

wait



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 22: The Revolting Waif

Conceived by

SUBTLE PRIDE

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This issue of Waif Magazine features the talents of

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Crackhead Barney

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REVOLUTION

Are poems waif? (real important question)

I picked a cool font called 'GulimChe' and it looks like a typewriter .(uk Microsoft word)

So, in tissue 17 S2, our waif creators/gods/goddesses/gender-neutral version asked us if we want to include poems to submit into waif (coz reading are what? F.U.N.D.A.M.E.N.T.A.L) and her is my answer to that:

(before I start please don't come at me for grammar and punctuation and stuff coz I failed English in high school (re took it tho) lol my mum was really angry and also I think I should let you know that I am also kinda high -----(c a n n a b i s)but not like top high level you know I can walk)

---are poems waif?---

Answer: I think the fuck not

In every issue our creators of waif insert a page, usually the second, to remind our waif nation of what it actually is. Now to compile a little list of waif is and isn't w a i f:

Is waif	Is not
Waped veed of course	Trix (that American thing. Maybe cereal?)
Bangs (to inclue dora)	Granda not knitting a hat (had must be being made for you to be included)
Special k coz all the other letters are not good enough that they revolt coz they actually are enough	Not us (unless we want to be)
Corn in your poop	

I think what makes waif so simple in this demanding world is that it doesn't have any expectations. To be waif is to be nothing more than you need to be. Just you straight up chilling not matter how bored, weird or not enough you feel you are. If u wanna be waif then fuck it, you are, if you want your beady eyes to be waif then fuck it ,they are.. . to be continued

Now lest dive in (David Attenborough voice)(if u don't know it's the guy in the British nature documentary)(the geography teacher in my high school was a straight up whore for him, like the guy would get a boner or something to him)(waif editors u can take that bit put if you want coz its kinda rude my bad) Anywyas, lets see why somethings are waif and why some are not

Trix Vs Special k



special k is special k. you want to eat cereal and you have special k; you'd eat it. Coz it's what? special k cereal. Plain and simple. But Trix? Trix are for kids. It not that simple anymore. Trix not just Trix. Its Trix but for kids. Man its just not the same. Trix is more than its needs to be. It could just be Trix periodt. But unfortunately, that is not the case so Trix is not waif.

Mini announcement- Arab music slaps so hard. Its great. Good suggestion: search shik shak sho on YouTube and it's a dancing song. Or ask your local Arab.



your grandma not knitting a hat is so complex. Your grandma is so versatile, and she is not simple at all. She is not just waif, and will never be because she is so much more than she neds to be. She is above and beyond and we gotta respect our grandmas for that (unless they're misogynistic, homophobic, transphobic, racist, ableist etc,) but when your grandma is knitting hat? She nothing but a

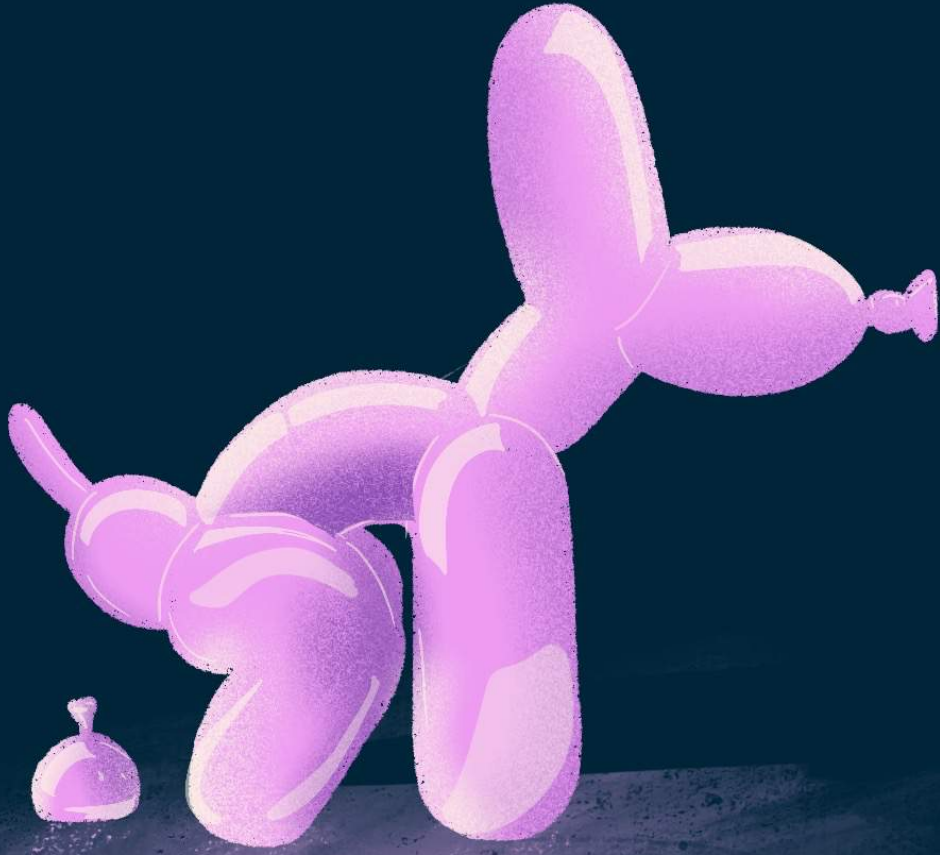
nice old lady knitting a hat. On the other hand, if your grandma wanted to be waif then sure she can be, we welcome her with open unjudgmental arms (blue).


