



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 12: the daddy issue

Conceived by

SUBTLE PRIDE

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

This issue of Waif Magazine features the talents of

Gabbi Boyd

Laelena Brooks

John Bubniak

Gabby Parker Capes

Mateo Correa

Leandra Haupt

Liv Hewson

Sam Higgins

EJ Lee

Shoshana Levy

Will Norris

Bob Romero

Charlie Solis

Mabel Taylor

Phyllis Williams

Kristen Jan Wong

Cover Photography by

Kristen Jan Wong

Interns

Joan Flaherty

Justine Engel

Anna Campion

Additional photography courtesy of Waif Magazine.

Waif Magazine is published by

Subtle Press

in collaboration with Silver & Smoke

and IS WAIF.

www.iswaif.com

© 2019

Table of Contents

CULTURE MATRIX: The Daddy Waif

OPPOSING VIEWPOINTS: Should Men Be Eliminated?

By Will Norris and Mateo Correa

ARTICLE: The Adult Backpack

By Gabbi Boyd

EDITORIAL: The Daddy Waif

Photos by Kristen Jan Wong

Modeled by Liv Hewson

Hair by Bob Romero

ARTICLE: On Being Naked with Strangers

By Sam Higgins

EDITORIAL: He-clipse

Photos by John Bubniak

Modeled by Charlie Solis

QUIZ: How Old Is Dad?

ARTICLE: Teenage Dirtbags of Albania

By Gabby Parker Capes

EDITORIAL: Dad Bod

Photos by EJ Lee

Modeled by Laelena Brooks

STORY: Father Wore Rough Khaki Utility Shorts on the Weekend

By Mabel Taylor

EDITORIAL: Gaytürks

Photos by Leandra Haupt

INTERN'S CORNER: To All the Daddies I Have Loved Before

By Joan Flaherty

WAIF



* ELIZABETH WARREN

Taking the lead in the most recent polls, Daddy Warren is strutting her mile long legs right past the competition

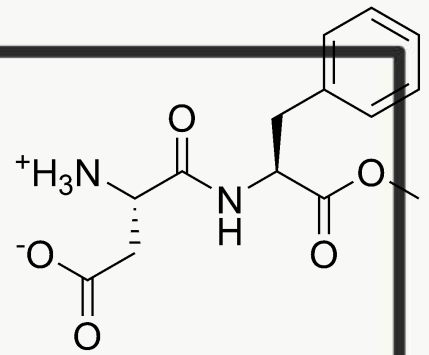
* HORSES

Back by popular demand, horses are once again headline news due to the success of Lil Nas X's and Billie Ray Cyrus's Old Town Road. The question is: Can they keep the attention of the public?



* TIRAMISU

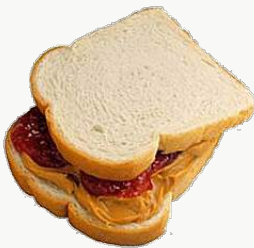
Sweet & Layered, just like Daddy



* ASPARTAME

The Drag Queen of sugar products, this diva will leave you Sweet & Satisfied. She's "not real" you say? Reach out and touch her, see for yourself.

LONG-LEGS



* THE PB&J

Daddy's special recipe's got fruit, protein and wheat on both ends to help baby grow up big and long.



* TALL TALES

Nobody likes a Liar. Especially not Daddy.



* DREW CAREY

The father of The Modern Game Show, Drew Carey, was spotted doling out a \$500 tip to a waitress. Could he get any sweeter?

SUGAR



* DADDY'S FAVORITE CHAIR

It's where he and your mom met, it's where he's lived his best memories and it's where he'll retire one day. Don't you dare say it doesn't match the other furniture.

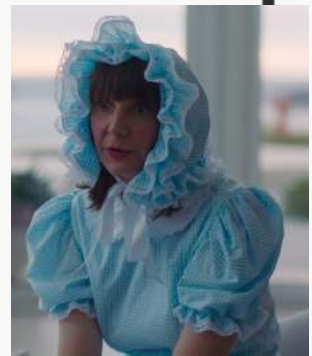


* OJ ON TWITTER

The Daddy of the 24/hr news cycle has rejoined the pack. But can he keep up without his Bronco and his Bride?

* CLIMATE CHANGE

Sugar coat the truth. Dip it in chocolate & sprinkles & a coating of caramel. Chase it with a scoop of ice cream. Go ahead. But remember: Truth is waif. And Waif is Sour.



NOT WAIF

SHOULD MEN BE ELIMINATED ? //

By Will Norris and Mateo Correa



This we know: men are overwhelmingly responsible for the world's violence, of both the state-level and interpersonal varieties. With men mostly driving the rickety van of human history, we've now found ourselves on a ridge with climate disaster on one side and a nuclear holocaust on the other. Without men there would be no incels, no ISIS, way fewer investment bankers. *Entourage* would never have been made.

Is it time for a new set of hands at the wheel?
Would we (they) be better
off without them (us)?
Should the world
vaccinate itself against
the Y chromosome?

We, Mateo and Will, men,
endeavored to debate the
merits of (a) eliminating
all men, globally,
wholesale; or (b) not
doing that. Let's start with
the latter.

The Case for Not Eliminating All Men, by Will Norris

Point 1: Men are necessary for procreation

While we're on the wobbly-vehicle metaphors, do we want to pour all the fuel of the little single-engine turboprop airplane we're all aboard out the window and send the long arc of history spiraling into an abrupt crash landing?

Despite the aforementioned men-caused precariousness of the world population, ridding the world of men would only make matters worse: they (we) represent one half of the famously tried-and-true procreative equation. Eliminating them (us) would make the ability to create new people considerably more complicated and dependent on long-

term sperm-storage technology and/or a newfound ability to asexually spawn new life, as Komodo dragons occasionally do in captivity.

In short, eliminating all men would mean eliminating all not-men too. If that's no hiccup to you, you'll find yourself in a league with whoever makes up the Voluntary Human Extinction Movement (VHEM), which is a real thing. (Motto: "May we live long and die out.")

"There is perhaps a way forward for men if we reconstitute and reconsider the parameters of masculinity. Perhaps masculinity need not manifest as hernia-inducing lifelong reticence and devotional lawn care."

Point 2: Men have contributed a number of things to society (and given the chance, will continue to do so)

From the Founding Fathers and their signing of the D of I in 1776, to Joseph Pilates and his development of his eponymous fitness

regime in the 1940s, to David Blaine and the 17 minutes he managed he hold his breath under water in 2008, men have had several world-changing achievements over the years. Of course, these accomplishments were borne of the incalculably greater opportunity afforded to men throughout history. But though the world is riven with hunger and violence, we have an independent United States of America, pilates, and the memory of David Blaine's great testament to the human spirit.

What's more, if men are driven out and shooed away (or I guess systematically murdered?), male ingenuity will go with them. One of the interplanetary travel companies helmed by the three toe shoe-wearing space nerd kings--Bezos, Branson, and Musk--is bound to work out and get our sorry species off Earth before it's too late. We don't want to

jeopardize that. (Give no mind to how the new space race taking place between billionaires instead of countries is an alarming object lesson in the privatization of society and the total abdication of once-proud public endeavors to unaccountable corporations. Soon they'll be mining on the moon. Everyone knows the correct cynical reason for space exploration is geopolitical posturing, not profit.)

Another near-future male contribution we don't want to miss out on is Jordan Peele's third film.

Point 3: Frank Ocean

Eliminating all men would mean eliminating Frank Ocean and any possibility of a third achingly tender and yet thunderously powerful studio album from America's foremost pop R&B artist. Is Frank not a way forward, living proof that a different, more empathic masculinity is possible? "I'd rather chip my pride than lose my mind out here," indeed!

Point 4: A better masculinity is possible

Frank leads us right into Point 4. While traditional masculinity is known to be a bit stifling, the more modern interpretation and implementation available today, if you know where to look, is far less so. I show affection to male friends; I both exhibit and allow myself to feel emotions other than rage and pride; I readily admit to caring about aesthetic matters; I strive to treat and talk about women with respect. It's great, great stuff.

This is to say there is perhaps a way forward for men if we reconstitute and reconsider the parameters of masculinity. Perhaps masculinity need not manifest as hernia-inducing lifelong reticence and devotional lawn care. Or as American imperialism, /r/TheRedPill, and 2-in-1 bottles of shampoo +

body wash. Or as Brock Turner, Darren Wilson, Carl Icahn, and Dan Bilzerian.

So what does a better masculinity look like? It's personal accountability and self-examination; it's a willingness to listen and learn and grow and eventually develop into someone who isn't a sexist dipshit; it's voting for someone other than Joe Biden in 2020. It's asking oneself, "am I donning shorts on this February morning/spending time at Buffalo Wild Wings/involving Iraq because it is the good and right thing to do?" It's Keanu Reeves giving up his seat on the subway to someone carrying a huge bag without it being some insufferable performance of chivalry; It's LeBron James crediting his three year old daughter with helping him understand the responsibility he has to women; it's Meek Mill spending his freedom fighting for the rights of the still-incarcerated. It's Anthony Bourdain. It's Dwayne Johnson. It's putting the toilet seat down.

