

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 15: Refuse Fashion 3

Conceived by
SUBTLE PRIDE

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This issue of Waif Magazine features the talents of

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waif



***BAG BIRD**
This up & coming fashion icon received attention this month for having higher social media engagement than Kendall Jenner & Gigi Hadid combined

***NICKI MINAJ**
Retirement is Waif. IRAs are Waif. Unlike health care and Social Security, which create great tension and controversy among Democrats and Republicans, the current retirement system remains popular and bipartisan.



***CURTAIN DRESSES**
Surprise your mom. Take down the curtains and turn them into matching dresses for you and your 6 siblings. She's going to love it.



*** READY, SET, SIT**
Hallelujah! The day has finally come that scientists have proven using a seat cover doesn't protect you from germs. So go ahead! Sit, be merry, just don't flush feminine products we have very old pipes, thank you!

accept

refuse



*** VSCO GIRLS**
Love them or hate them, they're here to stay & they're gaining strength every time they lug their 30 lb HydroFlasks to class in their pj's



*** HAIR SHIRT**
Hair is the new shirt



*** ZOE & KARL'S JACKETS**
Not just for twins, matching is a popular way to show unity between two or more individuals

*** CHEMICAL PNEUMONIA FROM VAPING**
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A Waif doesn't need a skin heel to turn their feet into fashion



not waif

NO!

This Nightmare Must

End:

In the Name of Humanity,

We REFUSE to Accept Fashion in America

FOR AND AGAINST

FLAKING//

By Gabby Parker Capes and Will Norris

Should you stay or should you go?

Millennials have developed something of a reputation for flakiness. Screeds in the op-ed pages about our noncommittal tendencies abound. And it's true: texting culture has made it easy to throw the stick shift in reverse and back out of plans at the last possible moment. But is flaking really as bad as they say? Let's talk it out.

In Defence of Flaking by Gabby Parker Capes

My friends have tried spiking my drink with *Head & Shoulders* anti-dandruff shampoo, because guess what baby. I'm a flake.

I'm going to caveat this debate like every



controversial YouTuber: with a disclaimer. Flaking constantly paints you as unreliable, while flaking last minute is undeniably impolite. In the golden age of cancelling plans however, there's an unwritten etiquette

to follow. Take a trip to Waif's *charm school* to read the unwritten. Or go ahead and flake on me baby. It's all good.

Point 1: There have been many notable flakes documented throughout history

Grandma — Her famous homemade pie crust baked from scratch have you surrendering to the flakehood in no time!

John Harvey Kellogg — His eponymous breakfast food/makeshift dinner company *Kellogg's* intended to craft a cereal so bland it could curb masturbation. If the proverbial saying "you are what you eat" is grounded in truth, it makes total sense that we've been dubbed a "generation of flakes". After all, we're a generation *raised* on Corn Flakes.

My deadbeat excuse for a father — He flaked out on me and all his goddamn share of responsibility right after I was born. But in 2019, daddy issues give you character: Making him a nice shiny dime to add to my collection of flakes!

Point 2: Who doesn't enjoy unforeseen free time?

Have you ever had a group plan cancelled out from under you and let out an audible sigh of relief? Case-in-point: You have a friendly, neighbourhood flake to thank for that. After a fully-booked schedule of relentless 9 to 5 people pleasing, we after-hour flakes (read: martyrs) will gladly take one for the team and pull the plug on plans, meanwhile being dragged as the worst friends in history.

In return, I'm exceptionally easy going when others flake on me. And why wouldn't I be? This is an idyllic window of surprise free time to fill with an activity of your choice! Why not deep conditioning your hair for a change? Impulsively cut bangs? Save an endangered species? Or take your Nintendogs for a walk? The possibilities are endless.

Either way — bold of you to assume that I have friends to flake on.

Point 3: Flaking saves lives

Penning his name to the laundry list of politicians who never follow through with plans, Scottish MP Norman Craig dipped out on the soirée of the century — a boat party in 1909 overflowing with drinks, dancing and hors d'oeuvres. Until it collided with an



iceberg and sank. That's right, Norman flaked on the Titanic. Despite having nothing else in his social calendar, Norman passed up the opportunity to be immortalised onscreen in the 1997 blockbuster starring Leonardo DiCaprio, telling reporters, "I suddenly decided not to sail. At practically the last moment, I did not want to go". His trepidation sounds a lot like me last Wednesday night. Luckily, we both lived to tell the tale.

Point 4: Set the bar low and people will always be impressed

Growing up in the Ivy League of overachievers taught me that when you set the bar high, people expect great things. But why not kick your heels in for a change, set the moral laxity bar low and just... flake? That way, when you do finally decide to make an appearance, people will lose their MINDS with equal parts surprise and joy, crying "Oh my God! You actually came!" After all, maximum reward for minimum effort is one of my favourite pastimes.

Point 6: Flaking at its core is a feminist act

Flaking makes you difficult — difficult being one of the worst things a woman can be in society. We are supposed to nod our heads and smile and



laugh, revelling in each other's company. "Why, I'd be delighted to put my needs last again!" toils the perfect 1950's housewife. As Ruth Bader Ginsburg, Michelle Obama, and Malala Yousafzai chime in unison, sometimes you've just gotta stick it to the man and flake.

Point 5: Flaking doesn't make you a bad person, it makes you human

You're on the home stretch of just another Tuesday and the only thing getting you through is envisioning *Broad City* unfolding to the gentle thrum of the microwave reheating last night's Chinese stir-fry. You glance down at your phone with a detectable *gulp* as the home screen floods like Noah's Ark with messages from your party animal friends, questioning *are u still coming tonight ???* You declared you'd "totally be there" in a frisson of bubbled excitement that fizzled out five days later like champagne gone flat. So against all better judgement (and crumbling to the fear of being brandished a "flake") you leave your sad stir-fry behind, strap on a pair of fuck me heels, and descend the staircase to the people-pleasing club.

I've reenacted variations of this tableau — bidding time in the social oasis of the female bathrooms, performing the mental gymnastics of calculating the hours of sleep before my alarm goes off — for years now.

After adding up all of the time spent in non-flaking purgatory: 21,543 hours of school, 6,468 hours of work and 3 hours of jury duty, I simply don't want to spend my glimmer of free time doing things I don't want to do. Flaking has gained notoriety as an act of selfishness but at its core it's a social movement. It's about reclaiming agency over how we spend our leisure hours not already sucked away by capitalism. Which leads right into my last point:

Point 5: Dependables can be just as selfish as flakes

Dependables of the world à la Will need to reconsider the "where there's a Will there's a way" rebuff and consider that sometimes things happen in our personal lives that trump getting drunk at *Kelly's Bar*. Maybe I don't wanna go to your Tupperware party, Janet, when I'm rationing the last pump of my \$70 foundation before I get inducted as a fully-fledged philanthropist to *Sephora*. Maybe I don't wanna go to your daughter's dance recital when the AmAzOn is BuRnInG. Isn't it just as selfish to be held to plans we

made days or weeks ago, not knowing how we would feel upon their arrival? Calendars overflow with commitments and energy stores hover just above zero. In defence of self care, I would like to posit that it's OK to flake.

On Sunday, Aug 9, 2019, at 10:54pm., Gabby Parker Capes wrote:

Dear Waif,

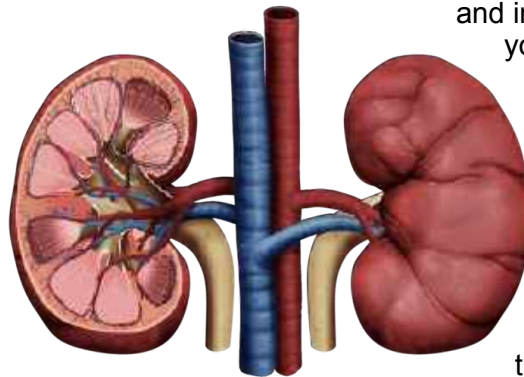
Don't you think it would speak more to my point if I flaked on writing this piece altogether? I'm positive it won't fall above the word count 💜

Sincerely,
Gabrielle

On Sunday, Aug 9, 2019, at 10:59pm., Waif wrote:

No.

Sent from my
iPhone



Against Flaking, by Will Norris

1. He who flakes is doomed to be flaked on

When it comes to flaking, we are all sinners. The prospect of getting a drink on Thursday is always manageable-sounding on Tuesday, but 48 hours later, the temptation to abrogate can be strong. Doing so, after all, costs you just a few taps of the thumbs and a fleeting sense of guilt. The need to come up with a list of anecdotes and life updates for the evening is lifted. This, mercifully, will not be a night where the words "I'm starting to think about applying to graduate programs" will come out of your mouth.

But friendships need pruning and care, like a bonsai tree. Let your friendship with an old pal wither and they'll move to Colorado or whatever and you'll go from discussing visiting each other, to occasionally replying to their Instagram stories, to merely viewing their Instagram stories. Eventually you'll more or less fall out of touch and in 30 years when you need a kidney, you'll have one fewer friend close enough to perhaps offer you theirs. And you will die.

2. Kindness is good, flaking is bad

Every one of the 7.7 billion people on earth at this moment is a human being as fully realized and conscious as you or I. Every face you see on the train during your morning commute, every person living around you in your apartment building and on your block and in your neighborhood and in your city, every one of the 444 million people who follow Wendy's on Twitter -- they all have a complex inner life and a host of fears and desires, both large and small. They all care about someone. They all like the feeling of sunshine on their face and the soft patter of rain as they fall to sleep. They all feel joy, and they all feel pain.

Point is, included in the population of the earth are your friends and acquaintances. If you flake on them, you'll hurt their feelings.

For example, when I was 13, I RSVP-ed to my classmate's bat mitzvah party, but didn't show up out of bat mitzvah fatigue. (This was late in the season and I was sick of spending every Saturday night at the Log Cabin event space in Holyoke, Massachusetts dancing the Cotton Eye Joe.) She was reportedly hurt by my nonattendance. For this, my mom summarily tore me a new asshole, and I had to send this classmate an apology card, as well as a copy of The Shins' "Wincing the Night Away" on CD, to smooth things over. So traumatic was the fallout of my no-show

that I became a hardline anti-flaker, and here we are.

3. You will not die wishing you'd gotten through more prestige television

In December 2008, the Jim Carrey vehicle *Yes Man* opened to box office success and critical panning. In the film, Carrey's Carl Allen, a depressive bank loan officer who's always flaking on his buddy Pete (a fledgling Bradley Cooper), attends a motivational "Yes!" seminar and begins accepting every invitation and request he encounters. This leads to many fun adventures and a new lease on life, and most importantly, as A.O. Scott put it, "[Carl] falls in love with a pale-eyed, mildly eccentric cutie named Allison, played by Zooey Deschanel, who took on similar **waif** duties opposite Will Ferrell in 'Elf.'" Emphasis added.

