



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 18: The Sponsored Waif

Conceived by

SUBTLE PRIDE

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

This issue of Waif Magazine features the talents of

Eddy Baker

Yung Cortex

Alexis Dobyne

Nik Dodani

Laurel James

DuVall Jones

Lavender Katz

Sarah Kearns

Grace Keating

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Joshua Stout

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Additional photography courtesy of Waif Magazine.

Waif Magazine is published by

Subtle Press

in collaboration with Silver & Smoke

and IS WAIF.

www.iswaif.com

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the beanie



iswaif.com/clothes

WAIF



*** FACEBOOK**
Great for keeping up with friends & family, this fun and easy social networking website is going continue allowing political campaigns to target users freely despite pressure from Congress to monitor the truthfulness of such advertisements! We stan a freedom of speech queen! #ad

*** TROLLS THE MOVIE**
We love this film here at Waif. After seeing it we made sure to stop by our local Target™ to get all our favorite toys from the movie, like Guy Diamond©, DJ Suki© & Prince Gristle© #ad



***THINX**
We'd bleed all year round if we could. That's how much we love Thinx™ #ad

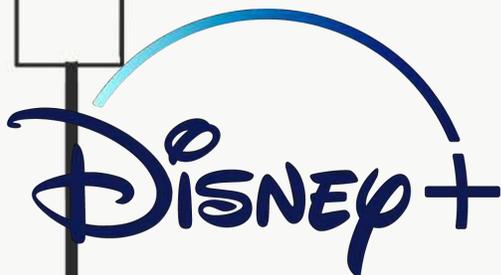
*** AIRPODS**
Comfortable, stylish & easy to use. If you don't have a pair, you're poor! #ad



*** CALVIN KLEINS**
I try in my Calvins to be more well liked by friends and family. And guess what? It's working. #ad

BOUGHT

SOLD



*** DISNEY PLUS**
'Not ANOTHER streaming site!' you may be thinking. But just you wait. Never before has a show been so #MustSee as The Mandelorian, starring Jennifer Anniston as Jane Austen #ad



*** THE 77th GOLDEN GLOBES**
If you didn't watch the Golden Globes™ how do you know what might win in the Academy Awards™? Do yourself a favor: Respect Ceremony, respect Culture #ad

***CREST WHITNEING STRIPS**
No one trusts a yellow-toothed scumbag. And that's what you are right now. We're only telling you because we love you #ad



ALSO WAIF

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waif

seeks new talent

but please no poems | waifmagazin3@gmail.com





J O I N T L I N K



 **airbnb**

***HOW I
SWITCHED
FROM
ARKAY
BEVERAGES
TO TRADER
JOE'S WINE//***

By DuVall Jones

I have become an avid wine enthusiast.

Yes, that's right. Last time you heard from me, I was a young and foolish kid priding myself with drinking ArKay Moscow mules. However, I think I've found my new foreplay on the beach: wine, AKA the blood of CHRIST. Becoming a wine connoisseur was INDEED a religious experience for me. ArKay was a cute little phase while it lasted, but I needed something better that made me feel like a king, and honestly holding a glass of wine in my hand after a long day just hits DIFFERENT.

Honestly, I have to give a shoutout to Trader Joe's Wine Shop. Going there to pick up wine is like a fun little adventure for me. And you

many different wines in that store, though we still have a long way to go.

Because of how avid me and my friends are with wine, we like to have wine nights every week. Our designated wine nights are usually every Thursday. We started doing this I guess because we couldn't wait until the weekend. During these wine nights, we like to binge watch a few of our favorite TV shows or watch a movie. Our most recent obsession is *Nathan For You*, a TV show that is ridiculously insane about how a man basically manipulates real people into doing these crazy business ideas that actually end up WORKING. I would highly recommend because it is the funniest shit I've ever seen.



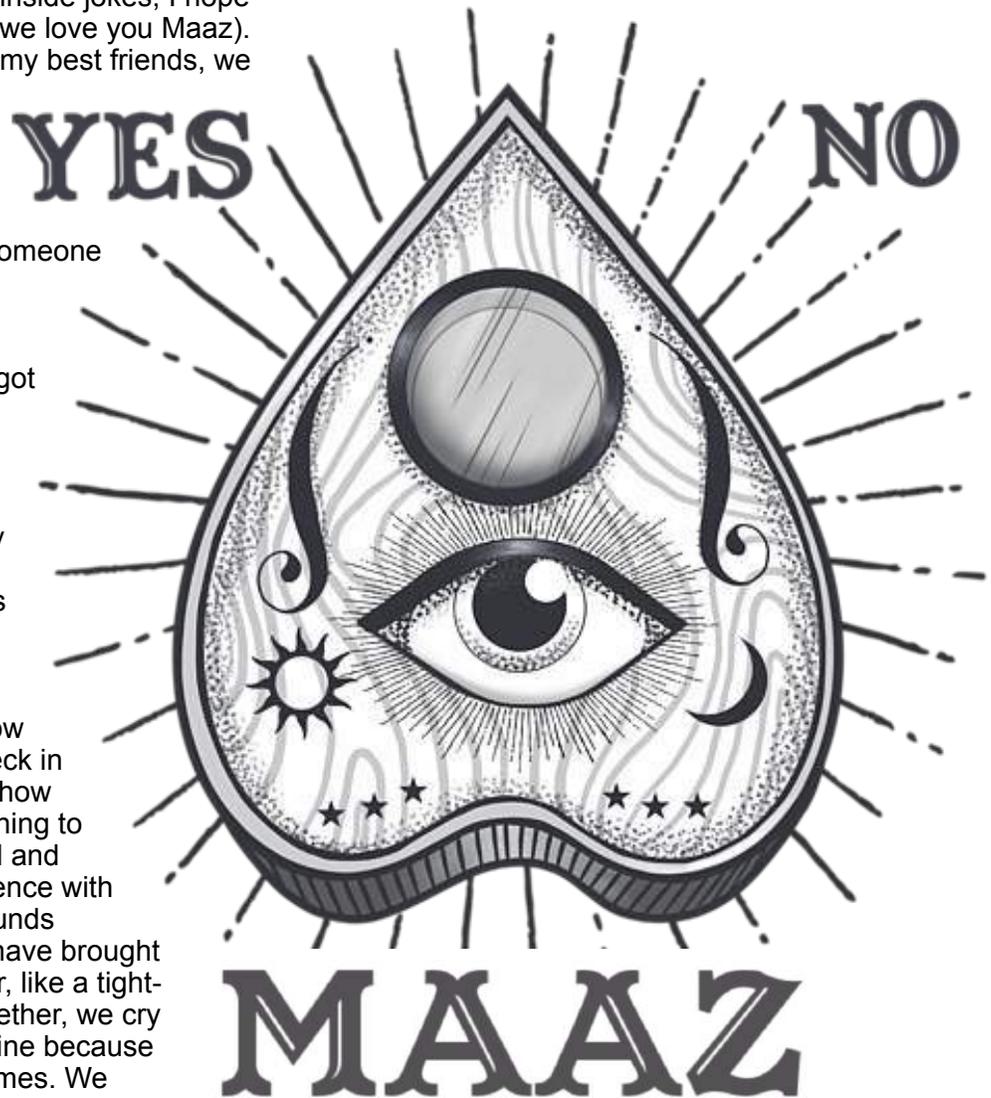
can't beat the prices in there either. It's perfect for people who are living that broke lifestyle; quite honestly a college kid's best friend. For the longest time, I used to only stick to the Trader Joe's signature wines. I remember my first go-to wines used to be Trader Joe's Cabernet Sauvignon and Sangria - my friends and I would ONLY drink those and we never dared to try anything else. We have since graduated to trying so

we like to have open commentary. That has led to the birth of a lot of our inside jokes that we casually make in everyday conversation, and from these nights we have literally created our own dictionary of weird words and phrases that only make sense to us. It is THE MOST petrominatory. And yes, that's right, petrominatory.

