

ALL VISITORS

ALL ZINE issue #1



10/10/14

All, or, nothing  
All en compassing  
We are limitless,  
boundaryless,  
listless

ALL VISITORS is inspired by  
traveling, the constant shuffle, and that  
table full of strangers.  
Ambiguity and anonymity of  
the visitor,  
the guest,  
the ghost.

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I was in Portland, Oregon for a couple of days, staying with friends. They took me to a house show. Seeing live music makes me uncomfortable for reasons I'm not going to go into here. When the band got on, I went out onto the porch.

There was only one other person there who wasn't attached to a group. Sometimes you can get right into it with someone you've only just met, and shortly, we were talking about What Everything Means. I'm never sure whether I'm qualified to have that kind of conversation. I wasn't drinking and neither was she.

She asked me if I knew the „slapping game.“ I don't remember how we got there. I said, „Yes,“ and held my hands out, palms up.

“Not that slapping game,” she said.

“Then no,” I said, „I don't. How does the one you're thinking of work?”

“Meet me upstairs in fifteen minutes,” she said. “I'll leave a glass of water outside the door of the room you're supposed to go into.”

I waited fifteen minutes and then I went upstairs. There was a glass of water outside of one of the doors. I went in. „This is a nice room,“ I said. I was being polite. „Is it yours?”

“No,” she said.

“Oh,” I said. “Do you know the person whose room it is?”

“No,” she said. “I don't really know anyone who lives here.”

“Oh,” I said. “How does this game work?”

She said, “On the count of three, we both slap each other in the face as hard as we can.”



She counted to three and we both slapped each other in the face.

„That was okay,” she said, „but I think I pulled my slap a little bit.“

„I did, too,” I said.

„Let’s do it harder this time,” she said.

We played three more rounds. „I think that’s probably enough,” she said.

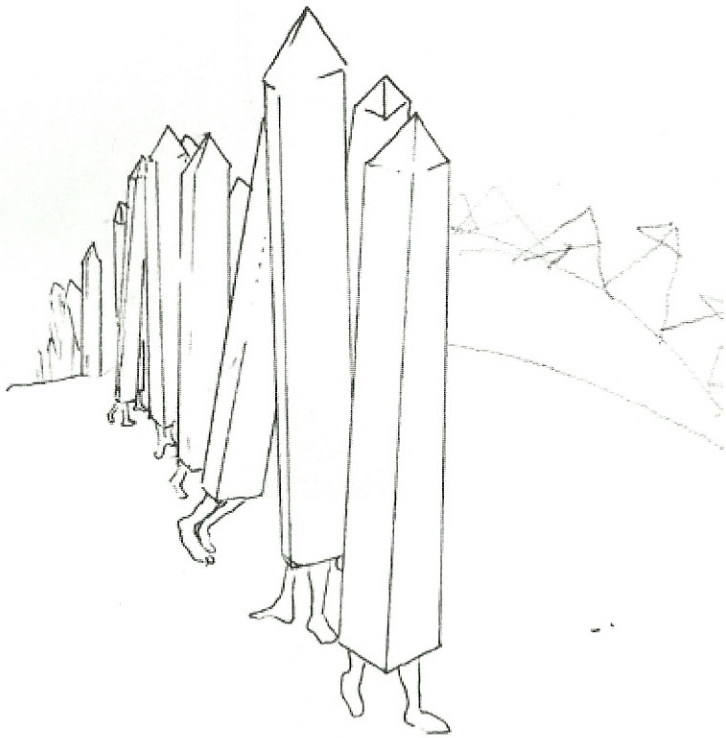
„Thank you for showing me the game,” I said.