Would more of this prevent the need for eliminating men? Maybe Keanu could teach a MasterClass.

*The Case For, In Fact, Eliminating All Men,
by Mateo Correa*

Point 1: Continued Procreation=Assured Destruction

I want to make it clear right now that, yes, I consider childbirth to be an immoral act that should be abolished. Yes, because the rate at which the human population is growing will leave the Earth an inhospitable and overly heated desolate landscape. Yes, because subjecting a sentient being to the cruel game of life is immoral albeit hilarious. But most of all because every time a new child is born there is a more or less 50% chance that they will be a man.

As a man myself I am acutely aware of the damage that I have done and continue to do and I am sorry. I admit that I have talked over women, objectified women, taken my bike on the subway, left my dishes in the sink, yelled at my mom, owned a copy of Infinite Jest, and am a chronic masturbator, just to name a few things. And if it were solely I that had made these mistakes then I would be in favour of taking some time for personal reflection, learning, growing, and amending these toxic behavioral problems. But there are 3.7 Billion other men on the planet and almost every one is steeped in a male dominated society that engenders these behaviors. And these

behaviors are not new. Far from it. Historically, men have had a monopoly on all violence with every documented war, battle, and Worldstar fist fight being started by a man or men. There is no way to undo millennia of conditioning on billions of men. Therefore, the only

solution is utter extermination. Men have had a long time to figure their shit out and it is obvious that male-dominated and even male-inclusive society is a failure. And why should we be surprised? If until recently men couldn't eat, dress, and function without women cooking for them, ironing for them, and teaching them emotional intimacy, why should they be allowed to run nations? Male society is a Rube Goldberg machine that produces quite a show but ultimately achieves nothing. Let us pack it up and let women take the wheel.

Removing men from society will solve many of the immediate issues we face right now as a society and will also eliminate the threat of further procreation so that we may take some time to think about our choices as a species.

While there is no clear path that society should take once it is deemed safe to procreate again (i.e genetic modification of men, farming men of their seed while continuing to keep them isolated, heightened shaming and nagging tactics etc.) once women scientists are liberated from men interrupting them, talking over them, and taking credit for their accomplishments they will surely be able to figure it out before the collapse of civilization. In fact once all women are relieved of the constant mental labor placed on them by men, it is very likely that human civilization will progress at a rate hitherto not thought possible, bringing the world into a new renaissance.

“We are rapidly hurtling towards an unimaginable hellscape with extremely scarce resources and when this inevitable future arrives it will not matter if you can deadlift 200 and squat 300.”

Point 2: Men Will Slow Down The Collective In The Upcoming Ecological Apocalypse

An antiquated misconception is that men are stronger than women. The ridiculousness of this

statement shows how out of date our modern perception of “strength” is in the face of the soon to come ecological holocaust. Yes, it is true that men are typically able to gain more muscle more quickly by grace of their unnecessary high levels of testosterone, but to anyone who might think that this constitutes an advanced “strength” or “utility” let me just say this: we are rapidly hurtling towards an unimaginable hellscape with extremely scarce resources and when this inevitable future arrives it will not matter if you can deadlift 200 and squat 300. What will be important is the conservation of precious resources such as food.

Men, it is estimated, consume nearly 1.5 times as much food as women and nearly twice as much meat. Not out of necessity, but

because men are concerned solely with the act of consumption. This is not strength. This is a weakness. And while women have been conditioned to complain less, even in times of hunger, physical discomfort, and mental exhaustion, men are chronic crybabies. As a man myself, I can attest that if I don't eat a relatively large portion of meat every 3-4 hours I become irritable, cranky and unable to perform the most basic tasks without Juuling every three seconds to keep my shambling corpse skin running. So where will the swole-bros be once the first catastrophic heat waves wipe out the crops necessary to make their protein powder? Most likely collapsed in a puddle of tears or in the maw of some large predator while the women are at their post-apocalyptic clothing swap supporting and affirming each other.

Point 3: Men have worse carbon footprints

As I said men eat close to twice as much meat as women. The meat industry is one of the largest contributors to the increasing climate crisis as outlined in the Green New Deal by Alexandra Ocasio-Cortez, the possessor of over 3.9 million instagram followers. It should also be noted that all major coal, oil, and gas companies are owned and run by men. In fact it was recently estimated that just 100 companies are responsible for 71% of carbon emissions on Earth. All of which are owned and operated by men. So the climate crisis that we have 12 years to fix before we irreversibly fuck up the entire planet? It would LITERALLY be solved tomorrow if all men disappeared.

Point 5: Yes, straight men invented Anime. But it did not become cool until it was appropriated by Queer culture

For years subcultures centered around Anime and Manga were dominated by misogynists, incels, and internet troll

communities. At one point in time, to like anime was to be a pariah, an outcast. It was something to be ashamed of and hide from your family, friends, and coworkers. But now, all of the cool and intimidating Queer kids post anime stills in their Instagram stories and share posts from surreal vaporwave facebook groups that everyone can enjoy. Unless you're a man that is. If you're a man you will most likely be sent to the Men's Gulags where there is no access to social media.

Point 6: As a Sub, I look forward to being locked up and humiliated by my Dom GF

As I'm writing this she has me shackled to the bed and is applying an electric current to my toes. I am squealing with delight through my silicone ball-gag while keeping enough composure to continue writing this article like the "Good Boy" I am.

While I'm sure that many of my fellow men are reluctant to be relocated and physically abused in a squalid cage completely isolated from society, I for one consider that to be a perfect holiday. And while being away from my Dom GF will make me sad, the thought of being cuckled by MILF Lesbians until my dying day gives me solace. ♦

waif

1st birthday

featuring

RAE ISLA



TIN

Killer Kane

Ross Daniel

tuesday, july 23rd

MERCURY
LOUNGE

ADULT BACKPACK

//

By Gabbi Boyd



Hello.

I have made an observation, and I hope you enjoy it. I have nothing to say about it and everything to say about it. We are in a lecture hall. Please picture me in an oversized suit. I keep tripping over the pants. I have one of those big long metal sticks that I use to point to some data, if that's okay. I clear my voice.

Ahem.

The briefcase is dead. Though some of you may remember the old fancy box with handles, it is long dead. The briefcase belongs in a museum or a graveyard. Which are, of course, the same thing in two different moods. That's another presentation. I beg myself to focus. The briefcase is long dead.

Next slide, please.

My generation (the millennials, though I pray to almighty creator above each night that I may wake up tomorrow as part of Gen-Z) killed it.

Next slide, please.

We replaced it with a superior bag: the Adult Backpack.

Next slide, please.

Here is some perfect science, if you would like: The reason why they used to carry briefcases is because back then, the only things you needed to carry around were made of paper, like business papers and the newspaper. But now, we need to carry lots of other things in lots of other shapes, like big water bottles with stickers on them and Tupperware full of weird food and an extra pair of shoes in case these ones hurt later.

Next slide.

For those who don't remember the archaic

accessory of yesteryear, it was a rectangular leather box, like a miniature suitcase. Bags should not be rigid. Bags should take the shape of their contents, to some degree.

The briefcase, unnatural or maybe even unholy, insisted on being stubborn and stronger than its insides. It was masculine in that way. Some clean cut types, sons of lawyers with boating licenses mostly, try to bring it back from the dead by carrying brown rectangular bags with silver buckles long crossbody straps. They call these briefcases, but rather, they are satchels in denial. A satchel is a bag on which I have no opinion but this: a satchel is not a briefcase.

Next slide.

The Adult Backpack, like everything else, is mainly about brands. As far as I can gather, here are the brands we like: Carhartt, Herschel, Fjallraven, North Face, Patagonia. I bought my Adult Backpack from Target, because I know I'll die someday. When I was doing research for this presentation, I found an article called "15 Best Work Backpacks Under \$500", so if you notice I am vibrating in a way that's unsettling, that is the reason why.

People who carried briefcases: characters in *Mad Men*, dads who fear Russia, businessmen who all go to lunch at McDonalds in their suits and ties, The Stock Market, bank robbers who stole a bunch of stacks of money. People who carry Adult Backpacks: vegetarians, guys who wear polos to weddings, entry level employees, young and unequipped

"The reason why they used to carry briefcases is because back then, the only things you needed to carry around were made of paper, like business papers and the newspaper. But now, we need to carry lots of other things in lots of other shapes..."

parents, people who watch soccer, people named Christian, me, you, and everyone either of us will ever have sex with.

Next slide.

Places they brought briefcases: the office, the poker game, to meet with the realtor to close on the new house. Places we bring Adult Backpacks: offices, bars, movie theaters, restaurants, drag shows, meetings, parties that we call "functions", dates, concerts when they let us, once I brought my backpack to a silent disco.

Next slide.

Briefcases were the past. Adult Backpacks are not the future, but they are the present. More on this later. Next slide.

