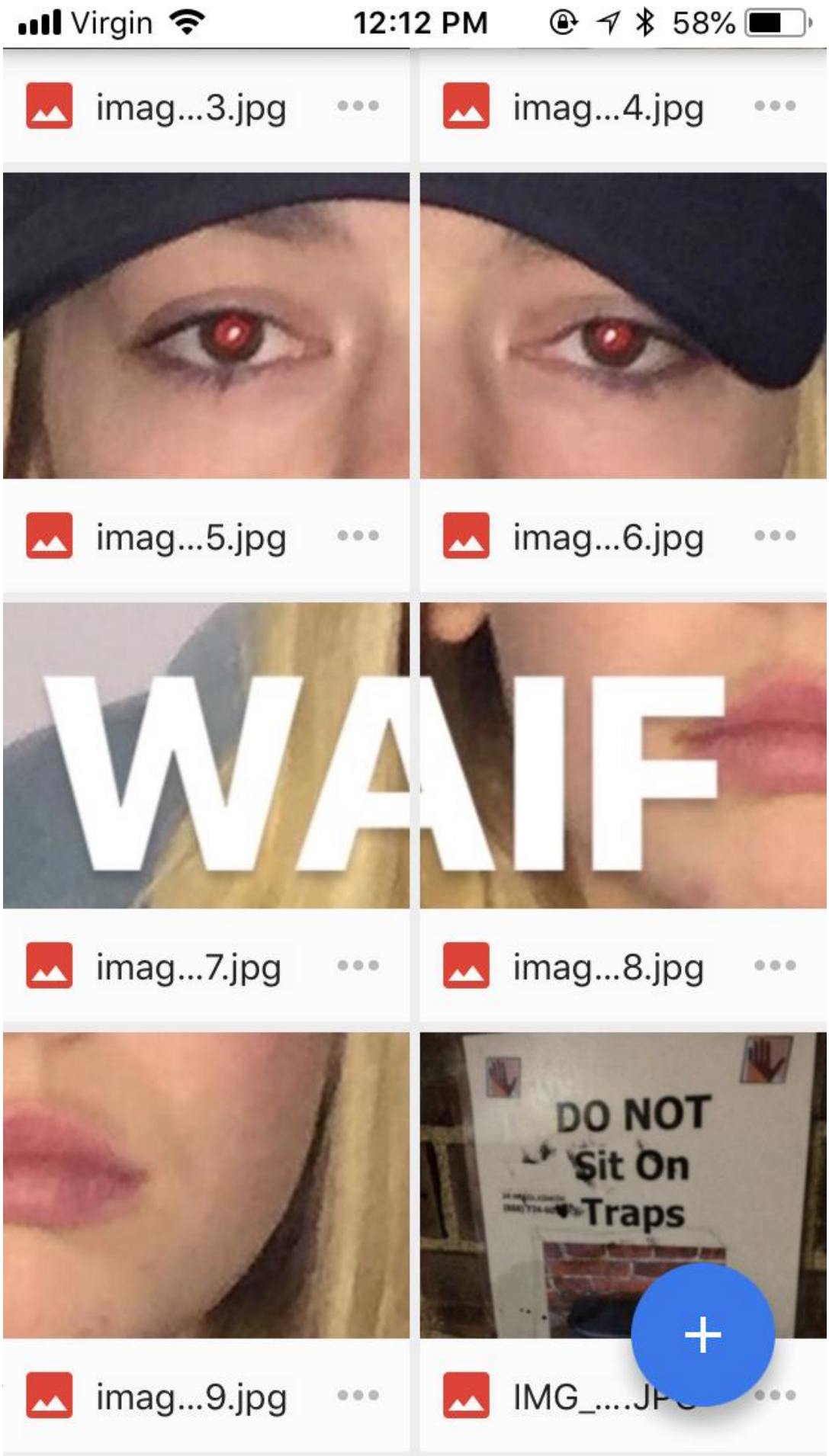

waif magaz -ine

issue 01

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.

is waif
is waif

waif

magazine

Conceived by
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This issue of waif features written work by