Eleven years later, the lessons of *Yes Man* are as essential as ever. The cost-benefit analysis of honoring your social commitments always spits out the same results: better not. Watching *Euphoria* and eating peanut butter out of the jar is practically free. Going out, all told, will cost like \$50. A buzzing head tomorrow morning will pretty much tank the entire week. There's laundry to be done.

What I'm here to tell you is: Do not go gentle into that good night. Don't start taking pleasure in household minutiae like emptying out the fridge and buying a new lamp. Don't start exercising before work every morning. Never forget that what having fun means is getting blind drunk with your friends and almost getting hit by a car, and nothing else qualifies.

Nights in are predictable. You watch TV and feel occasional pangs of guilt that you're not reading a book until you fall asleep. But who knows what might happen on a night out? Maybe you'll wind up at a house party with Bill Murray. Maybe you'll sneak into an apartment building at 6 A.M. and watch the sun rise from the roof. Maybe you'll meet someone who's dazzlingly beautiful and charming and who finds you equally dazzling and you forge a life together. Probably not, but maybe.

4. Nobody likes a dander-head

Use dandruff-fighting shampoo and drink plenty of water. Tea tree oil may help. ♦



*write.
photo.
art.
submit.*

waif

seeks new talent

but please no poems | waifmagazin3@gmail.com

FICTION

TRYPOPH -OBIA//

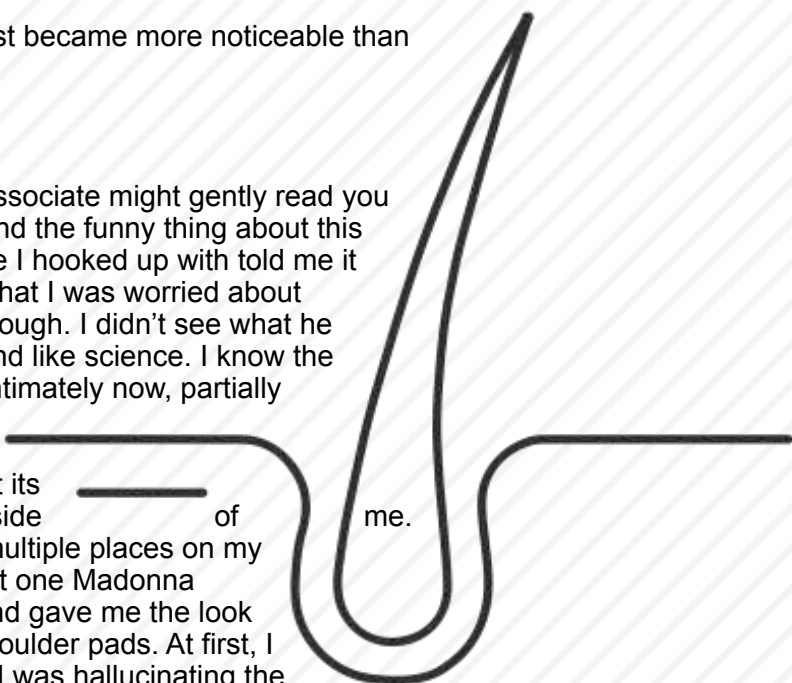
By Nazareth Hassan

A fear of irregular patterns.

“It started with my pores. They just became more noticeable than usual:

first,

in the way a gay Sephora sales associate might gently read you for; but then, in a scientific way. And the funny thing about this whole thing is that the Grindr dude I hooked up with told me it was contagious, but that wasn't what I was worried about catching. Open relationships are tough. I didn't see what he was talking about, so it didn't sound like science. I know the science of the earth much more intimately now, partially because I took a look at my AP Enviro book a few weeks ago for a refresher, but also because I felt its chaotic energy amass growths inside of me. The clusters began to pop up in multiple places on my body. I named my first and biggest one Madonna because it was on my shoulder and gave me the look of a lopsided 80s sex diva with shoulder pads. At first, I begged god to let me realize that I was hallucinating the constant pulsation underneath my epidermis. It buzzed so loud that I constructed episodic choral harmonies with it as I fell asleep. It sang me lullabies. It ate my headphones, for it was jealous that I could not be satiated by its melodic companionship. It pleased me when I couldn't pleasure myself. It sucked my earlobe so good, I prayed for another one to grow on my sister shoulder, for equilibrium's sake. I promptly named it St. Gaga, because I'm gay and corny. I set up a shrine to the lotus plant and its erotic energies, where I performed daily masturbation exercises for the lotus to consume my seed, much to my boyfriend's dismay (that was formerly his job). They were nourished by my fluid, and they continued to grow beyond anything I could've imagined. They began to intertwine with my mind. We reached singularity.



“ ‘And that's when they turned on me. It started when I wanted to venture beyond the 80s look we had constructed together. They calculated my worth in pennies. They converted my taste to fertilizer for their sanctified anger. It was my fault. Our love soured and clumped in my psyche. I needed to get it out. It was parasitic, and I was desperate. I consulted my friend Coco, and she's a freelance airplane because she has really strong wings, go figure. She told me that she'd heard lotuses only died by silver blade. We stopped by the metalsmith on my block and commissioned a blade of two feet, long enough to penetrate the lotus and reach the tip of my infected soul. Coco is a lovely dragon and a stand up friend! I'm sure she will be coming to visit me soon.'

“ ‘Glad to hear you have a support system,' I reply.

“He continues: ‘One example of how egalitarian and humanistic Coco is was how, when time came to plunge the blade into me, she gave me a big ole kiss and told me she always knew this time would come, and no one loved me the way heaven would.

“ ‘And I almost tasted it, Cotton candy clouds, can you believe it? But, as most things in my life, it was snatched away from me, a black hole that went reverse and haywired me all the way to this hospital bed. I am not sick. I am free!’

“He was sweating a lot. I thought I should get him some water, but where was Brenda?

These goddamn nurses. ‘You actually lost a lot of blood,’ I tell him, trying to keep my tone steady. ‘We had to do a transfusion.’

“ ‘Oh,’ he clicks, ‘That wasn't blood. That was my semen converted to pure lotus energy. They store it all in their innermost papules, where the color changes to mimic blood. It's normal.’

“ ‘Have you been taking any medication?’ I ask. Finally, in come the fucking orderlies. At this point, I really needed to take a shit, and that was contributing to some of my anxiety.”

“ ‘Ummmmmmm no. Except weed, if you count that.’

“ ‘We are going to have you sent up to Psychiatric to get an evaluation done, ok?’ I knew he was gonna be struggler because of his eyes. They were chilling. ‘I'm not crazy. I just told you I'm free.’

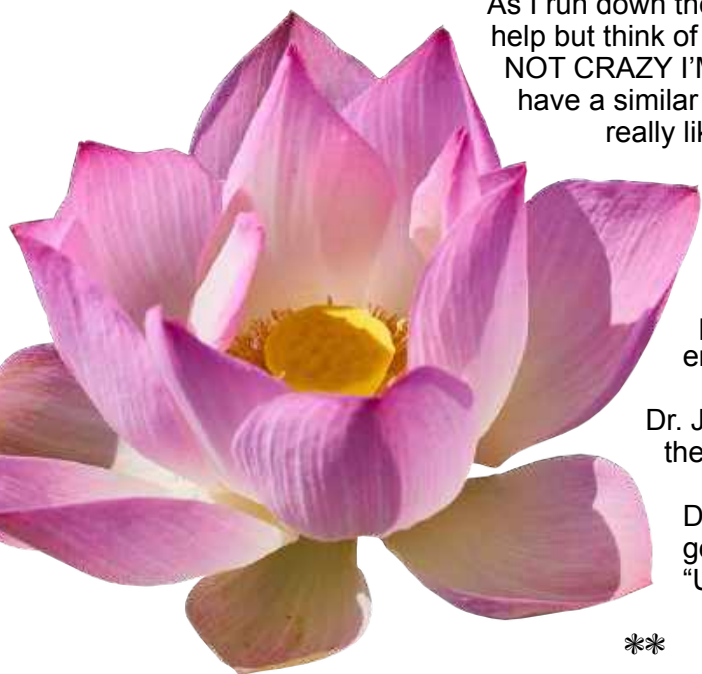
“I was right. ‘You are but we want to make sure you're safe as well. My name is Dr. Watson. You can call on me anytime you'd like and I will personally make a visit to see you.’ I go over to my favorite orderly and whisper, ‘Jake, make sure Jenkins reads his whole chart. I'm about to go blow up the 3rd floor bathroom.’ I whispered it because not everyone deserves to know my business.

“As I run down the hall, shit slipping out of me, I couldn't help but think of PJ Harvey as the patient screamed ‘I'M NOT CRAZY I'M FREE’ at the orderlies behind me. They have a similar tone of voice. There's this one song I really like by her, but I forgot the name, and I still do. God what is that song? Shit.”

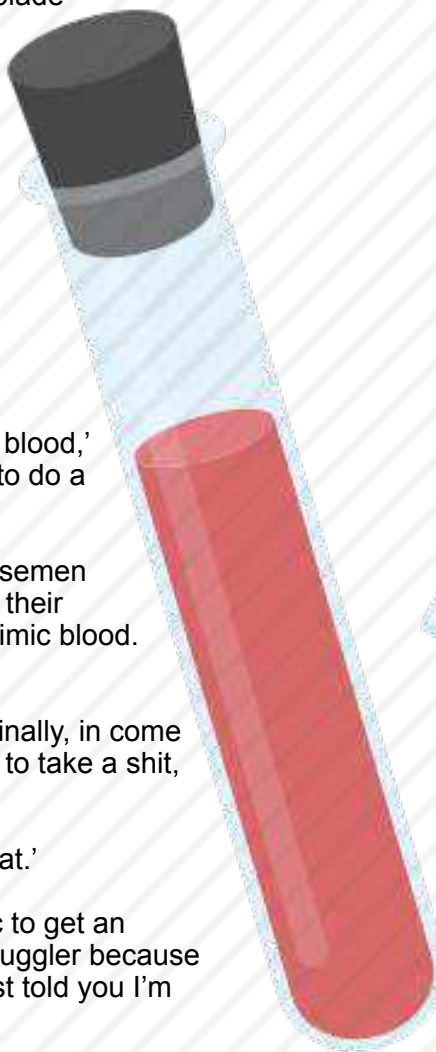
“Keep telling the story,” Dr. Jenkins says. Dr. Watson shifts in his hospital gown. “Right. Then, I saw my hand, pores noticeable in the way a hipster employee of lush might point out lovingly.”

Dr. Jenkins stares at Dr. Watson. “When did the clusters pop up?”