Briefcases made it obvious who was a big important grownup with fancy job. The Adult Backpack is the great equalizer. Justice is restored, and at last, you can't tell who's a kid and who's an adult. Kids can order coffee. I can use a seesaw. Thank you, Adult Backpack.

Next slide.

There are subtle differences between the Child Backpack and the Adult Backpack. The Child Backpack opens and closes via one zipper, or two tops. The Adult Backpack is a maze of entrances and exits, like a Neil Simon play. Zippers, buckles, snaps, ties, elastic side pockets for water bottles - this Pack's got everything. The Child Backpack is nylon and brightly colored. The Adult Backpack is typically neutral and likely made of leather (for adults who read) or canvas (for adults who run).

Next slide.

Briefcases usurp one hand. Here are the only

three things you can do while holding a briefcase: sip a drink, hold a hand, smoke a cigar. Adult Backpacks free both hands. Here are all the things you can do while wearing a backpack: hug another, hold a baby, deliver a baby, play the piano, tumble, drive a car, truck, or van, knit, clip your fingernails, apply a full face of makeup, make a sandwich, hike a significant trail (people actually do this in a backpack on purpose a lot). Next slide.

Briefcases are sneaky. Adult Backpacks are down-to-Earth.

Next slide.

It is normal and boring to see a bunch of sturdy folks in dress shoes carrying briefcases into a hotel bar to talk shop. It is silly and funny, actually, to see a bunch of twenty and thirty somethings in business casual attire wearing backpacks in a dive bar.

Next slide.

You can put a briefcase on the ground. If you're in a car, sometimes your Adult Backpack needs its own seat.

Next slide.

Briefcases are The Music Man. Adult Backpacks are Dear Evan Hansen.

Next slide.

I try to swoon at every Adult Backpack I can. After all, it's only a matter of time before Gen Z (myself included, should Creator answer my prayers) rises up and replaces the Backpack with their own contraption, ugly and ironic, like a neon drawstring bag. Gen Z's workplace accessory will be a neon drawstring bag, like the type you'd get for free at a suburban street fair with information for the local dentist printed on it in black ink.

Or maybe they'll coup us with plastic "Have A Nice Day" takeout bags. Actually, they wouldn't use plastic. They'll be metal, and they'll swing them at my head if I'm in their way. I'll have a huge red bump on my forehead. If I can't join them, I'd like to beat by them. Billie Eilish will be playing, and they'll tell me shut up.

Next slide.

One day, the Adult Backpack will end up in a graveyard (which is just a museum in a bad mood). All empires fall, and all heroes end up in the ground. For now, the Adult Backpack reigns, our two strapped king. I think our King's rise represents a shift in paradigm. We are less interested than our parents were in morphing into a paper doll to transition into a professional world. The culture of our generation is so powerful that workplaces transformed to meet us where we were. Offices have beer fridges and ping pong tables. I've never worked at an office with a dress code that barred jeans, and neither have most of my friends. I want to be the same person at work as I am at a meal with my friends, as I am at a meeting for a creative project, as I am on a walk through my neighborhood. I want to bring my head and my heart, or else why am I doing it at all? I don't want to waste my life somewhere where I've been ironed out and stretched out with my baggage checked at the door. I want to be alive.

That was all the same slide.

I turn around to model my ripped Jansport, but I knock over a globe. The globe knocks over a coffee pot (I was drinking coffee straight from the pot). I trip over my long pant leg. Remember, we're in a lecture hall. My wig falls off. "She was wearing a wig?" you all think. My metal rod punctures the screen, so you can't really read my long slide anymore. "Sorry," I mutter. "Sorry." You all laugh. That's okay, I've made my point. About the backpack thing. I gather my notebooks and papers. I put my coffee pot on top. I have burns. You're all howling. I walk out the door. You never see me again.

Thank you. ♦



THE DADDY WAIF//

***Starring Liv Hewson
Photographed by Kristen Jan Wong
Hair by Bob Romero & Phyllis Williams***



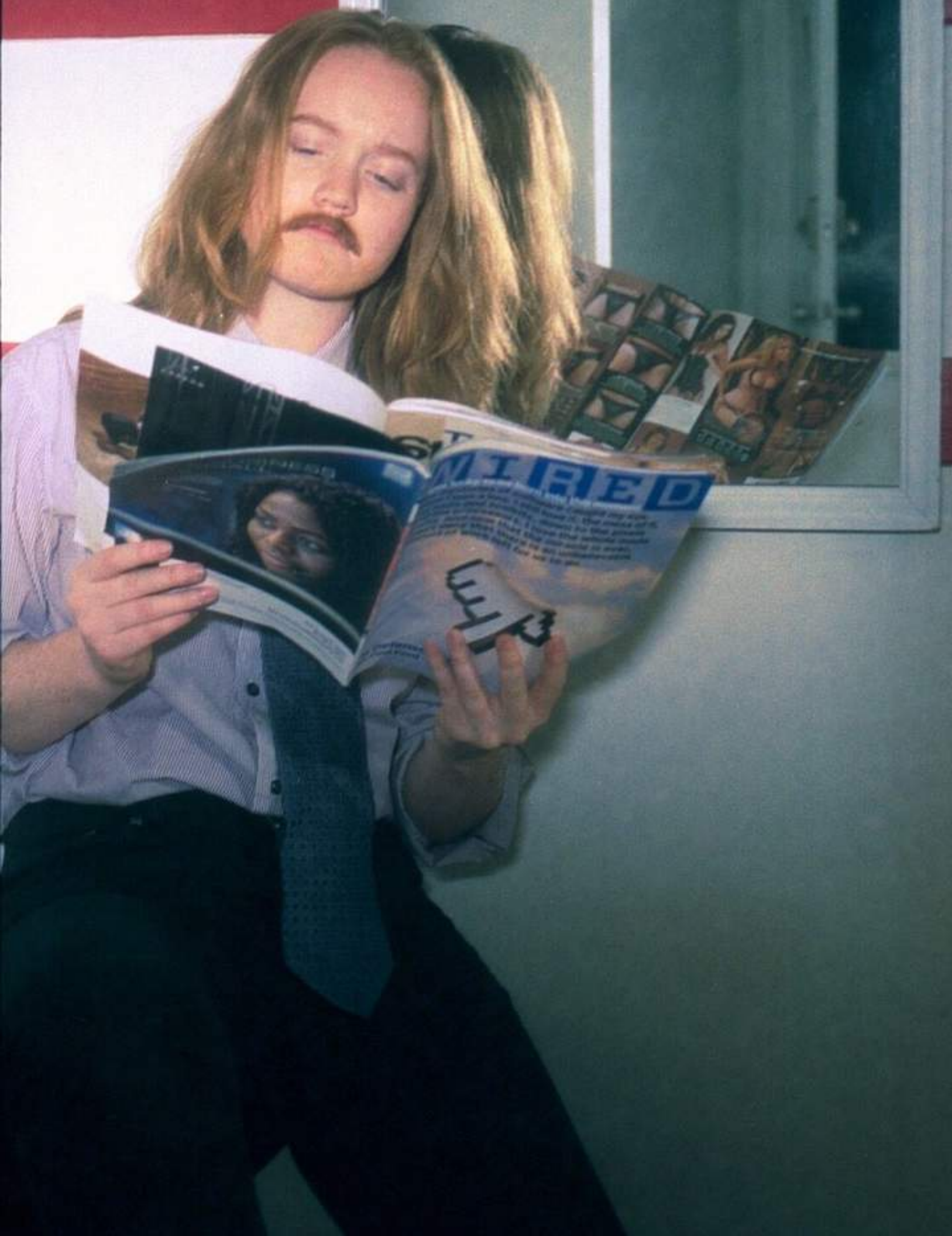














ON BEING NAKED WITH STRANGERS

//

By Sam Higgins



Feeling ugly is very easy for me. At my best, it takes a 10-minute close-up nose-to-mirror inspection of my face, pointing out every pore, scar, and crease to feel bad about myself. Sometimes, on really good days, I have to “accidentally” open my selfie camera in order to feel that rush of dissatisfaction. But, at my worst..... I just wake up feeling fucking ugly. This schism between what I think to be true (ugly) and what is actually true (not ugly), for the longest time, seemed to only be spanned by naked men wanting something from me. And it was hot! I felt hot! I gave and they took and I gave and they took and I gave and they took and then I sold out and deleted Grindr and moved back home with my mom.

Moving back home with my mom doesn't NOT have anything to do with this, because it does. But, she doesn't know that while I was living with her after college, I happened to find my self-esteem in the steam room of a gay bathhouse in downtown Indianapolis.

I always get lost downtown, and it happens because the streets all of a sudden change from numbers to names, which should be some sort of violation of the 8th Amendment. This is no different the first time I decide to dip my toes into the aforementioned gay bath waters. After circling the block, my eyes finally spot the black font on white brick telling me where I need to be. I pull in, go inside, and learn that I need to buy a locker. “Luckily,” the bathhouse worker says, “you’re under 25, so you get a discount.” *Luckily*. He hands me a key on a hair tie and a white towel still smelling of bleach and shows me to the locker room. “Clothing is optional.”