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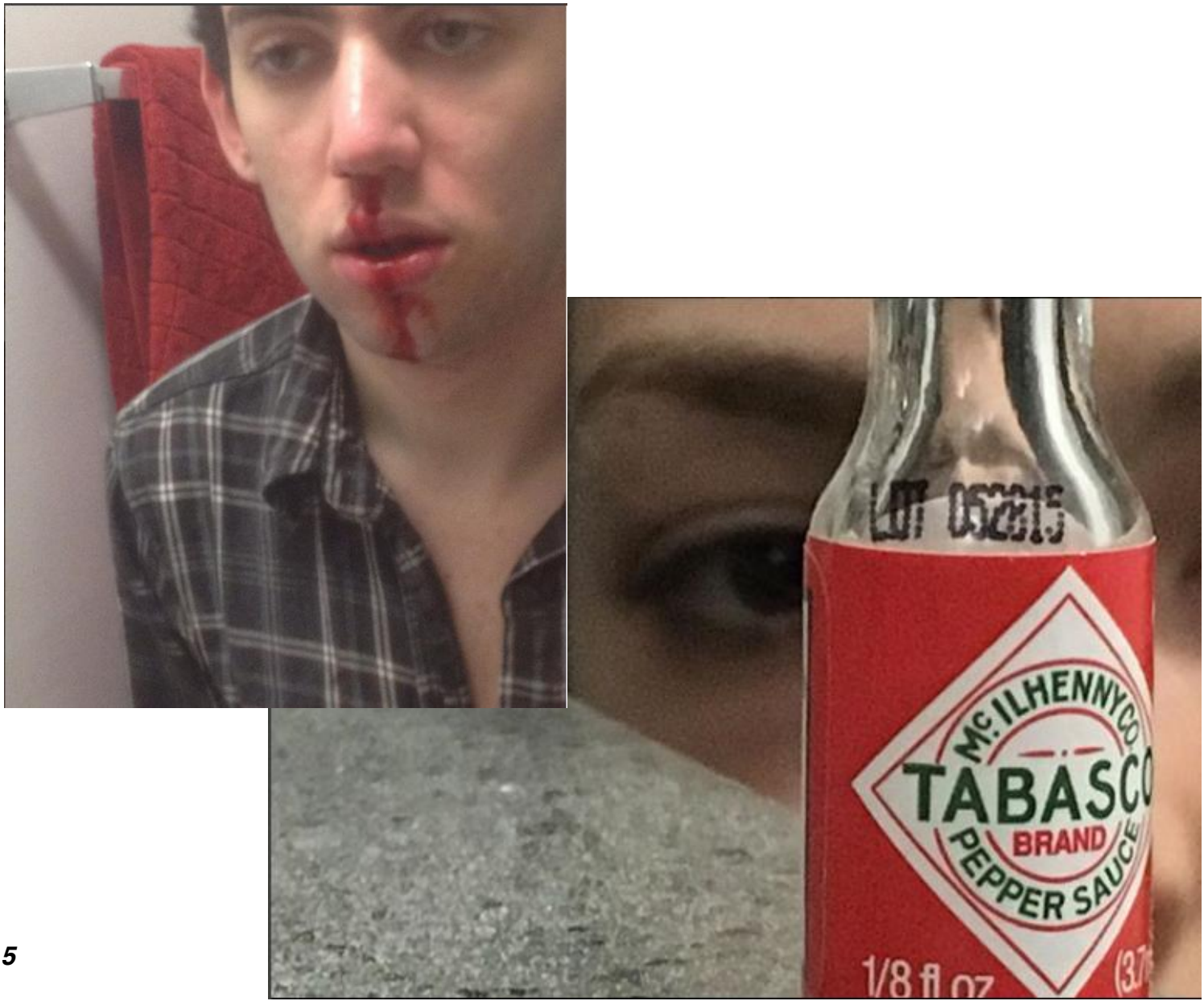
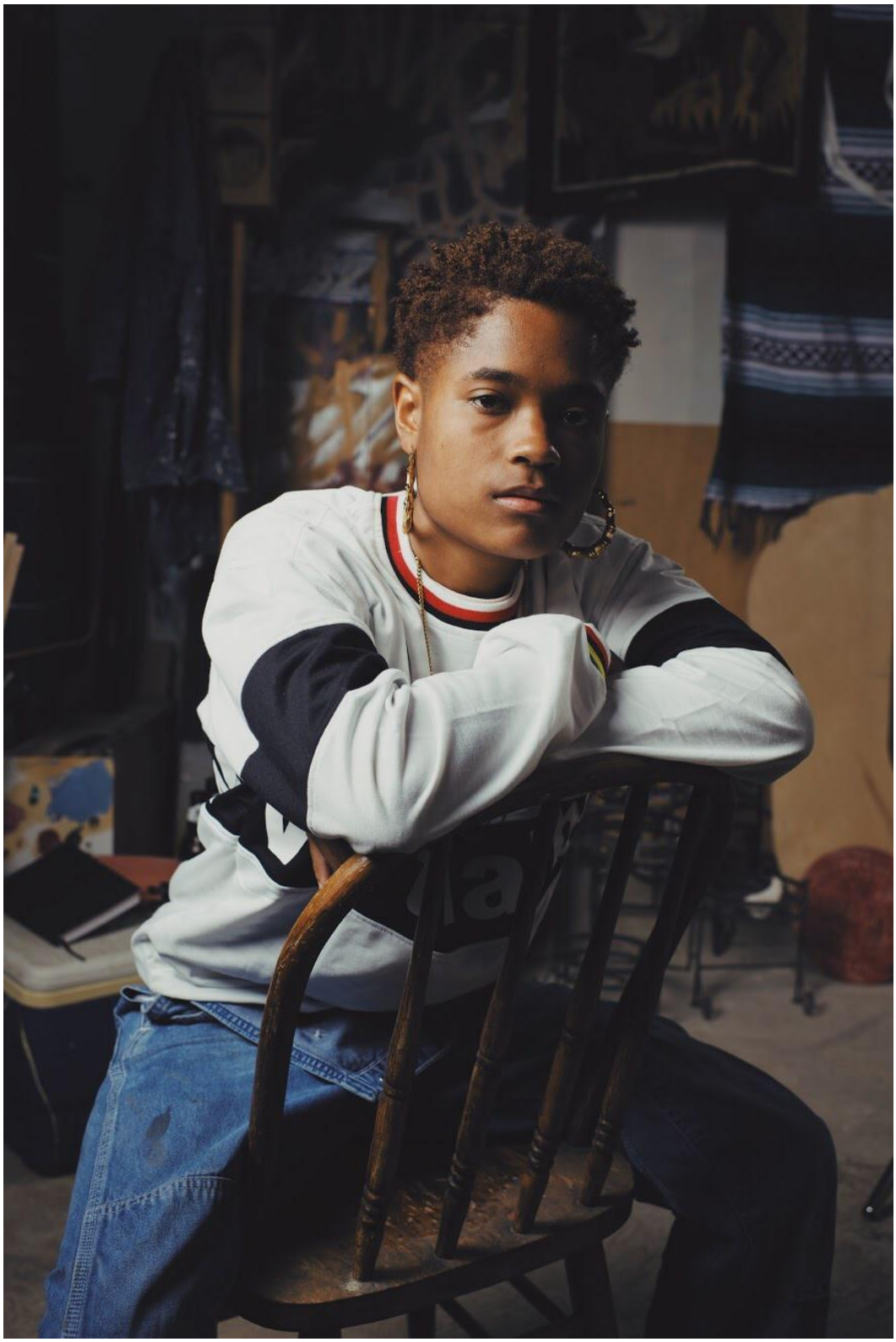
Submitted by Matthew Keim (Brooklyn, NY)



on Being in a Sorority in a ***post -*** _____ ***focused*** *United States*

by Giani Jones



My posture was different.

After years of family and friends chastising me for poor posture, branding me as someone who walked as if the weight of the world were on their shoulders, my posture was different. The semester I became a member of Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority, Incorporated through the Lambda Chapter, I finally stood up.

It was my second year at New York University, a PWI in the world's "melting pot" and I literally had no friends of color. And academically, no black or brown classmates. I was lost, and out of character and I didn't realize how much so until I gained membership to the first historically African-American sorority. I began to feel confident that, if/when I grew up I would have evolved into my most integral self because of the personal cultivation my sorority sisters facilitated.

My experiences as a queer black woman in the contemporary United States have been strongly influenced by attempts to marginalize, and ostracize me, from the mainstream both socially and in my academic pursuits, —or at the very least put me in my -subordinate- place within it. To survive in this hostile environment, it became necessary to familiarize myself with its resources (or lack thereof), overstand the aggressor and anticipate his attacks, and develop adequate strategies for self-defense.

"I came to realize how my own indoctrinated thinking needed to change, so that I may find myself capable of confidently dismantling this culture of stereotype…"

My strongest hesitations for pursuing membership—my queerness, my non-conformant gender performance, my insecurities in my own blackness—I gained confidence in and more strength in speaking up about them. These things, I thought, would hinder my ability to be accepted into this brilliant group of *pretty* women I had grown up aspiring to be, as my mother is also a member of the organization. Not speaking "this way," speaking "*this* way," the schools I went to, the places I've been, the "authenticity" of my "features." I came to realize through my sisters that these thoughts were being perpetuated even in my own thinking – feeling that I wasn't a normal black or a normal girl or the right kind of black woman. I , the love child of prejudiced discrimination and systemic oppression.

In Lambda Chapter I found a group of women who beyond the international purposes of Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority, Inc, pushed against stereotypes even within the sorority itself by demonstrating how standards, ethics, sisterliness and activism could be followed. These women demonstrated that individuals did not have to fall subject to the toxic group think mentality of collective aesthetics, essentialized blackness and essentialized femininity.

Through this transformative experience, my activism became more intentional.