When you read a poem so its so much more than it needs to be. Your thoughts are thinking way more than you need to be. There are so many interpretations than there needs to be. And with that comes uncertainty. And does anyone have time for that. Waif is easy and simple and not poetry.

Thank you for reading.

If this does make it into the next issue thank you and I really don't mind if you want to include the fact that I was high or not while writing this. I think I added a new texture and idea to the table on if waif was poems. I got some really good bud (another word for weed) from my friend and I smoked some out my window. In front of a monkey tree).







trash talk with your friends

is waif

YOUR DICK
IS NOT
PHOTOGENIC



AN

ODE

TO

NOSE //

By Madi Burgess



“My nose may be broken, but it holds the same privilege I do.”

Ok so here's the premise. I'm insecure about my nose. Since the age I knew how to be insecure about things. Although using masks to cover up and be socially responsible?? Amazing. Did NOT see that one coming.

My nose has taken quite the beating. When your nose protrudes from your face, it's an easy target. A visit from a softball, a football, the back of a friend's head and an unfortunate glass window. Every break and crack disfigured it more to my unliking. It was passed down by my beautiful Italian mother and in some sense, I know its power. Noses hold generations of history, worn on the faces of those who came before us. Our noses carry stories. This nose in its past lives has desperately crossed oceans, found love, been heartbroken, found love again, gotten in the way of a brother's fist, felt countless tears, probably has had lots of zits, mine included, and held up countless pairs of reading glasses. That power is hard to remember though when your friends make a cake in the shape of your nose and nickname you "Gru," as in the *Despicable Me* villain. You see what I'm getting at? Great. I laughed it off. Then cried about it later. As we do.

You can guess the rest. For years I loathed my nose. My formative years were the toughest. My nose did not match the ones in magazines. It could not be hidden. I wouldn't call my nose atrocious. It has CHARACTER dammit. But character doesn't get Nic "greek god" Frangos to like you in eighth grade. All this is to say I got glasses in college and it helped distract from my nose and yeah, I'll admit, I felt a little better.

But deep down I was ashamed about how much energy I put into disliking my profile. Could. I. Be. This. Vain? I knew my disdain for my nose had to go deeper. Not just an aversion to brokenness or imperfection. Rather, a learned lens, one which favors thin and small, especially for womxn. I have come to learn it is not a journey to just love one's own, but to understand the ways in which standards for noses have been used to hurt, caricaturize and belittle. To flip the narrative that told me that noses must be corrected,

straightened, shrunk, aligned to our brows and to the liking of another's' gaze. That they must be *anglicized*. If you google the word "nose" a bunch of small, symmetrical, white ones pop up. Talk about a racialized beauty landscape. My nose may be broken, but it holds the same privilege I do.

Taking pride in each of our noses is an act of resistance; against beauty standards, against false hierarchies and stereotypes. It's also a big "fuck you" to the sunglasses industry. Why do you always have to put a mirror on the display? I know they will be off centered without even looking. Fuck you.

For those of you with naturally gifted noses or stitched up noses – no hate. You get to own yours too. A friend of mine just got a nose job, though she prefers "rhinoplasty" when speaking to a particularly judgy relative. She had a medical reason, but at the end of the day she also wanted it straight. No judgement lady! Been there. You do your thing. Our noses carry stories.

One day, pre-corona, my little queer heart was pining over the compelling and // mysterious// barista at my local coffee shop. In this moment, I reflected on what I must appear like to her, clearly peacocking in my fresh Reebok kicks, and I became intensely self-conscious of my nose. I sat there in all my shame/glory and decided NoT ToDAY. I took a big sip of my lukewarm cappuccino and drew up some faces owning their noses. It is a little ode to the nose, and the folks who wear them. To the noses that can smell and the ones that cannot. To the mended noses, the healing noses, the noses bruised or brutalized. To the thing that boldly goes before us, pointing the way. We claim these noses as ours. Grinning, scrunching, bleeding. Molding the terrain of our faces.

On occasion, I open the medicine cabinet, the kind with the mirror attached. I stare at and ridicule my facial protrusion. But today, rather than resign to frustration, I rest my glasses securely on its bridge.