Dr. Watson goes to lift his hand to gesticulate, but he's strapped to his bed. “Ummmmm. I actually don't remember.”



**



EDITORIAL

GRASS STAIN / WET BUTT //

***Photos by Sarah Craig
Modeled by Bill Priss***

When you sit but it's a little wet.

Bill Priss's debut EP, Blue Collared Baby, dropped on August 29th. He plays his first NYC show on September 20th at Gold Sounds in Brooklyn, NY.





















waif

extinction
rebellion

waif magazine presents

CHICKEN OF TOMORROW



3 DOLLAR BILL

OCTOBER 23RD

7PM

ENTER TO COMPETE AT ISWAIF.COM/CHICKEN

OPINION

***DON'T
SURPRISE
ANYONE
WITH YOUR
FASHION
CHOICES//***

By Jonathan Zachary Townsend

Just say no.

We love a makeover trope; the scene in a movie where the Stylish Friend drags the Nerd Friend to the local mall (because who has time to fly to the international mall? It's in another damn country!), takes them from shop to shop trying on outfit after outfit. Oh the laughs we have at the nerd trying on mascara for the first time! When the Nerd asks, "What's a Spanx?" Oh how we guffaw! Who doesn't love seeing a total dork fall on their ass the first time they wear high heels?

And then, the big reveal: the nerd is **STYLISH NOW**. And thus... **HOT NOW**. The loser is now the belle of the ball. When they arrive at the high school dance, all eyes are on them. Their crush comes knocking at their door, eager to date them now. The dream is a reality...

Until the nerd starts talking. And the crush realizes, "Oh right, she's still a nerd. What am I gonna talk to her about? Tori Amos albums, or Neil Gaiman stories? I'm a jock, my dad owns a yacht leasing company, we are from entirely different worlds. Plus high school is ending soon anyway, college is approaching, and we're both likely to go through major changes and lose interest in each other. Yeah, the more I think about it, this relationship is purely based on a fleeting sexual attraction, a thing I am beginning to realize is not enough to form a meaningful relationship. I'm just gonna try and hook up with Jessica Peterson again. We don't love each other, we've been on and off all of senior year, but we have an understanding and at least care about each other on some level. Wow, this was some mature decision-making on my part! I'm proud of myself. Coach would be proud too. Wherever he is." And then the Jock looks up to heaven, hoping that's where Coach is (Coach died in a mysterious boating accident the weekend of the big game.)

"I long for the simpler days when I could roll onto the subway in a pro wrestling tee shirt and jeans that don't fit and completely blend in. No one wanted me in their life, but they also didn't want to fight me."

Anyone can get a fashion makeover and make a short-term big impression. But a personality makeover takes years of therapy and/or life experience. And there is nothing more disappointing than getting a taste of what you want, only to have the door shut entirely; to

be seated at the table of your dreams and take a sip of the complimentary sparkling water, only for the host to arrive and say "I'm so sorry, I made a mistake and sat you at the wrong table. You're over here by toilets and sewage pipes. Where you belong." Which leads me to the point I'd like to make here:

DON'T SURPRISE ANYONE WITH YOUR FASHION CHOICES.

I get it. A makeover seems exciting and appealing, an easy way to say, "This is me now! That dork you remember from last year? They died, and I carved out a hole in their body and put my soul in it. That is how reincarnation works I think." I'm slightly older now (almost 30, and thus **WISE BEYOND YOUR YEARS, DEAR READER**), and have tried many times to change everything about myself, starting with Madewell clothes (I got really into Vampire Weekend for a month in May).

As the famous saying goes: "Wherever you go, there you are". I'd like to amend that to "Whatever you wear, you're still wearing it." You can wear a leather jacket and a Ramones shirt to a punk rock show, but if someone asks you, "Have you heard the new Zero Boys album?" or, "Do you think Green Day sucks?" do you have the right answers to those questions (the correct answers are "Yeah it's good," and, "I don't know, that's a loaded question")? You can put on a basketball jersey, but does that make you good at basketball? Or even someone who knows the names of basketball players?



HELL NAW! In your attempt to surprise others, you've just opened yourself up for a line of questioning you don't have answers to.

Why use clothing as an opportunity to disappoint when you could use it as a chance to honestly market yourself? If you're a guy who knows a lot about Steely Dan, don't wear a New Kids On The Block shirt to a block party! Wear a Steely Dan shirt, so I can quickly identify the person I'm most likely to small talk with the longest before leaving because I don't want to be there but I have to be there for at least a half hour.

As someone who recently got hotter (thank you so much! Venmo me at @john-townsend-2), I can tell you this: a hotter version of you is still you. Due to some lifestyle changes and a ClassPass membership (which I've yet to actually use, but just the thought of being able to attend a yoga class helped me lose five pounds, and that's a scientific fact I actually have data to back up), I've lost about thirty pounds since April. This slimming down has led to more people looking at me, specifically women, which are the type of people I enjoy kissing and have been trying to get to fall in love with me (it happened once (kinda)!). Were I a confident man, I could probably parlay this attention into what the great philosopher Plato called "sex" (others have also called it "sex", but saying Plato coined the term makes me feel smarter).

But I am not a confident man, and so when a beautiful lady looks at me on the subway, my first thought is, "Was a pregnant woman sitting here? Am I on the wrong train? Did I

do something wrong?" Only much later, when the moment has long since passed, has it occurred to me, "Oh she was probably attracted to me." Or she wasn't! That's another wild concept to grapple with. And these are the horrible ramifications of my stupid decision to take better care of myself and eliminate habits that cause harm and sadness from my life: a more complicated life in which people like me. I long for the simpler days when I could roll onto the subway in a pro wrestling tee shirt and jeans that don't fit and completely blend in. No one wanted me in their life, but they also didn't want to fight me. I was in a perfect middle ground and I didn't realize how nice I had it.

I'd like to finish by talking about the band KISS. And I'd like to hope that it will tie into my point here, but it might not! And that's just a risk this writer has chosen to take. What can I say, I'm a baller/shot caller.

The band KISS came to prominence in the 70s, and boy did they come... to prominence that is ;) (you can't talk about KISS without making a gross double entendre, Gene Simmons would be mad if I didn't). When KISS hit the stage, everyone took notice. At a time when most rock bands wore generic rock dude clothes, the members of KISS hit the stage wearing platform boots, silver spandex suits, and black and white makeup that also denoted who the band members 'characters' were (for those who aren't versed



in the lore, there was a Spaceman (cool!), a Demon (yikes!), a Cat (cute!), and a Starchild (yeah you know, a Starchild, the concept we've all heard of before)).

The gimmick worked. With their wild fashion choices, the up and coming KISS could take the stage on a show where no one knew who they were or gave a damn about them and command everyone's attention. Even if you weren't in the mood to watch a show, you couldn't help but wonder, "What are these guys gonna sound like?"

And then they played their mediocre songs and most people thought "eh, they're all right I guess", and went back to what they were talking about. And there KISS was: Back to being a band no one gave a damn about. But for a minute there, they had everyone's attention. Was it better to have had the crowd's interest, even if only for a minute? Or was it worse to taste the meal they had longed for, just for reality to yank the plate from their hands?

The next time you think about making a very daring fashion choice, ask yourself: do I want to be KISS? Do I want to grab everyone's attention with my fashion choices when I

arrive at a party? And then almost immediately lose everyone's attention when I start talking? Or do I want to be Pedro the Lion?

If you're thinking, "Who the hell are Pedro the Lion?" Congrats! You are an emotionally stable person who probably had a very healthy upbringing! But if you are instead

thinking, "I wonder if this guy also likes American Football," please direct message me and become my best friend/kissing partner. Pedro the Lion were a 90's emo band, and the complete opposite of KISS. Whereas the members of KISS definitely looked like they could only be in a band (not many plumbers or HR reps are allowed to show up to work in face paint), Pedro the Lion were



indistinguishable from their audience. They also wore flannel and graphic tees, and just like their fans they were also sad and anti-social and watched way too many cartoons growing up.

Pedro the Lion are way less popular than KISS, but the people who do know Pedro the Lion LOVE Pedro the Lion. They didn't gain



By sticking with predictable fashion choices, I am able to easily manage both the type (good ones) and quantity (reasonable amount) of new people entering my life. Niche and predictable t-shirts ensure that the new people approaching me are more than likely someone I already have a lot in common with. It's a smaller turn out to the John Townsend Party, but the crowd that did show up wants to be there and wants

to stay. And I dare you to say the same about any Fashion Magazine party. ♦

people's attention with fireworks and makeup. They did it with heartfelt lyrics and honest emotion. They might have gotten fewer window shoppers than KISS, but the customers that did stop into the Pedro the Lion store stayed way longer than the curious KISS passerbys and became loyal customers long after the KISS Shoppers got their quick fix.

Fashion is a great way to catch people's eye, but not everyone who's looking is someone you want to connect with. When you dress to impress, you really just dress to depress (yourself) (look for this throw pillow coming soon to my Etsy store). I can't tell you the number of times I have been forced into a conversation with someone I have nothing in common with, all because I made the stupid decision to wear a Britney Spears shirt I got at TARGET (it's cute and comfortable, but when I put it on I have ask myself, "Am I emotionally ready to talk to 30 strangers about Britney Spears today?").

When I wear a nondescript *Hedwig and the Angry Inch* shirt however, I rarely have to field comments from strangers. If they ask what's the deal with my shirt, I can just say 'it's a band' and they usually never have a follow-up. But when someone who really loves *Hedwig* sees it, we can really launch into it. I have made many new friends this way, and been ignored by millions as well. Each time, everybody won.

THREE GRAND MOTHERS

//

A lifetime of getting dressed

Photographed by Lavender Katz















waif.

not waif.

fashion.

refuse.

waif

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ARTICLE

THE FILA CHUNKY SNEAKER //

By Kippy Winston

An inquiry into a culture très complex.

if you are chunky why would you wear a chunky sneaker?
 if you are thin why would you wear a chunky sneaker?
 if you are spotted, striped, tall, short, silky, dark, light,
 or somewhere in between
 still i ask
 why
 would
 you
 wear
 a
 chunky
 sneaker?



i don't body shame – i sneaker shame.
 do you fila me?

--

i believe the road was paved for the chunky sneaker a few winters ago when i began to notice otherwise seemingly sensible people exposing their ankles in subarctic temps.

pourquoi?, i wondered.

sometimes there were snazzy socks to behold.
 this i could almost comprehend.
 for who doesn't love a snazzy sock?
 but more often than not bare ankles were de rigueur.
 furless and freezing.

--

i once knew a woman who never wore socks while wearing boots.
 we are no longer friends.

--

if the ankle is a part of the body that is to be considered sexy – what does this say about society?

