

Just KEEP WALKING

Issue 2

A ZINE ABOUT
WALKING, HIKING,
AND MENTAL HEALTH

Now with
more music
suggestions!



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Author: Sophie Useless

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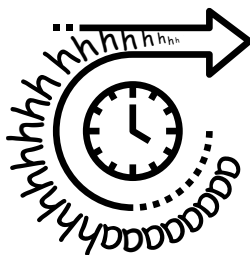
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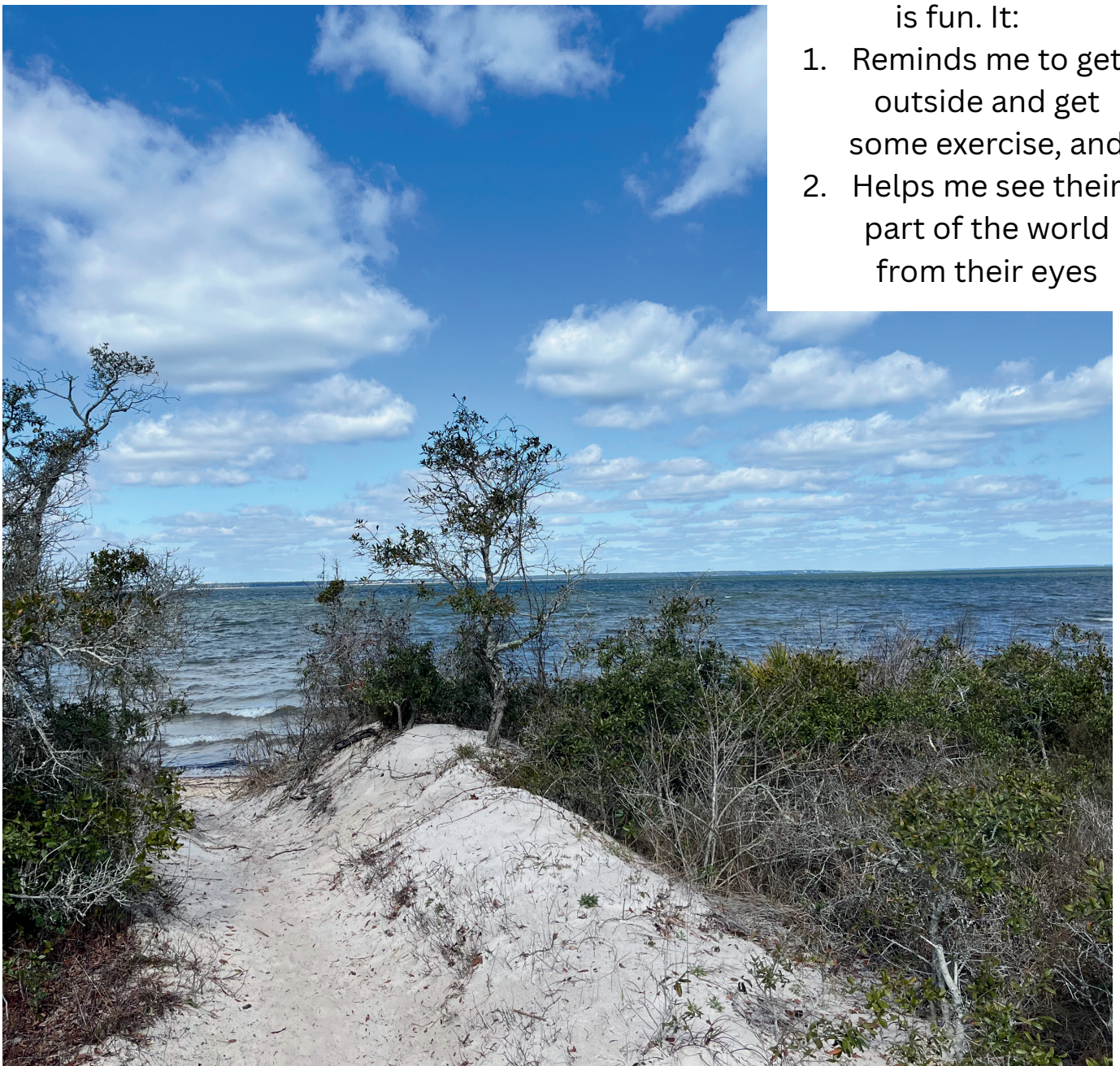
Zines | Podcast | General Shenanigans

I've been traveling a lot. Bouncing around the Southeast US with Mapping Trans Joy (a sort-of traveling joy carnival that has it's own growing set of zines, definitely check those out!).

