



waif

What is Waif.

When that noise is so white you can't even hear it.

Messy hair is waif, but so are bangs.

Waped Veed is Vaify.

Waif is when you fall down the stairs but still can't scrape your knee.

Waif is when you play the piano & you don't know how to play the piano.

Waif is when you play piano really well. And drums. Because you were taught.

Kix is Waif. So is special K. Trix is not Waif.

Whores are Waif. Prudes are Waif. Dudes are Waif. Nudes are Waif.

Your Grandmother is Waif, only when she's knitting a hat for you, you Waif.

Waif is when your corn shows up later.

Gardening is Waif. Love your dead plants.

Waif is when you shave every single hair on your body. Waif is when you've never cut a single hair on your body since birth.

Talent shows are Waif. Throw a talent show. Invite us.

Arms that jiggle like hot jello are Waif.

Zit Scabs are Waif.

Chicken feet are Waif.

Beady eyes are Waif.

You can't spell Waif without I.

Leave the taps dribbling overnight if it's below 30 degrees fahrenheit.

You, me, all, we're all Waif. If we want to be. And we want to be.

waif

issue 23: Refuse Fashion V

Conceived by

SUBTLE PRIDE

Misha Brooks, Zach Donovan, Brigitte Lundy-Paine, Mina Walker

This issue of Waif Magazine features the talents of

Bree Original Designs

Jazzmint

Na'Kayla

Linda Baum

Mark Baum

Jade Island

Giani Jones

Adelyn Karnacewicz

Neelesh Manandhar

Stefanos Marinopoulos

Monet Maxwell

Ava O'Malley

Iliana Stavropoulou

Abigail Tulenko

Dee Williams

Charity Woods

Cover Photography by

Dee Williams

Interns

Joan Flaherty

Justine Engel

Anna Campion

Charlotte Grimm

Additional photography courtesy of Waif Magazine.

Waif Magazine is published by

Subtle Press

in collaboration with Silver & Smoke

and IS WAIF.

www.iswaif.com

Table of Contents

CULTURE MATRIX Refuse Fashion V

EDITORIAL Smiley Plastics

Photos by Stefanos Marinopoulos

Modeled by Iliana Stavropoulou

TUTORIAL Make Your Own Money

Recipe and Food Styling by Zach Donovan

Photography by Linda Baum

ARTICLE Kawaii Riot

Words by Ava O'Malley

Photos Courtesy of Jade Island

EDITORIAL Care

Photos by Abigail Tulenko

Modeled by Neelesh Manandhar

EDITORIAL Bucket

Photos by Lavender Katz

Modeled by Mina Walker

EDITORIAL //

Photos by Dee Williams

Modeled and Makeup by Charity Woods

Styled by Monet Maxwell

Dresses by Bree Original Designs

Gloves by Jazzmint

Earrings by Na'Kayla

INTERN'S CORNER Is Being Waif Lonely?

By Joan Flaherty

ART by Adelyn Karnacewicz and Nele Ober

WAIF



*** THE ANTI-MASC**
*We understand It's
Fun to be Femme -
but now is not the
time*



*** THE FACE FACE MASK**
You Are Who You Are



*** THE SHOPPER**
*Capitalism: he's not
going to uphold himself!*



*** THE REAL ONE**
*Get that "i'm wearing a face
mask feeling" with this
popular face mask
designed to make you feel
like you're really wearing a
face mask*



*** THE MAMMEL**
*Easy in, easy out,
perk the ears and
watch the snout*



*** THE FULL COVERAGE**
*We've been waiting our whole
lives to be all tucked in.
Better Waif than Sorry, as
they say!*

ACCEPT



*** THE 2ND SKIN**
*You don't know a man
until you walk a mile in
his prosthesis*



*** THE DIVA**
*You've waited all your
life for this*



*** THE HOLY GHOST**
Leave room for Jesus

FASHION

REFUSE

NO!

This Nightmare Must

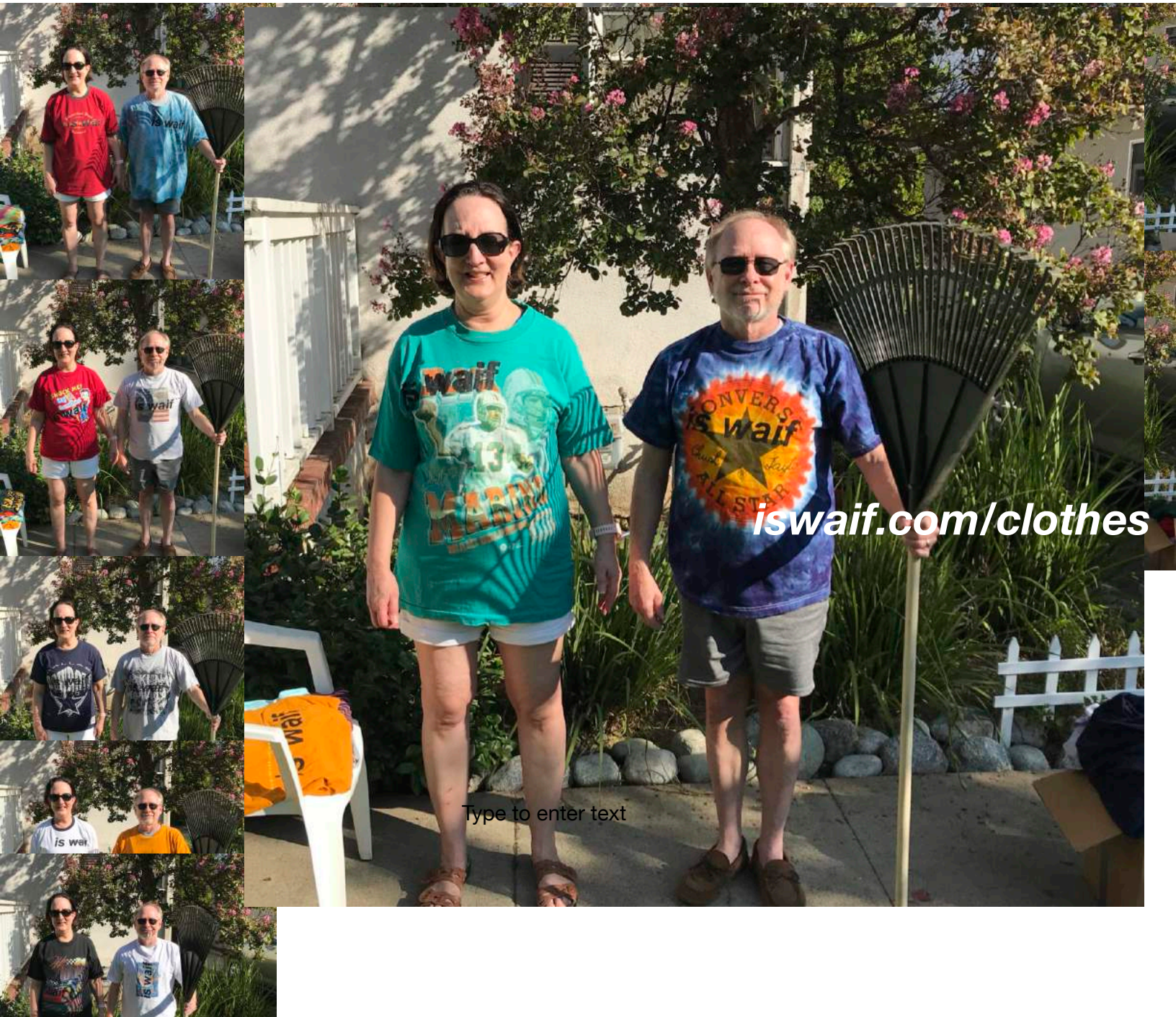
End:

In the Name of Humanity,

We REFUSE to Accept Fashion in America



**Refuse Fashion x Vintage Firehouse
Waif Reprints modeled by Mark & Linda
Original Screenprinting by Gian Jones**



***SMILEY
PLASTI
CS //***

***by Stefanos Marinopoulos
ft. Iliana Stavropoulou***









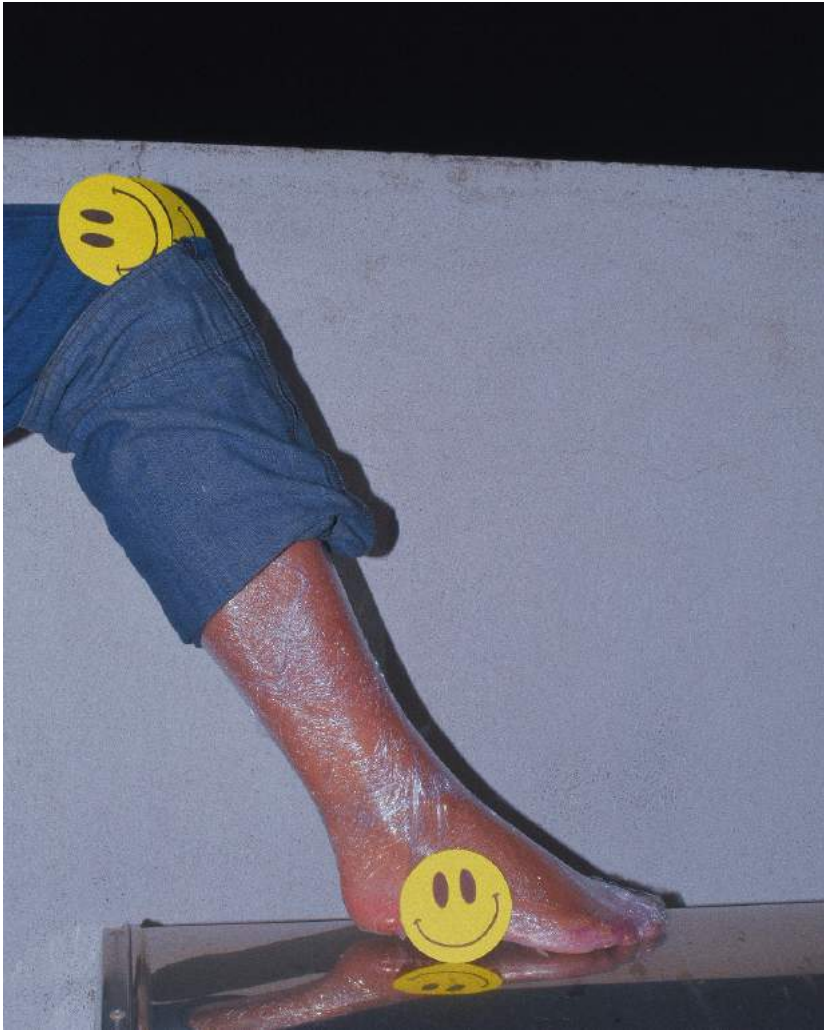
















YOU
TIRED YET?

ONE WAY

ONE DAY

2003

2003

2003

2003

ONE DAY

ANXIETY

ANXIETY

YOU EVER
BEEN IN
LOVE?



Recipe and Food Styling by Zach Donovan// Photography by Linda Baum

Since the onset of Covid-19, we've all been put through the wringer. Some have lost family members, others have been laid off from jobs, and there just doesn't seem to be an end in sight to all this suffering.

If you're an avid consumer like myself, you've found joy in receiving delivery after delivery in the comfort of your own home, but lately I've been stricken with a bad case of cabin fever - haven't you? Recently, I cut up my credit cards, laced up my sneakers, and hit the town for some good old fashioned face to face contact with every essential worker I could get my hands on - cash only, stone age style. Little did I know, Covid-19 has brought about yet another more covert national crisis.