„I had fun.“

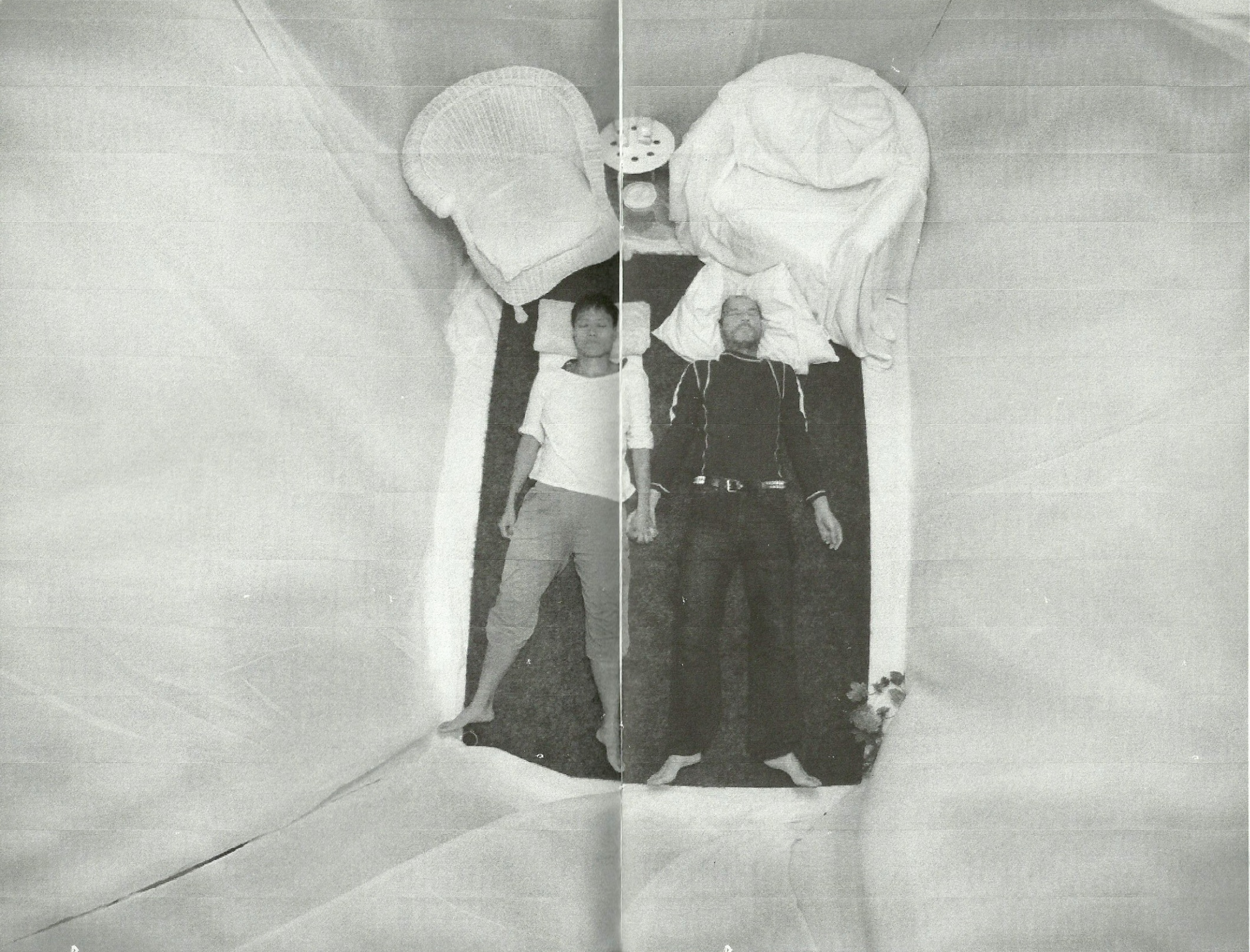
This was the truth. It was invigorating. Then I went downstairs and watched the band and felt uncomfortable as all hell.



It won't always be night time...