--

i believe the ankle is *très* sexy, however, the exposure of bare skin in cold weather seems to me rather ridiculous. the first winter i judged.

the second winter i observed. the third winter i began to wonder: "should i too expose my ankles? should i purchase a pair of snazzy socks?"

in fact, i am already in possession of many snazzy socks. i am currently wearing a pair with smiling whales on them. i have socks with stripes and polka dots and a cute pair with mournful dogs and even – these are prized pairs we're talking – some that hail from japan, with delicate stitching and that appear almost stocking like. these socks which i have in pale pink, lavender and three kinds of black, i wear for state occasions only.

paradoxically i like to wear businessmen socks when i sport my "city slippers," which plebeians might recognize as "adidas shower sandals." business socks off set any attempt at appearing jock-like and i quite like this. i should admit that i have yet to graduate to the ur-business sock—black with gold toe of mid-calf length, a sock that one of my style icons, that is my father, is known to only ever wear, but i digress.

the late stages of capitalism aside, i was shocked—shocked!—late last december when an otherwise very stylish friend of mine sported chunky fila sneakers.

she is European and therefore chic.

at the time she was seated on a rug casually telling me about a dance class she attends regularly. there were candles in our midst and in the dancer's way she began to stretch languorously.
 i envied her hamstrings and hips.
 unfussy such ease; casual grace.

surely the fila sneakers she'd



slipped off before entering my
pied-à-terre were just a strange
european misfire.
a dancer's faux pas to be forgiven
(for, let's be *chiaro chiaro* i think it
goes without saying, dancers are
the very worst dressed among
artists—except for say the
occasional high soprano. zing! no
shade to all my dancer and high
soprano friends – just telling *la
verità* like it is.)

and so I forgave my european
dancer friend her funny filas—
overlooking them as a charming
continental quirk.

but i soon began to see otherwise
fashionable people sporting these
chunky sneaks. and seeing this
trend led me down a
dark path.
soon i
wondered:
is it ever ok
to wear
sketchers?

--

no.
the answer is no.
it is NEVER ok to wear sketchers.
unless it's for a costume in a play.
and even then i would worry a bit about
the actor who allowed this to happen.

but i must admit.

one day i was feeling weak. and found
myself with time to kill at a DSW.
dark arts were in my making, for idle feet
are the devil's playground.

i spied a pair of sketchers and ambled
over to the tower of shoe boxes. i made
sure no one was looking, tried on the
chausseurs and IMMEDIATELY put them
back in the box and replaced the box in
its precarious tower.
furtive glances all the while.

--

***“let’s be chiaro chiaro i think
it goes without saying,
dancers are the very worst
dressed among artists—
except for say the occasional
high soprano. zing! no shade
to all my dancer and high
soprano friends – just telling
la verità like it is.”***



why did i want to try on the sketcher?
because i wanted to know. just for a
moment. what it would feel like to be a
person wearing a sketcher.

was it sketchy? yes.

am i glad i did it? no, not really.

i can barely admit it now. hence my
nom *de sugar plume.*
my heart's a
racin'.

you see, trying on a
sketcher for me is
akin to another
person's cocaine or
another person's
cinq-à-sept, the
common practice *en
france* when one tells
one's beloved "*desolee*,
i am working til *sept*" when in fact
really one is leaving the office *à cinq* and
having a love affair in between until *sept*!

fidelity over filas.

for me a sketcher is an affair of the foot.
and that's plenty *pour moi*.

--

allora!

--

who are these people that wear filas? are
these shoes comfortable? and what about
the knock off filas? what does it say to be
a person who wears the knock off fila?

--

the other day i was in a CVS. it had been a least three blue moons since my last XXX vitamin water and i was pleased as punch my *boisson* cost me a mere 49 cents, for i had two dollars worth of CVS spending bucks, long receipts be blessed!

a loud Australian, wearing a very cute shirt dress, exited the CVS in front of me. she sported prada tevas and i felt like her footwear on a saturday exiting a CVS under the highline was the truest representation of the insanity of our current climate.

--

later that same day an aggro white man shouted to his girlfriend, "THE AMAZON IS BURNING!" they were walking ahead of me. he turned and yelled at her again, as though she had single handedly lit a match in the state of para or the state of mato grosso and repeated, "THE AMAZON IS BURNING!" i couldn't tell if it was an antic. i don't think it was, for the lady did not laugh, nor did they slow their pace which, in my experience, often happens in conjunction with an antic.

--



i
marched on
'neath the highline trailing prada tevas
and her merry Aussie beau.
they spoke of profit margins.
were we all heading to the same place?

--

i arrived at The Shed—arch wink to late stage capitalism—the latest architectural addition to the hudson river and cultural bastion, which sits next to Hudson yards that weird mall, to see a free dance event. i proudly showed a worker the ticket i had reserved.

"i don't know why they gave out tickets to this!" he said, laughing—with me?—at me?—"this is event is free, why are there tickets?!?"

i smiled in return, a mix of forlorn overwhelm.

--

i had clicked "two" for my free tickets hoping i would rustle someone up. a friend? or perhaps form a companionship in time for the show. i had failed to do so. my thorny thoughts my only company. this kippy flies solo a lot these days.

--

as a proud ticket holder i decided to procure a seat—there was no way i would stand for a free dance concert, especially not after i'd gone to the trouble of reserving tix—plus, i had already put in many steps to get to The Shed.

when i approached a bench some curators in intimidating eyewear told me defensively: "we're sitting down because we WORK here." i almost replied: "thank you for making me feel so welcome," but demurred, and chose to sit on a reserved sign on the bench in front of them.

a white dad and his small son were in front of me.
two older asian ladies next to them.

the performers were former dancers of the subways and had amazing street dancing moves.
i saw vans.
i saw timberlands.
adidas shell toe sneaks.
not a sketcher or fila in sight.

i was wearing a comfortable walking shoe by SAS – a brand known for its older clientele, age wise and soul wise. i'd paired this with *i miei jogger* pants and a white tunic. i thought i might take a selfie with my sister earlier in the day but it didn't come together, alas. we were enjoying real life too much to remember to capture it. and then in a flash she was in a lyft on the way to laguardia leaving kippy alone once again.

--

at one point the emcee asked us to vote during a dance-off. whenever we were asked to cheer for one dancer over the other the older asian ladies turned around and smiled at me. we formed a voting bloc. the white dad and his son voted differently than us, but it was all in the name of dance. and even though i was friendless, this kippy had a jolly good time!

for a moment i was one with the crowd—even the curators behind me who had switched to French when their elegant friend arrived, red jeans, her hair in braids, sunglasses. *ca va bien, et toi??* we were all together. marveling with the dancers. cheering loudly. laughing at the emcee's delightful turns of phrase.

--

the return of fila as a brand to the culture at large is great.
it's the chunky sneakers that make me nervous.
what of irony?
are we going to start wearing umbro shorts earnestly???

--

on a hot summer night recently i put on a pair of pearl studded loafers, some red

and teal adidas shorts my friend cast off to me in 1999, and a pale pink everlane mock turtle neck shirt. it seemed like a perfectly reasonable ensemble to go and drink a glass of rosé in. especially with a friend of a friend who does business in the business world. i felt maximum artist. a rare and fleeting feeling. a feeling i cherish.

plus the ensemble was gender-question-mark, a sartorial style i am ever more keen to dabble in these *giorni!* i like to keep people guessing. for example, this summer i've oft sported a five dollar navy blue hat with the words "longboat key, florida" writ cross the top. my parents purchased it for me in an act of love some months ago so it both feels like a shmata on my head but also vaguely republican (florida) and therefore très subversive. it's not as weaponized as a red hat (i wouldn't dare!) but a hat that invites critical engagement nonetheless. (by the by: let it be noted and known that my pronouns have always been and shall always be "kippy"!!! keeping it on brand and gender-question-mark since before the hills were made.)

--

in the shabby hotel lobby where i pen this missive two men are talking about annual annuities over a dell computer. they wear grey shirts. the tea drinker's grey is a tee shirt. the decaf coffee drinker, who is thinking about ordering lunch at 11:27AM, wears a grey polo.

"here you start with \$10,000 and a premium. the annual income will be \$17,000. and it's the same type of math."

this is stated loudly.
the one thinking about lunch who is being advised talks softly.
what will he order?



i've always preferred people with softer voices.

as for me. i am wearing a pair of \$12 pants my mother purchased for me at a marshall's also in florida. (i got a lot of loot on that trip). these wide-legged numbers have been my summer uniform. breezy like a skirt but covering enough leg fur that my waxing schedule has been lax at best, and negligent at worst. the pants are also a bit gender-katherine-hepburn-question-mark. 100

a woman in her 50s marches through the lobby speaking Chinese on her cell phone. what's she saying? i can't make out her footwear but it's definitely a flat and not a white fila chunky sneaker.

and don't even get me started on the bazooka pale pink chunky sneaks. that's a whole other essay. or, in this case, side bar.

i left the hotel lobby in search of daily life, but when i returned to my pied-à-terre i couldn't locate my sunglasses. i felt bereft, how i feel when i lose anything because my life has meaning.

these were the same shades i had purchased in florida *avec i miei!* a hat trick of wearables: wide-legged thai pants, gas station old feller navy blue hat, and basic sunglasses. of course i didn't want them lost to the ages! i wanted them on my face, under my navy blue shmata hat with my breezy pants. my summer uniform.

i shyly telephoned the hotel lobby and asked if anyone had found a pair of brown sunglasses. the receptionist asked for the brand. i said, "umm i believe steve madden? they aren't fancy or anything!" i immediately felt class shame. steve madden is fancy for someone. plus, i had downplayed the importance of my sunglasses. i had tried to seem cool to the hotel receptionist, why? anything i purchase alongside *i miei* is special to me because i love and cherish my parents so



pale pink side bar:

bazooka pale pink is a color i adore. i wish i could find it more often these giorni than this dreary "dusty rose" that seems to have overtaken shopping shelves and online sites. even "millennial pink" has a touch of prison warden in it! something sinister and institutional—dare i say conformista—lurks in the depths of millennial pink. bazooka pink, on the other hand, is a cheerful shade. one i oft wore in the mid and late 90s (that's 1890s to you!) when it was an easier hue to find.

but bazooka pink on a chunky fila sneaker feels ostentatious. like a thong above the jeans or a plumber's crack. a misplaced false eyelash. just too much. troppo. or as we say in my madre lingua "essagerato." exaggerated. theatre professionals might know this to mean "a hat on a hat." and while i have been known to wear two hats at once on certain occasions, i don't see how a bazooka pink fila is ever correct. ps i hope

very much. why do i try to be cool when i am so deeply not?

the receptionist told me the sunglasses were there.

i cried, "hurrah!!! thank you so very much! i really like those sunglasses!" abandoning all attempts at cool.

i returned to the hotel lobby the following day *en route* to dinner *avec un ami*.

i collected my sunglasses and returned them to their rightful place.

on my head. even though the day was overcast and it was dusk.

and for a moment all felt right with the world. ♦



HOW I FLOSS

FEATURING Justin Singh

From: Florida

Occupation: Cancer Researcher

Flossing Weapon of Choice: The ones with the plastic handles and the string between - flossers. P

Relationship to Flossing: I do it as routinely as I can and it feels great to do it. I floss two to three times a week usually, but it's really whenever I have time to do it. Once during the business week and twice on the weekends.

