROM COPENHAGEN, 2018

LENA GUSTAFSON PLIFE LENAG pages 36-38

LIEL ANAPOLSKY URBAN BALLERINA, 2017 pages 20-21 photographer: Liel Anapolsky producer: Liel Anapolsky model: Alina Gavrilov

MARIE BIONDOLILLO

JESSE, THE GREAT pages 15-18

MAYA McOMIE COLDER THAN FEET, 2018 page 6-7

PAN WANGSHU ADMIRAL BUBBLE WATER DA PAN BROKEN HAND LONG NOSE PIG, 2017 – pages 28-29

PERLA DE LOS SANTOS

BAILA EN LA ZONA (DANCE AT THE ZONE) 2017, pages 34-35 | models: Ana Patricia Peña & Manuel

POL KURUCZ

ROZENN LE GALL COLLAGES, 2017 pages 39-41

STEPHANIE GUY CROWS FEET page 13

SÉBASTIEN NÔTRE. 2018

TELAVAYA REYNOLDS

NEURO, 2017

TRACY PITTS UNTITLED pages 8-9