Since cash money is not circulating quite as much as it used to, the United States has entered a National Coin Shortage. With no credit cards in my name and no way to get my hands on any cash, I set out to find a solution of my own. Using only what I had available to me in my house already, I created and tested a recipe for do-it-yourself coins. A craft to pass the time and make a difference in the national economy in ten easy steps. //

Ingredients:

2 Medium Russet Potatoes
6 Birthday candles (wicks in)

You Will Need:

-Chef's Knife
-Cutting Board
-Bamboo Skewer
-Aluminum foil
-13x9 Baking Sheet (from garbage)
-Sandwich size Ziploc bag
-Parchment Paper

Total Time: 36 hours | Active Time: 25 minutes





1. Thinly slice russet potatoes into 1/4" coins, discarding ends and the bits you "missed" in slicing.




2. Using the sharp end of a bamboo skewer, carefully carve (numbers 1, 5, 10, 25, or portrait of Susan B. Anthony) into potato slices.

3. Remove baking sheet from trash and line with aluminum foil.



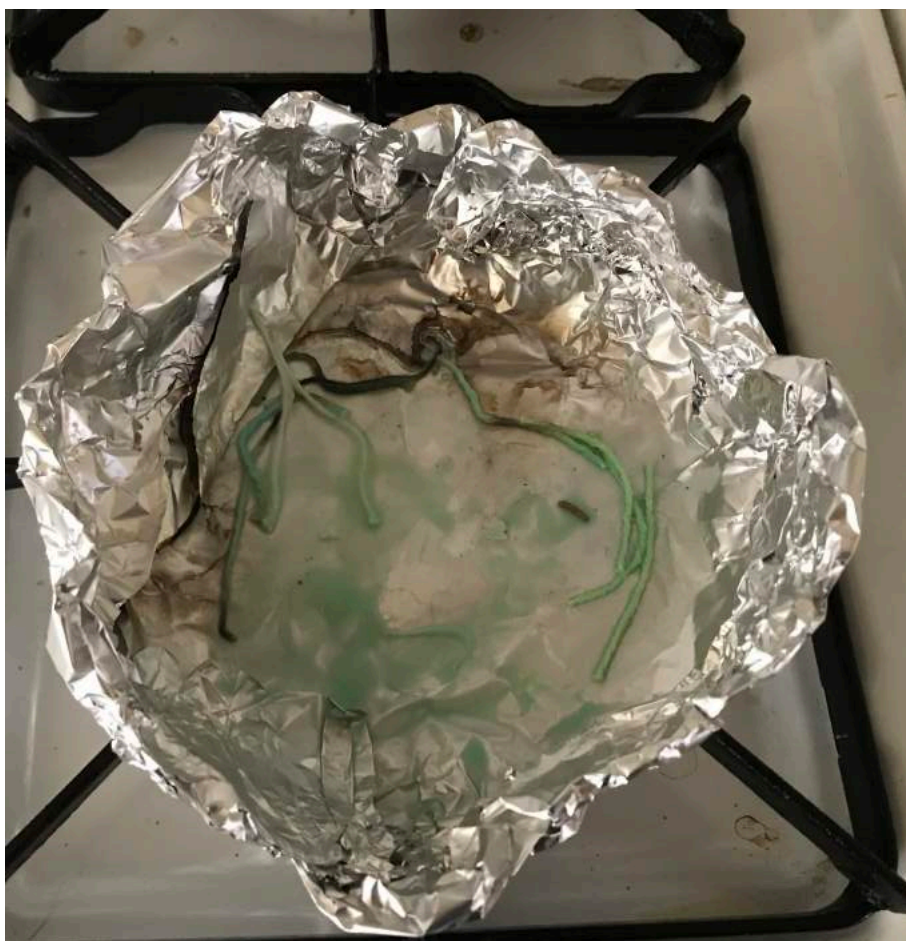
4. Arrange carved potato slices in even rows on foil-lined baking sheet.



5. Bake coins in sun for 6-8 hours, turning once halfway through to ensure dryness.

6. Collect baked coins into ziplock bag and store overnight. Return baking sheet to trash.

7. Once the coins have oxidized beyond recognition, form aluminum foil into a small bowl.



8. Place green birthday candles (or combination of blue, yellow, white) into foil bowl and heat over low flame until wax has melted (10 seconds).



9. Being careful to avoid the wicks, dip each coin into wax and coat until light green all over. Reserve on parchment paper until wax is completely hardened.

10. Place completed coins in wallet and use for purchases at any retail establishment.



ARTICLE

KAWAII

RIOT //

By Ava O'Malley

Photos Courtesy of Jade Island

Kawaii Fashion and Protest Culture Are One in the Same

Kawaii has become a known word in American media, mostly popularized by anime and J-Pop music. Kawaii - which roughly translates to "cute" in English - encompasses fashion, language, action, and artistic expression, and is often characterized by pastel colors, illustrations of large-eyed creatures and other sweet-looking symbols like hearts or stars. However, kawaii is not only a word, as it can be used to describe a way of dressing, speaking, acting, or expressing oneself through art and music. However, many would be surprised to know that kawaii culture was born out of rebellion and protest.

Historians place the birth of kawaii culture in Japanese classrooms during the 1970s. After the invention of the thin-ended mechanical pencil, female high school students began to change their handwriting from the traditional Japanese style to a simpler, child-like font. This kind of writing, which was often decorated with hearts, faces, and stars, was given a plethora of names—*maru ji* (round writing,) *koneko ji* (kitten writing,) or *burriko ji* (fake-child writing.) Whatever name the students used for it, this style was quickly banned in schools, as it was considered frivolous, disrespectful, and hard to read by the administration. It is believed that the emergence and use of *maru/koneko/burriko ji* was a revolt against the rigid education system of post-WWII Japan. In fact, the sudden increase in female students using this handwriting, which media outlets referred to as “anomalous female teenage handwriting,” according to Japan-talk.com, was deemed a national crisis.