I try to find paths to walk in every location I spend more than a day in. I think it helps with all the all the old challenges, physical and mental.

Asking local folks the best place to take a walk is fun. It:

1. Reminds me to get outside and get some exercise, and
2. Helps me see their part of the world from their eyes





**Here's a playlist of
songs about
walking that I've
been enjoying:**

- We Go On Walks - Petey USA
- A Walk - Bad Religion
- Walk Like an Egyptian - The Bangles
- Walking on the Sun - Smash Mouth
- Take a Walk - Passion Pit
- Walkin' My Cat Named Dog - Norma Tanega
- Stroll - Homeboy Sandman
- These Boots Are Made For Walking - Nancy Sinatra
- Walk On By - Dionne Warwick

When I'm not traveling I live in a very hot place. Most of my walking is indoors on treadmills. I feel a little silly, but I guess it's better than a heat stroke.

The more I feel stuck inside the more I read books about outdoor things. Recently, I've read Zoe Schlanger's *Light Eaters: How the Unseen World of Plant Intelligence Offers a New Understanding of Life on Earth*. I've learned a lot about how tricky plants can be.

"To what extent are we, I wonder, yoked into plant service? We know a little now about plants' genius for synthesizing highly complex chemicals in their bodies that can influence other plants and animals in subtle and overt ways. .. The question becomes, in what ways are they influencing us?" (pg. 166)

Not long before reading this book, I paid a bunch of horticulturists to turn my entire front yard into native plant garden. About once a day I think about being manipulated by plants. I eye them suspiciously from my treadmill.



**Ha ha give us
your front
yard!**

**artist's rendition of plants
controlling me**



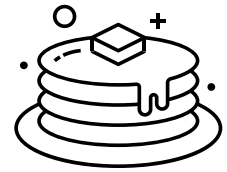
another quote I like from Schlanger's book:

“There is something decidedly queer in all of this - the orchids and aspens and strawberries and antplants and ginkgoes - a sense of sensual entanglement that disregards binaries, runs across the species boundary, and almost gleefully defies heteronormative modes of reproduction.

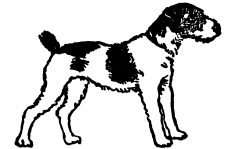
This lens might also help us escape the idea that everything in nature is a battle, with a clear winner. Sometimes it may be an improvisation, or a collaboration, or something else entirely.”

Plants = Queer AF



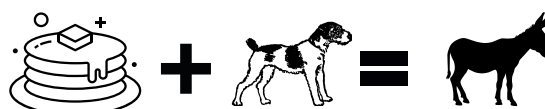


The



Since Issue 1 came out, we've been getting a lot of questions about Pancake the Dog.

She's still very opposed to walking most days. But she seems to forget this about herself. She'll beg to go for a walk only to remember, just a few minutes in, that she hates this. Then she just stops. Sometimes in the middle of the street. Sometimes right in front of oncoming cars. She just stands there while I direct pedestrian and car traffic around us. It's like trying to walk a mule.





It was a big psychological shift, getting used to using a gym for my walking needs.

At first, I felt really visible and pretty self-conscious.

I assumed everyone else would be super fit and judgemental.

It's been really liberating to realize that no one is paying any attention to me. There are the young folks who are there to check each other out. To them, I'm completely invisible (thank god!). There are the super serious folks who are there to do their specific routine and get out.

The only group that does seem to notice me at least a little are the other old folks. We nod at each other in passing, a sign of greeting and appreciation. Here's to keeping our bodies moving so they don't rust and turn to dust.



In fact, I'm comfortable enough at the gym now to totally not care that every time I use the massage chair there's like a whole tour of prospective clients walking past me. Every time. They must plan it that way. I don't care, though. It's fine.