I’m nervous and naked under a towel, in that order, and muster the courage to explore the layout. Small, locked rooms that I later learn people can rent take up most of the real estate on both floors. In the middle of the main floor is a large, dark room with two risers on either side. Moans come from a couple in the corner whose silhouette exposes the fun they’re having. I walk

through, unable to make out any face near me. *This means they can't see me too?*

Upstairs, gay porn is playing on multiple TVs evenly spaced along the walls. Two men are fucking on a baseball field on one screen. On another, two guys are being interviewed about the sex they just had. I’ve never understood a post-coital interview. But then again, I’m at a gay bathhouse because I’m bored, horny, and want the anonymity and freedom of a hookup without having to give out my address, or worse, feel pressured to spend the night when they give me theirs. Maybe I have something to learn. I head back downstairs toward the wet room. Chlorine starts to burn my nose, *luckily*, and I discover the showers, the hot tub, and a steam room. Paradise Lost no longer.

“This is the bridge I’ve thought I was building—one paved with naked men, not by and for them.”

After a quick shower - only quick because I don’t know how to make the water less hot - I join an older man in the hot tub. We’re both naked. He reminds me of a counselor from the church camp I went to in middle

school. I smile at him. “It’s kind of quiet here tonight,” he says. *Is he talking about the bathhouse or me?* I agree that it does seem sort of dead, even though being naked around strangers definitely makes me feel anything but. We introduce ourselves. He tells me that I’m “really very pretty” and expresses confusion about why I’m there. I don’t remember what I say, but he laughs. *Duh*. He wants to have sex, but I go instead outside to the pool.

I’ve only skinny dipped once, when I was 14 at my mom’s apartment complex after dark with a few girls from my middle school class. I didn’t quite know I was gay yet, but they must have. All I remember is feeling nervous: about getting caught sneaking out, about my ability to climb the fence of the pool, but mostly about being seen naked. I couldn’t even enjoy it. What a waste.

I redeem myself in the bath house backyard. The still water of the pool mirrors the clear night sky. With my towel off and taking a break on a beach chair, I walk into the pool

and disrupt whatever peaceful protest the surface tension is having. *How else does my body disrupt? Is that okay?* I grab a pool noodle and lay back, letting the nighttime summer breeze brush my eyes shut and fill my open lungs. I float in this position until my hands prune. There's actually an evolutionary reason as to why fingers and toes prune— to help us grip onto surfaces when wet. *Then why do I feel like I'm letting go of something in here?* The man from the hot tub comes outside to smoke a cigarette which is my cue to head back in.

I make my way to the steam room. Immediately upon entering, I can't see a thing. My glasses are fogged all the way up. I'm not sure if Mythbusters ever tested the "if one sense is gone, the others strengthen" myth, but I can say, with confidence, that I just couldn't see well. I take a seat in the back of the room and listen to men enter and exit, some making their way to the back, where the stand staring at me. I can't see what they're doing, but I don't want them to know that. All I can see are vague fleshy outlines of human bodies. Eventually, the room empties and I can finally sit with my eyes closed. It is quiet except for the sounds of the steamers and the screaming eroticism present in the space. I remember learning that humid air is less dense than dry air, so I sit fingers crossed, legs open, eyes closed. *If I breathe this air long enough, will I float away?*

My peace is interrupted by a man entering the room. He walks to the back and sits by me, exposing himself. All I can see is his fleshy outline, and it asks how I'm doing and what I'm doing, noticing it interrupted something. The conversation continues until we no longer have to say anything. We float away.

I end up going back sporadically over the next few months. Each time is different than the last, but most are generally unmemorable. The typical clientele is older and married men, often trying to get something they can't in their real lives. Some are, and let me be clear, sexy, sexy daddies who will be able to get it until they're in hospice or in their mid 80s, whichever comes

first. But most just remind me that my youth is currency, that I am hot and sexy, and that being gay in the Midwest is just hardly bearable. And they make sure to remind me that there is free pizza on Sundays when "the game" is on, which is simply considerate. In many ways, they also show me how to traverse the schism between my thoughts and reality by meeting me naked and wanting me anyway. They call me stud and play with my hair. We compliment each other's bodies without having to give anything in return. This is the bridge I've thought I was building—one paved *with* naked men, not by and for them. In this space, I'm just making friends until I want to go home.

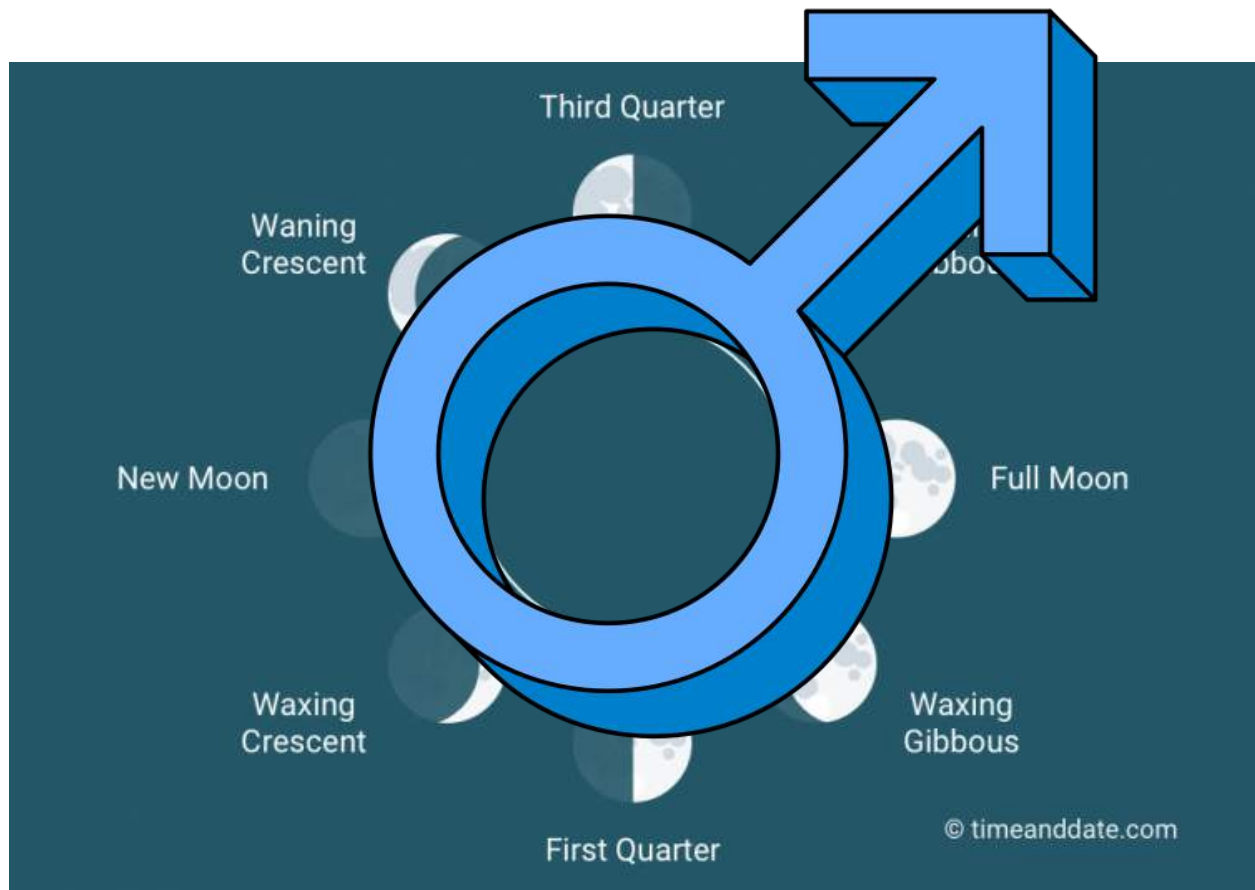
These experiences—the sexual moments; the wanting eyes from older men; the dull Wednesday nights spent alone in the pool; the sunny weekend days when everyone was an opportunity; the joints shared with another Discount Entry as we also shared stories and men; the floating—should not remain in those walls. My memories inform me, now, that I am largely not who I think I am, and in fact, I am larger than my thoughts. These men welcomed the space I took up, and, again and again, they celebrated it. Their touch applauded what they saw while their mouths screamed cheers without saying any words at all. The hallways of the bath house were a parade that I strutted through like a big hot air balloon. And when I would leave, I'd remain that hot air balloon, drifting across the Indiana horizon, soaring toward the sun, becoming hot forevermore.