In the ideal society, my personal relationships would not be corrupted by deep-seated angers against blacks, queers, and women. What would preoccupy me and others like me in this ideal society? Likely the kind of nostalgic, aesthetic, sterile, objects and content, and distinctively individualized afflictions I was attuned to when I was still confounded by an overwhelming guilt for bringing up my thoughts and concerns regarding race, ethnicity and queerness with my white and/or cis, and hetero peers.

Still, change isn't quick. It won't happen through everyone making innocuous posts on Facebook, a revolution isn't likely to be started in under 140 characters on twitter. Surely, we will need to rise from our computers for this one. And organizations like Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority, Inc. offer a space for the philosophically open individual to be cultivated in order to effectively come together with others in efforts toward progress. I know it's difficult, in this age where most of our needs and wants can be instantly gratified - this being one of the many benefits of living in the industrialized first world. But structural change is not a one shot goal; it can be really difficult to attempt to strategize and set up a long game, to focus on actual human to human contact and civic obligations.

Luckily, unlike many other four-year University based Greek organizations, Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority, Inc. and its sister and brother historically black fraternities and sororities of the Divine 9 are for life. Providing a perpetual space for we individuals to do this work.

Surely, there are a number of people who care deeply about racial justice, gender equality, Queer rights, and the destruction of *isms* and phobias, but who, for any number of reasons, do not yet appreciate the magnitude of the crisis being faced by minority communities as a result of structural systems of oppression. Surely, there are a number of people who have been struggling to persuade their friends, relatives, neighbors, co-workers, teachers and or political representatives that there is something eerily familiar about the way our justice system operates. Something that looks and feels a lot like an era we have supposedly evolved from and left behind. To the point where I have become angered by self-righteous statements such as, “But it’s 2018, man.” Like that’s some sort of excuse to reason or solution. We must move from a sense of righteous indignation towards a sense of righteous action. We must take more steps toward structural reform by interfering with the problematics of the present system of oppression and prejudice in our daily lives so that it can’t be taped off or blocked off for those who want to avoid the issue. I think the first step is helping people to dismantle the stigma associated with *other*.

"We must move from a sense of righteous indignation towards a sense of righteous action."

Part of my mission as a member of my sorority continues to be, to help empower individuals to speak their truth with greater conviction, due credibility and courage. So that critical issues are no longer brushed off as apparitions but as the vestiges of socio-cultural behaviors and legislation representing the effects from millennia of systems of oppression.

So, organize, build your community, speak up and act up. And if your personal contentment derives from the subversion of others you are problematic and messy and trash, please seek help. ♦

is waif

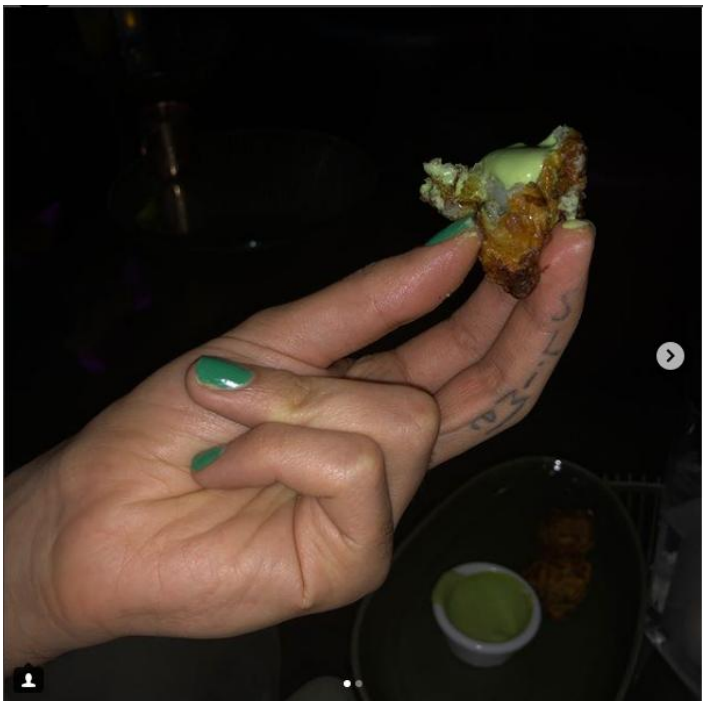
Brigette Lundy-Paine

A New Sort of Celebr-ity

By Zach Donovan

I have been following the career of Brigette Lundy-Paine, Netflix's latest it-girl, since she first stepped onto the scene in MTV's short-lived episodic *One Bad Choice* - where Lundy-Paine played a fourteen-year-old high school basketball player whose eye chooses an older girl for its apple. After appearances in V Magazine, Dazed, and Interview Magazine, and following her stunning look on the red carpet at the New York premiere of last summer's *The Glass Castle*, her career seems clear-cut - Brigette Lundy-Paine is the next Hollywood starlet: young, couture, careless.

Brigette FaceTimes me in New York from the backyard of her Los Angeles AirBnb, where she is staying while she films season two of her Netflix hit, *Atypical*. She is painting a portrait of a yellow-ish androgyne with a long string of pearly whites beaming up at me from the canvas. She shows me around her place, which reminds me of a Mondrian painting, with its polychromatic blocks of color reminiscent of the minimalist architecture of Istanbul.



I catch her in a moment of frustration: "My publicist just killed a bunch of pictures from my Interview Magazine photoshoot because I didn't shave my armpits." Celebrity publicists are granted a certain number of 'kills' after a photoshoot - photos that will never reach the public eye. Brigette is not known for her shame. Her Instagram feed features film photos of her and *Action Point* co-star Conner McVicker posing nude in a gym, as well as a 'woke up like this' photo of Brigette with her hair curled and mouth guards still in place to keep her from grinding her teeth in her sleep, or one of my favorites - a two-photo collection of Brigette with either neon green slime or green goddess salad dressing on her fingers captioned, "Sliiiiiiiimedogs." Brigette continues, enumerating several instances of photos killed: "Photos I staged with the photographer on set [of Johnny Knoxville's *Action Point*], like where I'm eating a hot dog but we made it look like I'm sucking a dick." We share a laugh. "I think [my publicist] has a different idea of what my 'image' should be."

I can't help but feel for Lundy-Paine, because after all, she is right. I never see her in real life wearing anything as traditionally couture as the clothes she appears in on Getty Images. In fact, most days, she doesn't even wear makeup. But Hollywood sets up celebrities for public consumption based on how they discern power - clean cut, well-groomed, stylish, unattainable. My time with her recently paints a different picture of Lundy-Paine, and a new portrait of what it means to be young, feminine, and famous.

A week prior to this phone conversation, I find myself at Brigette's Brooklyn apartment. It's a Tuesday and we're getting ready for a night out. Brigette enters the room carrying a couple of glasses with ice and a bottle of Bulleit Rye. She pours us drinks and we share a toast to, I can't remember, maybe youth. We drink.