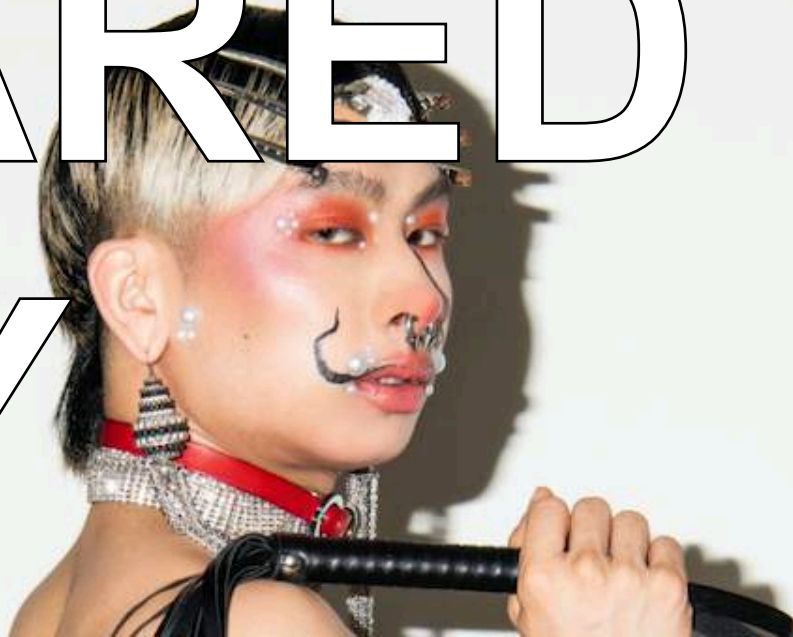
"Fuck it," I defiantly say to no one. I dare to wear my nose with some goddamn pride. ♦





JARED

BY



DENOTÉ

LEE //









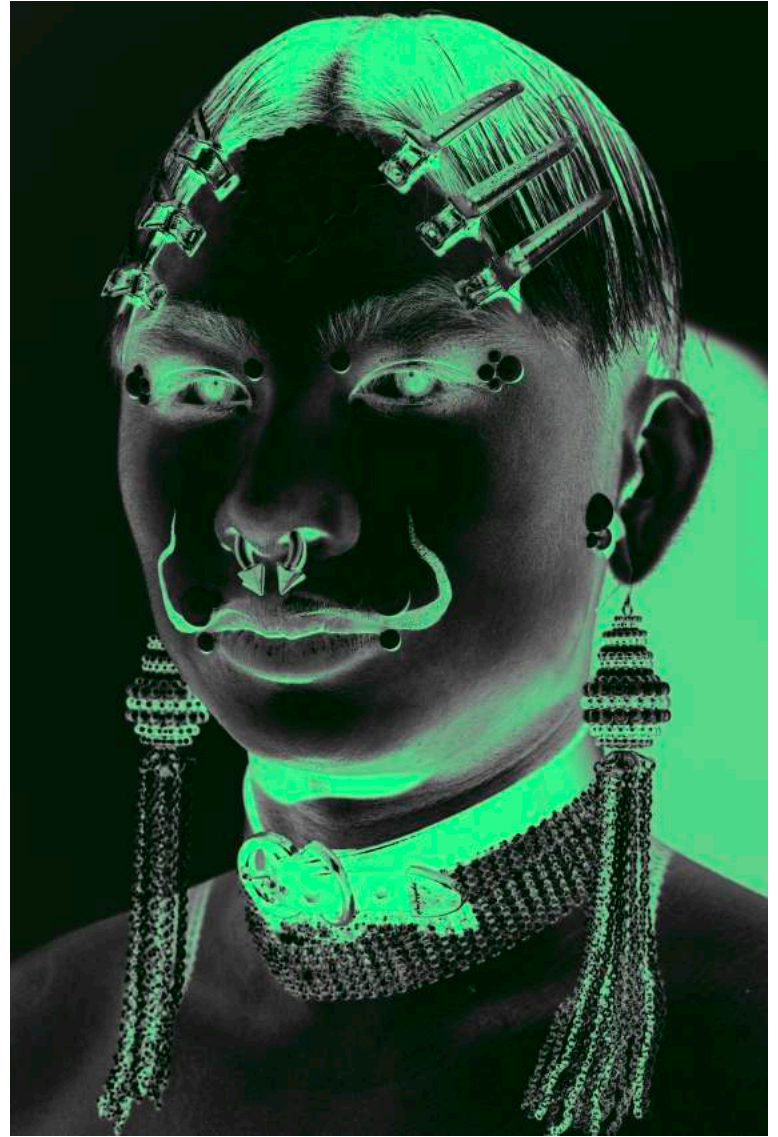
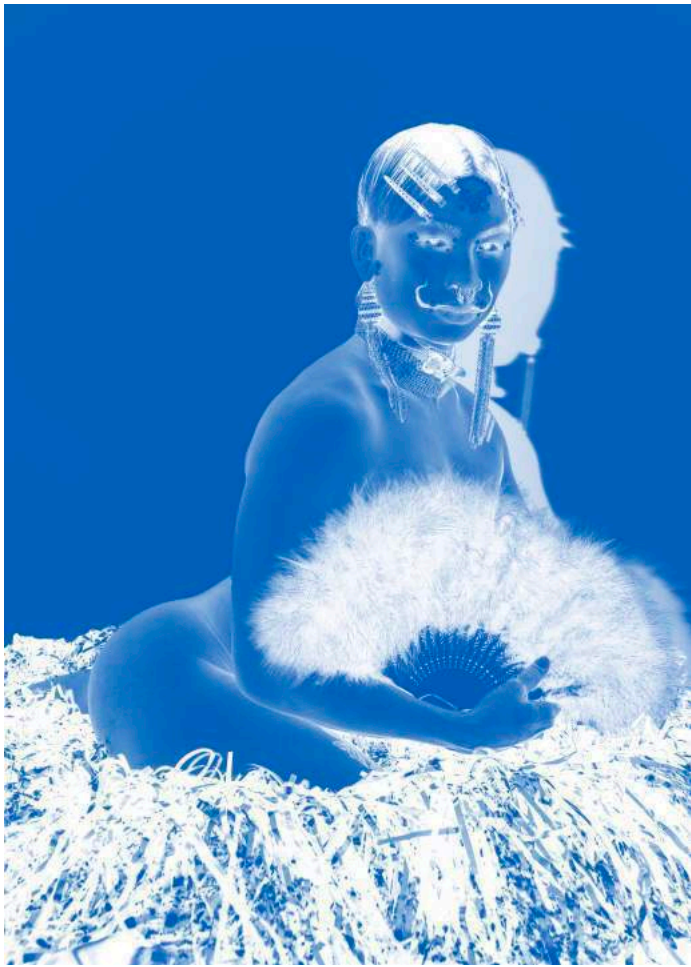


