Whenever we do end up watching something during these wine nights,

When it was Halloween time, we got really into playing with the Ouija board during our wine nights, and now we have a ghost friend named Maaz who is QUITE the flirt. I like to believe that Maaz gravitated to us particularly because of his chaotic energy, which is something my friends and I all possess. Maaz coming about was a manifestation of this energy, and because of that he has made it into a few of our inside jokes, I hope he doesn't take offense (we love you Maaz). Because I live with all of my best friends, we like to pull little pranks on each other dedicated to Maaz himself. One of the funniest things was when we left a note for someone hidden under their pillow reciting love poetry from Maaz himself. Quite the romantic he is! If you've got a Maaz in your life, keep them.

Our weeks can get pretty stressful with all the demands from school, as well as seeking creative opportunities outside of classes, and I think wine nights just allow us to slow down a bit and really check in with each other and see how everyone is doing. Switching to wine has been wonderful and truly a communal experience with me and my friends. It sounds cheesy, but wine nights have brought me and my friends closer, like a tight-knit family. We laugh together, we cry together, and we drink wine because life can get crazy sometimes. We help each other stay grounded and navigate through the industry as young creatives, and wine nights are essentially an example of the way that we can forget about all of life's stressors just for a bit. We have graduated from our days of drinking ArKay — no more spicy liquid down our throats. Wine has given us a sense of camaraderie, and I think that's pretty cool. ♦





JO SHUA
STOUT



iconic

say hello to my little friend



***I CAN'T
WAIT TO
SELL
OUT//***

By Maxwell Turner

[Bolded Brackets signify an idea I thought was optional for me to include, and optional for you to consider when you read it; essentially they serve to mentally curb my own verbosity, and extend that potentially relieving option to you as well.]

I can't wait to sell out.

I can't wait for the day that I wake up to an offer from someone, or something, willing to buy me out; as if I were a commodity; an investment.

[What that says about me is this; there are shortcuts to monetary security, and for those of us who grew up being taught that that was the end-all-be-all of our existence; to go to school, get good grades, get a degree, leverage degree into high paying job; work; and enjoy financial 'success'; we are likely to be looking for outs through which to get to that end result.]

When this day inevitably comes, for me that is; when someone is willing to buy me out, I will oblige them, at whatever obnoxiously high sum they have deemed my existence, or something I have brought into existence, to be worth.

When this inevitably happens, the people lining up to tell me that I have sold out won't be around me, or facing me day to day, but rather some distance away, hands cupped around their mouths, shouting at me that I have lost my authenticity; sacrificed my integrity—that which I owe to them, and they would be wrong in doing so.

What integrity must I maintain in pursuit of the bag? In pursuit of dough; of bread[; **racks; stacks; cheese**]? What within myself is expected to remain the same?

In the colloquial definition of selling out there is an understated disdain for those who do, but why is this the case?

On the day that my bank account reads a number with twin commas holding it in place, should you expect me to feel shame? Remorse?

For whatever reason, one beyond me at the current stage in my life, our capitalist overlords seem to be the generals of the war on artistic integrity. When they throw their sticky dollars at anything of an abstract or non-monetary value, that thing becomes compromised, and its quality; its sanctity evaporates—it dissolves; it is diluted into something that exists as a perversion of its origin; it exists only for the purpose of further dilution.

“On the day that my bank account reads a number with twin commas holding it in place, should you expect me to feel shame? Remorse?”

It makes you wonder which to pursue, as a natural creative: exclusively monetary pursuits, artistic pursuit with a reluctant acknowledgement of the weight of monetary forces on your life, or the pursuit of raw artistic expression? Of course my characterization of this phenomena is one that seeks only to acknowledge its existence, and to suggest that its existence resembles a spectrum **[with the points of polarity being where people's motivations and efforts go collectively.]**

To distill this somewhat, it is important to account for art, or really anything created without the attachment of money initially, that finds itself tarnished by the money made available to it; it means the actual work and the people behind it. Here we can see the reasoning for what some older works of art are valued at compared to that of modern art. The pricelessness of the artistic effigies of the past represent something interesting when contextualized with contemporary art; quality unafflicted by the current aggregate state of economic, social, and technological fluidity that we find ourselves in; and therein how art has arguably suffered from it.

Art is as abstract and broad a concept as its definition is limited in defining it. With this knowledge we could look to platforms like YouTube, and the state that they exist in over the course of time, from their origin compared to now. Whether or not YouTube is a work of art begs an entirely different question, but for all intents and purposes, there is art on the platform, and a lot of it. YouTube's original slogan was “Broadcast Yourself.”, and with this in mind we can contextualize the shift — from a sort of open arms acceptance of any and all types of content to one that creators constantly complain is centered around keeping advertisers happy. This is the core principle of selling out, and we can see that it is not exclusive to individuals, but truly any entity that invites nuance and niche, and rejects those things in lieu of monetary gain.

In essence, to be waif is to be fluid; it is to be untethered, and this fluidity when infused with the corrosive ease that money can bring, when achieved with a cynically earnest understanding that the 'selling out' is occurring for the furthering of the artist and/or the art; that is waif **[not because of the rejection of the disdain which this auction of talent tends to bring, but for the progressive redefinition of what it means to be true to oneself].** ♦

ON THE

Edge



No Regrets



Mona's Smile



Does she need a face-lift?

THE SUN IS STILL HIGH



YOU

Error - Warning



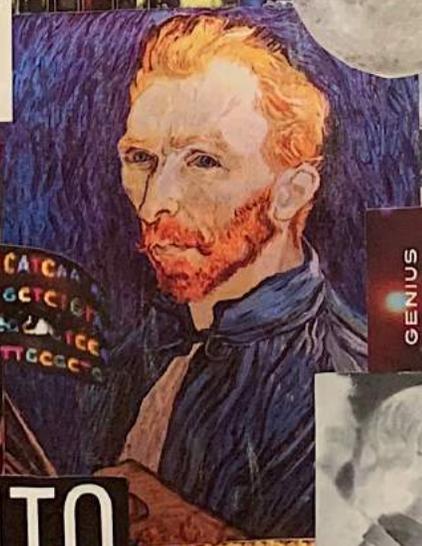
CUL-DE-SAC OF MISFORTUNE.

Chickens Gone Wild

(SORT OF)

Chaos

PAPER MOON



H₂O



GENIUS

PLUTO



Bad.



Cheap.



BAD
☐
COFFEE



seamless

NO MORE SEAMS

ASOS HAS \$20 PREMIUM SHIPPING FOR THE ENTIRE YEAR//

By Maggie Winters



asos

I'm a plus size woman. Can you picture it? From ages 13 -19 I legally & physically could only shop at Torrid. Listen, I love and adore Torrid. I thank it for all it provided me in those years but at some point I got sick of finding secret skulls

asos

asos marketplace

most certainly know it was directed at me so I'd delete the email in a panic then take 2 sick days in a row to recover. Then I was introduced to ASOS.com. I cannot remember how or where but I assume some internet robot blasted an AD at me and I took the bait and hunni I'm glad I did. ASOS is my plus size fashion dream land. Now listen, I am no fashion star. I will be open and honest about this. But just like everyone else I have my likes and dislikes (remember I disliked all those surprise skulls) and I find like after like on ASOS.com. Black Jumpers, Black Jeans, Black button up dresses, a coat

plastered all over my clothing. I was jealous of my friends who got to prance on in to American Eagle and Charlotte Russe and pick up literally anything without even looking at it. Okay, I'm whining and you guys are sick of it! Eventually Forever 21 threw me a bone with their plus size clothing line and even though they'd occasionally throw BAE on a black shirt that could have been a true closet staple without it, for a while it worked out perfectly for me. That was until I turned 25 and realized all my clothes fell apart within 6 months. I could have no part of that. I was 25! I had a desk job. It was

asos discover fashion online

asos THE ONLINE FASHION STORE

that makes me look like I'm running for mayor, size 11 shoes for my freak feet, and peplum after peplum top. Here's the thing though, ASOS is located in the UK. I can't run on over to an ASOS and quickly pick up a little black mock neck for a night on the town, or a denim skirt to wear to my siblings' show (they're in a band together - I'm not musically inclined). I have to be prepared way in advance and we know this doesn't actually happen the majority of the time.