Brigette reveals a tube of pink lipstick. “This is not mine,” she says as she begins to put it on her eyelids in thick, stark lines of makeshift eyeshadow. She shows me a picture on her phone of a model with the same makeup: “This was my inspiration.” She sips her whiskey, not the vodka soda or cosmopolitan oft associated with young Manhattan socialites; she has no interest in the palatable.

Just a few days earlier, I accompanied Brigette to a party at her mom’s friend’s house on the Upper West Side. Her mom requested that Brigette help to get all of the adult guests to dance, and so Brigette became the DJ of the evening, requesting several times to use someone else’s phone to play music. She plays Bruno Mars and presumably breaks one set of speakers with Dua Lipa’s “New Rules,” but either way, she has set herself up to please the crowd.

After connecting to new, more capable speakers, the adults begin making requests. “Madonna!” they say, “ABBA!” they say. She abides for a bit, then puts on Princess Nokia’s “Tomboy.” Nokia raps about, “My li’l titties and my fat belly/ my li’l titties and my fat belly/ my li’l titties and my fat belly/(that girl is a tomboy),” over which Brigette sings along with different words: “My big titties and my flat abs/ my big titties and my flat abs/ my big titties and my flat abs…” She is more a tomboy than the girly girl image that dominates her profession, but there is also something distinctly un-tomboy about Brigette’s demeanor. She sees it too, willing to play along with mainstream convention, but daring to alter it slightly, knowing that her loyal fans, friends, and family, will stand with her, advocating for something different. The adults from ten minutes prior have disappeared into the kitchen for another drink.

Fast forward a few months and Brigette is on the red carpet for the Marie Claire Fresh Faces event in LA. She attends in a nice black outfit, nothing too flashy, she has to keep it simple since she is also wearing heavy eye makeup and a goatee. She looks like Dave Navarro of Jane’s Addiction. I think this comes across as a big Fuck You to the event hosts more than anything, but it is a funny stunt, and a great challenge to the tried and true beauty brands hosting the event: why can’t a woman be hairy and beautiful without also adopting the label of tomboy?

“Clothing should hang from your body, like skin dripping off bone.” Back in her Brooklyn bedroom, Brigette wears a giant black sweatshirt that cuts off mid-thigh. It’s either some designer piece or her latest thrift store purchase. I don’t ask because it would be impossible to know if she’s telling the truth, and, frankly, Brigette does everything in such earnest that the truth doesn’t matter. She tells me about another event she attended in LA - some fashion event that she tried really hard to get into. Trans icon Hari Nef was in attendance, along with some other young queer

celebrities. Brigette tells me that she tried to get a picture with Nef and some other Netflix series actors including the guy who plays the main gay character from *13 Reasons Why*, but for whatever reason, every time they tried to take the picture he would look away. And it's these earnest attempts to assimilate into her own culture without sacrificing her personal interests that set Brigette apart from the crowd.

In this era of political activism, we expect celebrity involvement, and in some cases we vilify those celebrities who choose to remain silent in these issues. This is also true of the twentysomething liberals demographic - if you're not using your platform to raise awareness of the most recently exposed injustice, you are taking the side of the oppressor. Brigette, I imagine, feels double the pressure to engage in this conversation, being both a celebrity and twenty-three-year-old. Last August, the day after a highly attended, highly publicized protest outside a certain tower in Midtown NYC, Brigette texts me in the morning, asking if I want to go protest with her. I agree, but offer the stipulation that I have to be at work at 1. We meet in Brooklyn and take the L train into Manhattan.

"Are there protests happening today?" I ask.

"I think so, why wouldn't there be?" Brigette responds. "I wish we had brought signs."

We are empty handed, we realize. But maybe our voices will be strong enough. As we continue on towards the tower, we see a dead bird in the road. We joke that we could protest with the wing of a dead bird instead of a sign. Brigette chants: "This sym-bolizes what you do to America: tearing off our wings, so we can't fly!" It's a bit more Ozzy Osbourne than we're cut out for, but a funny idea nonetheless.

Of course, when we arrive, there are no protesters, but the building is open to the public. With no plan, we head inside and make our way through security. We go upstairs to the Starbucks and make small signs with notebook paper and ballpoint pen. We head back downstairs to a velvet curtain backdrop we spotted on our way in - a perfect place for whatever demonstration we will make.

We set up our stage - we've been in front of a velvet curtain before. We reveal our signs, each displaying text from the recent demonstrations in Charlottesville, NC including a quote from Heather Heyer, one of the civilian women slain in the protests: "If you're not outraged, you're not paying attention." Within five seconds, we are approached by a few security guards who tell us signs are prohibited and we must put them away. We honor their request, but Brigette starts chanting: "If you're not outraged, you're not paying attention." This only angers security more. Through a series of negotiations, they decide it's not a disturbance if Brigette chants at a conversational volume. We're standing our ground pretty well; they have painted the picture that I am Brigette's boyfriend, and I don't deny it - I figure it will make for a better story in the long run.

Now, as the middleman and rational pawn in this hostage negotiation, the policemen talk to me about the options: either I take my girlfriend, Brigette, and leave the property or risk being sent to Riker's Island for six weeks. I turn to Brigette and suggest that actually our demonstration was not having the intended effect, disregarding the fact that we had not planned any part of this stunt. Unrelenting, she says to me, "If you're not outraged you're not paying attention." It's the strangest case of Stockholm Syndrome; I feel like the young Natalie Portman's Matilda in *Leon The Professional*, except, not only am I the young girl in love with a hitman, I'm the hitman in love with this young wonder, wise beyond her years.

At this point, the whole ordeal has escalated as high as it can escalate. Brigette turns sharply to the security guard and delivers one final remark, before grabbing my arm and storming out through the atrium café just outside the tower, security in tow to make sure we were really finished. Once we get outside, Brigette shouts: "FUCK! I'm so mad. It's a public place, and I kept thinking that, if Shailene Woodley got arrested at Standing Rock, I can get arrested." She's right of course - Shailene Woodley did get arrested during the 2016 #NoDAPL protests at the Standing Rock Reservation in North Dakota, but I assure her that it's okay that we left; there will be another bigger, better opportunity to get arrested for a cause another day. We part ways (I have to get to work).

What Brigette says about Shailene Woodley has really stuck with me. Woodley is not dissimilar from Brigette. She's been playing the game a bit longer, sure, but by and large, it seems to me that they're playing the same game. I think about how Shailene Woodley was probably not the only person to get arrested at Standing Rock, and I wonder whether Brigette sees Woodley as role model or peer. And the more time I spend with her, the more I wonder whether I see Brigette as role model or peer, and whether it's possible, especially in this situation, for both options to be true. Celebrities are people first, after all.