***THE
ARTIST
AND THE
REVOLU
-TION//***

By Evan Malik McDonald

We find ourselves in the midst of a historical revolution. A battle to protect marginalized and oppressed lives. What form does this revolution take? Is it a cultural revolution, a battle of ideologies, or some type of civil war? I can't say for certain, but what I do know is that artists play an important role in defining this era.

First, I think we should cover my definition of *art*, which I see as anything creatively manufactured for the consumption of our senses. This can be food, photos, film, music, etc. It is one of the most important elements in the growth of human understanding, of oneself, and the universe as a whole. But what is the role of art and the artist during the age of revolution?

I'm a Black artist. I'm an accomplished documentary filmmaker, I'm a comedian, a podcaster, basically a renaissance man. I have an ongoing podcast (called the *Black Hole Podcast*, check it out), where I talk to young artists about whatever they want to converse about. And what I've realized is that every artist I've talked to has a drive, especially now, to fight for what they believe is right. And their work naturally reflects this in some way. As artists we cannot help but to create, and what we create will always have some kind of impact on the revolution.

In revolution, art serves two main purposes. The first being that of a

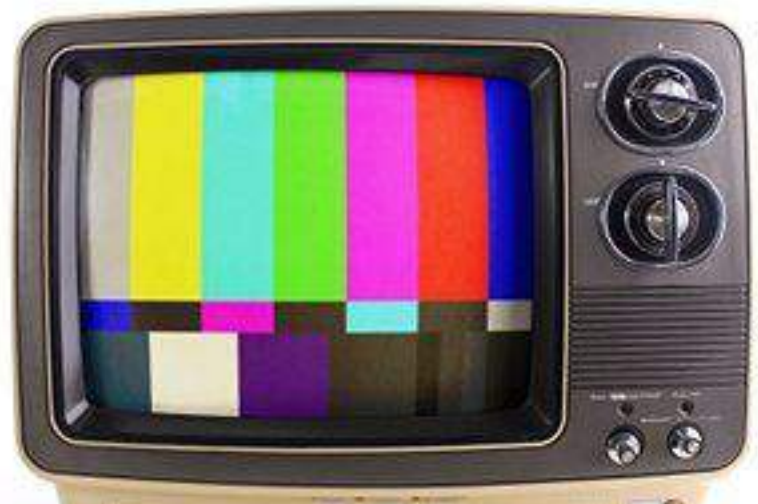
morale modifier. The second, a representation of history. Morale is the drive to continue a movement. Good morale pushes participants to do whatever it takes to achieve victory. On the contrary, bad morale drags participants increasingly closer to despair, ultimately resulting in a form of failure.

Art that serves to boost morale can create a sense of unity and mutual understanding amongst like-minded

viewers. For example, take a look at the work of Leni Reifenstahl for the Nazi party. Reifenstahl's work creates an extremely exaggerated and *pristine* depiction of the aryan race; she created and

portrayed an image that made the Nazi individual look strong, uniform, and physically flawless in every way. Why, you ask? Well, because the Nazis fought for the superiority of the aryan race. In other words, Reifenstahl's propagandistic artwork was a representation of what they were fighting for.

“My audience is subjected to what I have to say, and what I say, while being a joke, gives the audience not only the tools to conduct a conversation, but the permission to as well.”



A more modern example is Beyonce's absolute masterpiece, *Black is King*. First off, holy shit. Secondly, goddam. Beyonce's *Black is King* serves to empower Black individuals with the sense of pride towards Black individuals and Black culture that is deeply lacking in American society.

Black is King provides revolutionary soldiers with pride towards themselves and a reminder of what they fight for. It is a piece of artwork that all progressives – everyone fighting to protect the oppressed – can rally behind and trumpet.

But what uplifts one can serve to attack the other; MAGA hats, Blue Lives Matter flags, the artistically performative acts of right wing news correspondents all serve an entirely different agenda. While it may give some form of camaraderie among those who follow this doctrine, it demonizes the other side. It can ultimately be demoralizing for those who do not side with such rhetoric.

The point of art, in this respect, is to compress ideas, rhetorics, and concepts in a way that is easily accessible and digestible by the masses. I do this a lot in my stand-up. Taking a heavy topic that relates to my own life as a Black man,

and chopping it down into easily digestible pieces. My audience is subjected to what I have to say, and what I say, while being a joke, gives the audience not only the tools to conduct a conversation, but the permission to as well.