asos marketplace

asos discover fashion online

Majority of the time I think "Yea I'll purchase something fun and spicy for that event I have in one month, that's plenty of time"

embarrassing. I'd walk into work with a visible hole in my right thigh of my pants and my boss would then "randomly" send an email reminding us of the dress code and I would

asos



but then I get distracted binge watching 5 seasons of *Love Island* (only on Hulu) and the date of that event is four days away and I think I'm stuck wearing yet again my tee-shirt, denim jumper, neck scarf combo that everyone is so tired of seeing. Finally I am getting to my POINT. ASOS has something called "Premier Shipping" where for \$20 you can get Two-Day shipping for an entire year. AN ENTIRE YEAR. When I found this offer, I

that I can wear to the 4-90 weddings I have to attend this year and I can twirl and say things like, "I'm loving tonight!". Then in another two days I can have a fun floral midi dress that gets compliment after compliment at a dinner party and I just smile and say, "Okay wow I wasn't even sure if I liked this". Then if you can believe it, in another two days I can have an oversized sweater that makes you question if I'm actually a Gen Z

ASOS

ONLINE FASHION STORE

most certainly assumed it was a scam. Two day shipping? From the UNITED KINGDOM? What does the Queen herself have to work at ASOS to get this kinda thing done? (sorry) But it was all true and it was beautiful. I started my ASOS Premier shipping journey and I haven't looked back. I have to mention this doesn't include two day returns and famously ASOS is bad at returns but we're not talking about returns right now and I wish you hadn't brought that up as I am living my plus size dream! In two days I'll have a floor length Stevie Nicks style black wispy dress

but then you look at my face and think oh no she's absolutely a Millennial. Then you ask me where I got it and I absolutely freak out because haven't you been listening? ASOS dot com with my twenty dollars for the entire year premier shipping. Listen, I actually have to go. My friend's having what she calls an art show in her studio apartment but really she's just selling the earrings she makes and serving Trader Joe's frozen snacks. I'll see you in 2 days in a neon crop top. ♦



R



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R

RENT THE RUNWAY

the beanie



iswaif.com/clothes

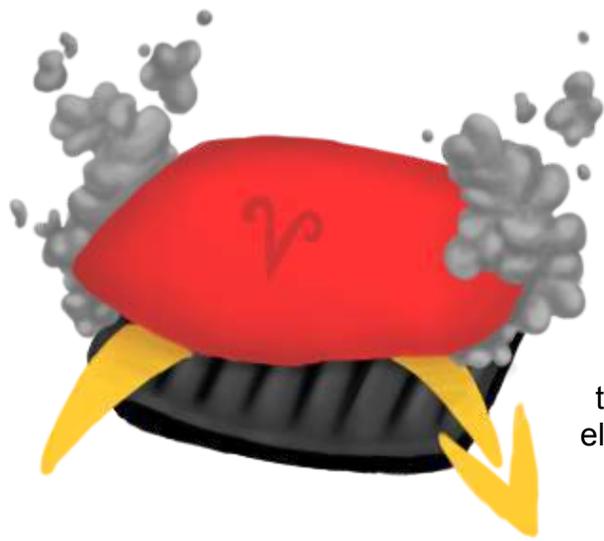
YOU'RE ADDICTE - D TO THE INTERNET//

It's written in the stars.

By Sarah Kearns

Illustrations by Charlotte Grimm



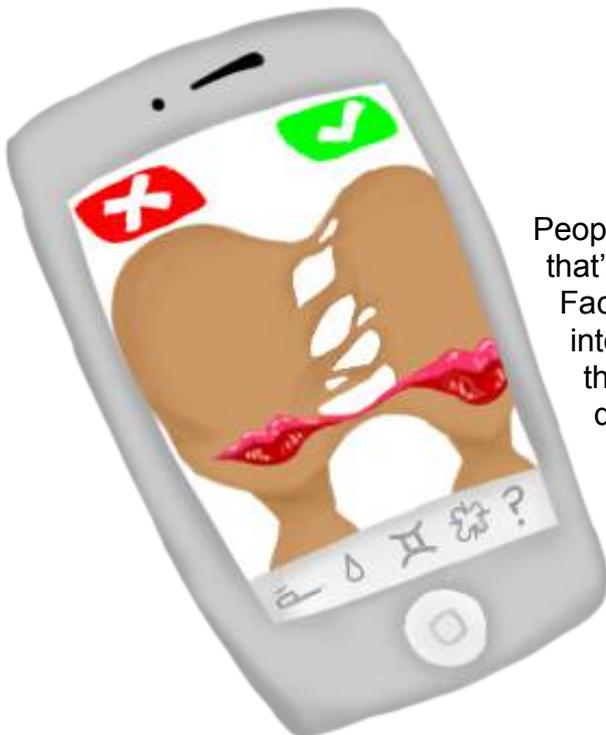
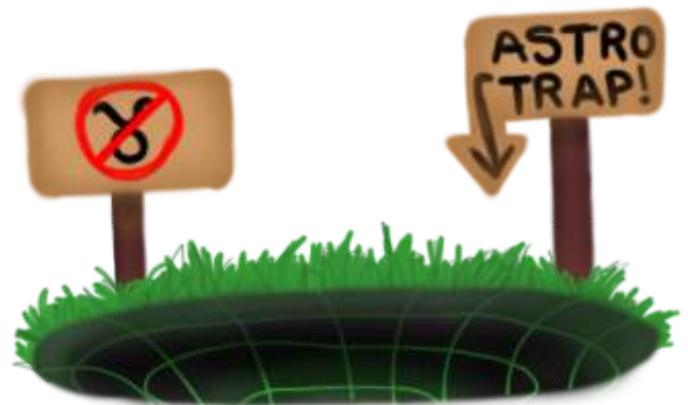


Aries (March 21 - April 19)

Amazon Prime has started recommending products by zodiac sign in their monthly newsletter (lol). Be wary of Big Business capitalizing on your spirituality and think twice before full sending it on that George Foreman indoor electric grill that Jeff Bezos thinks every Aries needs in their life

Taurus (April 20 - May 20)

You're less likely to fall into my astro-trap than the rest of these gullible waifs. Good for you. Keep scrolling for better content.



Gemini (May 21 - June 20)

People say you're two-faced, and well, you kind of are but that's ok. Embrace that you talk a lot of shit and that Facetune exists for a reason by literally editing two faces into all of your pics before posting them on IG. You'll have the feed of a fifteen-year-old boy who's recently discovered his passion for graphic design (fun!) and your followers will be warned to never tell you their secrets.

Cancer (June 21 – July 22)

It may be Cuffing Season but that doesn't mean you should couple up just because it's too cold to go outside and meet new people. Download Tinder, where you can exchange meaningless platitudes from the comfort of your couch before the conversation eventually fizzles out and you're left single for yet another winter.



Cancer

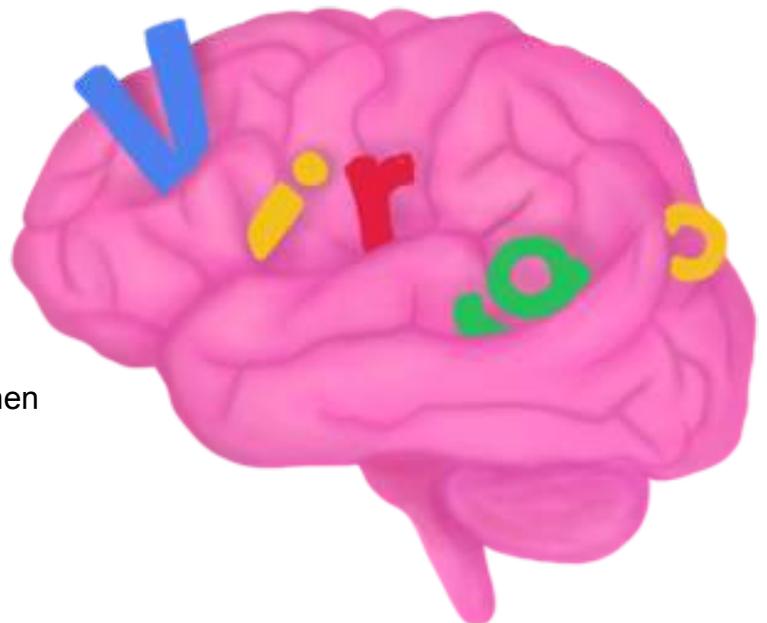


Leo (July 32 – August 22)

IG is getting rid of likes with no regard for the cocoon of external validation you've wrapped yourself in via your account's high engagement rate. If your high school classmates can't double tap your winter break vacation selfie, what's the point of even going skiing at all? Channel your snot-crying into something productive instead, like writing an op-ed on it for Waif, for example.