Another aspect of kawaii culture that cannot be overlooked is its intersection with Japanese street-style culture, which also has its roots in the 1970s. In Tokyo, the neighborhood of Harajuku was closed off from vehicles on Sundays, encouraging pedestrians to meet up and convene in the streets. It is no coincidence that Harajuku became the epicenter of Japan’s fascinating street-style culture, as young people, off from

school for the weekend, would arrive in the blocked-off street.

Young Japanese students wear uniforms throughout the entirety of their educational careers and many place great pride on the status that a school uniform carries. Because mainstream Japanese culture places an emphasis upon uniformity, the teens who gathered in Harajuku were judged for their nonconformist attire by the older generations. The early street-style pioneers of Harajuku, however, directly protested the society that they were raised in by expressing themselves through their outfits and hairstyles. They were more eager to gain favor from members of their own generation through their individualism than to obtain approval from their elders via conformity.

Gyaru is a style in which young women lighten their hair, wear more revealing clothing, and tan their skin. Many claim that *gyaru*, as well as the sub-styles derived from it, is a direct rebellion against Japanese beauty standards, as the long-standing beauty standard has been centered on pale skin, modesty, and natural makeup.

Lolita is a modernization of European fashion from the 1600-1800s, often identified by voluminous, knee-length skirts, sweet pastel prints, and large, carefully styled wigs. *Lolita* style can be interpreted as a protest against patriarchy, as it was founded upon women choosing to dress modestly and very much for themselves.

Decora - from the English word for decoration - is a style that focuses on a maximalist approach to accessorizing; many of those who choose to dress *decora* will cover their hair in a dizzying assortment of colorful plastic clips. Others press different stickers across their face.

As many Japanese street styles borrowed elements from Western fashion (*Lolita*, *Rockabilly*, and *Hime-gyaru* to name a few,) Westerners soon became fixated on Japanese street-style. The arrival of the internet in the late 90’s is the cause of this second cultural exchange, as Westerners were introduced to anime, manga, J-Pop,



“People who are outside of the community tend to give in to their curiosity about our style. In those moments, we are a bridge between fashion and what we advocate for.”

and kawaii subcultures. As this was quite new to the American mainstream, large media producers began to peddle articles about the flourishing street-style scene as “weird” or “wild,” focusing less on the art of the styles and more on making it a spectacle. However, many non-Japanese people took to the styles with admiration and began to participate as well. Online communities of anime fans, cosplayers, and those interested in dressing in Japanese street-style began to gain traction for Americans, Europeans, Australians, and Canadians.

An interesting facet of the West’s adoption of kawaii is that many Western societies highly value individualism and do not have an understanding of a collective. The United States, for example, is a highly individualistic culture, with all value being placed on the self and personal gain. Can kawaii be seen as a form of rebellion in a culture that values uniqueness? Or can kawaii exist as a form of protest against a society that only values a form of individualism that is white, male, cis, thin, and heterosexual?

26-year-old artist and activist Jade Island became interested in J-fashion after stumbling upon a documentary about *gyaru* girls and began to dress in kawaii style in her college years. Island, who lives in Columbia, MD, lives her life with both pastel colors but bold words.

“J-fashion became a way of recovery for me, a way of expression. My lifestyle is now all about J-fashion and kawaii.” Island said, donning a pale pink wig of soft curls and round-framed glasses. “Everything for me is pink, and I’m just living my best life at this point.” Jade, who aligns closely with the styles of *decora* and *yami* kawaii, a style that

focuses on the cuteness that is associated with those who are sickly or fragile, loves being a part of the kawaii community because of its accepting nature towards self-expression and nerdiness.

When asked if she faced any sort of backlash from the people around her, Jade stated that her mother and group of friends were very supportive of her, but that the older members of her family were disapproving. Similar to the kawaii pioneers of 70’s Harajuku, Island does not let their disparaging attitudes towards her dress stop her from expressing herself. “The older members of my family were the least accepting (of my style.) To them, being a Black girl with pink hair doesn’t make any sense,” she said. Overall, though, those who are closest to her encourage her self-expression through fashion and art.

The J-fashion community became a place of solace and comfort for her, and helped her heal from sexual assault. “In my fashion, I focus so heavily on mental health and a battle of acceptance.” Jade writes. “The community connected me to people who shared similar experiences. Once more, I found people who could share in a struggle of personal or social acceptance. I won’t say my experience of the global community was all lights and rainbows, but it did allow me growth, emotional acceptance, and a place to voice my story.” Although she loves her community, she also speaks on the issues regarding social justice and representation. There is little representation for non-Japanese people of color in the community. Many of the faces of the kawaii subculture in the west are white women.

“There are very few people with a platform who look like me,” Jade said. “(White people) have sort of dominated the western half of the subculture, which really sucks. There are a lot of beautiful creatives that are people of color who do not have a platform and are not reached out to for brand deals from companies.”

To Jade and many others in the alternative-fashion community, clothes hold a deeper meaning than just garments on a body. The



way that you dress can be a catalyst for change, discussion, and revolution.

“Alternative fashion, as a visual, is like a painter’s canvas. How we dress and look calls attention to whatever we are doing, no matter where we are.” Jade says. “People who are outside of the community tend to give in to their curiosity about our style. In those moments, we are a bridge between fashion and what we advocate for.”

Jade started an online platform called Kawaii Riot this summer to educate the J-fashion community on activism, anti-racism, and inclusion. Kawaii Riot was always something that Jade was working towards, as she often intersects activism with her fashion, and writes about issues within the community on her website. After George Floyd was murdered in Minneapolis, MN, Jade was amazed by the silence exhibited by the J-fashion community.

“(The silence) was so startling to me, and I got kind of angry, which is fair. My people are dying and I wanted to see a little more productivity from the community, because (Black people) do exist in these spaces,” Jade said.