With this being said, it is also important to acknowledge that all art isn't confined within the constraints of morale manipulation. To say that it is would be a grim and flippant explanation of what art can really be. James Baldwin once remarked, "All art is a kind of confession, more or less oblique. All artists, if they are to survive, are forced, at last, to tell the whole story; to vomit the anguish up." Art is the truth of human reality—of the *artist's* reality. Even if just for a moment, viewers are able to see the world through the eyes of the artist. It is an uncompressed representation of the

sensibilities and understandings held within our time.

Art *is* history. Art can document important moments (both in truth and exaggeration), a photo of Richard Nixon meeting Mao Zedong, a romantic painting of George Washington crossing the Delaware River, or a drone video

“We have the social responsibility to provide the world with our perspective—one that is catalyzed by the societies we find ourselves in.”

capturing a battle between protesters and armed police.

Art also defines an era. Whenever we hear “Fortunate Son” by Creedence Clearwater or “Purple Haze” by Jimi Hendrix, our minds are transported to the 1960s: a time of protest and war. When we watch a movie like *Red Dawn* or *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, we can come to an understanding of the “Red Fear” held by Americans throughout much of the twentieth century. Decades from now, when people look back on the late 2010s and the 2020s as a whole, what will define our mindset? Will it be art such as the Childish Gambino song “This is America,” which reflects some of our more harrowing views of American police violence, gun culture, and racist identity? Will it be songs such as “Accidental Racist” which portrays America as a place rife with mistakes but contains a good and honest soul?

What of the artist, though? We established the *art’s* role in revolution, but what is the *individual’s* role? We are the wizards, the creators, and the manufacturers of art. We have the social responsibility to provide the world with our perspective—one that is catalyzed by the societies we find ourselves in. Written history is a simple documentation of *what is* and it is controlled by those who are in power. Written history should be confined by fact and not feeling, but art is allowed to be more than that. Artists can reflect and not simply document. They are

allowed to ask questions, look for meaning, and criticize the world as they see fit. Art allows room for self-expression, while written history *should not*.

The artist must also be willing to allow emancipation of their artwork from their own grasp. Inspiration and interpretation differs upon viewership, meaning creators must accept that participants in (and opponents of) the revolution will construct their own meaning from their work. I’ve struggled with this. Pouring so much of myself, my ideas, and my life into a project only for it to be interpreted in a way that I never intended. But like a parent, my seed isn’t mine to command.

We artists provide the breath for a revolution. We keep it alive. We spread meaning and unification. We create sources of refuge, rallying cries, and dialogue. We are the purveyors of a truth held by many. We are the ones who wave the flags and beat the drums on the battlefield, inspiring those on our side and striking fear in the other. Art protects this movement and makes it accessible. So we must create, we must work because the revolution will die without us. ♦

Evan’s podcast, The Black Hole Podcast, releases new episodes weekly, available to stream on major platforms.



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**HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE TO
STAYM.WHY CANT I MAKE
FRIENDS ?????**



@mossvanishingnewyork

**B
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CONGRESS
JUNE 23





@lubrikante









@halcyonshadows





 **pegthestallion**



[@crackheadbarneyisback](#)

I love @crackheadbarneyisback 🤔





The perfume of 2020

REBEL

-S ARE

WAIF //

By Louise Klotz

why civil disobedience is waif.

Because you could end up taking a piss in the middle of an open pit coal mine in front of a ton of very serious policemen. And that is waif.

Let me give you some context;

First of all, you may be wondering: "what the fuck is civil disobedience?" The principle is very simple: it is a peaceful breaking of rules (usually a bit more extreme than eating candy after brushing your teeth) for a greater cause.

To give you an idea, here are some examples:

- ✓ Singing shitty remakes of pop songs in front of McDonalds to scare of customers
- ✓ Free the nipple while swimming in the fountain of Trevi to expose over-sexualization of the female body (to be noted: of the three statues to be seen on the fountain, only one pair of nipples is exposed and guess whose they are?)
- ✓ Planting tons of tomatoes around the head offices of Total to absorb the excess CO2 they emit every day
- ✓ Acting like a flock of chickens in the middle of a bridge to disrupt traffic

You get the idea. The more creative, the better.

Now, onto my story:

Last year, I was living in Berlin and got involved in ecological activism. I began marching in the streets and meeting lots of very cool people. We screamed lame slogans, held signs with even lamer slogans which we had thought about very hard and were very proud of. Stuff like "winter is not coming" or "how will we throw shade, if there are no more trees". I also have very german ones, but you'll need a german C1 level and a very good knowledge of german culture to understand them. Sorry.



It took me a couple of hundred kilometers of marching to realize, that these demonstrations were not having the repercussions I had hoped for. The news talked very little of us and the politicians didn't take us seriously at all. After all, we were doing nothing to really bother them. I felt like I needed to do more. That is how I ended up on a bridge in the middle of winter, drinking tea and singing with strangers. I then took part in a massive bike ride in the middle of the city of Berlin. When we would arrive at roundabouts, we would just ride around in circles, ringing our bells and shouting. When the police decided to join in and when the honking of cars covered our bells and shouts, we would just decide on another roundabout to disturb and continue our way. At that point, I was beginning to act like an addict, needing something more every time.