Celebrity coverage in America is confusing, in that consumers value authenticity and accessibility more than ever. Take Kim Kardashian for example. Her entire brand has been built around this idea that celebrity role models are as in touch with their fans as they are untouchable. We argue with and eat salad with our siblings. We are embarrassed by our moms who are only trying to help us. The Kim Kardashian the world fell in love with is not the airbrushed model from the magazine covers - it's the living, breathing, funny, flawed, human Kim that we can't get enough of. Any issue of Us Weekly is riddled with features about how the stars are just like us - and they are! Like Brigette, I too live in an apartment in Brooklyn. The only difference is that I am not the subject of a magazine article. As consumers, we've begun to idealize the very lifestyle we already live. The celebrity/civilian landscape has been molded into this strange dystopia where everything is true and everyone is his own self, but we all aspire to be a version of ourselves that we have already achieved.

I think about one other night I spent with Brigette, two summers ago. We get duped into going to this literally gay party on the west side of Manhattan. You know, like 47th street between 11th and 12th avenue - crazy out of the way."Didn't I send you a discount code?" the promoter asked me as we each handed a twenty to the door person. I did not receive a discount code.

I have a backpack on in this club, what I consider to be the cardinal sin of any social scene. In the whole 90 minutes we're there, we run into several people we know. I remember a drag queen dressed in trash, and I remember Brigette and I talking with a friend and commenting how the dance floor looked like it was full with several sets of twins - "Everyone is dancing with someone who looks exactly like themselves." A sea of shirtless gay boys writhes on the dance floor. I remember wanting to be them, but being glad that we weren't.

We leave the party early, even though we had to pay to get in. We turn the corner to head downtown and catch our train home, but maybe a block and a half from the party, we see a girl, probably a couple years younger than we were, passed out on the sidewalk in a nice cocktail dress, covered in vomit, phone in hand. Brigette stops and tries to wake her up. "It's not safe out here, we just want to help you," Brigette assures the girl, though this girl is so intoxicated that I'm not sure she is hearing what Brigette is saying at all.

We ask, "Where are you coming from? Where are you trying to go? Who were you with? Where are they now? What's your phone passcode? Where do you live?" These last two questions are crucial. The girl somehow gets us these two pieces of information before she becomes completely incoherent. I suggest we call the last person she texted - in her phone as something like "Cocaine mama." I remember because the girl also tried to assure us that there was no relation to any drugs, it was just a nickname she gave this particular friend.

We try a few times to get Cocaine mama on the line before she calls us back. Brigette swipes her own finger through a layer of vomit on the phone's screen to take the call. Cocaine mama is upset because she and the rest of their group realized they had lost their friend and searched for her for some amount of time before giving up and going to Staten Island. That's where they are now - Staten Island. I can't think of someplace further from where we are now, or more difficult to get to, than Staten Island. Cocaine mama hangs up and we cannot get ahold of her again.

We decide that we need to get her home. We hail a cab and give the driver her address, but he refuses to drive our unconscious friend unless we ride with her. In hindsight, this makes perfect sense, but in the moment, it was only frustrating. After realizing our only option is to ride with her, we get in the cab and we're off.

Brigette sits in the front seat and somehow gets ahold of the girl's mother to let her know we're on our way, but it's an hour cab ride to the address in Ozone Park, Brooklyn. Brigette and I have lived in New York for 5 years at this point and neither of us have been to Ozone Park before, and in the years since this night, we haven't been back. It is far. We expect to get to her house by 2am.

The drive I remember as the most beautiful drive I've been on. Once you get off the West Side Highway, you hit the Carey tunnel under the East River and you emerge near Carroll Gardens, weave through Gowanus and past the Green-wood Cemetery, through Sunset Park and around Bay Ridge, and you can see the Verrazano bridge, and that's already pretty far. We keep driving and pass Coney Island, where Brigette and I went to celebrate my 21st birthday. I point, but Brigette is asleep in the front seat by now. Beyond Coney Island, I don't remember what there is. It really seems like we could have driven forever, just the four of us, and I would have been content.

We arrive at the girl's house and are greeted by her mother, worried but grateful. She pays the cab fare, and the driver finally understands the dynamic of the situation. He drives us back to Brigette's apartment in Williamsburg. Brigette and I share an exhausted laugh on the street and embrace. "Come in, have a drink, sleep over," Brigette offers. It's basically 3am at this point, so I politely decline and walk home - I have to be at work at 8.

Maybe my relationship to Brigette Lundy-Paine seems more personal than professional, but I think this more individualized, independent experience of celebrity is crucial to how we consume pop culture these days. We all want to feel cared for, even by people we will likely never meet. I think about this when I think about Brigette, especially as she has begun to carve out a place for herself in an incredibly competitive workforce.

Earlier this summer, Brigette and I briefly meet in the backyard of a Brooklyn coffeeshop. We both order the iced tea. Brigette orders the egg salad sandwich on a croissant. She offers me half, but I decline - I'm not sure if I like egg salad, but I appreciate the gesture. We talk about work and relationships and travel and spend just as much of the conversation laughing as we do sitting silently. What sets Brigette apart from the crowd, for me, are these moments where she employs her own individuality to make us feel important, whether we're friends, colleagues, or fans. How I experience Brigette, personally, is not all that different from how we collectively experience Brigette; my moments may be longer, more tangible, and more contextualized, but by and large these are landmarks of our time together -- picture perfect reminders of a shared experience.

Long before any of this - the fame, the parties, the fashion, the protests - Brigette and I are in class together: the Suzuki method, an acting training based in strength, stamina, adaptability. Part of this class involves running in a small studio space with about twenty other people, diving into and through empty spaces without hurting the people running with us. Brigette tells me often about how she has internalized this exercise, how 'they' always say that nothing sets you apart from your competition, but there is literally nothing left to set someone apart from the crowd: "everyone has already been weird, so the threshold for what makes [a public figure] weird is so much higher." This past spring, Brigette posts Instagram stories from the set of *Atypical*, of her climbing into small cabinets in her trailer and closing the door behind her. I don't have the video to show you, due to the fleeting nature of the Instagram story, but I think the platform serves this performance. The images are strange, but it's in these elusive moments that we get to know Brigette best. ♦

TOSHIBA

D.M.

by ***Jordan J. Baum***
illustrated by ***Mina Walker***

I had a dream the other night about another person's dream.