Jade began Kawaii Riot in order to provide a platform for members of her community to share their stories and voices. For a subculture that was founded on rebellion and protest, she felt that there needed to be more outrage against the injustices against people of color, both in and outside of the kawaii subculture. Kawaii, being born out of protest, should be a place in which injustices are

confronted head on, and harmful hierarchies should be demolished.

Fostering these conversations within her community is of utmost importance to Jade. Jade sees the future of the Kawaii Riot as a platform that hosts discussions about race, gender, mental health, and climate change, as well as uplifting and amplifying Black, Latinx, Indigenous, queer, neurodiverse, and disabled voices. ♦





waif.

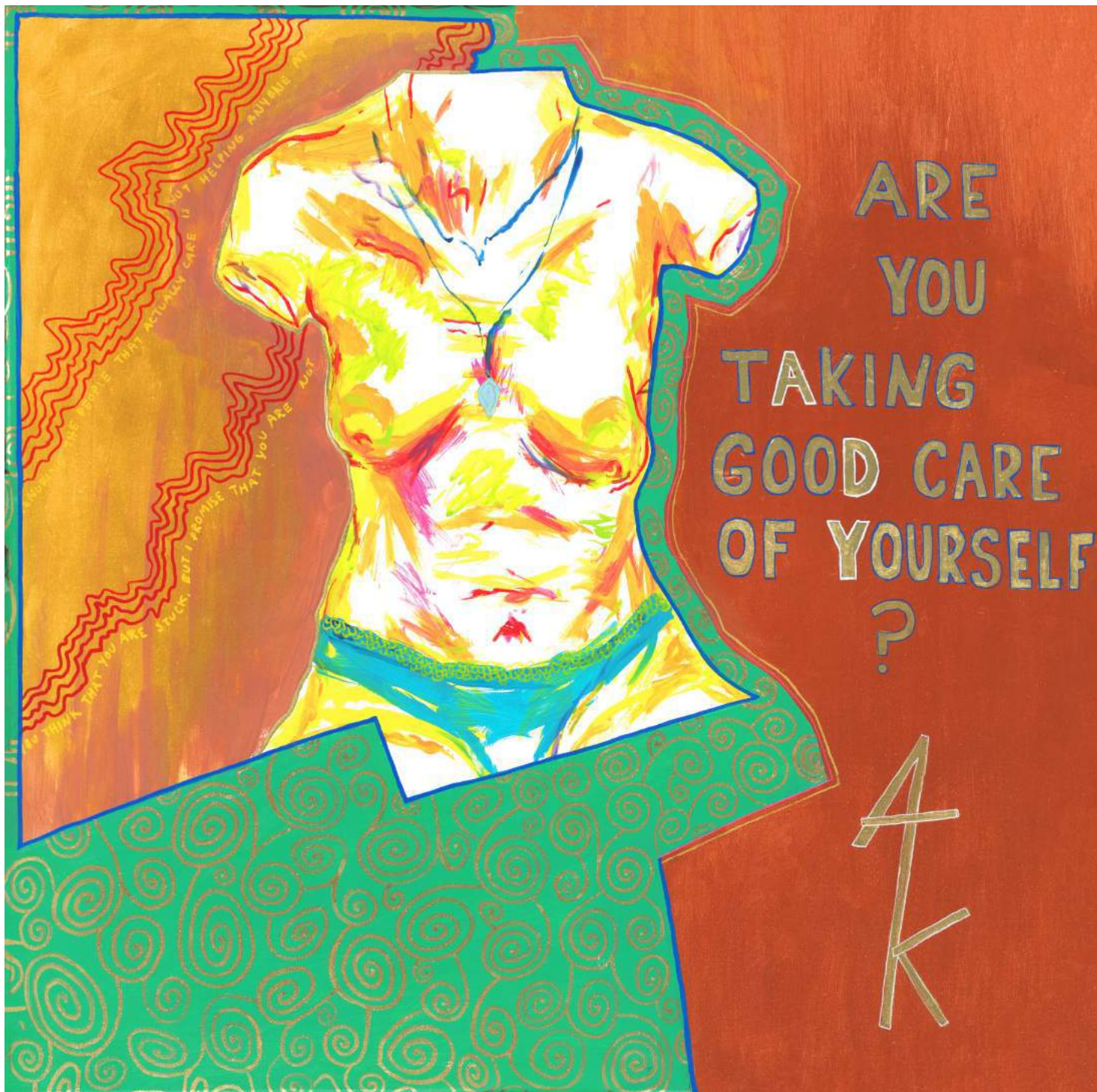
not waif.

fashion.

refuse.

waif

Read Waif Magazine at iswaif.com



ARE
YOU
TAKING
GOOD CARE
OF YOURSELF
?

AK

DO YOU THINK THAT YOU ARE STUCK, BUT I PROMISE THAT YOU ARE NOT

Neelesh Manandhar
by Abigail Tulenko

in

CARE//

















HOUSE RULES//

- 1. You choose size - Medium to 3XL***
- 2. We send shirt - the name of the game is Shirt Roulette (a random shirt in your size)***
- 3. Wash your shirt - we washed them too but you can't be too clean these days***
- 4. Crop your Waif, Cut your Waif, Strut Your Waif - alter as you see fit***
- 5. Don't talk about Fight Club - we've all seen it already.***

***Order your vintage waif tee today
at
iswaif.com/clothes***



THE

BUC

KET //

KEEP IT CLEAN

***By Lavender Katz
Ft. Mina Walker***

















//

*Modeled & MU by **Charity Woods***

*Photographed by **Dee Williams***

*Styled by **Monet Maxwell***

*Dresses by **Bree Original Designs***

*Pink Gloves by **JAZZMINT NY***

*Earrings by **Na'Kayla***

//



















write.
photo.
art.
submit.

waif

seeks new talent

we even take poems | waifmagazin3@gmail.com

INTERN'S CORNER

***IS BEING
WAIF
LONELY
? //***

By Intern Joan Flaherty

Waif intern Joan Flaherty was recently given the opportunity to sit down and chat with New York City's most recent up-and-coming downtown socialite, auteur, artist, creative, visionary, and human: Joan Flaherty. Joan was invited to Joan's downtown, east village, alphabet city, tompkins sq, 1.5 blocks away from west village, village, pre-war, kitchen recently redone but recent being in 2009, new mattress apartment for a little chat.