How did you fall into the habit of flossing? From the recommendation of a dentist. And I really do mean that I like how it feels when the string touches my gums. I do it for my own pleasure.

How long have you been flossing? My mom was a dental hygienist so I've been flossing all my life.

Does your mom floss? I assume so. Probably not publicly, though. She flosses from the comfort of her own bathroom. My dad I would be willing to bet does not floss.

What do you think causes the rebellion in your dad? Neglect? Or the environmental impact. He is more conscious in this way. He spearheads the recycling in our house and keeps a compost pile in the backyard.

Do you think most people our age floss? I feel like people our age floss. At least, I see they've bought flossing materials when I go to people's houses. Do they use them? I don't know. My friend flossed next to me while we were watching a football game on his couch. Have you ever had someone floss their teeth next to you? It's a strange experience. Intimate to watch someone floss. I couldn't look away, even with football on TV.

Should People Floss? Yes, Dental hygiene is important. If you don't floss, the bacteria from your mouth travel through your esophagus and down to your stomach and then you get sick.

Is it eco-friendly to floss?

Probably not, I don't actually know the environmental consequences. I guess I am reducing my usage by flossing 2 or 3 times a week rather than daily.

Should new flossers be wary of the environmental impact of flossing or does dental hygiene take precedence?

I think you should go ahead and floss. There are many worse things you could do than flossing. Is my mom gonna read this?



Is there anything you'd like to impart to the

world: When you texted me to do a shoot about Flossing, it was capitalized, but I didn't know if it was going to be dental related or dance related, but I was up for either.

Follow @flossier for found pics of found picks and submit your own to waifmagazin3@gmail.com



ARTICLE

185668232



By Zach Donovan

185668232 has shows coming up in New York on September 11 and October 14, with other announcements forthcoming. Follow his Facebook page at [Oneightfivesixsixeighttwothreetwo](#) for the latest news.

A few blocks from the L train in Bushwick sits an apartment building. Like many apartment buildings in Brooklyn, it's attached to a row of other apartment buildings, each indistinguishable from the rest. I enter one gate and stand on the steps. I text iAm, the person I'm meeting, to let him know I'm outside. He emerges from beneath the stairs. "Zach?" He asks. It's me. We've only met once before, about a year ago, and I've been following him on Facebook since, another profile in my periphery. I meet people like this all the time, attending performances, talking with them briefly and agreeing we should add each other on Facebook or other social media, and then never really crossing paths again - Facebook is inconsequential enough to allow this to happen. Surprisingly enough, Facebook is what brought me back to iAm.

iAm performs as Avant Abstract Alchemical Activist, 185668232. "I've been using those terms for five years

— more than that," he explains. "And this has been more consistent than 'noise' or 'glitch' or 'emo' or 'psych trans' or any music words to describe my sound." I've seen

iAm perform once before. We take a second to try to pin down which performance we met at, a task that proves difficult, but we ultimately figure it out. I tell him that, when I saw him, he was performing with someone else, holding t-shirts up to a camera whose feed was being projected live onto the back wall. I ask him to describe what he does — is he making music or something different? "Thank you for making that distinction," says iAm, grateful that I've recognized what he does as unique.

"The avant part," he lays out for me, "is the 'what did you just do?' - the edge of understanding." iAm exudes avant-ness, not in a dangerous or pompous artiste kind of way, but as someone with a vision of the mainstream that feels like a synthesis of the zeitgeist into futurism. It's easy to fall into iAm's orbit - his vocabulary is challenging, but only in that it's more thoughtful than the

colloquialisms I default to. In his explanation of Avant Abstract Alchemical Activism, he cites memes, not as a means of making a joke between near strangers, but as a way to contextualize the lofty in the concrete. The internet being just as intangible as it is tangible, this comparison is important.

"I feel like a fucking national terrorist but all I did was post a picture of a boob." I reached out to iAm for an interview after reading his account of being in what he calls Facebook Jail. "It was actually a video of my live performance," he explains. "Fourth of July, so everyone is going to be a little rowdier. But [the performers] were professionally body painted. It looked like they were wearing skin tight clothing, but nothing explicit." The video was deleted from Facebook, and upon petitioning Facebook's decision to remove the content, they first suspended his artist page and ultimately deactivated it. "My entire

archive from the last decade, everything, the last ten years of my artwork, gone. Apparently it's still in their system, but I don't have access to my own intellectual property." According to the ever-so-

"I feel like a fucking national terrorist but all I did was post a picture of a boob."

sneaky and ever-so-mandatory Terms and Conditions checkbox at the sign-up of every social media platform, what you post as a user belongs to the platform, rather than you as an individual. When your content is flagged, and in this case subsequently removed, without a backup saved offline, that material is gone. "Every time I see someone online just vaguely not giving a fuck online - omg you don't know if you lose this shit, you're fucked."

Seeing as iAm has never had any problems with online censorship before this instance, I was curious what made this instance such an anomaly with extreme consequences. He thinks his work fell victim to an internet troll who flagged the content from several accounts. Effectively running the 185668232 page up the Facebook flagpole. From there, iAm posits the Facebook employee assigned to his profile review was having a bad day

and turned this “Community Violation” into their personal project. I offer an alternative that feels essential to the consumption of any artwork - that a zeros and ones approach was applied to a subjective work, that regardless of the degree to which the content was “explicit,” the protocol at Facebook runs closer to “better safe than sorry.” iAm tells me that some of his peers suspect a conspiracy, but that he himself doesn’t subscribe to that idea. “Conspiracies are just sloppy companies,” he says.

“The Abstract,” iAm continues, “is my concept-based work - you can actually feel it right-brained, what I’m doing, when I’m actually doing something. ‘Oh shit this is what it feels like to shave,’” —sometimes, he records the sounds of his shave kit to use as samples during his performances — “It’s boring, but those sounds are cool though.” These are what he refers to as lowercase sounds, “tiny sounds that if on stage you tried to amplify them, it would become feedback.” I point to an iron that’s on the floor next to some of his recording gear. I ask if he samples the iron, a lowercase sound if there ever was one. To my surprise, the iron just happens to be in the right place at the right time, but he says I’ve inspired him to try it out. Typically, at a performance, iAm will, “sit down and record the ghosts. My spiritual friends say I’m cleansing rooms when I go to a room and compose it. They say the room feels better when I leave, especially when I give them a copy of what I made.” What iAm does is in some way informed by music, but it’s clear that “music” is a reductive and incongruous term for 185668232.

iAm practiced music growing up, referring to himself as primarily a drummer. “I had ADHD and would tap on everything.” His self-described individual minimalist sound design builds from his training in music theory,

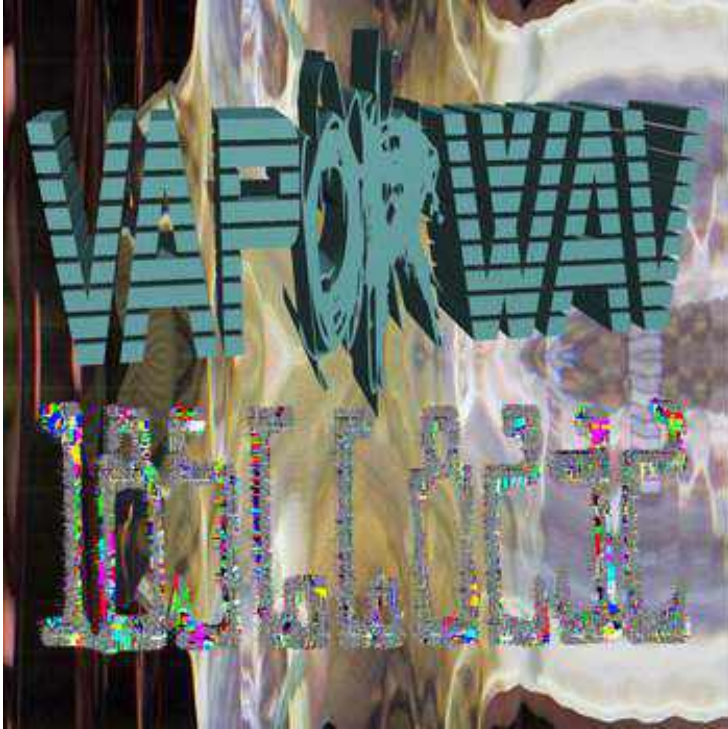


“tak[ing] these concepts and bring[ing] them together into a pop scenario. Using these unique styles and applying the aesthetics of glitch noise and vapor to make it special.” The application of aesthetic to sound points to one of the tenets of 185668232: the assertion that the future of audio and the future of video rely on the increased



entwining of the two until neither medium stands distinct from the other - a trend iAm attributes to the rise of social media.

This weaving of audio and video greatly contributes to iAm’s live performances as well. “I’m getting really high on doing Spotify and YouTube DJ and VJ (video jockeying). Video has become the standard for multimedia consumerism. If there’s no music video for the music, you’re like, ‘this is not professional, but I like who you are.’” With this mindset in place, iAm then uses his lowercase capture techniques to sample his



location. "I'll build a whole set from those lowercase sounds in the room. Venues love it. When this becomes a more standard medium, people are going to have so much fun. Rather than installing your typical Roland 808 'boom-bap' machine, you're actually using the sounds in the room to create an ambience. I sample the ghosts, the people, I'll play a couple songs remixed and remastered, show it off, normal requests, mangle that into a set, special especially if I go quicker and don't talk too much on the mic."

Similarly to iAm's commitment to the symbiosis of audio and video, I am captivated by how iAm's URL presence is closely woven to his IRL presence. Without the internet, there is no live show. What's so devastating about iAm's page being deleted is that not only is his decade-long archive of music and video no longer there, he now has no access to the community he has carefully curated via his artwork. "It looks like I'm a brand new art project that started July 20th," he tells me. "I'm an artist, I'd rather create than socialize, but the art scene is made up of socialization, I do the bare minimum by going out and performing and I don't go and hang out personally unless it's someone's birthday or

someone's in the hospital and I have to give them my energy and support." For iAm, the internet gives him an opportunity to make connections on a global scale and using tactics he has worked to hone through his art: "You get to control the silence."

iAm talks with me about the bars he frequently plays, in Brooklyn or otherwise, as sort of avatars for the real community he finds online. He notes that IRL trolls are not silenceable. "You can walk away, but that's how you get a stalker. Facebook is helping us learn how to handle these people in the real world:" the formal, quasi-lawyer tone of voice we all adopt when the guidelines we as users set for our own online social communities are breached. On the other side of this, when the platform for the community falls away, so does the community. "I create music to deal with reality, I use music to go out into reality, if I go to a show, if you saw me at a show that I wasn't performing at, you'd see I'm actually really uncomfortable there. I would try to get totally trashed just to deal with it, but I wanna leave."