Virgo (August 23 – September 22)

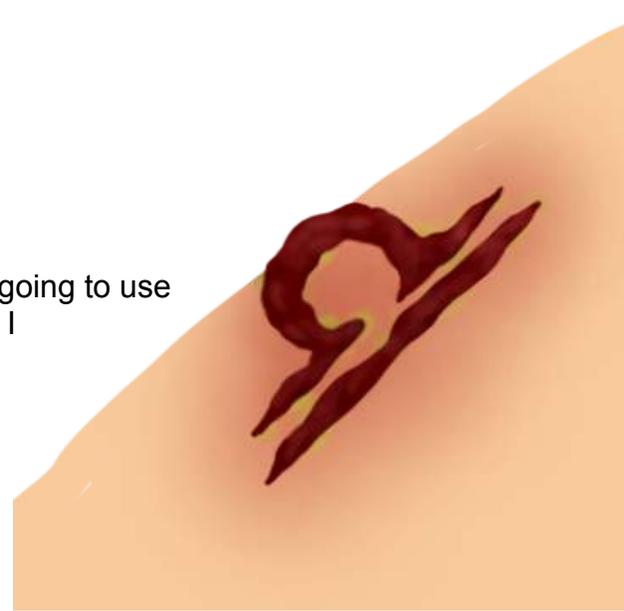
It's annoying when people Google things mid-conversation so that they can be right. Please stop doing that. And call out your fellow Virgos on their all-knowing bullshit when they do it too.



iconic

Libra (September 23 – October 22)

WebMD is a beautiful and wonderful tool but not if you're going to use it to self-diagnose every scab as a life-threatening illness. I promise you, a scab is usually just a scab.



Scorpio (October 23 – November 21)

AI can't make all of your life decisions for you and you should probably delete Co-Star from your phone. There's a lot of hype surrounding it but I'm suspicious. Sure, they have your data, but are their horoscopes as inspired as ours? They are not!



Sagittarius (November 22 – December 21)

The Internet is a ruthless place and some of us simply aren't made to survive out here. Try not to let people ignoring your DMs or unfollowers get you down. You'll be grateful you didn't delete your account in a fit of sad-rage and won't have to start all over again. But I mean, also, you do you.



Capricorn (December 22 – January 19)

On more than one occasion, I've cyberstalked an ex-friend only to get deep into the bowels of their feed and accidentally like a photo. Haven't we all? But you think I would've learned after the first time. DON'T BE LIKE ME CAPRICORN. Put down the phone and step away. Or at the very least, bully a friend into letting you lurk from their account.

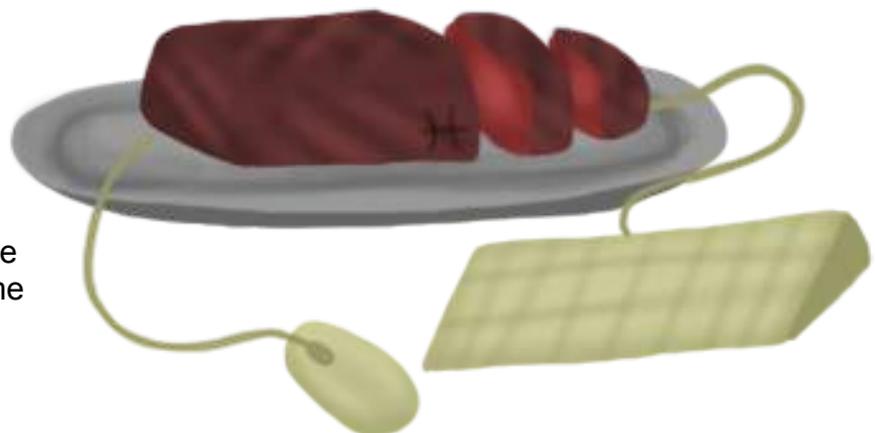


Aquarius (January 20 – February 18)

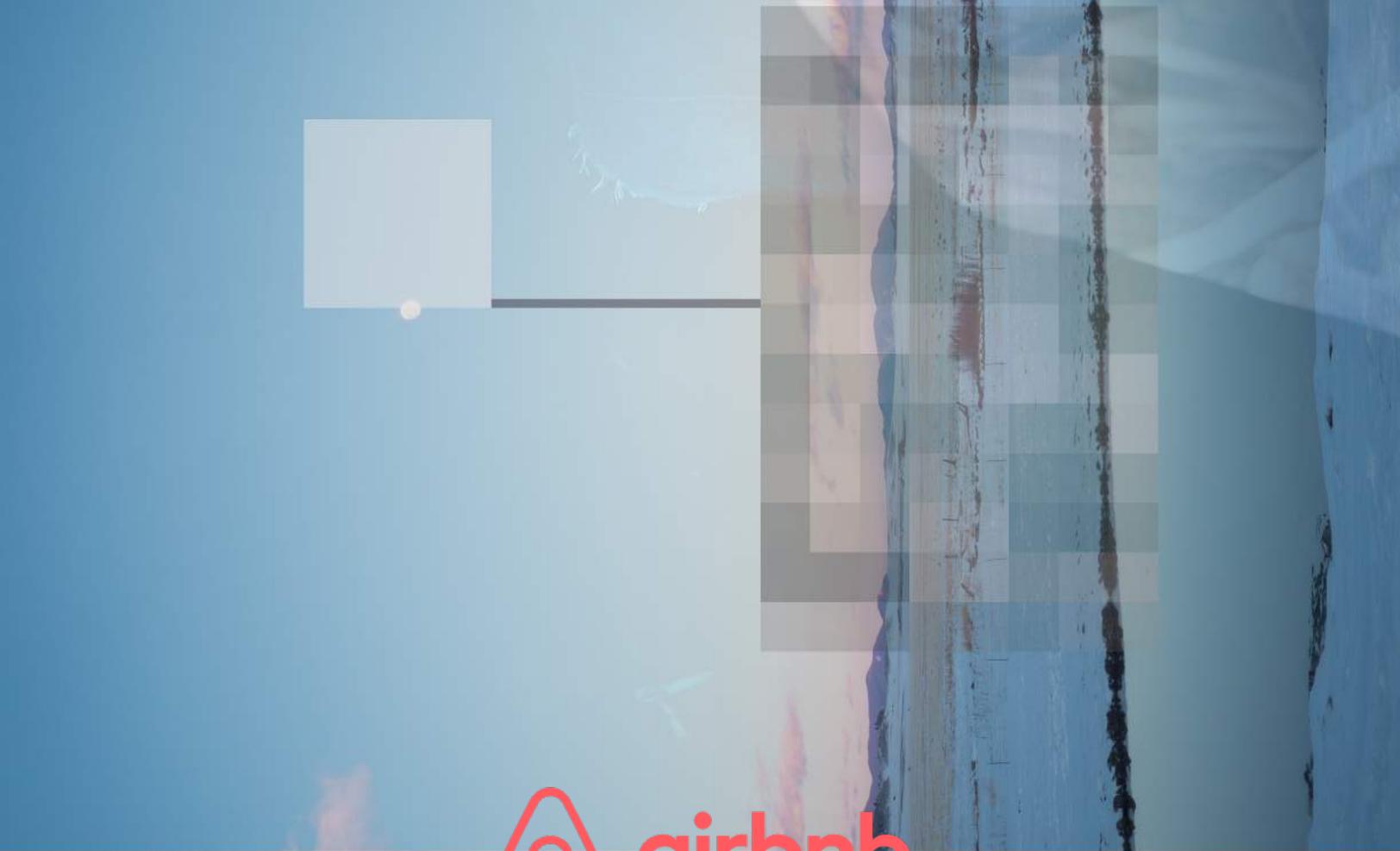
Well-written, grammatically correct texts that end in periods induce anxiety in even the most rational of us. Observe proper texting etiquette and be conscious in your craftsmanship. Promote good mental health by adding a !! or a :) .