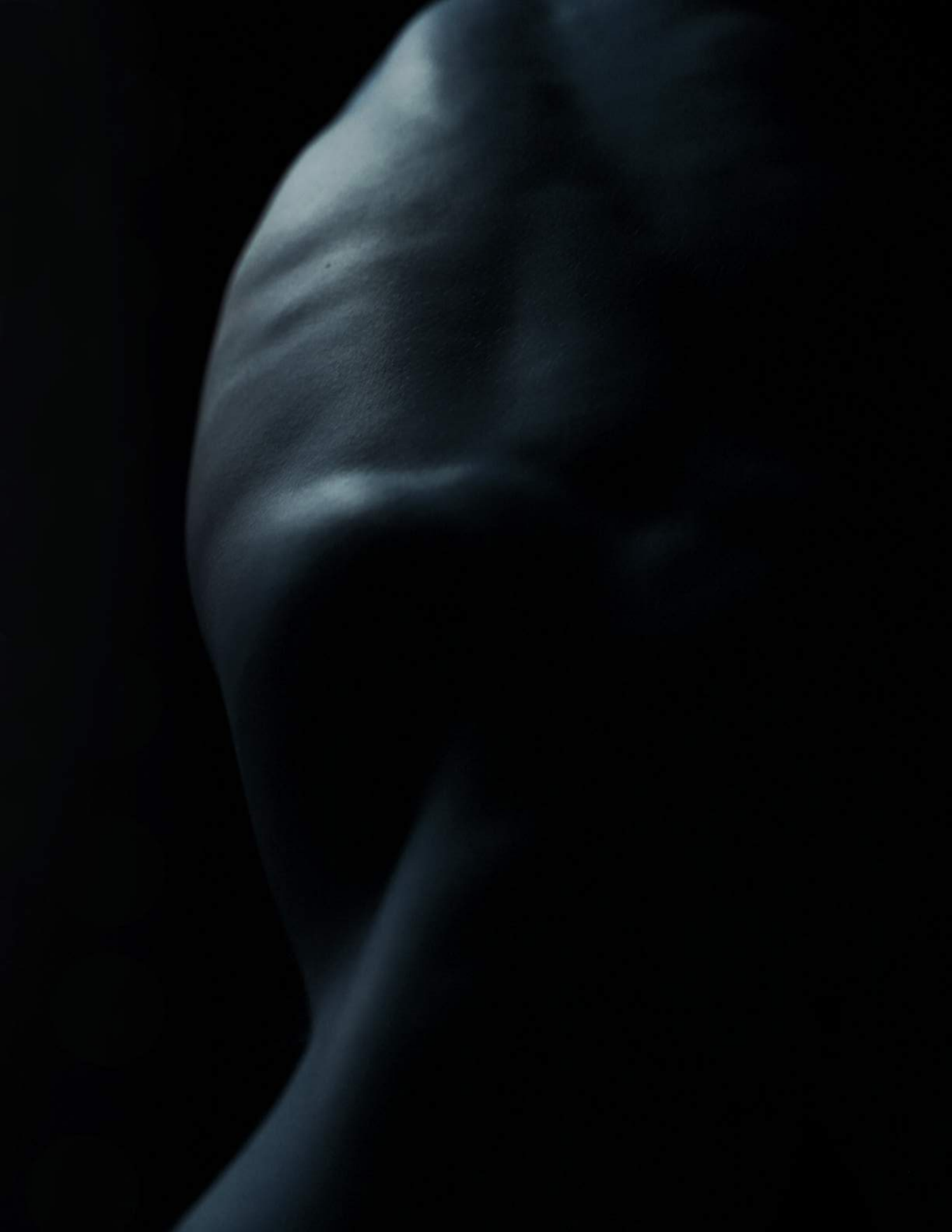
Not everything is sink or swim, I was taught. Sometimes, just lay back, and float. ♦

HE-

CLIPSE//

***Photos by John Bubniak
Modeled by Charlie Solis***













HOW OLD IS DAD?

1. What's his drink of choice?

- a. Cold water from the sink. Nothing like cold water from the sink.
- b. Beer. Or whatever's in the fridge.
- c. Breast milk.



2. How long are his socks?

- a. Very long. They stretch from toe to top like a second skin.
- b. One goes to the ankle and the other to the knee, because he couldn't and wouldn't find another ankle sock.
- c. They're called booties, and they are tiny.



3. Who's his favorite sport team?

- a. He's never heard of organized sports, but he gets a kick out of chasing a greased pig.
- b. The Golden State Warriors, but he only knows that because of 2K16
- c. That mobile that swings above his crib.



4. What's his favorite outdoor past time?

- a. Trading his tired sheep for gold, in order to buy fresher, younger sheep.
- b. Lacrosse. And staying inside.
- c. If you put him on the ground, he'll do a good scoot around.



5. What's his favorite food?

- a. Acorns. They're free and prevent typhoid. Maybe the perfect food.
- b. Pizza.
- c. Also breast milk. But he'll try anything once if you feed it to him.

6. What type of music does he like?

- a. He doesn't like music, but the sound of a musket being cleaned brings a tear to his eye.
- b. *The Office* theme song is his favorite, but he doesn't mind the Lil' Wayne remix.
- c. In a way, everything is music for him, but they don't call rattles rattles for nothing.

7. How does he pronounce the word "water"?

- a. "Vater." He grew up before "W"s
- b. "Water." He'd say it but he wouldn't drink it.
- c. If he said it, it'd be his first word.

8. Who's his favorite Spice Girl?

- a. Cinnamon
- b. Posh
- c. Baby

9. What year was he born?

- a. 1821. He was born as John Keats died. Coincidence?
- b. 2000. Y2K baby!
- c. 2019. January. A fresh faced Capricorn.

ANSWERS:

If you got mostly A's, your father is old. Which either means you are also old (in which case welcome to a PDF), or your mom's got it hot for a long beard and paper-thin skin. Who can blame her? Buy him something nice like a nutcracker and leave him in peace.

If you got mostly B's, your dad's a teenager edging on young adult. What a beautiful time of transition and you should be lucky to witness it. Crack open a Gatorade and watch as his skin clears and his personality forms.

If you got mostly C's, you're daddy is a Baby Daddy. While it's more work for you in some ways, most of the time you can make him giggle with a quick game of peek-a-boo. And if that doesn't work, just grab the nearest rattle, rattle and watch him dance.



waif.

not waif.

fashion.

refuse.

waif

Read Waif Magazine at iswaif.com

***TEENAGE
DIRTBAGS
OF
ALBANIA//***

By Gabby Parker Capes



Last Summer, undecided on where to backpack to next, my American friend Hanna and I threw a dart at a world map. When it landed in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, we scrapped that idea and decided to visit Albania instead. The plan was born from the ingredient list on the back of Hanna's moisturizer — "...derived from the foreskin of an Albanian baby goat..." — and the fact that we're both self-proclaimed *travel ho*es who stroke our egos by vacationing to places off the beaten path. Forgive us. We just want to feel half as cultured as the lifestyle bloggers who spend three weeks taking "candid" in Europe, and come home suddenly giving cheek kisses and talking about how the drinking culture is "like, so different".

A few hours of after-dinner-fuckery later, with our gigantic hiking packs: ON and thumbs sticking: OUT (because that's what they do in the movies), we emerged from our hostel as born-again hitchhikers. Over the next few hours a handful of cars halted, and in our combined language abilities of English (Australian) and English (U.S.) we committed ourselves to a lengthy game of charades. At first the drivers avoided our eyes entirely.

Around the 5 minute mark, the rain started falling, the glances become more sympathetic, and Hanna expressed that she was willing to flash her tits for a free ride to Albania. "If you think I'm above that, I'm not."

The next morning we boarded the public bus to Tirana like complete failures. Along the way our driver tried teaching us some Albanian, or Shqip as it is formally referred, one of Europe's most complex languages. To give you an idea of how difficult it is to survive numbers one through twenty, "seventeen" is spelled "shtatëmbëdhjetë" and pronounced exactly as it looks. With the realization that circumcising a baby goat would come more naturally than speaking Albanian, we resorted to basking in complete silence. Am I talking about goat penis too much? I'm willing to take the risk.

Crossing the border into Albania was like to visiting North Korea in a post-liberated future. The country was rendered inaccessible throughout most of the 20th Century, all thanks to its tyrannical Communist dictator, Enver Hoxha. Forming Allies with the USSR and China, the paranoid regime fostered a

fear of invasion from the Capitalist West. 750,000 concrete bunkers were constructed under his direction, meaning the human to bunker ratio in Albania drew disconcertingly close to the human to rat ratio in New York.

Inside these bunkers, citizens were safe from the invasions that never came and from the *Nike* stores that would emerge regardless after Hoxha's death.

In the near fifty years of Communist rule (1942-1991),

Albanians were forbidden from leaving the country, while the exhibition of foreign influence was totally outlawed. Emigrating in a pair of fresh *Air*

Force 1's would have earned you a one-way ticket to the grave.

Inherent to the Communist Albanian school curriculum was the condemnation of Capitalism and "The West" in general. The 1967 Constitution details a law restricting Albanian citizens from the demonstration of any Western cultural influence including but not limited to a) selling your soul to *Starbucks*, b) binge watching reality TV and c) dying in a sweatsuit.