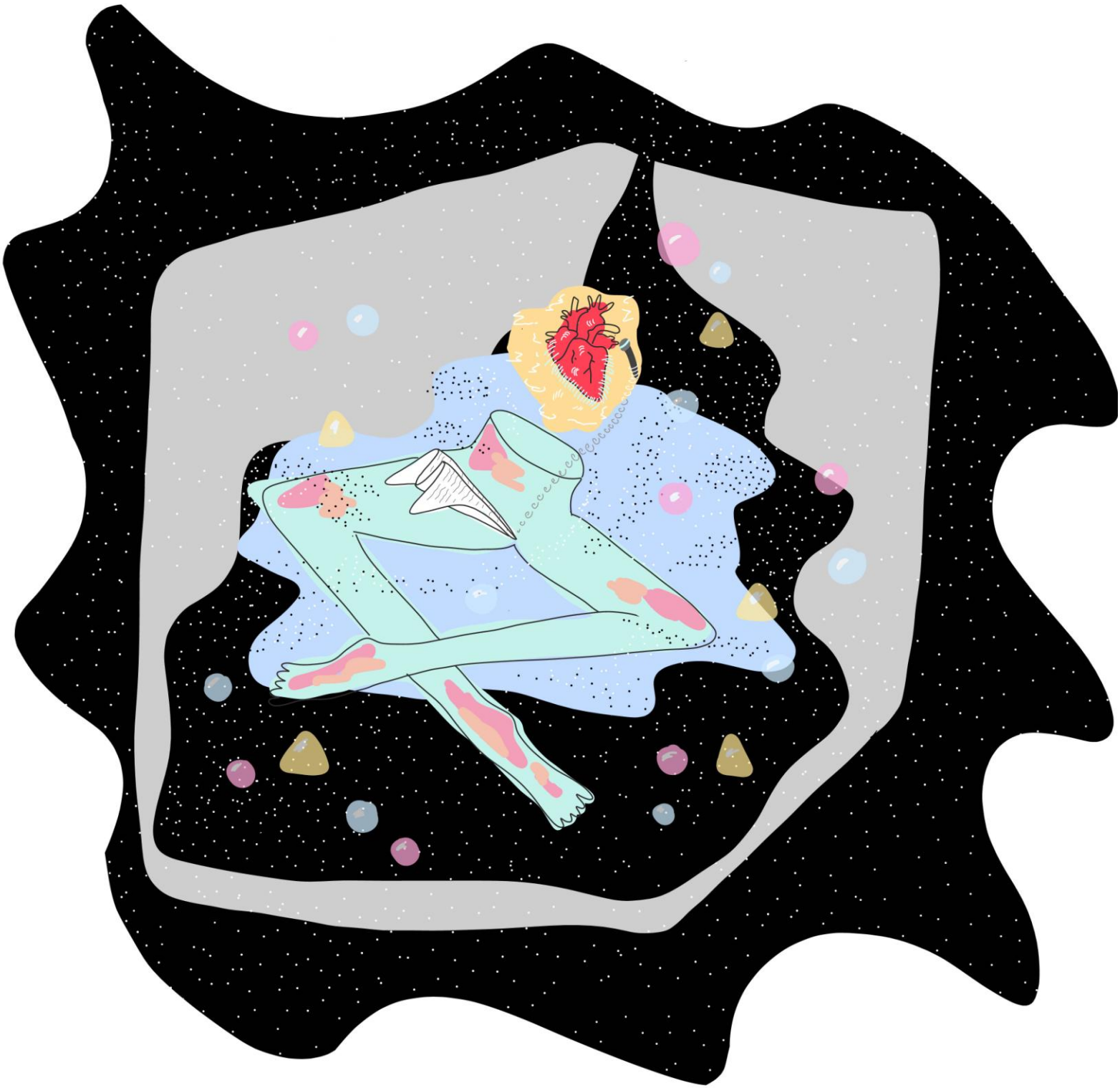
But the other person's dream wasn't real. It was happening but it wasn't real. It was like a rollercoaster but a rollercoaster that was on TV. And the rollercoaster had legs & could crawl across a desert. A sharp sharp desert made of glass. But the desert at any time could be SMUSHED like a grape. And crumpled into a spiky little ball that you could drive into someone's skin like a hornet. You could get in your car, drive THROUGH the spiky little ball, & end up in denial.

Anyway in the dream I came across a large large large magnet. I say magnet but it wasn't really a magnet. It didn't really look like anything. It didn't really look like *anything*.

It was black, but that didn't matter. The whole dream was black. There was actually no dream.

It was just blackness inside a dark space. But the space was twisty, like a crumpled up tissue. It wasn't quite like a crumpled up tissue, although there was snot everywhere. The whole dream had the feeling of a snot, like it was hard to move.
Black black black black dark black translucent snot, through which you could see millions & millions & millions of tiny dots. The dots had no mass, but they were there, like marks on a paper. The only reason you could see the paper was

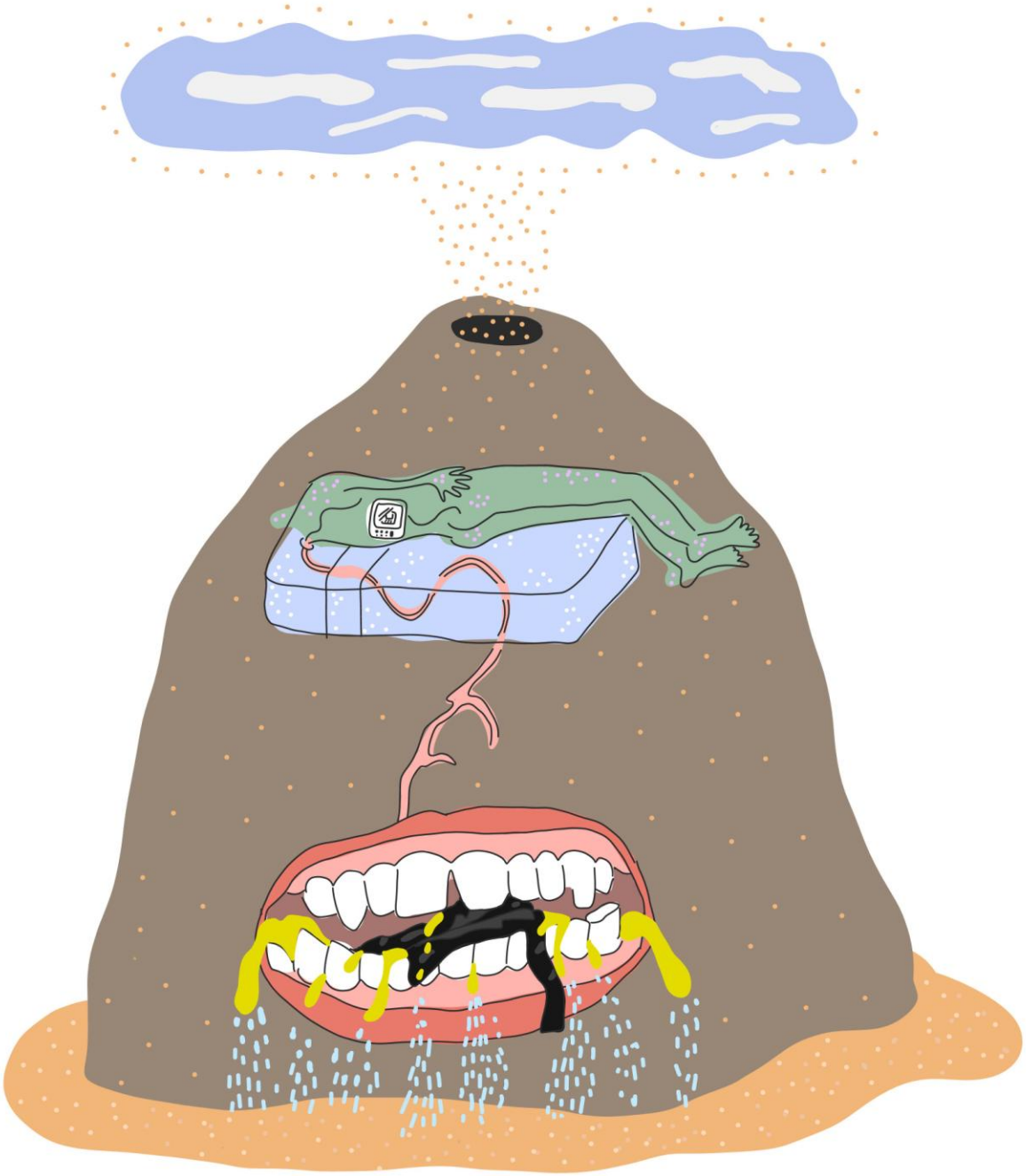
because a light was shining in the back of it, a light that was made out of paper. It shone a lightlike substance that was actually lined notebook paper. And the notebook paper was cold you could tell.