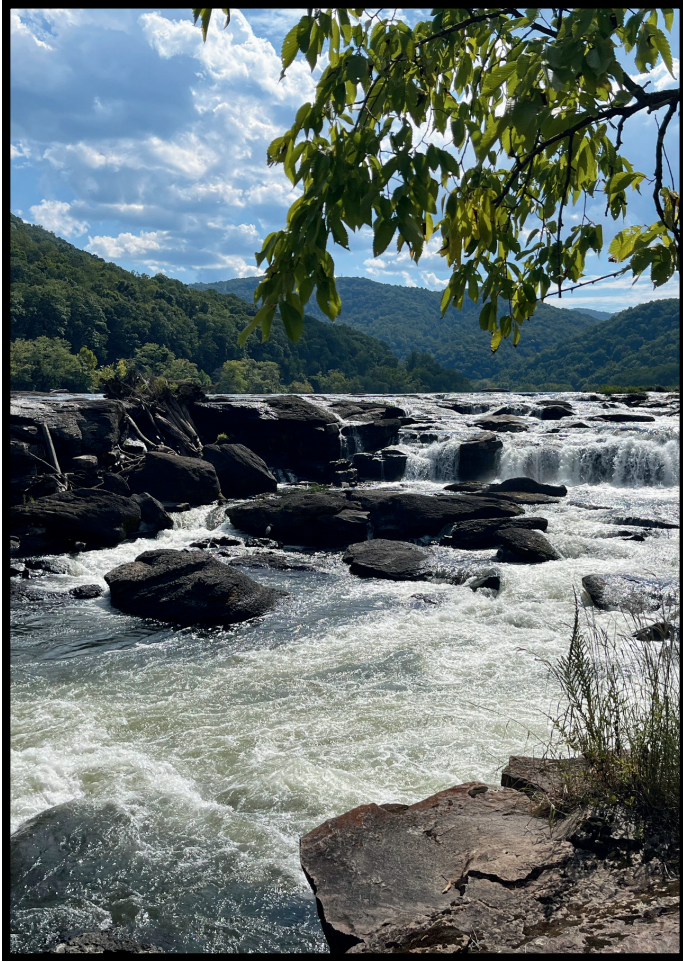
When that happens, I wonder if I should act a particular way.

Should I try to look like I'm having a good time? I have no idea how I look in the massage chair, but probably not noticeably happy?



Should I try to look like I'm not happy so they won't ever try the massage chair and I'll have less competition for it?