Boys coming-of-age under a Stalinist puppeteer — like our Albanian tour guide "Pinnocchio" — informed their superiors when they felt individuals were challenging the regime. The hemline of a skirt veering into inappropriately short (or indeed, exceptionally long) territory was regarded as a serious act of defiance. Enver Hoxha was an active proponent of "objective responsibility", meaning the children and grandchildren of transgressors also suffered for her deviant ways. Women's rights in Albania were stifled to extremes that haven't appeared outside Brett Kavanaugh's wet dreams in recent memory.

Albania's borders finally opened with the fall of the Soviet Union in 1991; right on schedule for the Spice Girls' hit-debut *Wannabe*. Jumping straight from global isolation to the global importation of denim jeans and

German cars has created a fascinating dichotomy within the culture. Albania feels like a time capsule of both an archaic past and a near-distant memory.

Geezers of the East continue to subscribe to a restrictive set of gender expectations.

Restaurants and cafes are undeniable BOYS CLUBS and are frequented exclusively by men. The waiter's reluctance to take our

order, and the unwavering stares from the restaurant's patrons should have been the first clue that women are not welcome in these spaces. In fact, women are noticeably absent from public sight altogether, as

they are expected to tend to domestic duties such as raising children and folding a fitted bed sheet without triggering a nervous breakdown.

Albanians under Communist rule dressed in variations of the exact same outfit, known officially as the "standard dress code" or by Kate Sanders as "Lizzie McGuire! You are an outfit repeater!" The purpose of uniform clothing was to prevent individuals from attracting attention based upon their status, age or gender. Enver Hoxha sought to eradicate individualism to create a society of people with state-owned brains fashioned by the party. Not so far-fetched from this ideology was the pleated skirt/blazer combo I donned through thirteen years of Catholic school. Uniforms establish a visible common identity. They are equalizers. And they help to maintain both order and conformity.

The fall of the Soviet Union granted Albanians dress-code defying freedom over their appearance for the first time in almost half a century. And with this comparatively newfound independence, today's Bad Boys of the Balkans™ stay cool and hang loose in outfits that look as if they were selected by eleven-year-old me from the inventory closet on Sims 2.

A pair of knee-length embellished jean shorts I spotted on a college student bear striking

"Trees are intrinsically soothing and re-tying a flannel knot around my waist is one of my favorite sports."

resemblance to those sported by a Sim I created in 2005 named Matt. This distinguishable scent of 2005 (Spoiler alert: it's Britney Spears *Fantasy*) exudes from the layered polo shirts with the collar popped we spotted around every turn on University of Tirana campus. When a series of lost-in-translation graphic tees caught my eye, a personal fave sprung from the rest: KEEP CALM AND I LIKE A DEAL MARIA. I felt that.

Modern Albania is one of the only European countries where flexing

your credit card at the mall can be passed off both as a culturally stimulating and academically enriching outing. (I'm an A-level English class bullshitter, can you tell?) En vogue in women's fashion right now is a hybrid of rhinestone encrusted, fur cuffed, kitten affiliated silhouettes that makes differentiating dog from cat people unbelievably difficult.

Leaving behind the regimented dress codes attached to Communism and Catholicism, both Albania and myself continue in the evolution of our personal styles. Historians believe that Hoxha's political model fell through because he misjudged the pursuit of individuality. And so Albania's fashion scene is comparable to the Summer after high school graduation. It's finding its feet. Literally. While the world is hung up on a permanent foray into athleisure, the millennials kicking around in *Nike* tennis shoes and high top sneakers here are no different. Footwear has become the country's largest export, grounding Albania in a sense

of conventional Western familiarity — from the ankle down at least.

Considering my own style (a sartorial tour of your dad's suitcase from a 2002 vacation to

the Bahamas — think Hawaiian shirts, hotel pool slides and a permanently dripping wetsuit) already veers into Aussie fuckboy territory, it didn't take much stylistic manipulation to attract attention. In Hanna's case, even less so. "Is she that pop star?" we overheard once in Italian

(the country's unofficial second language). Her bubblegum pink hair and American accent clearly subverting some kind of "Bitch! I'm Lady Gaga" attitude.

The Albanian men who gathered in droves beside the footpath possessed Kanye level eye contact abilities. They NEVER dropped their gaze when we caught them staring, an experience that transpired quickly from five-seconds-of-fame in Tirana, to self consciousness and utter irritation. At some point my typically attention-loving internal monologue screamed "WHY ARE THEY STARING??" (very off brand for me), while I crossed the street in a flurry of mismatched clothing. I'm talking leopard print pants, a camo tee and heavy-ass Doc Martens boots I felt obliged to wear, to justify dragging them across the continent all Summer. Albania's borders may have opened in 1991, but the greater cultural revolution celebrating individuality and *Manic Panic* hair dye is still catching up.



Breaking point finally came in an Albanian grocery store. Hanna and I were tailed down every aisle by a store clerk and surveilled to the point of rivaling 2002 airline travel through JFK. When I eventually pulled out my camera to take a shot of Han standing in front of the yogurt fridges in an insta-hoe meets travel-hoe crossover moment, the woman stepped swiftly in front of the lens and told us we weren't allowed to take pictures. I got the shot of course because I'm a crafty millennial — it's what we *do*.

barricaded the exit and questioned us incessantly on where we'd hidden it. They assumed the water bottle was a recording device and threatened to call the police. Not gonna lie, I felt bad about it after. And by *it*, I mean my nonchalant contribution to single-use plastic waste.

What's that joke again? An American and an Aussie walk into a bar. Cause they're crammed inside a fucking Albanian prison cell? We didn't wait long enough to find out,



The Communist regime institutionalized a fear of being spied upon by Westerners, and within this supermarket the paranoia was burgeoning. I was relieved to discover that as unfamiliar as Albania seemed however, they still had Corn Flakes. I could at least taste the comforting mundanity of my childhood for breakfast. Amidst tossing two boxes into the cart and scanning the shelves for tampons (they're impossibly hard to find in Albania), I mindlessly left an empty water bottle I'd been carting around behind. Our usual "let's blow this popsicle stand" getaway proved a struggle, considering the store clerks

both setting new personal bests on Fitbit while sprinting away, groceries in hand. "Han!" I said breathlessly "Where should we go?" to which she exclaimed "Maybe if you'd get your hands out of the Corn Flakes for a hot second we could actually make a plan". Our safe haven wound up being the Albanian Alps. This suited me just fine considering I love hiking. Trees are intrinsically soothing and re-tying a flannel knot around my waist is one of my favorite sports. Particularly alluring was the prospect of freely exploring Albania's natural beauty outside of prison. And it really was beautiful. Vast mountain ranges,

rainbows colliding with waterfalls and dried out river beds: an IRL folder of *Windows* screensavers.

Overnight, we slept in lodges with all the other hikers we'd crossed paths with throughout the day. These were family homes that had opened up to Summer explorers for a small fee and always included a home cooked meal. For the travel-hoes who maintain a strict gluten-free, pollen-free, dairy-free, allergen-free diet, the Alps prove a struggle, considering the Albanian diet is comprised primarily of goat cheese and goat meat. Over three days of hiking I subsisted off of local produce; cucumbers and tomatoes, whatever was left of the stale Corn Flakes in my bag, and boiling water. The upside to this of course was that my health insurance wasn't very comprehensive, and my unappetizing vegan leftovers no brown bear would poke a stick at, acted as a deterrent to being mauled to death.

Side-note: I honestly can't *believe* I made it this far without mentioning I'm vegan. Is this a world record?

Staying in the lodges also gave us the opportunity to meet local girls, one of the only times we would interact with Albanian women on our trip. These kind, endearing girls were oddly enthralled by the raised *Nike* logo on Hanna's jumper, reaching out to touch it one-by-one. Apparently they don't have raised sportswear logos in Albanian stores, only screen-printed ones. When I took a moment to process it all felt surreal. Here I was, miles from cell reception in the Alps, comparing *Nike* t shirts (a brand so emblematic of Capitalism and "The West") with the grandchildren of Communism, in English! Enver Hoxha had officially just lost. And so this seemingly trivial encounter under an expansive horizon sprinkled with stars became a metaphor for Albania — compelling me to reevaluate the complex relationship between politics, history and fashion together.

Hanna and I had been warned before packing our rucksacks the last morning that currency converters gladly exchange US dollars into Albanian Lek, but conveniently

display a "Back in 10 hours" sign when you wish to exchange it back. In a last minute bid to not let my leftover Lek go to waste, I treated myself to a fresh box of Corn Flakes for the road, imparting the cashier with a generous 300 Lek tip (approximately \$2 US dollars). In the hoarse Long Islander accent I seem to slip into while deliriously tired or drunk, I told him to "Keep the change! Buy yuhself somethin' nice!"

Those Corn Flakes wound up being a Godsend while we hiked back to town, boarded a ferry, off-roaded in a minivan and came to a complete standstill in a taxi, in one of the longest traffic jams of my goddamn life. As we approached the immigration booths, our driver told us to pretend we were all friends so he wouldn't have to fork out cab surcharges at the border. That kind of hurt my feelings because I thought we *were* friends. Outside the window, I watched as mountain goats (whose foreskin had not yet been used as moisturizer, I presume) weaved effortlessly between the cars and across the border into Montenegro.