Pisces (February 19 – March 20)

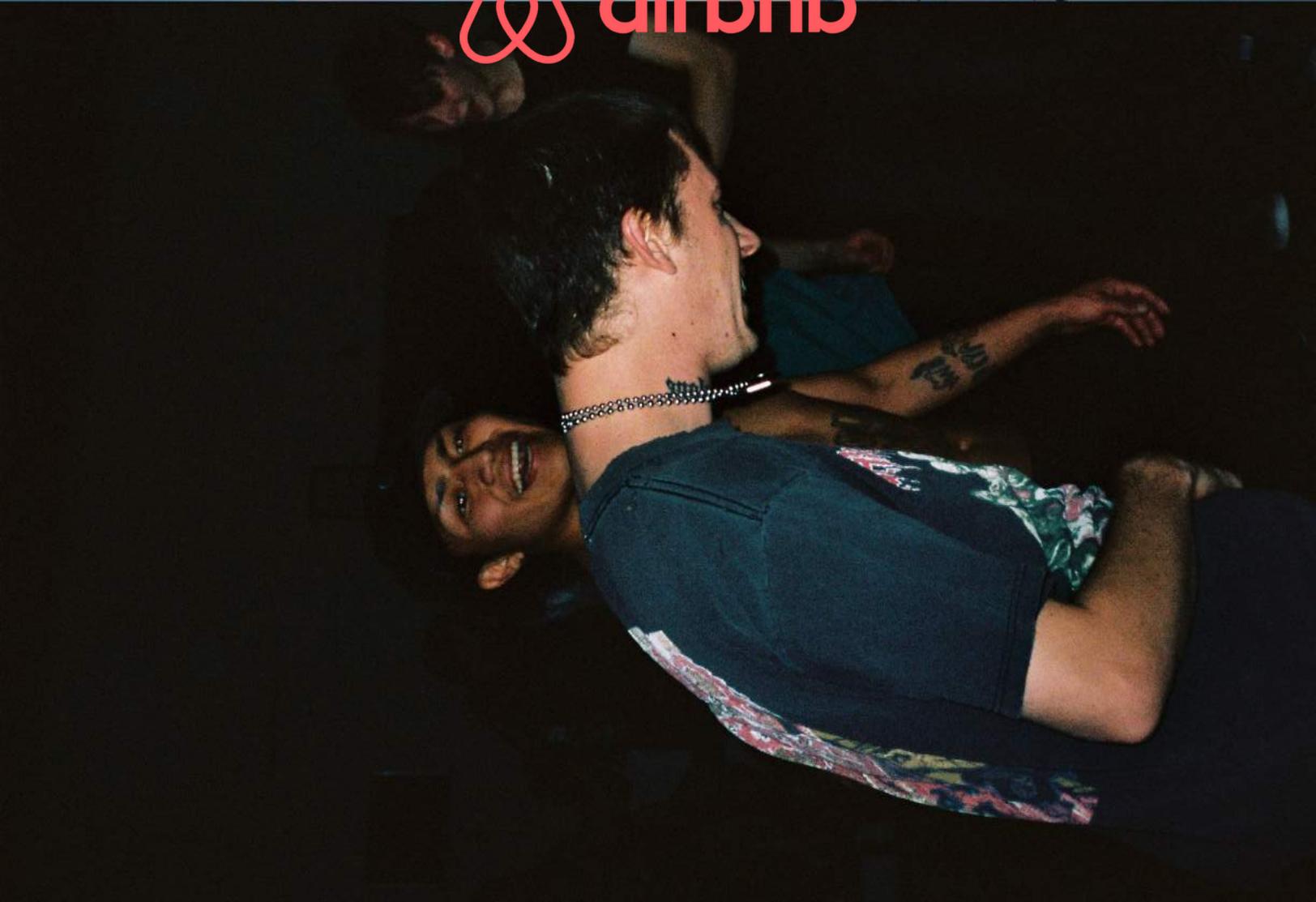
The Internet is saturated with content like a fatty slab of beef. Be mindful of what you consume and from where. If you're hovering over the keyboard, unsure of where to go, come to Waif for some organic fun and astonishingly accurate horoscopes. ♦

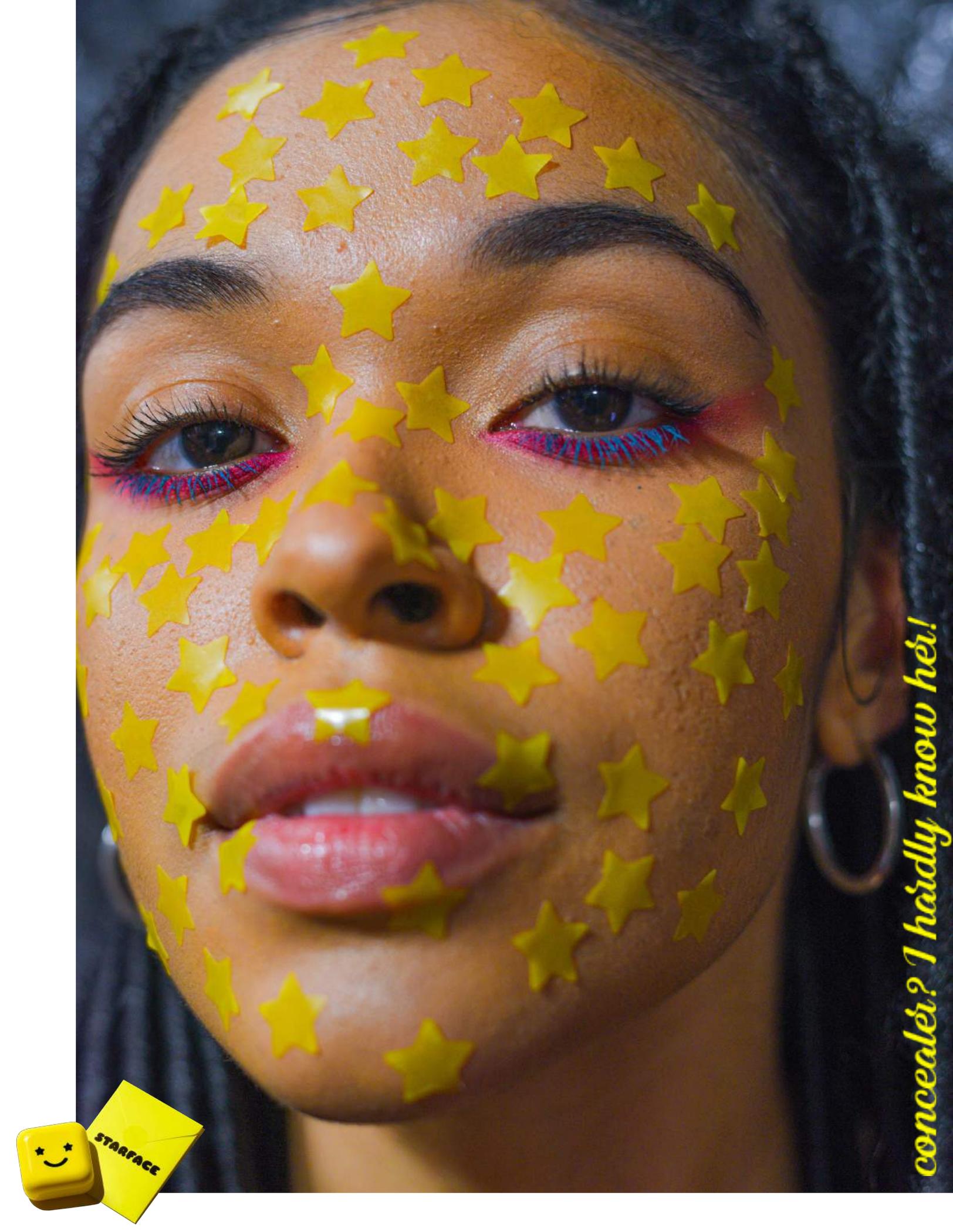






 **airbnb**





concealer? I hardly know her!