This certainty in his social contract may be borne from anxiety, but iAm has flipped the picture to entreat this self-awareness as part of his project. "Alchemical is understanding my reality - I have a good grasp on my reality. I know when I'm going to die, basically. A lot of creative people feel that. I'm probably going to be very old and I'm trying to set that up to be very comfortable for me when I'm old." iAm tells me that this notion comes from the volume of waking hours he spends actively creating, a work ethic manifested by the backlog of lowercase sound recordings he has on hand as a result of the endless fascination he has with the world. In an effort to understand what's at the heart of this project for me as a consumer, I ask who this work is for - a mass audience or a niche audience? He assures me it's for a mass audience, but with the caveat that those masses haven't been born yet.

"People who need to know where humanity came from are very bored in the future. They don't have time

to sit down and read a book, they have audiobooks and those books are always censored and turned into some sort of promotion of an individual in the book. It's so rare for someone to talk about what life was like. Now it's like an activist thing, like journalism, self-bio. This is basically a receipt I'm leaving for people with the most contemporary things I can find on the planet. My experience on the planet is not too unique, although maybe by me writing about it and exploiting the void and showing off that the shit that sucks can be your largest and most sturdy stance. You got something terrible in your life? You can launch off that. Don't create something terrible for yourself."

Though many of the four characteristics of the 185668232 project overlap, as they are designed to do, the Alchemical and the Activism blur together most for me. These aspects feel like the music and the video iAm suggests will be so entwined we will forget they ever were separate. The understanding of one's own reality seems tantamount to enacting change at any scale. Activism as a concept can take many different forms, but I find iAm's definition simplest. "Activism is doing it rather than thinking about it, talking about it," he borrows a line from a track on his latest release, *VaPORWave*, or maybe he borrowed it from someone else first. Activism, in this sense, is enaction, plain and simple. No bells and whistles, just a call and response. Understanding activism as the final phase of a cycle that understands and requires an intense and erratic synthesis of information is incredibly liberating, for me and I think for iAm too. "When you combine it all together, it really doesn't feel like anything other than a meme."

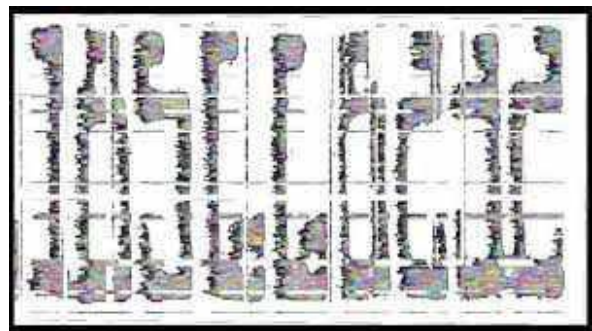
And this activism always looks different, depending on the circumstances. For iAm and for me as the journalist, our interest lies with bringing to light that "Community Guidelines" are relative and Expression is Radical. Out of the erasure of his Facebook page, iAm's aim is still to create. During my 90 minute interview, he records sound and

video which he has since utilized to create a new music video chronicling these last few months (premiering now in Waif Magazine). From here, he's planning a trip with his band out to Menlo Park, California to visit the Facebook HQ, hard drive in hand and ask for a quick offload of his archive.

In the meantime, iAm is looking to alternatives. He tells me about the Contacts Book on Apple's iOS and how we can connect to each other by keeping a blog in the notes of our individual contact "profiles" in order to avoid mainstream social media platforms. Or even simpler: "just use text messages." iAm notes that to promote his upcoming events, he is and will continue to pay for his posts to be circulated, just to account for the audience that is no longer built into his profile.

Despite the circumstances, and as it seems is a direct result of his creative practice, iAm seems optimistic: "I've learned how to deal with stress in a way that no one can take from me. The only way I'd die younger is if someone tried to kill me. Jail is not gonna kill me, a mental hospital is not gonna kill me, I'll never be homeless on the street because I'm prolifically creating art. Someone always has a place for me. I'm not a troublemaker, I'm not making trouble. That's how I know I'll be stuck on this asteroid for awhile. Do yoga if you're gonna live forever." ♦

Watch "Anti-Facebook" by 185668232 on iswaif.com



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EDITORIAL

PEEL OFF YOUR FACE//

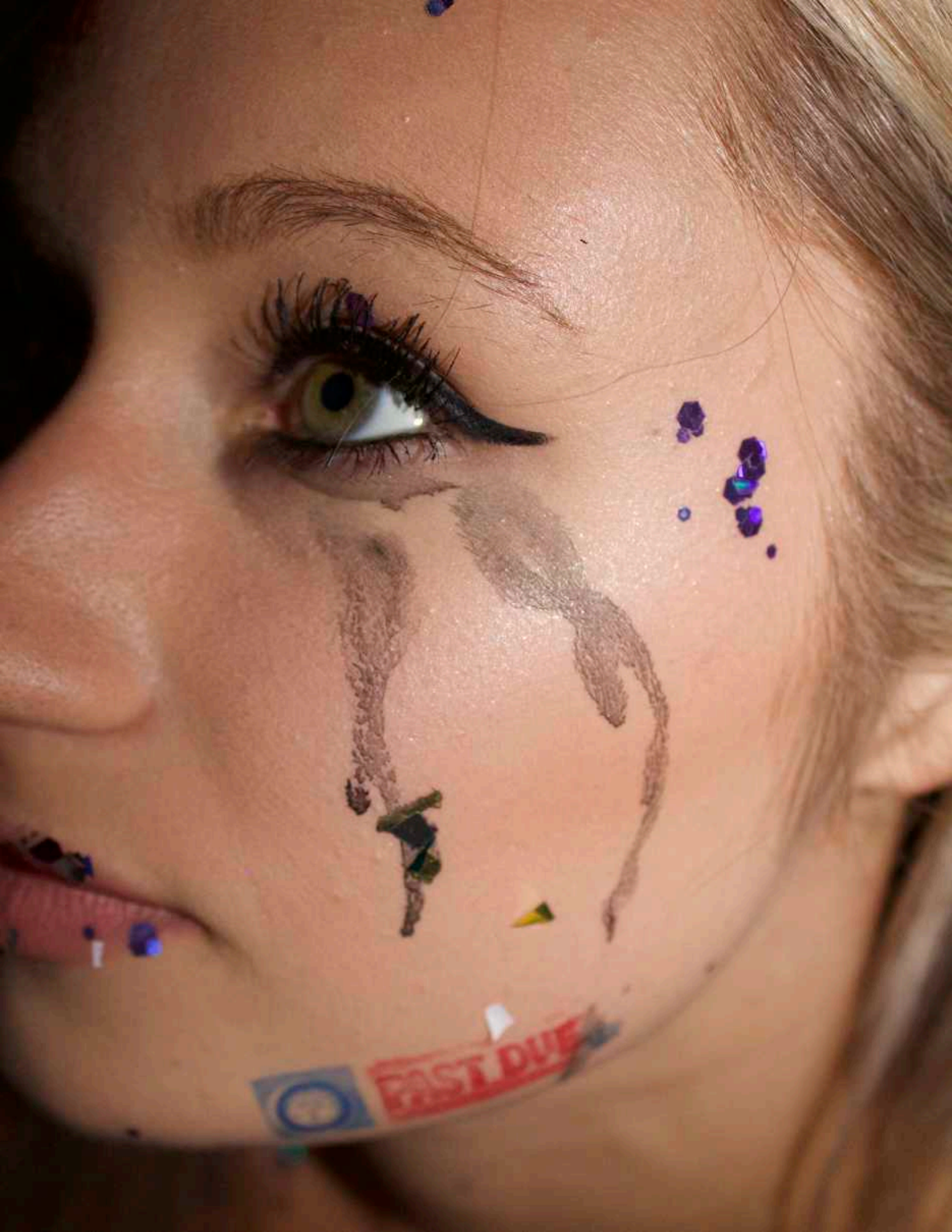
Photos by Alexia Garza Gomez

Modeled by Jigsaw Youth (Maria Alvarez, Nastascha Beck, and Alex Dmytrow (not pictured))

Two looks in one.













waif



**extinction
rebellion**



AN INTERVIEW WITH PAINTER

ALIJAN ALIJAN- POUR //

from Lonely Taming



United Couple

Waif Magainze:

How did you become a painter?

Alijan

AlijanPour:

When I was a child, about 6 or 7 years old, I saw

two painters in my village, a Provence north of Iran. All of the people there were fishers or farmers. Two painters came from the Capital Tehran and came to my village and saw that everything was beautiful and natural and they painted on a boat. When I was a child I saw the boat and I thought it was very beautiful. I thought, "maybe this is God's gift to me," I don't know, but when I was 7 years old I was painting with my soul... No books no color... only by charcoal on the wall and on the floor. My dad was a farmer and a fisher and didn't know art or anything else. When I was 9 years old I was painting on glass and on cars. People saw and thought it was very beautiful. When I came to Tehran, my uncle helped me because when i was 3 years old my mother died, I was studying in high school and I painted by myself. I never had a master or classes, only God helping me and in my inside I felt there was art working, working, non-stop. After 25 years my artwork was going to shows and exhibitions in Iran. After the revolution in Iran, after the new government came to Iran, I never stopped working, working for 21 years. Now I've been in Canada for 20 years. 2 or 3 years before coming to

Canada, my artwork went to contemporary museums in Iran and China. When I came to Canada my artwork was hung in the Parliament building.

WM: *Did you leave Iran because of the revolution?*

AAP: *The revolution was 40 years ago, I came to Canada 20 years ago. The revolution actually helped my work become more successful.*

WM: *Do you feel your art is traditionally Iranian or is it contemporary? Is it considered classical or modern art?*

AAP: *Both of them. Modern classical and miniatures*. My miniatures are new artwork not old artwork. After the revolution I had a lot of exhibitions inside Iran and outside Iran.*

WM: *I'm so interested in the black and white drawings*

AAP: *Oh, United Couple. This artwork is art concept. No man is better than woman, No woman is better than man. Two people are one person. Man and Woman are one person. Kissing, dancing, flying and harmony. It's talking about the human. You have to love. Love is life, life is good for all the people. Everything in the simple lines with the United Couple, you can see all the feelings.*

WM: *What is it like to draw the United Couples? Is it very quick, do they flow out of you?*

AAP: *Actually, The United Couple, 18 years ago, I said in my mind, "Ok Alijan, can you be unified with the*

** Miniatures are a traditional Iranian style of painting popularized in the 13th century*

***The history of
my art work is:
Who am I? Why
did I come to the
world? When i
came in the
world, what can
I do?***

world under your name?" I started to see all these photographs, all these movies, from dancing to kissing. One by one, I asked, "What is this patinage? What is this tango?" I felt an explosion in my insides.