Albania was perplexing, historic, beautiful and thrilling. But if I recommend it, you might actually go there. And that would make it way less undiscovered and travel-hoe cool for me.

Why not try Montenegro instead? ♦

DAD BOD //

Photos by EJ Lee

Modeled by Laelena Brooks







Simplex
Pilsener
Beer







244
EAST 32ND STREET

Similac



Simple Times
PILSNER
BEER
BREWED BY VOLVO
NET WT. 12.35 FL. OZ (354ML)









***FATHER
WORE
ROUGH
KHAKI
UTILITY
SHORTS
ON THE
WEEKEND//***

By Mabel Taylor

The khaki shorts:

Father wore rough khaki canvas utility shorts on the weekend. He was a khaki sandwich, with a matching khaki-colored hat on his head (the top of which grew more exposed with each passing year). A gray t-shirt was the center of Father's gravity, the meat of the Father sandwich. Sometimes he swapped out the gray t-shirt for a white one with an illustration of a fir tree on it.

Yavis spent her childhood collecting notebooks with an untoward fervor. She ripped through the pages with a pen or pencil in her tight grip. She wrote stories and drew pictures phonetically. She ploughed through her relative illiteracy and her dearth of talent. When she didn't care to write, she drew pictures—of women and of clothes and of women in clothes.

The khaki hat:

Yavis liked to stick her face into Father's khaki hat and inhale deeply. She would open her eyes and little gullies of light streamed through the holes provided by an outdoor outfitter to cool Father's head. Too bad he was already a bit of a hothead! Yavis traced the sweat stains with her eyes. His hat smelled (and tasted) like salt.

Sometimes she slipped the hat on her own head. It nearly fit. In math class in the third grade an evil teacher took a measuring tape to Yavis's head and wrote its circumference on the chalkboard. The teacher proceeded to measure the waist of a minuscule boy named William. Her head and his waist were the same size.

Yavis got her big head from Father. Both their heads were filled to the brim, with what, no one was quite sure. Yavis inherited Father's strange reverence for women. His version of this affliction led his eyes to wander, especially in yoga class. Yavis kept her

hands to herself and spent her days imagining the women there could be and that she could be.

She collected magazines for Father to put in the waiting room of his medical practice. She pulled a wagon behind her and walked up and down the streets of the neighborhood. She felt like an ant. She went door to door. The sidewalk spread before her like a pavement runway. She brought the magazines back to her room, where she carefully removed the address labels and stacked them in neat piles. Issues of *National Geographic* formed a wobbling yellow tower on her bedroom floor. Every copy of *The New Yorker* was invariably warped by bathroom dampness. She tried to smooth out the pages.

“Every day she hounded after a new shape: a sweet-heart neckline, a strand of pearls, a pleat or an argyle, flat shoes that turned left, high-heeled shoes that turned right, big noses, small noses, faces in profile or no faces at all. These were her ladies. Her women!”

Her favorites were the fashion magazines. These she flipped through for hours. She stared at pictures of elegant clothes and even more elegant women. She pondered the pronunciation of words—fashion words like *Givenchy* and *haute couture*. Certain pages grabbed her. These she tore from the magazines,

slowly pruning them till they were all spine. She cut out pictures of outfits and stockpiled them in a folder.

The cut-outs were on her mind when she turned to her notebooks. She drew figures that looked like they too had been cut out—given edges and features and faces—with a child's dull scissors. Drawing after drawing of duck-footed, grasping v-necked, protruding pony-tails. Every day she hounded after a new shape: a sweet-heart neckline, a strand of pearls, a pleat or an argyle, flat shoes that turned left, high-heeled shoes that turned right, big noses, small noses, faces in profile or no faces at all. These were her ladies. Her women!

Yavis's parents complained that she spent too much time alone. "Take in the world around you!" they said. They insisted that she look out the window of the car. It was through that very window that Yavis's Game Boy ultimately went flying. Her saintly mother grew leery of her daughter's twiddling thumbs. Yavis mostly played Mario to look at Princess Peach anyway. The Game Boy's passage from car to bushes was no sweat off her back!

Outdoor activities were imagined and orchestrated for Yavis's pleasure and erudition.

The waders:

Yavis wore Father's extra set of waders: big boots with overalls attached. An outfit with very strong lines. An outfit in a dark grayish green. Yavis had big feet and she nearly matched Father in height, but the waders ballooned around her. They deflated as she stepped waist-deep into the creek that wandered through the backyard. She liked the feeling of being wet-but-dry.

The black quarter-zip fleece:

He wore a black quarter-zip fleece compulsively. It was a fixture of his off-duty look. It was made of a thin fleece that stiffened every time it went for a rumble in the washing machine. For most of Yavis's life, it was hardly soft at all. Little knobs of fleece (they looked like taste buds or sea anenomes) prickled her cheek when she laid her head against his protruding belly. The fleece was flame retardant. Father was always setting it on fire, but the material resisted his most pernicious advances. The fleece was covered in small perfect burn holes.

The fleece-lined leggings:

More fleece! Father decided that Yavis and the children ought to cross-country ski. They piled into the car and went to buy hats, gloves, fleeces, scarves, wool socks, and fleece-lined leggings that had a rubbery finish to them. The boys refused to wear the leggings, but Yavis agreed because Father

wore them too. Father looked something elfin when he yanked his on.

The apiary suit:

The family decided to keep bees. Father went out and bought thousands of bees. Yavis was named assistant! The bees kept running away. Father and Yavis grabbed buckets and a ladder and slipped into baggy white cotton/polyester suits. They put veils on. They put gloves on. Father climbed a ladder and hewed a branch. Clumps of bees fell into the bucket that Yavis held aloft. She couldn't see much through her veil. One time a bee flew into her shoe and stung her foot.

The flannel shirt:

When she wasn't drawing women and clothes, Yavis tried and failed to draw horses. She could never get the proportions right. Father drove her up north every Saturday and dropped her off by the side of the road. Then he would drive off and she would eat his dust! She wore a flannel shirt that he said was practically a family heirloom. When she wore the flannel, she was handed a shovel and she shoveled horse manure. As a reward, she was tossed upon a horse's back and was allowed trots around a fenced-in ring.

One time Yavis wrote a big long story. The story was about two girls who were royal somehow. They wore frocks and their hair curled naturally into luscious waves. When Yavis wrote the beautiful, royal girls into existence she planted the seed of a new anxiety—how did people in the "olden days" see without glasses or contacts?

(This newly articulated quandary sprouted, in turn, other perplexing questions: How should she categorize the various phases of the olden days that she could picture in her mind? What was to distinguish the olden days where people wore corsets from the olden days where people drove Ford Model Ts?)

To calm herself down, she made sure to note in the story that both girls had perfect vision. This allowed a breath to escape from her

gritted teeth. No one wore glasses in her world!

The girls with the tousled hair and the impeccable vision liked to look at each other. They liked to touch each other too. In the story's dénouement, the girls ran through a forest and collapsed in a tizzy at the foot of a tree. The heavy fabric of their skirts flounced, filled with air, and became tents. Breathing heavily and laughing hard, their gowns afloat, the girls' limbs became entangled and their fingers grew damp.

The frock:

Yavis had dresses. She had skirts. She had tights that twisted into fabric snakes and sprinkled the air with dust. But what she wanted was a frock. She collected scraps of fabric and she held an invisible needle between her thumb and forefinger. She dipped her weapon up and down. Being invisible, it had no capacity for puncturing, so it just bulldozed backwards and forwards endlessly. She squinted her eyes and she didn't see hideous synthetic-flannel plaid in putrid blues. No, she saw damask and duchesse satin and hammered silk in tones of apricot, peach, nectarine, cherry—every stone fruit she could imagine or taste on the porch in the summer, fruity juices trickling down her stumpy fingers.

The Puritan:

Her middle school history teacher confided in Father. She said Yavis was like "a Puritan with her Bible." This was a compliment! Father reported back to Yavis with a twinkle in his glasses. Yavis could just about feel a starched white collar, black wool sleeves, thick stockings, the shoes made of wood, a pair of bloomers (*a la* Shirley Temple) encasing her thighs. ♦



GAYTÜRK//

Photos by Leandra Haupt

Photographer's Note:

My series "Gaytürk" shows portraits of homosexual türkish men in Berlin. Even though they mostly grew up in Germany, their families live a very conservative islamic lifestyle, which considers homosexuality as a disease and crime. Therefore these men have to live a life with double standards and lies.

I wanted to show, that even in an openminded place like Berlin, there are still struggles with sexual identities and especially on a worldwide perspective, we are far from equality for all humans.

I visited the portraited men in their homes and had them create their own space of how they wanted to be seen on camera. I asked each individual to show the gay side inside of themselves for the shoot. Therefore all results are very distinct and still show a big part of their personalities, even though their faces are not visible.

"Gaytürk" was shown at "The Hospital Gallery" in Berlin in 2016 and printed as a magazine.