ADD

TO

CART //

By Laurel James



Custom Father's Day T-Shirts

I love my dad. He's a sixty-seven year old biologist living the dream on the west coast. His hobbies include hiking, checking into restaurants on Facebook, and always getting my pronouns right. He deserves to be memorialized in perpetuity, which is why I ordered our entire family a set of custom t-shirts with his face and the caption: Father's Day 2019. Dad, husband, scientist, and known doofus. Doofus is the cute nickname we have for each other, with roughly translates to "I care for you deeply," and is clearly not the first insult I was able to pronounce as a child. After opening his present, my dad immediately sent me a photo of him wearing his new shirt. Next year's gift will, of course, be a shirt with this photo on it. I will repeat this joke until one or both of us dies.



If I buy in bulk, I'll save money, right? I am now the owner of twelve bottles of Grippo's seasoning and I have no plans to cut back on my intake anytime soon.

Barbecue Seasoning You Can Only Get in Ohio

Ok, look: I may or may not have developed a slight addiction to Grippo's Gourmet Bar-B-Q Spice. My dealer was a man I dated earlier this

year whose family would send him home with a box of this seasoning every time he drove down to Cincinnati. After we broke up for non-barbecue reasons, I knew I needed to find my own supply. Unfortunately, this



"If I buy in bulk, I'll save money, right? I am now the owner of twelve bottles of Grippo's seasoning and I have no plans to cut back on my intake anytime soon."

seasoning is impossible to find in Chicago grocery stores, so I took to the internet. What I assumed would be a six dollar purchase turned into a thirty dollar endeavor, as I discovered the vast array of flavors and sizes they had available online.

Curology Skin Goop

I started taking testosterone four months ago as part of my gender transition and the acne it brought with it puts teenage-me to shame. It was totally unparalleled. I asked other trans friends if they had

any advice and most of them just sighed. Unfortunately, massive chin pimples are a normal step on the path to becoming a grown up... for the second time. It can be helped, if only slightly, by the right cocktail of acids and gels. At a friend's recommendation, I filled out a Curology skincare quiz and waited patiently for an internet doctor to solve my woes. I'm usually hesitant to tell randos on the internet that I'm trans, but when the doctor asked if my hormones were impacting my skin, I let her know I'd been giving puberty another go. And to my surprise, an absolute stranger on the internet was nice to me. She said, "Let's get you the skincare you need to help you through this exciting journey!" Maybe that's a canned response created by a massive corporation to sell me skin goop, but I like to think it was a little human kindness. And for the record: Curology works great. Ten out of ten, would recommend to a friend.



seamless

NO MORE SEAMS

Pink Cat Litter with Big Promises

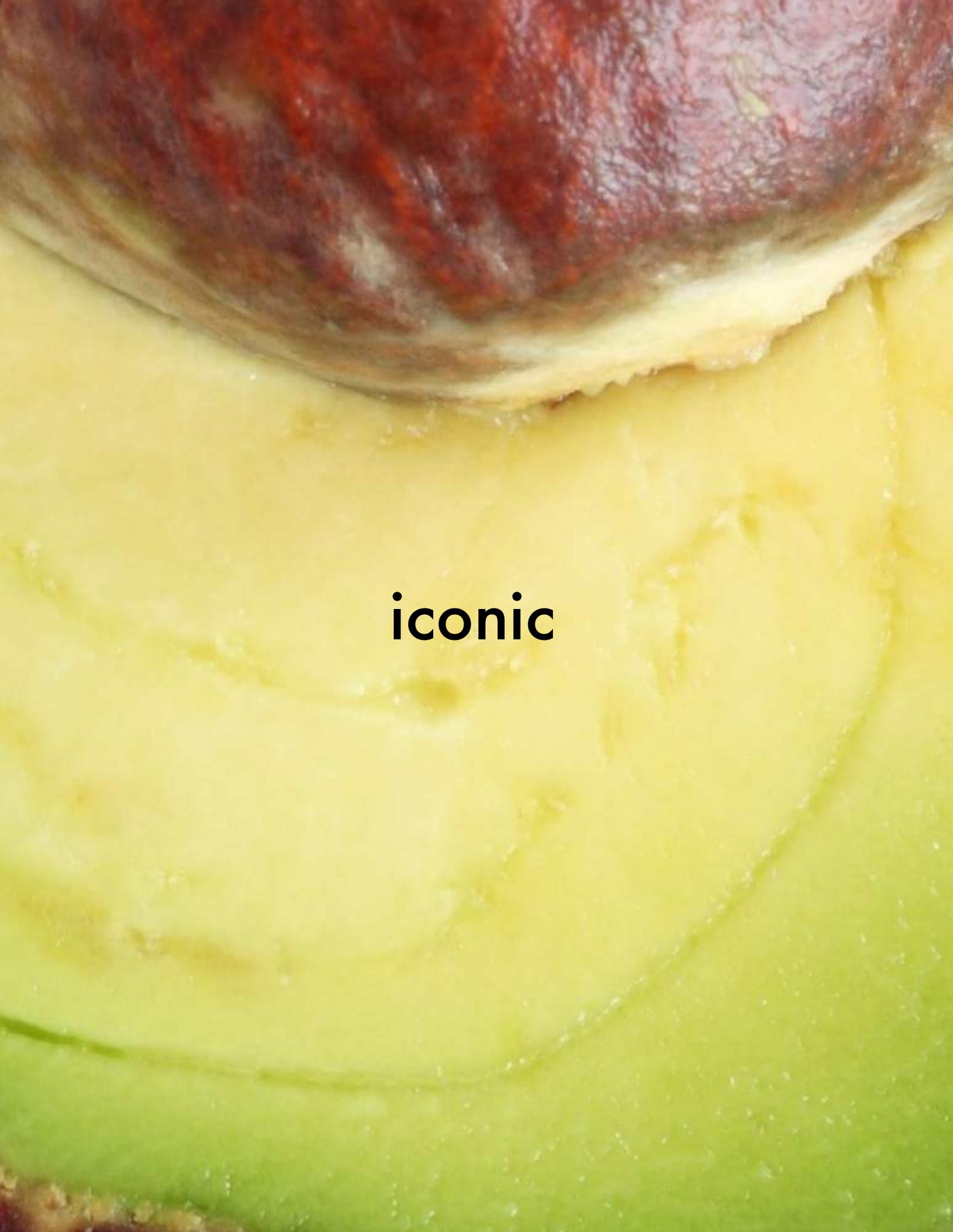
This purchase is, by far, the best online shopping decision I've made in 2019. Like every sane adult, I hate cleaning the litter box with such a burning passion that I leave it until the last possible second, then shower immediately after the deed is done. The scent, the dust, the little pellets that stick to your feet - all of it makes the experience borderline unbearable. In between gruesome murder stories from the podcast, *Small Town Dicks*, I heard a sponsored ad for *Pretty Litter* detailing the world's first pink crystal cat litter. I was pessimistic about any cat litter that claims to be odorless, but I thought I'd give it a shot, if only to inadvertently support my favorite true crime podcast. To my absolute delight, everything the ads promised about *Pretty Litter* was true, which is incredibly unlikely in this late-capitalist hell we live in. The litter was lightweight, scentless, and bright pink. I fell instantly in love, though my cat Pamphlet probably can't tell the difference.