September 34th, 2020.

I stand at the step of the stoop leading up to a beige building, either it was built like that or all the color has been slowly sucked dry by the various twentysomethings that have lived there over the course of the past 18 years. I check my watch: 12:79. At exactly 1pm, I'm supposed to *radevue* with Joan for a special interview. It's not every day you get a chance to talk to someone like this: in their house where they've cried, where they've laughed, dreamed, screamed, stayed up until 3am on their dust-covered bedroom floor attempting to make a rug. This is probably the most intimate story I'll ever do in my whole journalistic - heck, artistic - career. I check my wrist again. Seconds until 1. Am I ready to embark on a project this passionate? I look behind me, I am caged into the sidewalk by CitiBikes. Fate has made the choice for me, turning back isn't an option now. One, two, three, four, five, six. I count the levels of the stone stairs as I climb up, one by one, to the door. She probably owns the whole building. She also probably has completely white bedding that also has no stains on it or crumbs from the times where she decided to eat dinner in bed and accidentally knocked over her plate. I had so many assumptions about her that my mind was spiraling. To think they would all be debunked by the opening of this door.

1pm

Joan arrived: hyper, yet cool. Collected, yet crazy. A fighter, yet a lover. She was wearing an outfit that appeared to be trying a little too hard to replicate something from a pinterest board, yet she made it work. Joan's hair was down, it looked like she didn't brush it, and

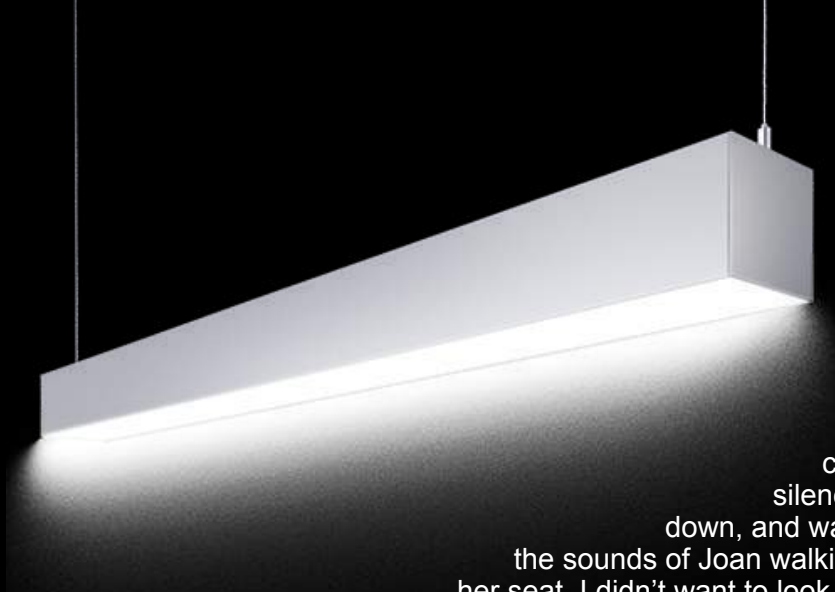
the front streaks were a range of colors that could be categorized as blonde (although some pieces were tinted purple from her shampoo which she used to tone it). Thus began the interview on the steps of her building, before we even made it up to her residence.



Do you brush your hair?

Do I brush my hair - huh - that's funny. I don't think - I mean I can't remember the last time someone asked me that... wow... (a pause) sorry just had to take a step back, but to answer your question.: no i do not. I can't remember the last time I owned a hairbrush and I don't think I ever will again.... Why, does it look bad?

I didn't have to answer. Joan was asking as she fumbled with her keys to open her door (ASSUMPTION 1: DEBUNKED. She did not own the whole building, simply a unit on the fifth floor... unless she was both tenant of the building and the landlord - wouldn't surprise me.) Right on queue, the door swung open allowing the sweet fluorescent lighting of Joan's abode to bathe me: a moment too



sacred to
interrupt with
my answer.
Greeting us
was a
cardboard
cutout of
Robert
Pattinson
as Cedric
Diggory,
his
character in

Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets. You know, the one where he dies. I was impressed by how tall it was. I *goggled* on my phone: Robert Pattinson is 6'1". I studied the cardboard cutout again. I focused in on its eyes and, for a second, it looked like there was a cognizant soul staring back into mine. But, in the blink of an eye, I reevaluated my setting. I shouldn't let my imagination get caught up in such silly things. After all, it was just a cardboard cut out of Cedric Diggory.

Big fan of Robert Pattinson I see?

Robert? Oh you mean Rob. Around here we just call him Rob. Yeah we go way back.... We have fun over here.

I didn't know what exactly that meant. She led me down a straight path through the kitchen into the living room. It was *bair*. The walls seemed to be excreting some terrible loneliness. The floor, while spotless, looked to be eternally covered with a layer of dirt. Yet, I think if I were to bend down and drag my index finger across the ground, expecting a layer of dust to be covering it, it would have been clean. Two chairs were positioned in the middle of the room. These chairs looked familiar but I couldn't quite remember if they reminded me of the fold out chairs of my church youth group or the ones that made up the audience of the *pley* I was in. Everything was shadowed: the source? A singular ceiling light in the very center of the space. The living room's own dim, dying sun.