A couple of months later, I heard about this bigger action, taking place in the southwestern part of Germany. You have to know that Germany is big on lignite, considered the most polluting energy source because of its low calorific value, meaning you need to burn more matter to get the same amount of energy out of it. The region of North Rhine-Westphalia is home to three enormous open-pit coal mines in Europe. 100 million tons of CO2 yearly are extracted every year. That area is the biggest CO2 emitter in Europe. My addicted self couldn't resist. I convinced a couple of friends, we packed our tents and hit the road to join thousands of people, from all over Europe, having only one idea in mind: blocking this giant coal mine with our own bodies.

I am making it all sound very simple to keep it spicy, but nothing about the whole thing was actually simple. The whole mass actions had been organized for months by very intelligent people. Even on a personal note, the mental game I played before making the decision to jump in the car was

complex. It was bigger than everything I had done before, it had real legal implications, it was in another part of the country. And adding to that, we had very little information about the action, which made sense (for organizational purposes) but was kind of scary also. But we just did it. And when we arrived on the giant campsite, in the middle of nowhere, we were surrounded by the coolest people ever. It just felt like a small music festival. All the fears and anxiety faded

away.

Early the next morning, we started walking, having no idea what the exact plan was. We just walked for hours and hours, being stopped for even longer hours by the police multiple times. Every time we found a way to continue walking. And at some point, we left the walking path and started running in fields. Suddenly, we arrived in front of this gigantic hole in the ground. I felt like Frodo arriving to Mordor and it felt terrifying and really good at the same time. Having this apocalyptic landscape in front of our own eyes only made the feeling of doing the right thing grow inside all of us. More than determined, we slowly made our way down the mine pit. We managed to get to the bottom, a couple of hundred meters deep into the ground. There, we were welcomed by the police and a bunch of workers of the company owning the mine and had to stop. We still outnumbered them, so they didn't really do anything except gaze into the void, arms crossed and legs wide open. They blocked the way and we couldn't continue. At this point, we all were very tired from the long walk. We embraced the situation and all of us, two thousand people, sat down. We unpacked our snacks, blankets, books and card games and made ourselves at home.

After a while, some of us were starting to feel the liquids from their bodies needing to get out. So, we decided to build toilets. We chose the spot that seemed the most appropriate and it happened to be just in front of these very stiff standing policemen. When it was my turn to pee, it felt like the most magical moment of my life. Even better than the time my parents were out of town for the weekend when I was a child and me and my sister played The Sims for 48 hours straight.

Jumping a few hours later, it was beginning to get dark, we heard Lily Allen's "Fuck You" blasting from outside the mine pit. We looked up to find some of our co-activists with the biggest speaker I have ever seen. We all got up and had a giant dance party. As we all danced wildly, we could see the police starting to elaborate a plan to get us out, they wanted to go home to their wives and a nice home-cooked meal - who could blame them? The leader of the pack came forward with a microphone. He stood in front of us and started to speak. We were all staring at him, waiting for the very important matter he wished to communicate us. Amazingly, the microphone was, like us, in a rebellious mood that day and decided not to work. With our music still running, it just looked like he was in a karaoke, singing his go-to song and it was fucking hilarious.

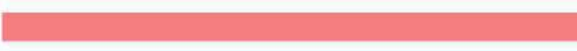
I could go on and on with stories like these, but I have to somehow finish up the story. At some point, things started to get less funny, we were carried one by one by these very serious and muscular men. I guess, at this point, they were pretty pissed that we made them miss that night's episode of "The Young and the Restless" so they didn't handle us with great care. We were put in busses and driven out of the mine. It felt like we were going on a school trip. We sang and laughed. We arrived in a field, where they took us one by one and asked question (which we didn't answer), took our fingerprints (that we had carefully covered with glue and glitter) and tried photographing our paint, glitter and dust covered face. I made sure to grin sillily and blink more than average. I'm pretty sure not even my mom would recognize me at this point. And then they just let us go. Now just imagine how long it took them to go through all of us, thousands of activists. I'm pretty positive we kept them busy until 12 the next day.

We made our way to the campsite and arrived there in the middle of the night. Naturally after a day like this, you just can't go to sleep. So we stayed up, talking to random people that felt like the bestest of friends after we had been through together. The whole atmosphere of that night was very magical. The next day, everyone returned to their lives. That part was very difficult to me, it felt very strange to be back in that big city, going through my day like nothing happened. As if I had spent my Saturday, like most of my Saturdays, on my couch watching movies. Instead, I had spent it sitting on a pile of coal. I felt very sad and nostalgic of a very close past. I just had felt such deep emotions that everything felt dull. But don't worry, the feeling goes away and my couch and I figured things out, we're good. I promised him some one-on-one time in following weeks.

It is safe to say that our common goal as readers of Waif Magazine is waifness, right? And I can assure you that going in streets and expressing your discontent in a creative, peaceful (sometimes illegal) way will help you pursue that goal. More importantly, you will have an amazing time with amazing people and a feeling of doing the right thing. Rebel, my kids.