Universally Hated Floral Suit

I bought a blue floral suit from Wild Fang, thinking I'd look like a pastel fairy prince. My partner told me I more closely resembled, "Paula Poundstone officiating a clown wedding." I took it as a compliment, although they didn't mean it as one. In truth, I knew I looked like a walking 1950s couch, but I loved the suit anyways. Seeking validation, I headed to the group chat to send a picture of the suit to my friends with the caption, "Do we love or hate her? I can't decide." I, of course, had already decided I would love this suit until my dying breath, but I wanted between one and three of my closest friends to back me up. Their responses landed somewhere between "I like your other suits better" and "Burn this nightmare." Let the record show: I will be buried in this suit. ♦







iconic

the beanie



iswaif.com/clothes

INTERN'S CORNER

WHERE IS OUR YOUTH?//

By Intern Joan Flaherty





16: The number that masquerades as a façade for freedom and youth. Growing up, my favorite media painted with vivid oils the picturesque image and magic of being sixteen. In middle school, I patiently waited for my own sixteenth birthday where I believed my life would magically transform to a John Green novel. I imagined myself falling in love with strangers, traveling the country with my friends, and all the other age-associated adventures that had been sold to me. Now, as I take the final lap of my teenagehood and inch closer to my twenties, I still look back on being sixteen with a tender fondness -- adding fairy lights and a magic hue to events that were just as mundane as my fifteenth year. Why do I think back on sixteen of any of my nine other teenage years as the epitome of my youth?

It just makes sense: everything about sixteen is the formulaic climax of youth. It's the year I could get my license and no longer have to wait for my mom to pick me up from rehearsals or drop me off at my friend's house. It allowed for a new found mystery

and freedom as I would drive in my friend's 1996 Toyota Camry with no way for anyone to track us or know what we were doing. It felt like an initiation into some cool young adult society the first time my friends and I drove miles away to smoke in some forest. Sixteen was an arbitrary number that I saw was when one could begin dating - maybe I thought this just because of the Mormon influences around me - but it seemed that with sixteen came a newfound maturity. It felt like an initiation into my next phase of life.

Maybe I'm just trying to reconstruct memories, adding patches to the cuts and gaps and romanticizing my life to try to make it be like some coming of age film and match the John Green novels I obsessed over. On a deeper analysis, though, Green's work and discussion of youth would have been truthful if he had chosen to write about people in the inbetweens of their teens and twenties - not fully out of one decade or fully adjusted to the other - instead of sixteen year olds "mature for their age." Only *now* do I feel like I've stepped into the sepia tinted life of

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young adult fiction. In the past, I thought youth ended at twenty-two, like once you put on your cap and gown, your nights of reveling must draw a curtain. Perhaps this perception comes from my cousins who were the the only young adults I was around growing up. Even then I would only see them at holidays, and when they were 22, I was nine and, at nine, anyone older than you seems like a fully formed adult. I don't know what I expected college to be like if I had deemed sixteen to be the climax of adolescence. College, in my opinion, harbors the youth experience and culture. It's an incubator and catalyst for the behavior I categorize as being so youthful. But, our youth does not fleet away from our grasp once we have a diploma in hand. The concept of "youth" is something vague, expansive, and free. We choose when we want to grow up and and can choose to hang up that coat of adolescence when we so wish. Youth is a composition that has yet to be concluded -- still in the act of discovering the tempo and jumps waiting to be surprised and feel out when it naturally dwindles. The culture that co-exists with it is something that connects young adults throughout the country through shared experiences and interests.



But who decides these rules on youth? Who identifies what composes a youth experience and youth culture? Where is this person or these people? Is LA the hot spot? The internet?

To answer these questions I first have to define "youth culture." How do you know where something is where you don't even know what you're looking for? To me, being young is more than just still being part of your parents' health insurance plans but the intimate special moments you can really get away with before you have obligations such as a full time job, a family of your own, or the immense and flooding pressure of "adulthood" and maturity. But, above all else it's a mindset and a choice. Anyone can pressure you to grow up, but you can still be responsible and youthful.

There is no cutoff for when you must stop going out or being silly with your friends. Youth is a play composed of many acts and few intermissions.

When I think about moments of my own life that are essential to youth culture, my mind jumps to memories of sleepovers in my friend's basement as we patiently waited for our midnight visitor to knock on her basement's door, smoking weed in the forest just to drive around with





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absolutely no agenda before eventually deciding on getting slurpees from the same Sheetz we went to every time, driving out to see the abandoned elementary school the next town over from my hometown so we could peer into the broken down school bus outside. It's memories of spending nights with my roommates smoking loose joints out the bedroom window, drinking cheap wine in the parks, and creating music together in our friend's bedrooms. Memories of sleepovers at my friend's apartment where all five of us sleep horizontally so we can sleep together in one bed. Having a language of phrases that only a few select people understand. Youth culture to me is the moments cut out of the coming-of-age films. The balance of freedom and danger -- being almost completely free but still having a chain holding us back, adding danger and excitement to it all. Those memories wouldn't have the same energy and magic if we could openly do all those things with punishments or had absolutely no agenda. Youth culture are the moments between nothingness and hecticness, filled with self-made chaos and acts of enjoyment to consume that time with delight and risk.

The people you fill the gaps with are the people who fuel the memories of being young. That's why every TV show that sells this nostalgia-fest of youthful excitement has a full ensemble of people -- one that comes to the top of my mind is *That's 70's Show*. Not that I view my life as a movie, but



sometimes it's fun to break it down that way. And I'm in love with the ensemble that make up the cast of my youth. They're people who understand, just as much as I do, the tender and special place we are in our lives. My friends are artists and some of the funniest and most creative people on earth. Living with my friends this year, I feel like has put me at the peak of a young adult experience - not in like a *Friends* way. But it's so special to be young and live with people going through the same things as you. Even more so, silence is easily filled with laughter and sadness swapped to joy.

I don't want to grow up. I feel almost terrified when my friends make comments saying that they're ready to be a thirty-something even though we've barely turned twenty. Or when my therapist said she thought I was an "old soul" — I immediately rejected her

commentary. It's not age I'm afraid of, but the fear of having to abandon the silliness and free spirit of being young. Something I've always loved about my friends is how ageless I feel around them. Adolescence is such a special, tender, human experience. It's about making mistakes. And it's about growth - growth that often hurts. This youth has its own growth spurts that hurt not in a physical but mental and spiritual sense. And it's





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something everyone gets to experience- I don't know why people I know are so ready to throw it away before they've even become well acquainted with the second part of their adolescence. Youth is something to be savored and something I'm desperately trying to grip onto to whilst it's still in my sight. I forever want my days to be filled with nights of friendship — from the extravagance to the little moments of sitting in my common room, laughing for hours about the dumbest jokes, to the minuscule memories, like having to clean up an entire smashed bottle of wine. I wish I could bathe myself in the memories I have and memories I still have to create.

To my friends who are presently drawing up escape plans out of youth -- from visions of marrying their high school sweethearts at twenty-one and moving to a suburb, to those already looking at buying the house next to their parents' to live at a similarly too young age: there's no pressure to give it all up / please do not abandon your youth. At least wait until you're like twenty seven, but even then there is no countdown to growing up. A memory of present youth does not have to take place in your hometown, your college, or New York City. These future nostalgic

memories can happen anywhere you are open to receive their impulse.

So where does our youth go? It goes where you decide. You are the keyholder and captivator to your own youth. All I have to say is from my own experience of my own youth which has simply begun. I have more nights to revel, more silence to fill, and more inside jokes yet to be discovered. To be young is my favorite chapter of life and one that I get to pen myself. And as I said before, if you really *must* fulfill some desire to move back to your hometown and have your children attend the same high school you did (although this act to me seems almost sinful in how comfortable it is for a person) at least wait until you're twenty-seven. Twenty-seven is a respectful age to allow your youth to end and be only memorable in old 35mm photographs to document a better time. ♦



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Wow



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Social media is the beating heart of our society and culture — the good, the bad, and the ugly. We want to have all of the information all of the time and we want it now. We want to know what our coworker's sister's friend wore to her prom and to see if her date really did look like a female version of Adam Driver. Update: She did and they were gorgeous together. Hour after hour we scroll through status updates, pictures of people we wish were our friends, and makeup tutorials, that it has become embedded in our DNA to constantly want content to consume. And even though I can never get that smokey eye (it comes out more of a dark fog, to be honest), my claws are quick to click on Jeffree Star's new video to fail again. Due to this constant content we are drinking up and spitting out, Millennials get a bad reputation for contributing to this new age of technology. People tend to throw influencers under the bus when they see them mentioning products in their videos or any type of ad on their platform. In fact, there are articles written about how this generation is the sellout generation. I mean that's a little harsh, but honestly, what choice did we really have?