Joan took a step ahead of me, then turned back and gave me a glare: almost like a motion for me to go forward. It felt like the

longest
walk of
my life,
even
though it
was only
about 8 ft to
get to those
chairs. I sat in
silence, looked

down, and waited as I heard the sounds of Joan walking over to take her seat. I didn't want to look up and have to face my task. To interview someone is to become the writer and editor of someone else's history. There is a line between steering a conversation and manipulating the other person. My fear paralyzed me: perhaps it was not the fear of my own journalistic task but the crippling anxiety of having to face the person staring right in front of you. When I knew hiding my face wouldn't serve or protect me any longer I looked up. There she sat, legs crossed, fidgeting in small ways. Joan looked normal, maybe even a little anxious. I felt a common place with Joan at this moment. It was like we were taking a breath in unison - but instead of breathing, we were simply taking a second to be present and study each other's anxieties manifesting in a physical form. This silence lasted a little too long. I had forgotten to speak as if I was waiting for her to say something to me, instead I to her. She is the talent and I am the scribe: why am I acting like there's an expectation of it to be the opposite?

Was the walk here nice?

Yeah I would have preferred it to be a bit colder so I wouldn't overheat with my jacket on just because my outfit really comes together because of it and taking it off would ruin the whole thing but beggars can't be choosers.

I totally understand that. I hate when I'm wearing a jacket, but the outfit really is just the jacket. If i take it off I'd be wearing a t-shirt and jeans which yeah is "cute" to some but not to me.

I one hundred percent agree. Although I think anything can be fashion.

For sure, for sure just depends on how you wear it.

In unison we switch the legs which we have crossed. I am wearing *cordroy* pants that make an audible sound as I adjust in my chair - like an echo, she follows suit. The pitches of our pants matching.

Anyways, let's begin. Firstly I want to thank you so much Joan for taking the time to sit down with Waif - or an extension, well I guess I would say a member of the "Waif extended universe" - today. Downtown Manhattan knows you from... something ? But who are you?

Oh, well. I'm just lonely.

You're lonely? Is that code for something? New slang - I would love to get the inside scoop if so.

No. It just means I'm lonely. Well I have Rob. He's always here for me and that's great. But with everything being online - even grocery shopping - it's easy to let your bedroom turn into the entire world.

Wow, I would never expect you to get lonely.

Well, don't you too? Get lonely I mean.

Yeah, I do. I don't like to admit it though I feel like it's not very waif of me.

Being lonely isn't waif?

I actually never thought about it, I think I thought it was. Sitting by yourself in your bedroom with no one to be waif or do waif things with, it doesn't feel like it. Do you think being lonely is waif?

Funny how you've never thought about it. I think about it all the time. I think being lonely is waif because individuality stems from loneliness. Yes being by myself can be one of the worst feelings on earth because I'm an extrovert with social anxiety: my energy

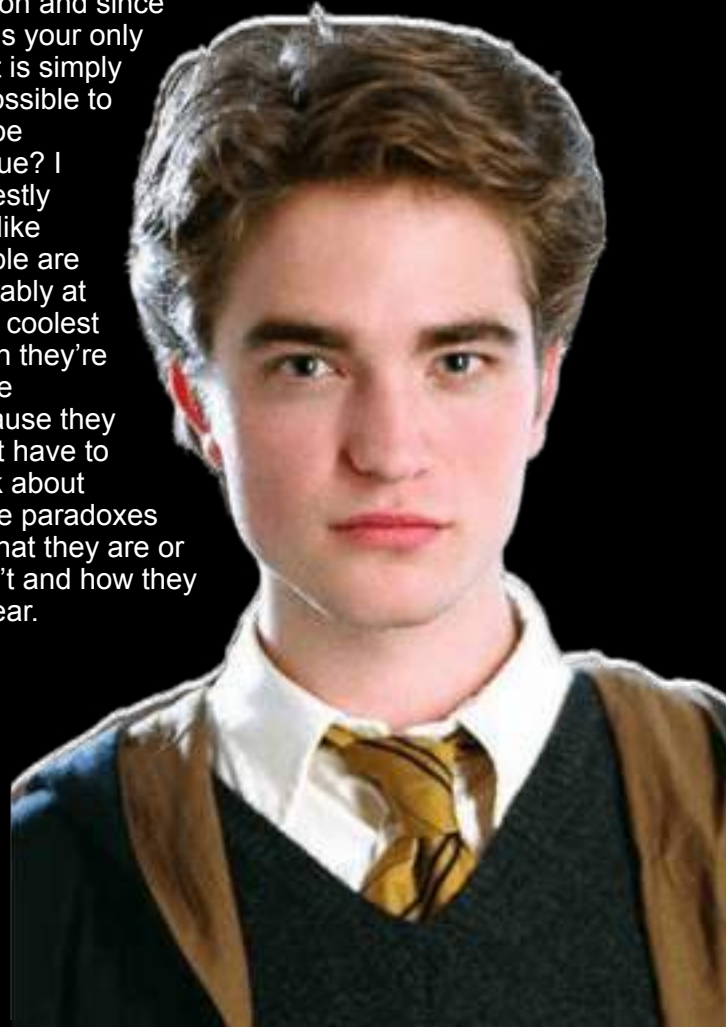
comes from the anxiety-provoking situation of being in a public place with strangers who could interact and will form an opinion of me I can't control.

Who's going to notice your individuality if you're doing it alone? For something to have to be categorized as something else - or I guess labeled as something - doesn't it have to be noticed and decided to be that thing?

That was a really wordy question. Are you trying to ask: how can anyone judge and decide your uniqueness if you're alone?

Yes. And I guess no one can. If you're alone, though, there shouldn't be a need to label yourself. You just exist. I also suppose there's no one else around to compare yourself to.

I think uniqueness is just some bullshit subjective-ism. Anyone can deem themselves unique or call other people one-of-a-kind. But isn't that the point of being alive? That you are an entirely secular person and since this is your only life it is simply impossible to not be unique? I honestly feel like people are probably at their coolest when they're alone because they don't have to think about these paradoxes of what they are or aren't and how they appear.



“My perception of a pigeon was that they’re cold, heartless, but in that moment I saw something beyond those thoughts.”