After that I explored the explosion and catching it on paper. God tells me "Alijan, start it.' When i start the line, it's very hard work. Sometimes I have to pick up my brush! The brush is going off and the brush stops in my hand. Around 3-and-a-half-years ago, I finished this project for a show in Quebec and they got all the pictures. France, Italy, Russia...Every country says "Alijan, this is very beautiful." Dancers and people from dance classes ask, "Can we use this as a logo for the dance company?" Amazing, very amazing. Some people published a book and used this design on the cover.

WM: *The United Couples feel so simple. But your other work, the miniatures, are so complex, so colorful and vivid, and seem often to be honoring women. Can you tell me about the process of the miniatures?*

AAP: *The woman, inside my wisdom, is very, very powerful for sure. I don't know why I paint when I start, only I see the woman and the woman for me is a very good person. Actually, i don't know, maybe because when I was 3*

years old my mother was dead. All my students are women, all the students, for 40 years. I'm proud of my artwork that is made from the woman, the prestige in my artwork comes from the woman. The miniature is very hard work. Sometimes by acrylic, sometimes by water color, sometimes by Gouache. Everything in my mind is suddenly brush and color coming on the board. My mind is woman, woman is there; modern. Woman is there;



From My Real World

angel. Woman is there; holding a baby. The woman is very nice for me, every time. Woman is sacred.

WM: *Why do you think so many woman have been your students? do you think men have a fear or resistance of being artists? How is that for you, a man?*

AAP: All the people coming in my gallery are woman. maybe 5 or 6 men in 40 years came to my gallery. I don't know, I don't know my dear. Maybe God chose me, Alijan, you have to learn to teach only women. The Men that have been my students have never been good students. The Women have been more in tune with their emotions so they can access that power and put it in their art.

WM: What about for you? How do you stay in touch with your emotions in order to continue creating art?

AAP: I don't know, I don't know, it may be something coming from the universe, coming from God. I cannot explain how. Because i didn't have a master or go to art classes. Actually at this time, I think about that, at this time my age is 63 years. When I was thinking about this, I thought 'Ok Alijan, you are not an artist, God gave you this gift and God tells you how can you design in the world, on the canvas.' It's coming coming coming. But my feel is: It is coming from God. If God gives to you, you have to give to people. My artwork is art concept, my artwork is not for decoration, my artwork is philosophy.



From **Mother**

WM: Do your paintings tell a story?

AAP: Of course. The history of my art work is: Who am I? Why did I come to the world? When i came in the world, what can I do? At this time I can say to you my dear, If you don't come in my gallery, I'm dead. Not for food. My song is dead, my art is dead.

Everything, everything, when I issue it in my art work is for people, for

everybody. Why do students come in my gallery? Because the student is teaching me. Not one ways, two ways.

WM: I want to ask you about a specific painting, "Mother," can you tell me about it?

AAP: When I was a child, 5 years old, I was speaking to myself, you know how children sit at the corner and speak to themselves. I told my mom, "Mom, if I one day become a big artist, my perfect

art, my beautiful art, my famous art, will be for you." When I had an exhibition in China a woman saw "Mother" and started crying. In Canada, a woman saw "Mother" and she was crying. In the US it's true. in Greece its true. All my inside feelings I transfer to this painting. One night I had a dream of my mother, I was craving that love. My wife helped me

to provide me that love. When I was working on the painting she would constantly check on me and let me know her opinions.

WM: Your wife is involved in your work?

AAP: My wife has non-stop helped me every time. She gave me good energy. Because i am alone. It was always a presence that my mother was gone after she passed. When I got married my wife has always been by my side and has always taken care of me and helped fill the void.

WM: That makes sense that woman have been such a huge part of your life and your work in their presence or not. I have one more question for you. If you could encourage the world to continue to buy paintings and to continue to care deeply about physical artwork what would you say?

AAP: There are a few things. The relationship is two sided. It's not just

the person who buys the artwork but the person who's creating. It fills both people up: The person who's creating because

they're creating, he creates for other people because this is his gift he wants to give other people some of that light. To have someone receiving that is an important part of the process. For the other person it's not just about making their home look better or more aesthetic, it's deeper than that. He wants his paintings to either bring some sort of realization or peace to the person who's witnessing them, to add poetry to their lives and to their day to day. ♦

**My artwork is
art concept, my
artwork is not
for decoration,
my artwork is
philosophy.**

Alijan Alijanpour is based in Toronto, Ontario. Peruse his work online at AlijanPour.com or call (504) 503-3390 for inquiries



From **Mother**

EDITORIAL

***NEED A
BAG?
HOW
ABOUT A
SHOE?//***

Modeled by Jaz Larmond

A simple bag with an extra kick.









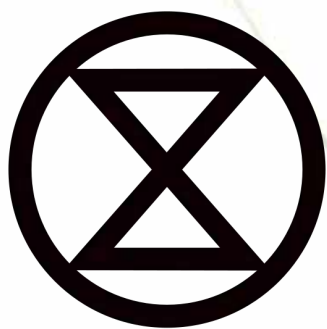






**don't m s
buy a h
cool k i
shit. e t**

waif



**extinction
rebellion**



INTERN'S CORNER

THE FASHION OF THE ART STUDENT//

By Joan Flaherty

Stay trendy without sacrificing your individuality.

Since beginning my acting training at a well-known art school a year ago I have cut my hair, got bangs, dyed it black, got a nose piercing, got highlights, got an additional piercing in my ear, refused to wear anything but thrifted clothing, judged those who wore Forever 21, only wore name brand, and overall went on a pursuit to find my own niche of individuality within a new climate that seemed to value personal style and the path less traveled above all. Maybe it was because my enneagram type (yet another of the million personality quizzes) is a four which means I by nature (according to the twenty question quiz at least) is strive to be unique and one of a kind. It's weird, going from my childhood environment, where I found sanctuary in conforming, to an environment where, if you look too much like the person next to you, you feel like your validity as an artist is in question.

The hypocritical thing about this conquest of individuality within art school communities is, while everyone is striving to look different in comparison to their suburban homes, most people end up looking the same.

Every person is thrifting for the same baggy cargo pants and oversized flannels. And every person is now sporting chains around their necks and on their pants. There's a quick formula to achieve the art student look-- which one could easily conclude themselves by going through the Instagrams of said students.

1. **Layered chain necklaces:** a staple accessory for both boys and girls, usually only silver. The clasp is always facing towards the front, and they are layered with various thicknesses and lengths.
2. **Baggy black cargo-ish pants:** Cargo pants that look a little slicker than those that middle school boys wear. If not black then a bright, popping color like red or blue with

white stitching. They are usually "thrifted" Dickies Cargo pants-- a brand which my mom only associates with workwear type clothing, but has a huge following within the art school fashion scene.

3. **Vintage Graphic T-Shirt:** Oversized and not tucked in, black, has a cool graphic on it that's faded (but not too too much) and clearly vintage.
4. **Doc Marten's:** Usually the platform Jargon shoes, not much else to say about this.
5. **Puffer jacket:** Not a Canada Goose jacket, as they're more of a severe low temperature clothing item than a fashion piece. A more cropped puffer, within the same muted color family, used to keep warm while still looking cool.

"Every person is thrifting for the same baggy cargo pants and oversized flannels. And every person is now sporting chains around their necks and on their pants."

6. **Not afraid of designer:** Within all this thrifted clothing there's always one expensive item hidden it. Whether it be a Supreme shirt or another designer name brand.

Sometimes it's as simple and small as an Off White key chain sticking out of one's pocket or a belt bag. The irony within this art school fashion look of wearing the untrendy is that they flock to thrift stores to find one-of-a-kind pieces, but not because they financially need to. While I personally can not emulate this style, as I do not have the money to, I wish I could wear Balenciaga Triple S's with a pair of \$5 pants I thrifted. A contradiction of an outfit to wear something so "high class" and expensive with something so cheap, but I suppose that plays into the whole "non conforming" element of art school fashion.

Now choose your favorite "fast fashion" website: for all intents and purposes, I will be

focusing on Brandy Melville. Why, you might wonder? Because I frequently shop there, it's the only way I can conveniently (and relatively cheaply) find and afford clothing pieces I want to wear. I have attempted many times to go thrifting specifically for a black pair of Dickies carpenter pants, but to my avail have never found them. So recently I finally gave in and bought the Brandy Melville \$40 dupe of them on their website. Why go through the effort of going to Home Depot and making my own chain necklace when Brandy Melville sells it. In fact, it seems like currently Brandy Melville has in stock the entire "art student" wardrobe. Because they caught on that everyone was thrifting for the same things. A trend is started from one person doing something and others enjoying it and thus replicating it. The "art student" style is not some immaculate thing that does not apply to this. These fast fashion companies noticed the growing number of people on social media in their layered t-shirts and Dickie's pants and simply made a smart business move, and as a result perpetuated this trend. This made it both easier for these clothing items to be accessible to budding art students without having to spend hours thrifting or making their own chains, but also clearly sets this style as a trend. Most of the

compliments I've received on clothing people commented on specifically because they thought they were thrifted were actually just from Brandy Melville, because I too am a faker who has just been following a trend within my community. Now when I go on social media, I see more people from my suburban hometown who are either still in high school or at state schools wearing clothing pieces I had considered "untrendy" and sacred to my art student bubble. Just



proving that there clearly is no such thing as

complete

BRANDY ♥ MELVILLE

individuality; anything once unique will slowly become popular in micro-communities, like in the case of art student fashion, and will eventually just be copied and mass produced by stores like Brandy Melville and Urban Outfitters. ♦