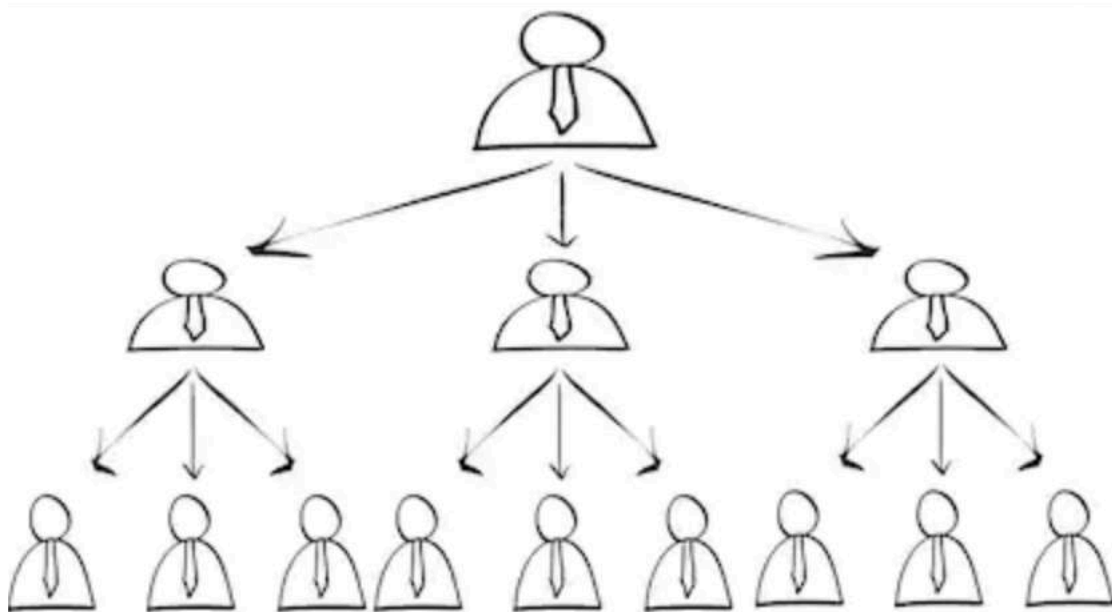




INTERN'S CORNER

TO ALL THE DADDIES I'VE LOVED BEFORE//

By Joan Flaherty



“A father means more than just blood:” a resounding message from Father’s Day that is not only applicable to the holiday itself but also the concept of a “daddy.” The term digs deeper than just an affectionate term you call your father or a middle-aged businessman you met on seekingarrangments.com who gives you a weekly allowance. In the spirit of the season, I’ve taken the time to think about the various daddy figures in my life so I can pay gratitude to them in the form of this article. With that, I present the daddies in my life: a homage.

My actual father: To get this one out of the way: the man who helped create me. I’ve spent almost nineteen long years with him and at the end of the day have few complaints. He has given me a roof, currently pays my tuition for a major he may not agree with, and has given me money throughout the years — from when I was unemployed to the times I would go laser tagging in third grade. Also, when he bought me my first bakugon™ figurine in 3rd grade he got me a limited edition one and made me do a trade back when I traded it for one that was worthless -- an early life lesson to not get scammed and a gesture I have not forgotten to this day.

The Daddi Pyramid: Not a positive daddy, but perhaps the first encounter I had with the word in a non-affectionate, patriarchal context. In which, during my sophomore year one of my best friends, William, and I created a chart of the cringiest people in the cast and crew of our high school’s play whom we deemed our “daddis.” To be a daddi you would have to do something iconic during a rehearsal or build day to make our list-- the kid who was really outwardly into anime? Yeah, he was on it (even though William and I both watched anime.) So was the freshmen who would fight with the director about his directing choices and suggest something stupid instead. It was kind of like our personal burn book of our drama department -- a very high school theater-y thing to do, not our finest/kindest moment but notable in my list of daddies nonetheless. No one ever found out about it, or maybe they did as William and I would obnoxiously “talk about it but not

talk about it” in front of everyone and when someone would ask refuse to say anything.

The Dunkin Donuts That Takes Meal

Swipes: The Dunkin Donuts located in my freshmen year residence hall-- it was always there to provide sustenance the morning after a long night and the week I had mono and could not leave the building. The best part-- it cost me nothing. Well, technically it does cost me something as in the fall my parents paid an expensive tuition and meal plan which included meal swipes and Dunkin Donuts trips. But, if it doesn’t require me to in the moment take out cash and pay, it feels like nothing. It was reliable, it was convenient, it was always by my side through the good and bad. Yes, they switched the plastic straws to paper straws that would get soggy after one sip, but no daddy is without his faults.

The College Boys I’ve Fallen In Love With (for like a day):

Oh how there have been many. Not real love, but an infatuation that lasted for on average a week. Many of these boys I barely knew, and probably will never know beyond a certain level. But, I like their faces and the concept of being in love with them and imaging going on dates with them-- from acquaintances to now friends to random people I’ve only seen once in a dining hall. During this Sahara desert of a year, they were truly metaphorical daddies in my life. This pseudo-love would be my motivation to dress nice on certain days when I’d see this person or wait to leave for a class at a certain time in hopes I cross paths with that stranger who would maybe make eye contact with me and, in a deeper fantasy, stop and talk to me. And in a deeper deeper fantasy stop and talk to me and ask me on a date. This never happened with any of these boys, but I guess that’s why they’re called fantasies.

King Princess: My favorite artist of the moment. Beyond kind of possessing that “daddy” energy, her recent song “Cheap Queen” has been a huge daddy figure in my life recently. I listen to it at least once a day and it gives me the energy/confidence similar to what you have after you receive a pep talk from your dad before your house league softball game. Every morning I listen to it or before I have a friend come up to my room

(so I get hype and it looks like I'm listening to cool music). And in the moment after listening to it, I feel like an indestructible bad bitch who will make this day my bitch-- even if it ends up not being like that. Sure, my day might end with a long tiring day at work or just sitting in my room for the duration of it watching *The Bachelorette*, but at least my day always starts with that bad bitch energy.

Trader Joe's Wine: Like the father who slips you sips of his beer during Thanksgiving dinner, TJ Wine is always there for me. It turns a blind eye to my schemes and is abundant and cheap. I think I speak for everyone who has a Trader Joe's near them and is, in some form over twenty-one, that it is truly a daddy.

The Flour Tortilla Chips from Whole Foods: If you've tried them, you know. If you haven't tried them go to Whole Foods and try them, then you'll truly know.

My favorite corner store: I don't know if it has a real name, but it has for the hookup for everything. And every time I pass by, the man working there asks if I want my nose ring fixed or a new piercing. At first I was offended — did my nose ring really look that bad? Admittedly, it is a little jank, but I think they just care.

Free Yoga: Yes, I feel guilty every time they remind us at the end to give a donation because some people in the class currently can't and at some point you might not be able to, but they've never asked me to leave because of my lack of monetary value.

Popeyes: I try not to eat fast food, I really do. Comma however Popeye's is maybe the best fast food currently on the market. You can't have it too often though, or else it ruins the sacredness, but during the few times a year I do consume it it is truly a kiki.

Google Drive: Are you kidding me? Far, far superior to Microsoft Word which costs money and doesn't auto-save and cloud your work. Thanks to Google Drive I can still view photos I had on my phone when I was fourteen and cringe at the pictures I captured. I have the ability to access documents I

created for my 10th grade English project on *Lord of the Flies* in case the moment arises in my current life in which I have to defend what the island in the book is a microcosm for (with text to back it up). I don't care if Google controls my life and steals my personal details: because it keeps my life somewhat organized and that's a fair trade in my book.

Sanford Meisner: To quote my friend Duvall "he fucked me good first year." This past year, I've spent my first year of college learning about the Meisner method of acting three times a week and will continue to do so next year (and perhaps the year after.) The training, created by *the man*, Sanford Meisner, is all about "living truthfully under imaginary circumstances," which, in context of the first year of learning it means learning about all your emotional responses and limits. If you don't know yourself, how will you know how to be someone else? This means I spent many a time this last year outside in the hallway before doing a scene daydreaming on what it would be like if my own stupidity caused the death of my two year old son (or daydreaming on something that elicits the same emotions of that). And then right after doing the scene, you go back to your seat and pretend like all the fake emotional trauma you just self-made never happened. Sanford Meisner is a genius but really didn't write in for many personal days when he was coming up with this acting method. He's the reason that most of the kick backs I attended with people in my acting class ended with someone crying about something they realized about themselves in class. Meisner made/is making me go through it, but in the best way. A true daddy. ♦



Thank you for reading Waif Magazine issue 12.

Issue 13 will be released mid-July to touch on some hot topics.

Like the IS WAIF apparel featured in this issue? Order shirts and hats at www.iswaif.com/clothes

Don't like what you read in this issue? Send us your stories, photos, artwork at waifmagazin3@gmail.com.

Please no poems - keep Waif at the cutting edge of journalism.

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

What is Waif

?

iswaif.com