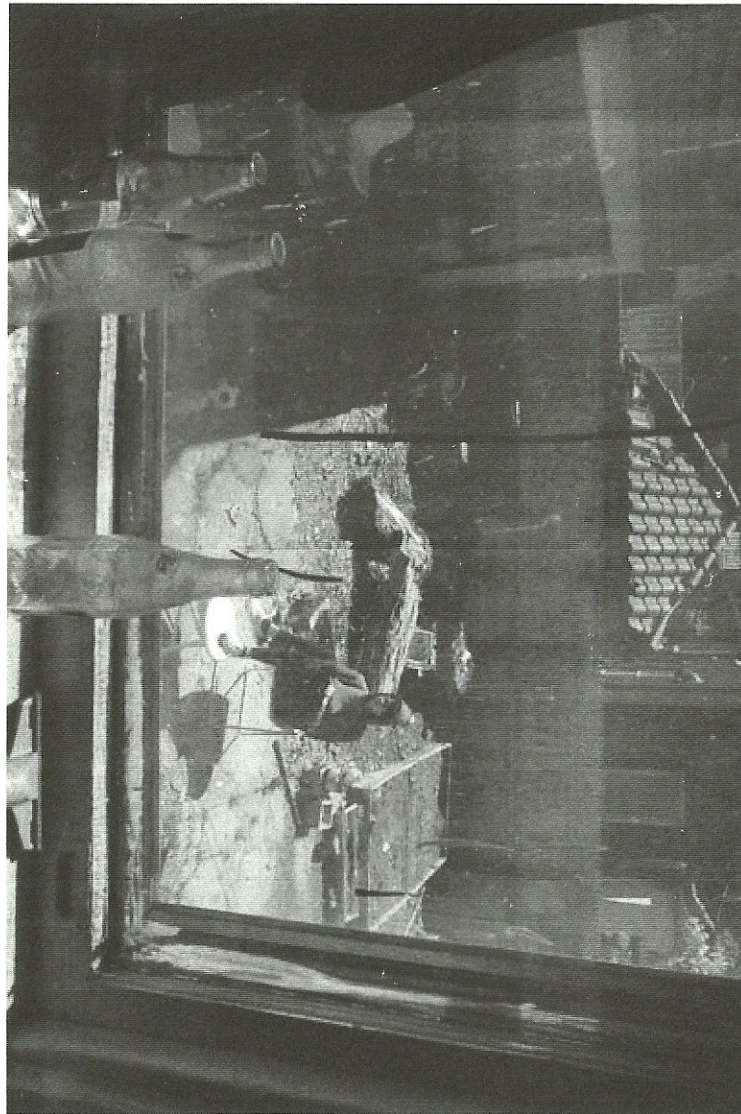
Sexes dissolve  
Dangerous words  
Like swords

Poisonous tongues  
Swiping through the blackness  
Whiteness

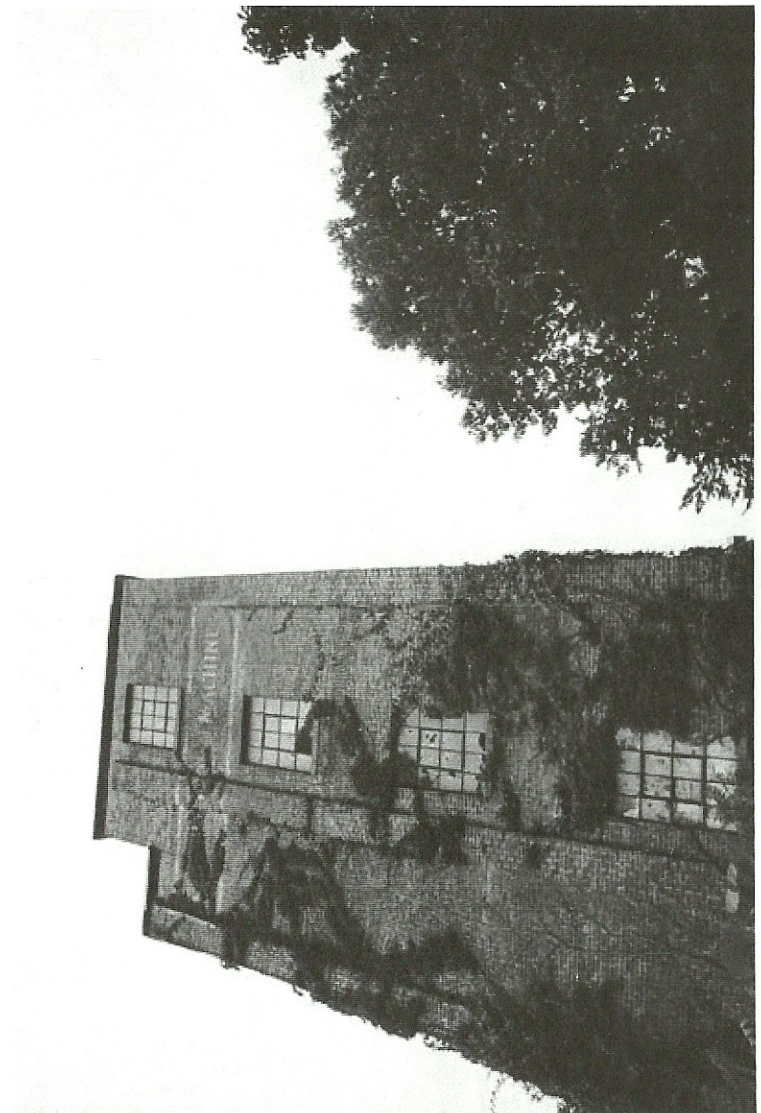
Genders on strike  
Wearing our dresses  
Like potato bags  
Snakes in mutation  
Wiggeling in the sand  
Their skin left abandoned



VISITOR) One signification of the visit includes the guest and the social call. The houseguest in this image is my friend Beka, who stayed with us last spring.