Inside the notebook paper was a crease because it had been folded into a paper airplane. And you could feel the sensation of a pastel being dipped into ink & then being pushed down into the crease of the paper & slowly dragged across. You could feel it as if you were paper. But if only the parts of your body with the most nerve endings were paper. The tip of your penis,& your clitoris, your asshole, & your neck. So whenever you experienced pleasure in these areas you heard the sound of paper being rubbed. Like when you scribble with pen on a piece of paper & then smudge the ink with your finger. The smudgy rubbery sound.

And the rubbing sound got louder & louder & seemed to take up the entire dream, as if there were speakers on either side of the stage of the dream & got turned up to their highest volume, so you were hearing not only the amplified paper sound, but also the feedback from the microphones recording it. But then the microphones were rubbed against paper too, so the sounds combined. And you realized --- my penis is a microphone, my clitoris is a microphone. And you realized all the inner sounds of your body were being amplified too. Your blood cells were amplified. Your lungs were amplified. And the microphones were cold cold cold against your lungs & between your upper gums & your lip. And your heart had a microphone too, a microphone that curled up & up & up was made not out of electrical wires but out of tiny tiny toothrbush hairs that were curled together & now tickled your heart, tickled your heart & then amplified the tickling.

And your heart when it is being tickled produces the most beautiful sound: the sound of the center of a heavy object.



You ask what it is, the sound of the center of a heavy object (in the dream) & you are told you are inside of a heavy object. You realize that you are at the center of a soft soft cube, softer than air. And you say this is not a heavy object, this is softer than air. But then, because the cube is softer than air, the air slowly stars to seep in. And its filling up & filling up & you never expected air to be so heavy. And so black & glittery. And as it fills up the cube it changes bubbles. First it has hot bubbles then cold bubbles then triangle bubbles. And since its cut off from the other air, it gets really really heavy & hot & baked, & dense.

And you realize you're supposed to be listening for a sound. But all you can hear is the sound of someone wearing a leather jacket & slowly shifting on a bed, shifting one way, then the other, with a microwave wedged deep in the person's asshole, & a microphone in the miccrowave recording the sound of the sound of the jacket being heated up by the microwave.

So the whole cube sounds like the sounds of this leather jacket on a bed. And then the leather jacket gets SLURPED into the bed. Sthlwoop. Into a hole in the bed. And it appears in my mouth. A warm warm leather jacket, slightly chewed on.

And I start to chew on the leather jacket, sucking on it, covering with my spit, gnawing on it, making it soft.

And I realize that the spit is neon, I can feel it, it's neon.

And I realize that the neon is spit is soft, & I spit it out, & it makes a little bit of rain.

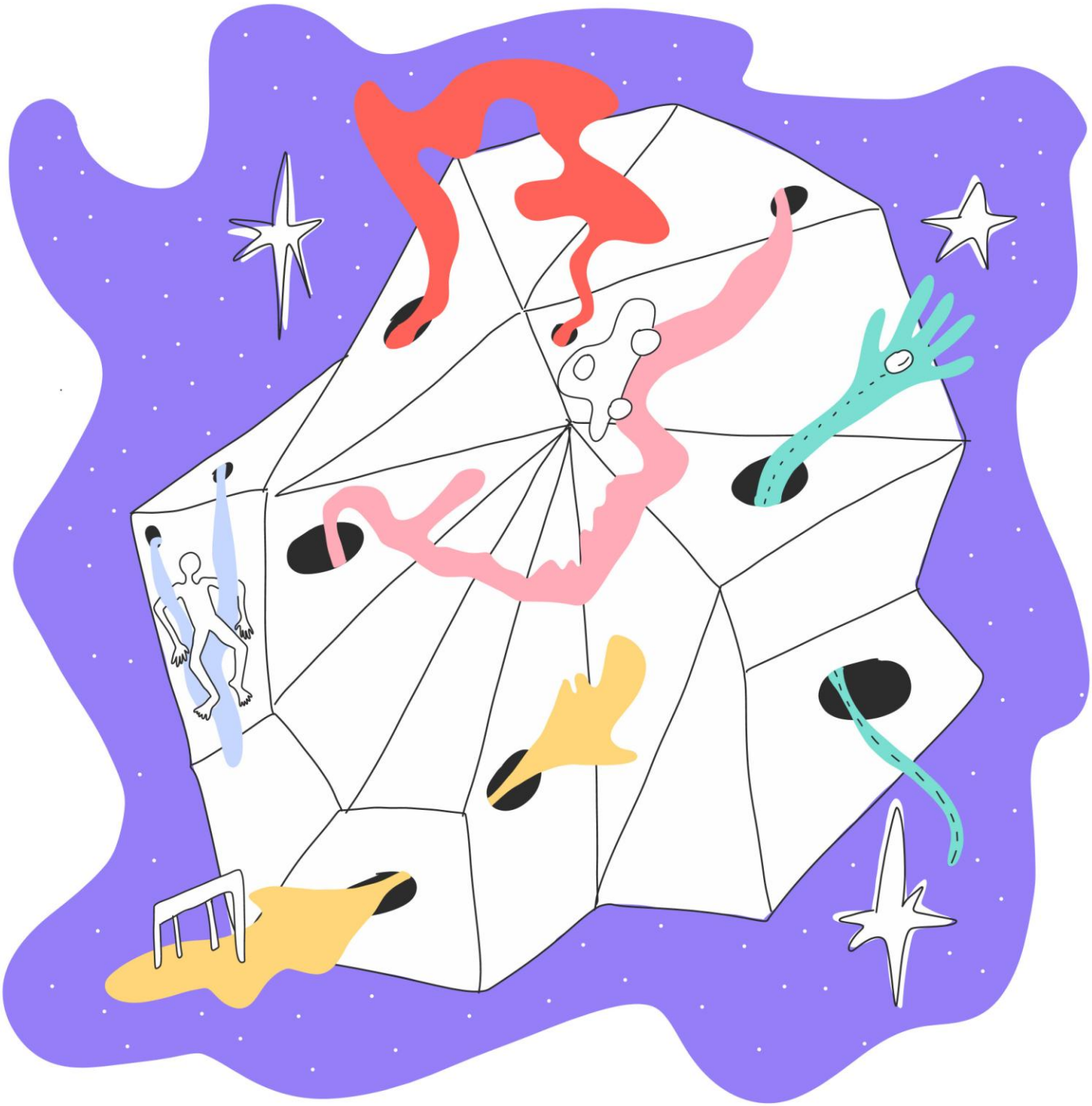
The rain is sand, but the sand goes up, inside of a mountain. The mountain compresses & flattens & it's really cold, you feel it with your naked body.