Well that’s why you’re here so we can discuss these paradoxes in company. Sometimes I feel like, when I am around others though I become so hyper aware of what— who I am. Not in the way of I’m self-aware of my own fault or cringiness, but depending on who I’m with I “fix” the way I act, the way I look, the way I dress. Not consciously in an attempt to alter my personality for people, and perhaps that’s just socializing. But it’s the little things. Like choosing not to wear my Hooters shirt around my friend who takes things a little too seriously.

So basically you perform for people. I think I do too, although, I’m not self-aware enough to tell if I’m performing for you now.

That’s what I was going to say: I wonder if I’m altering things for you.

Well, I hope not.

Well, if you don’t mind my asking then when you’re alone, who are you trying to impress?

No one. I guess the only thing I’m trying to impress is myself. I believe the notion of trying to impress yourself though is just an attempt of self love and growing into yourself.

The people you want to be like - like the influencers who have perfect lives as displayed by their curated social media pages - and that you subconsciously try to become will never know how you spend your time. People who you want to be friends with and try to impress will absolutely never know if you spent your time alone watching whatever movie they deem to be good or *Perks of Being a Wallflower*.

Things are different when you’re alone, for the good and bad. There’s no one who is directly affecting your subconscious, how you act with strangers at the store - which is different than how you act with friends - is entirely how you decide to be when you’re alone. Maybe you’re a nicer person when you’re alone. You might notice you’re more creative. Or that you do genuinely like to read. And you can daydream as much as you want about the future you want to have where you are also some well known artist/actor/creative in the downtown scene because you don’t have to worry about being judged.

Loneliness has a purity about it. And being waif is crystal clear, pure. A really waif thing happened to me yesterday when I made eye contact - honestly it was more like a staring contest - with this pigeon that was perched outside my kitchen window. I looked it in the eyes. My perception of a pigeon was that they’re cold, heartless, but in that moment I saw something beyond those thoughts. It seemed just as lonely as me and just as wanting something to connect with. I know this is crazy to say, but it felt like looking like an old old friend. I was present with it for ... I gotta say at least eight minutes because my coffee was cold after. And I was going to open my window and grab it, just lift up the screen and hold out my palm for it so we could have a life together. I would perhaps give it a collar. I was fantasizing about the pigeon bed I would make it, thinking about if I could sew us matching outfits. But as soon as my body weight shifted to approach the window... it flew away. And immediately after it happened I felt this overwhelming feeling take control of me. It felt like I was floating but also sinking in the ground. And I took a deep breath and felt an energy travel through me. It was electrifying. It was waif. And no one would’ve even known about that moment which I think is waif because I was alone.

And no one needs to know about it for it to be waif.

It’s best to keep life private and to have secrets with yourself sometimes.

Some things are double-sided. Like loneliness?

It can be good at times and contain pain. I can be lonely and I can feel lonely, and they're different things. But both can be celebrated.

Sometimes all I want is to have a conversation with someone who isn't the typical cashier in aisle 4 at Trader Joe's where I frequent on a daily basis to buy one item so I have something to do.

Sometimes loneliness - or being by oneself - can feel isolating but it doesn't mean you as a being...

...having lived as many years as you have ...

...are completely by yourself socially. I mean look at me! Even up and coming, buzz word, buzz word, multi-hyphenate, model, influencer, digital star, oscar winner can be lonely. But being by yourself is awesome because every action you do is something you are consciously doing for you and no one else.

Unless it's like... you're going to buy a present for your friend's birthday then that's you doing something for someone else

Beside the point.

So yes.

Yes?

Being lonely is waif. Well it's part of being waif?

Being lonely is characteristic of waif. I could have the best day of my life. The kind that I would talk about in a truth in truth or dare when I was 15--

The one where you wake up in Paris, but all your friends are there. You go to a winery and smoke a cigarette outside some cafe. And you end the night by finally being gifted a Chanel tweed suit -

the one with the cape - which you wear to a home cooked meal on a balcony that overlooks the entire city. All your friends are there and dressed well and you eat and laugh and are happy.

There's more details yes- well I guess I haven't fleshed out my perfect day in a while.

But, at the end of that perfect day, you'll still find yourself alone in some capacity. It might be alone in the bed you sleep or you're alone in the bathroom, but loneliness is the foundation of everything.

Being lonely is just another part of being waif.

Even if it hurts too much to feel waif at times, the loneliest people ever who are probably living in the midwest are still waif.

They are waif, alone and with others. Waif is a consistency.

Even you.

Well. I think that's enough for today. Thank you for coming out and for your time. Get home safe ok?

Joan got up from her chair, stepping forward so she was only a foot away from me (we both got rapid Covid tested today) she extended her hand. I grabbed hold as she helped me up from my chair and walked me to the door. Joan gave a small smile - which I had yet to see her do - Robert Pattinson/ Cedric Diggory was over her shoulder in the background staring at me. She gave me a hug and opened the door for me. I didn't say anything, I just gave the same timid smile back. I think I got all I needed for today. I stepped out and heard the door close and click lock behind me. I took a second to take it all in. It was time for me to return home. I turned around: facing the same bulky metal door with a large number painted on it. I reached for the carabiner on my belt loop, searched for the right key of the three, stuck it in the key hole, and turned it to the right. The door popped open. It was time to go home. ♦





REFUSE FASHION X

VINTAGE FIREHOUSE

Original screenprinting by Giani Jones

*new shirts available now at iswaif.com/clothes
limited supply // act fast*



Thank you for reading Refuse Fashion V. Can anyone guess what's next? Whoever gets it right will get a little treat from all of us at Waif Magazine. Good luck!

As always, send us your stories, photos, artwork, poetry, or anything else you'd like to see in the magazine. We're listening at waifmagazin3@gmail.com.

Follow [@waifmagazine on Instagram](https://www.instagram.com/waifmagazine) for updates.

What is Waif

?

iswaif.com