And honestly, I have to say, thinking more and more about this fountain of Trevi action, I feel like we may be onto something. If anyone is up, contact me at mikaa.lk@protonmail.com and let's meet next week in Rome. Or just send me waif ideas for future waif actions of civil disobedience. ♦

ONE FEAR



A ZINE BY @NESSNITE

"IT'S HANNAH
BEST OF
BOTH WORLDS ,



MONTANA ,



STUCK RIGHT

N BETWEEN

A COUPLE BADDIES."

they // them // they // them // they // them // they // them // they // them // they // t



DIDN'T THINK I'D BE ASKED TO DEFINE NOT WANTING TO BE DEFINED. "SEE ME FOR WHAT I REALLY AM" WAS SOMEHOW UNCLEAR. BUT I TRY TO REMEMBR ITS PARTLY NOT YOUR FAULT AS IT WASN'T MINE WHEN I DIDNT HAVE LANGUAGE TO SEE. EXISTED SO LONG WITHOUT THE WORDS FOR IT. SOMETHING CLICKED AS I HOPE IT DOES FOR YOU. VAGUE, BUT SPECIFICALLY, ME.

THE NAMESLESS PAIN AND

SADNESS

GO UNDERGROUND ,

GROW ,

GET HARDER
TO SEE .



ITS OKAY TO SAY
"I'M HURT ."
"I'M SAD ."
"I'M LONELY ."

"YOU CAN'T LET ME DOWN
CAUSE I AIN'T GOT NO
MOTHERFUCKIN'
EXPECTATIONS"



IT'S OKAY TO SAY
"I'M SORRY ."

Today at 12:47 pm

“ My trauma is not my fault nor is it an excuse to cause further harm. It is my responsibility to unlearn , heal, and break cycles.”



Delivered

“ I see how i was wrong and I understand how my actions affected you. I sincerely apologize for ____ and will be more mindful in the future.”



Delivered

I
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INSTAGRAM-



@theafrocentricratchet

@effygasm

@heavymetalgorilla

@doitlikedua

@wallflowermccoy

@rickimonique

@_kamillalove

@chic.nique

@booboo3000000

@jijacanjero

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@awamally

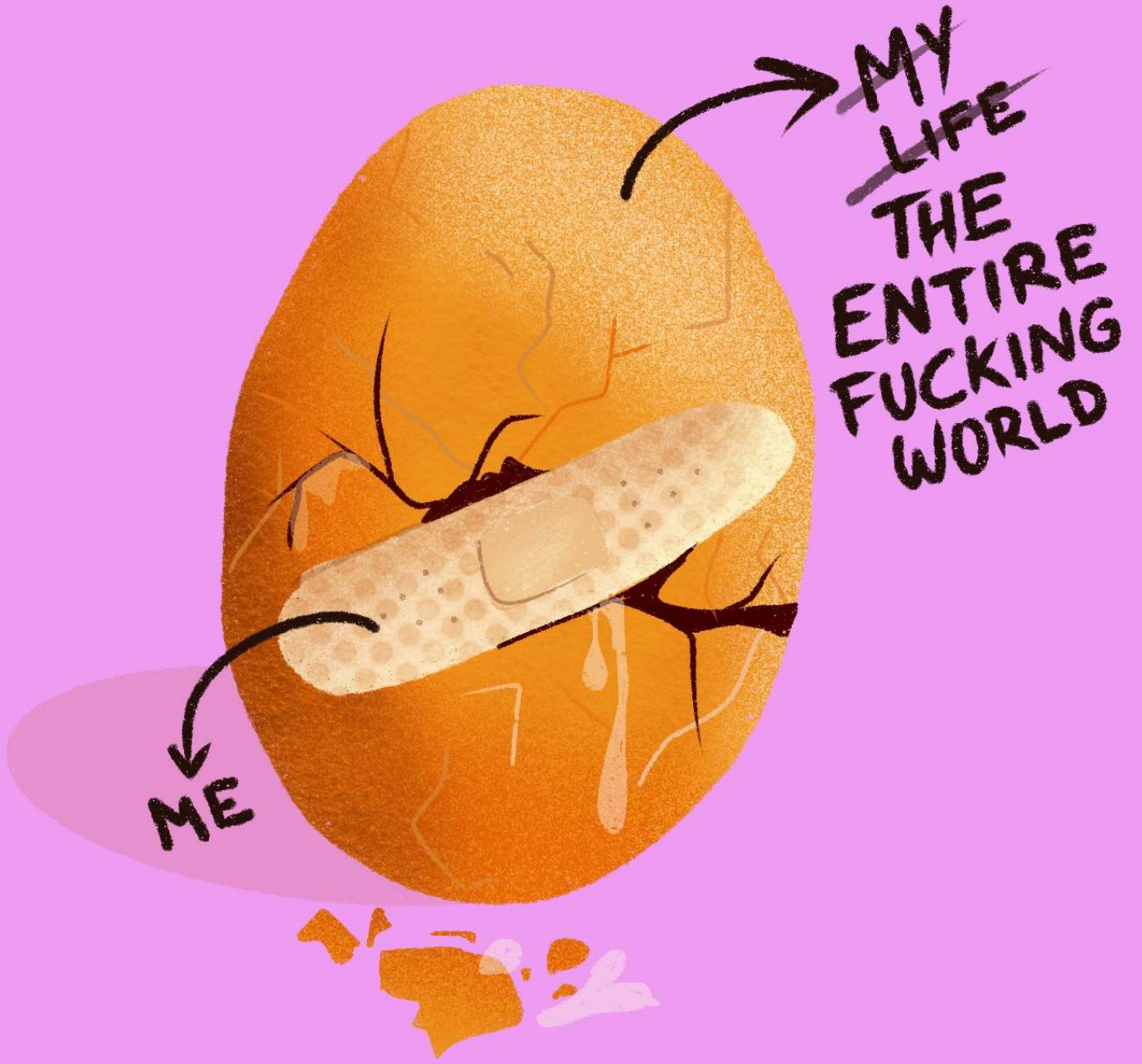
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THE FUTURE, BROUGHT TO YOU BY :