Because you start to ascertain that the entire solar system is a twisted twisted metal & the way the universe FEELS is when you have a metal cap on your tooth & you bite into metal. That's how the universe feels, all the time, bouncing up & down against nothing.

The curves of the universe are actually edges, the edges are actually holes, the holes are actually spots, & the spots are actually pigment, containing the universe itself because there is no in or out.

The dream ends with you going in & out, of nothing, then a gray gray desk, then a car, then a person, & then bare skin (your own in.) As the dream ends you pop up inside your own skin.

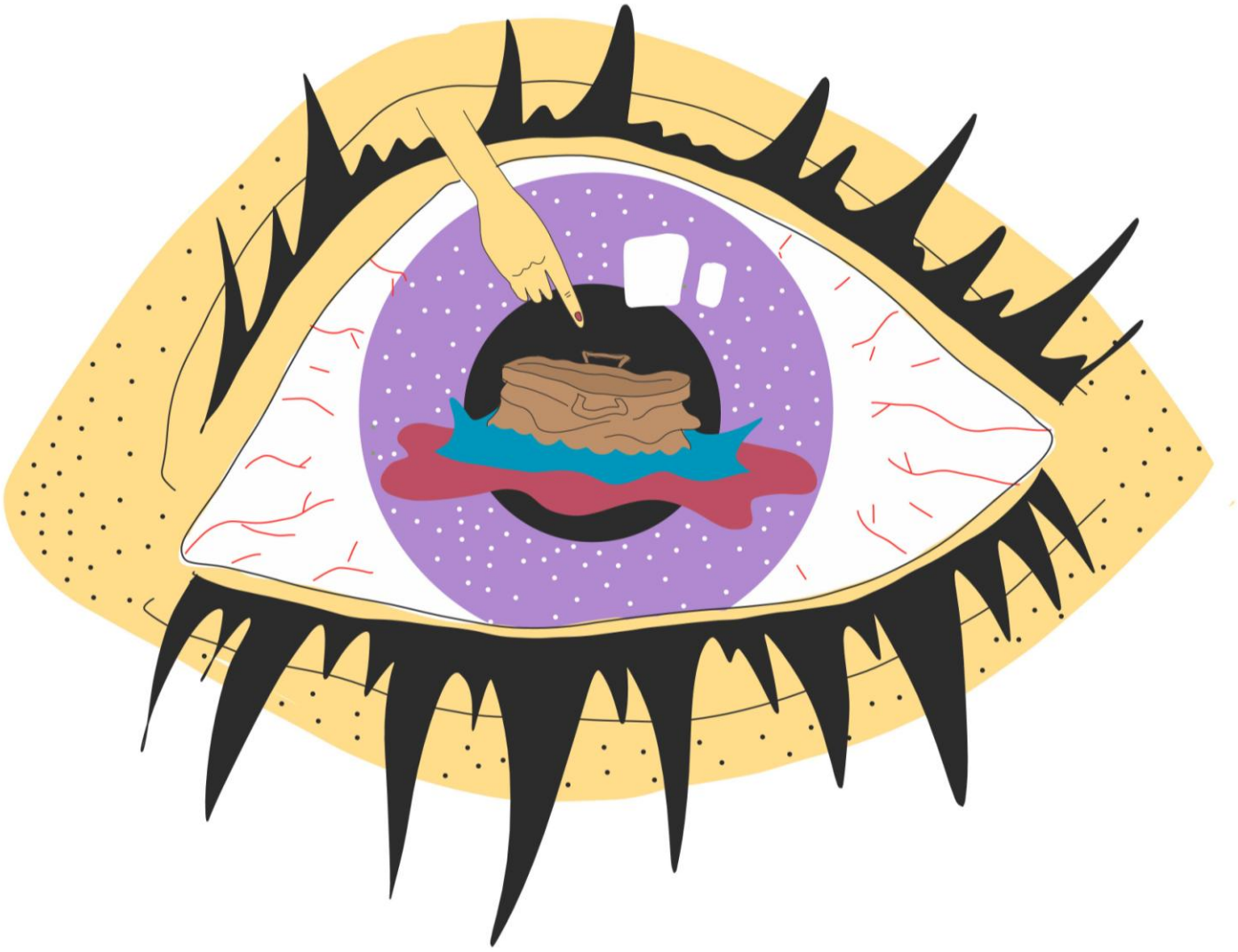
And your skin flips inside out & you can trace a pebble along your flesh & when you fall you fall inward, into nothing, because you're actually a many many angled diamond looking out into the universe in all directions at once. Like you're a bag turned inside out & the universe had to go somewhere else.



So the universe is gone & just the bag is left. You try to look inside the bag, but you can't because you're not there. You try to adjust your view of the bag, but you can't do that either, because you can't see the bag. And you try to move but when you try to move you move the bag instead, & then the bag leaves.

You pretend to be a bug getting squished flat & that's how you feel flattened. And you imagine that the universe is what's spread out beneath you, but that curls up into a motorcycle & drives away fast, into what you think your vision is.

And your vision crumples & becomes a huge boat which is actually a button, & when you press the boat you wake up. ♦



Thank you for reading Waif Magazine issue 01.

Issue 02 will be released the first week of August and will feature stories of being cursed in New Orleans, saving dirt in Ziploc bags, and an inside look at the house of a Waif.

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EPILOGUE

Waif Fan Mail
Submitted by ***Matthew Keim,*** Brooklyn, NY

“All of these pictures are blurry. Can’t they hire a real photographer?”
-Jane Sedgwick from SoHo

“They’re all wearing these hideous white tshirts that drape and billow about. Each shirt has been emblazoned with the slogan “is waif” in what appears to be italicized helvetica. There is no beauty here.”
-Jack O’Leary, second understudy to the lead Angel Shadow

“I don’t want to hate wildly. I want to hate pointedly and with venom. These pictures are bad. There is no balance between the blacks and the whites or the hot and the cold, and everything in between comes out beige. I’ve seen better portraiture from my 3-year-old niece.”
-Janice Stapleton, photographer

“i mean, i guess it’s cool. idk. they seem to have gotten their facial expressions right - an almost sublime boredom.”
-jjjaaaaaaaaaay via instagram dm

“It all seems a bit out of place, and they all seem to be ok with it. Now can you please let me by?”
-Overheard in the restroom line at the Morton St Starbucks

“What does waif even mean?”
-John Beaner, dishboy at Variety Coffee in Bushwick

What is Waif

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