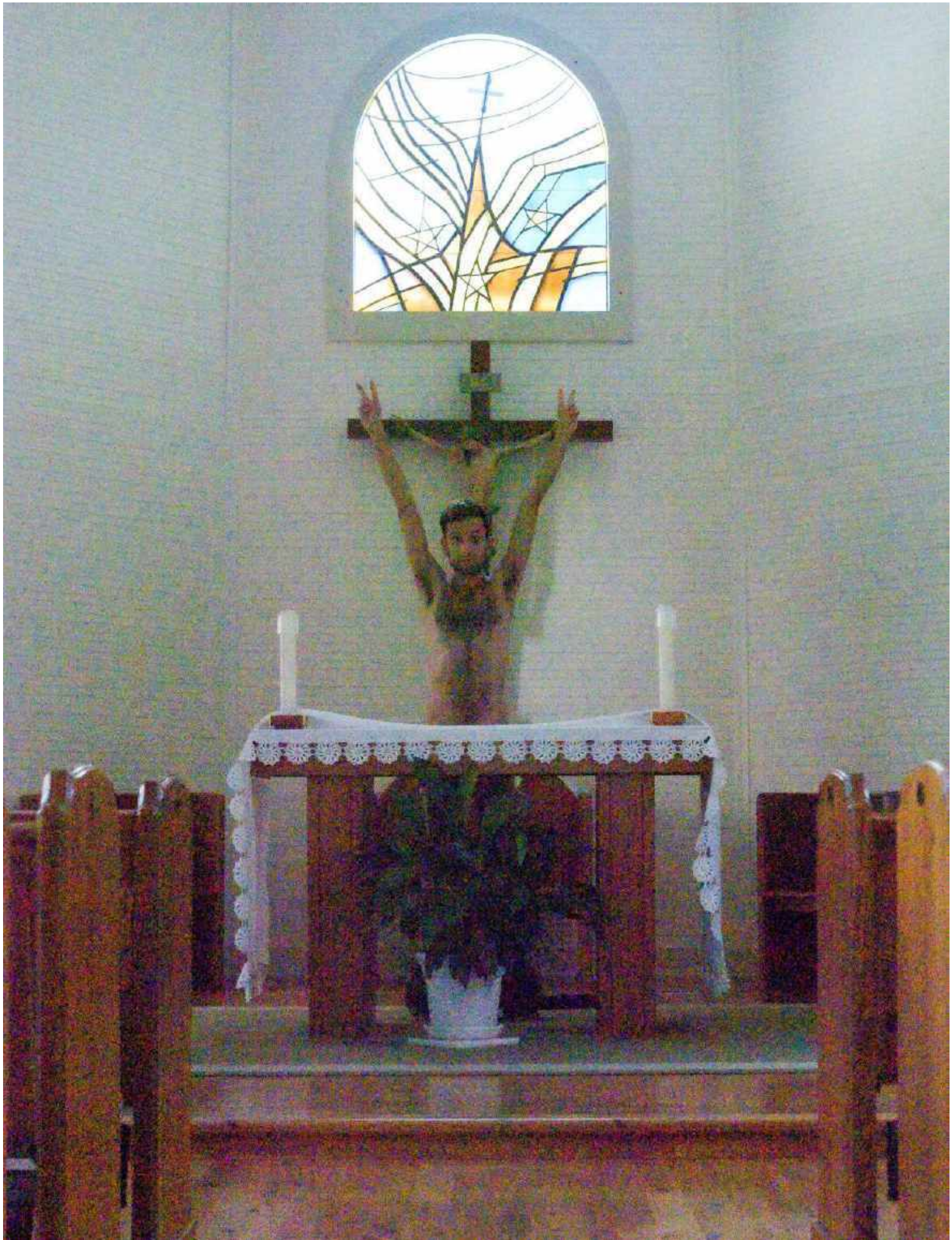
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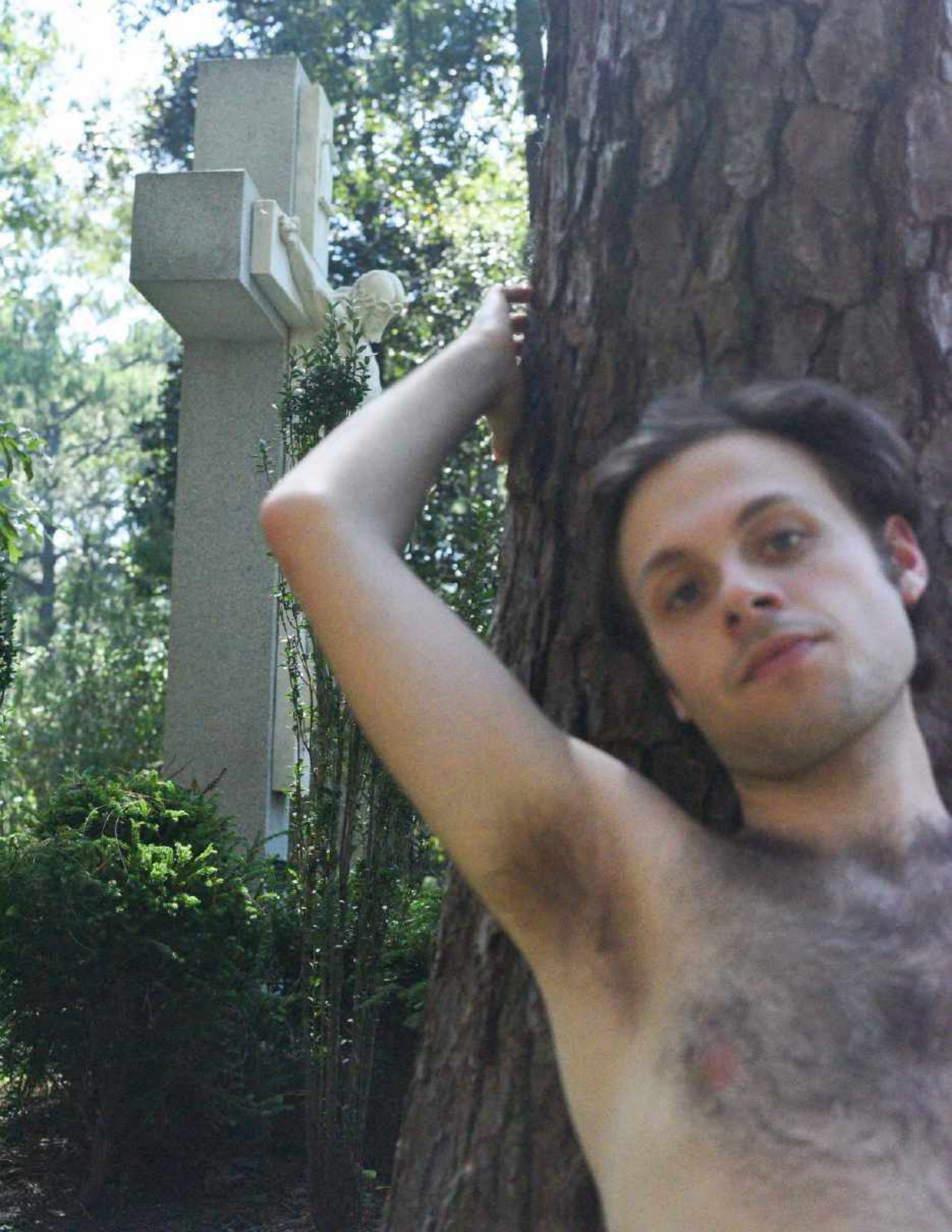
photographed by lavender katz

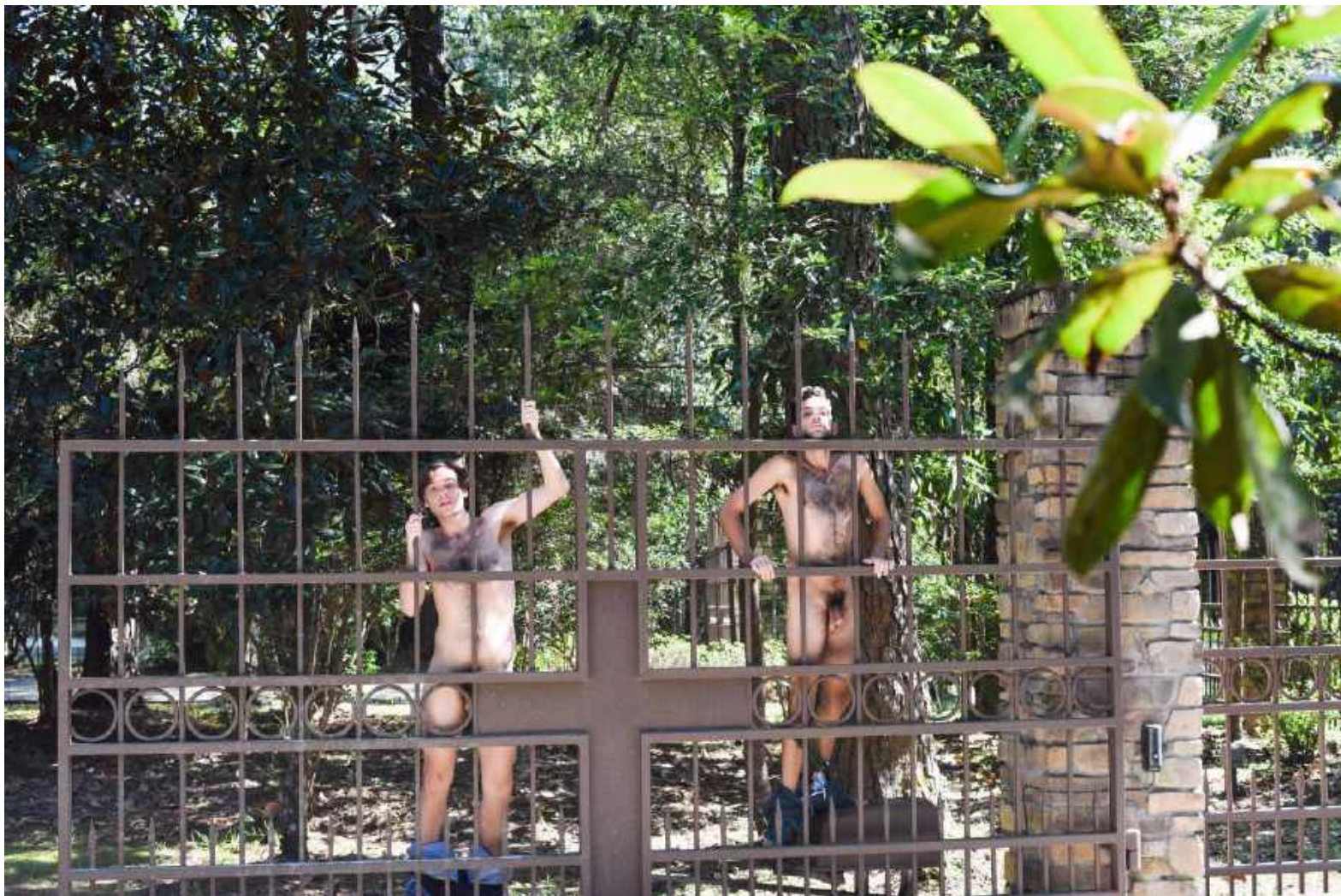
















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Issue 16 will be released in mid-October with a new orientation and a new perspective.

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