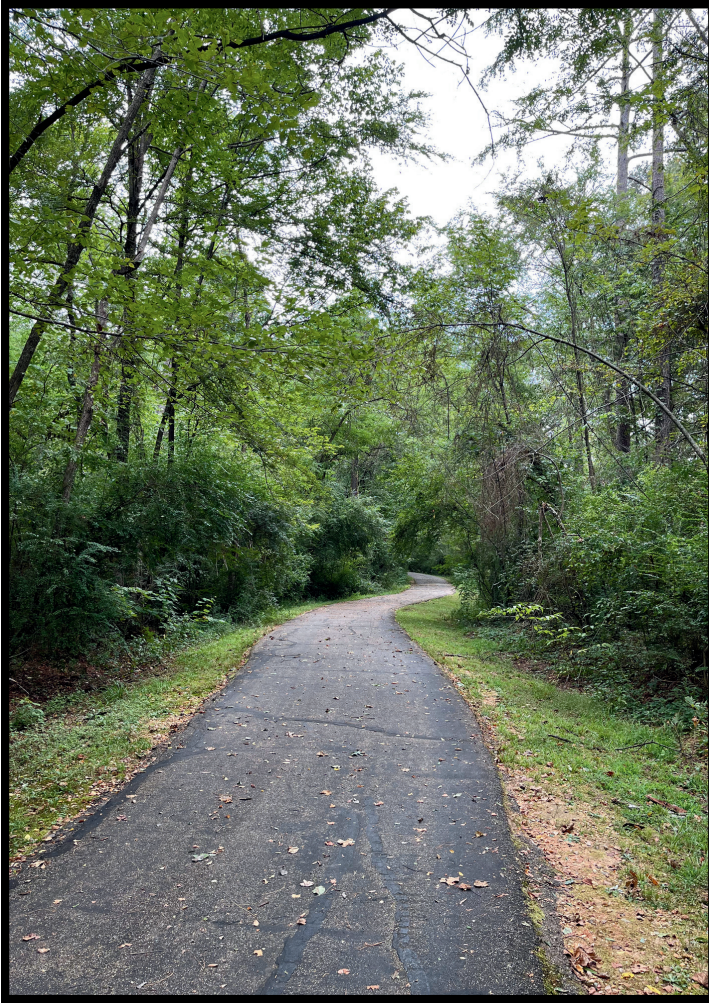


I've been really into tattoos lately.

I've always been around friends with lots of tattoos, but I was always more of a piercing type of person. It felt a little safer, a little easier to undo.

(Though my stretched ear lobes might argue otherwise.)

I've always had a vague sense that after I turn 40 I'll start getting tattoos. The thinking is, even if I hate any given tattoo I'm already at least half way done with this body, so the stakes seem lower. I'm doing mostly biographical stuff, tattoos about places I've lived and things I love. Plus things that I just think are funny. I'm having a lovely time.

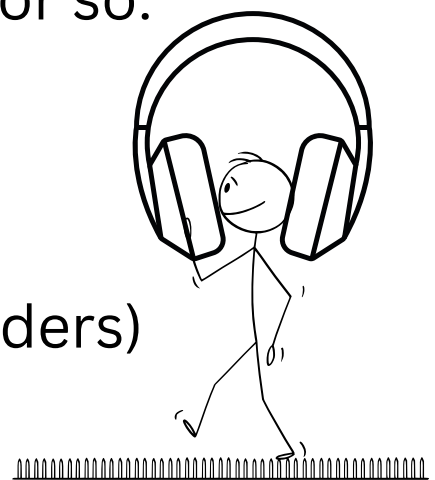


Here's a list of albums I've been listening to while walking recently:

- Circle Breaker - The Taxpayers
- Fenn - Tom Rosenthal
- Motorcycle.jpg - Slaughter Beach, Dog
- Liminal Spaces - Myles Bullen

Here's a list of podcasts I've been enjoying while at the gym over the last month or so:

- The Rest is History
- Country Queers
- The Nerve! (National Council of Elders)
- No Time for Fear
- Planet Money



The link between my ability to walk (and/or hike) and my mental health is as strong as ever.

Whenever I go more than a couple of days without the routine, things start to fall apart for me.



Wherever you are, and whatever you're doing to take care of yourself, I'm sending you lots of love and well-wishes.

I hope you're finding ways to keep going.
I hope you're seeing beautiful things.

So long, friends

Photo List

Front Cover: This is from Poverty Point World Heritage Site in Louisiana. Definitely worth a visit if you can make it. Don't skip the tour!

Page 2: This one is Pensacola. I was hanging out with folks at 309 Punk House, and one morning drove across the bay and found this path. Mostly by accident. Really beautiful day.

Page 3: I'm pretty sure this is Hot Spring National Park in Arkansas. I wandered around a lot. And one day that sun was going down and right after this photo, I started to think "oh my... I should probably figure out how to find my way out of here." (Don't worry, I made it back.)

Page 5: This one was a state park in Louisiana. I love cypress knees so much. Maybe one day I'll learn to take better photos of them.

Page 6: Pancake the Dog is really photogenic, and luckily for our purposes she tends to stay still long enough to get shots like these.

Page 7: We're not supposed to take photos at my gym so I had to be pretty discrete to get this. Don't tell on me, please.

Page 9: This is from the New River Gorge National Park and Preserve. A friend showed me a place to stand in the middle of the river on some rocks. A trick only possible when the water's not too high.

Page 10: I had the good fortune to wander around West Virginia for a while. This is from when I was there.

Page 11: I'm a big fan of the beach in the off season. This is Bay St. Louis, Mississippi on a chilly November evening.

Back Cover: I'm pretty sure this is also from New River Gorge National Park and Preserve. I took a path that was probably too hard for me. At some point this is what I was faced with.