VIDERE) Visit is rooted in the Latin 'videre' - to see or notice. This history makes the word especially available to the process of photography. When I visit Hartford, it is to see my hometown. The photo helps me see Hartford as a place with a history and appearance that is worth noticing.





BAD FORTUNE) To visit also means to bestow a bad fate. For example, sickness and death are visited. This picture is of a gas line during the shortage after hurricane Sandy, which was visited on New York City in October, 2012.



VISITATION) It is to redeem misfortune that the sense of a visitation arises in expressions of divine compassion. In this image, an angel stands over a tomb in Calvary Cemetary in Newburgh. It guards so that, in death, the entombed can be free of mundane fears.







Rockaway  
July 01, 2014

I am standing on the beach at Rockaway, somewhere just off the 101, realizing that I left behind my U-Lock when my chain threw itself off and my bike tipped over. That was just before a little bridge after Nehalem. I remember picking the lock off the ground but now it was clear that I had not replaced it to my bike once I got to the shoulder. I had been focused on adjusting the limits on my derailleur. So I have no lock. And no apparent place to sleep. And no money. And I am talking quietly to myself about how none of these things are emergencies right now. It's 7pm and drizzling and maybe I'm starting to wonder just a little about how worried I should be. The sun is sinking a bit and is hard to see through dense cloud cover but there's two whole families playing barefoot on the beach in the rain, and I find a lot of comfort in that. That rain isn't an emergency.

Toddlers are playing happily on this beach in this rain. Maybe I can go back to Lytle Lake, a few miles back, and pitch my tent in the woods there and take a picture of it in the morning and post it on Instagram all like, „my absurdly beautiful campsite“. I put my blue ikea bag over the tote bag on my front rack as a cover. I unroll open a pannier and eat albacore tuna from the pouch and the last half of goldfish crackers from the bag. I stay put.

I notice how when I'm getting anxious and feeling lost I just stop and wait for someone to find me. I don't mean to do it but it's reflexive. Like they teach you when you're a kid. Stop. Stay where you are. Blow your whistle. Someone will find you. If you keep moving you'll throw off your search party. And maybe I wish I'm playing a more aggressive move but I'm just looking at the sun set over the Pacific Ocean like a deer in the headlights cliché.

Wearing bright blue sneakers, this guy. Sporty fashion-like. Maybe Nike or something. And white hair. He walked towards the beach from the road and called up to me and my bike, „where are you riding to“?

Admittedly, I've been defensive about the heavy load comments. I feel like I don't have much more than I need for a 9-week trip. Especially after leaving tidbits in Portland. But my bike does remind one of a tank. And It's a little back-heavy. Like me. My black backpack, which is secured to the back rack, is big. But it only has my tent and my sleeping bag in it and those are four and three pounds, respectively. Again, I considered being offended.

But I can't muster it. He mentions 10 grand children.

I tell Blue Shoes I'm camping and so I need stuff. He says he's touring too. Bike touring. Trying to get to Mexico before he turns 65 and maybe he'll get there and maybe he won't and he's not camping he's just staying places.

He means inside places. I tell him I lost my lock. He says that's no good. He says nice to meet you and turns on his heels towards the shops. Then, like an afterthought, or a sudden brilliant idea, he gives me his motel key and says, „do you want to take a shower?“

I feel my eyebrows riding up. He's on his way to dinner, he says. He means at a restaurant. He says he'll knock in case I'm still in his room when he gets back. He says if I leave before he gets back from dinner, I can leave the card at the front desk. I consider being too nervous to take his offer. I consider coming to the conclusion that taking a shower in some strange man's motel room doesn't make sense when I had two showers yesterday and I don't know where I'm going to sleep tonight.

I can't muster it. I'm just not afraid. I take his key and then I go take a shower at the Tradewinds motel.

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