Now hop in your hot tub time machine for a second and think about the last time critics would call musicians or actors sellouts. Now that we have arrived back to the present day, the first thing we need to dissect is what we mean when we use the term "sellout." When the term is thrown into conversation, it's usually used to describe someone who has given up their moral values in order to become rich and famous. I apologize for mansplaining, but here we are. Being a called a sellout usually leaves a bad taste in people's mouth because it coincides with the idea of basically doing anything if it meant it would lead to fame. It's not a good brand to have. However, the reason people think we are the sellout generation is because we now have an entirely new platform to create our



“Sponsorship has not turned us into sellouts; in fact it is because of sponsorships that we are allowed to profit off our loud and unique voices.”

own content and sell products: the Internet. It's a world where you can do just about anything if it means you'll get a retweet or a like. YouTube, Instagram, and Twitter are crawling with online celebrities that sit in front of a camera or behind a keyboard and provide entertainment for those like me, laying in my bed surrounded by Chipotle wrappers. These content creators are in charge of their own platform and can potentially post whatever they want for our viewing pleasure. Since a lot of our favorite YouTube stars create for a living and have

an audience that wants to follow along, there needs to be a way that they can create what they want to create and still be able to afford to pay their bills. That is where sponsorship comes in to play.

Sponsorships and ads are what keep content creators able to continue to create, which allows us to stay entertained. It's a beautiful circle. What comes into question is whether or not being sponsored is the same as selling out. Are these content creators giving up their moral integrity in order to climb the online celebrity ladder? Much like my smokey eye, it's a gray area. Yes, you do have those that will sell anything for a like or a view, but there are others that will only sell products that they actually love. In this economy, beggars can't be choosers sometimes. Remember,



PLACES OF INTEREST

- 1 The Getty Center
- 2 Universal Studios/CityWalk
- 3 Griffith Park/Zoo/Observatory
- 4 Hollywood Bowl
- 5 Grand Dunes
- 6 Exposition Park/USC
- 7 Hollywood Park RaceTrack/Forum
- 8 Arboretum/Santa Anita RaceTrack
- 9 Huntington Library
- 10 Queen Mary
- 11 Skirball Cultural Center
- 12 Knotts Berry Farm
- 13 Disneyland
- 14 Angel Stadium of Anaheim
- 15 South Coast Plaza
- 16 Orange County Performing Arts Center

closer to the stars



we are the generation of kids that were sold the American dream that getting an education and working a 9-5 job will solve all our financial problems. Now that we have those jobs, and since the cost of breathing has skyrocketed, we have to find any way we can to pay our rent. If that means talking about your annoying detox tea for second before you show us your nightly skin care routine, have at it, girl. People who want to continue to create on their platform for a living, almost always have to turn themselves into a business. Just because they have to sell a product does not mean that their moral integrity has burst in flames. Our generation has just figured out a way to be able to “make that money” and create what we want to create. Sponsorship has not turned us into sellouts; in fact it is because of sponsorships that we are allowed to profit off our loud and unique voices.

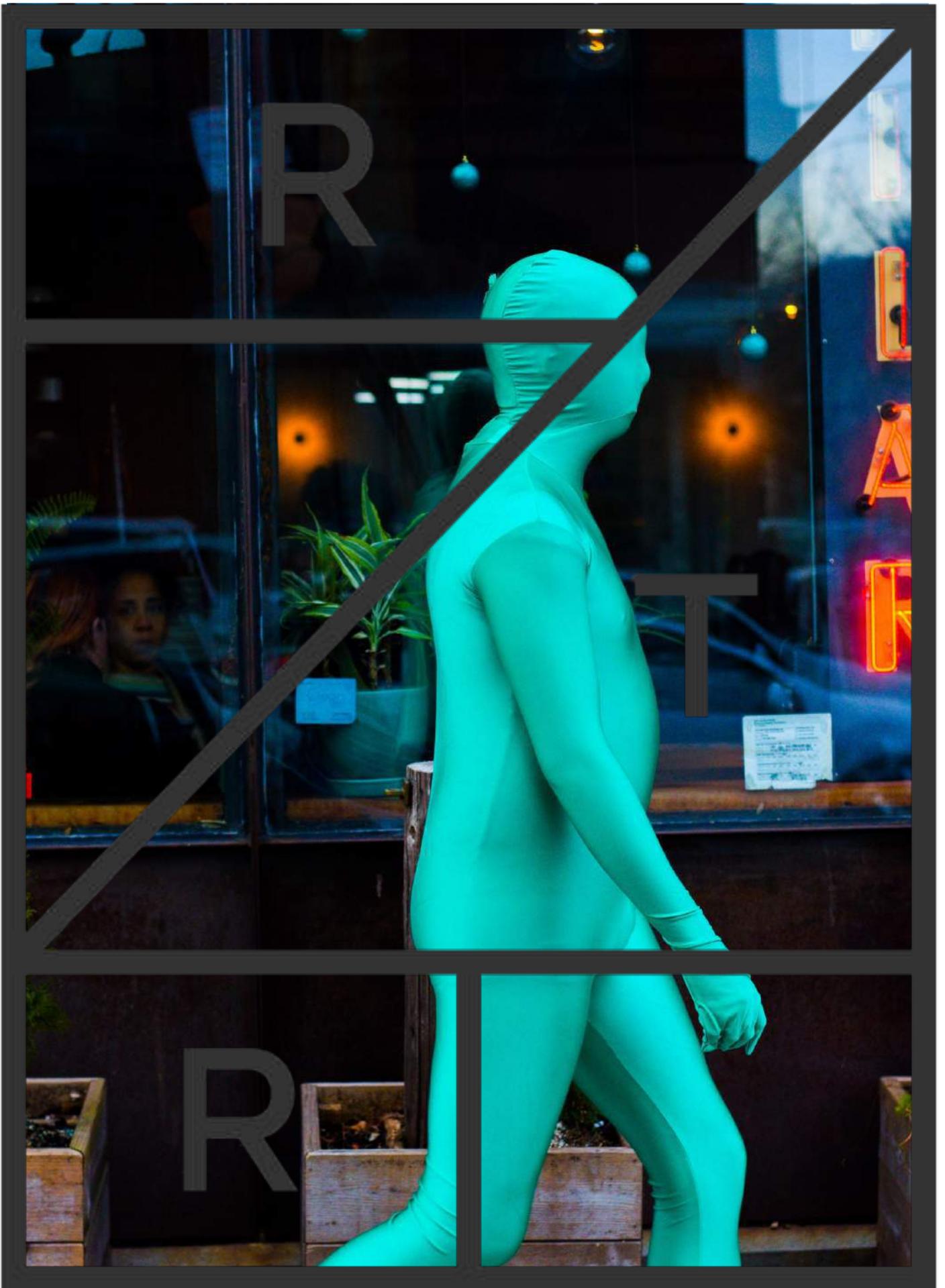
Being called a sellout in this day and age doesn't sting as much as it did when our parents were growing up. Sticking it to the man has changed from blasting rock 'n' roll music through a town that outlawed dancing to retweets, recording ourselves doing stupid stuff, and voting. It's still a name that is thrown at our generation a little too much, but times are different. We've had to adapt quickly to the alien world of the internet and we have transformed it into a space where our voices can be heard. Just because we get paid for it sometimes, doesn't mean we are corrupt. It just means we are smart. ♦



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