ARTISTS RAISING THE BAR IN MINNEAPOLIS

SUPPORT BLACK ART.



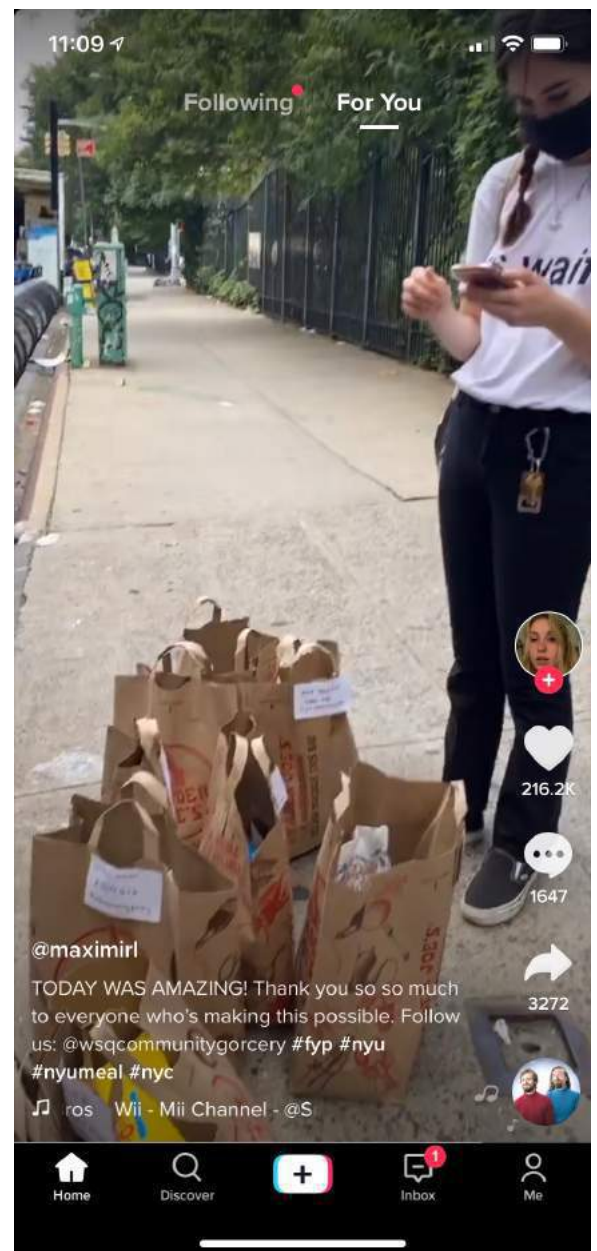
ME

MY
LIFE
THE
ENTIRE
FUCKING
WORLD

INTERN'S CORNER

**WSQ
COMMUNITY
GROCERY
-Y//**

Guest Column by Zach





Following the viral TikTok sensation that is NYU students quarantined in campus housing with no access to food? So are we. Pretty crazy stuff. For those who maybe haven't seen this, students at NYU, whose classes will be meeting in person this fall, are required to self-quarantine in their on-campus housing prior to the first day of class. In order to facilitate this quarantine, NYU Dining Services had implemented a plan to deliver 3 meals each day to the quarantined residents. Of course, the number of students isolated in the dorms far outweighs the capacity of the Dining Services staff to prepare and deliver adequate meals to each of these individual students, resulting in students receiving all 3 meals simultaneously at the end of the day, or otherwise not enough food to feed one person. Popular TikToks show watermelon salad, a side of one whole lemon, and the vegan option of a steak and cheese salad.

I, like you, had a negative response to this. Especially during this time of mass fury toward the elite, why should I care whether these rich NYU kids have enough to eat? A quick trip to my favorite website, twitter.com, provided the same dose of new perspective it always does. A tweet from @anyamcneal asks readers to be mindful of the diverse financial demographics in a university setting: "not all nyu students are rich...many students rely on scholarships and on campus housing to attend." Anya is right, of course. Though many students at NYU can afford to secure an apartment in the astronomically expensive post-gentrification

East Village, there is an equally great number of students, at NYU and in colleges broadly, who receive money from the federal government and the school to attend and for whom dorms are the only option. The fact remains that while some of the students quarantined in NYU dorms are the rich kids we love to see suffer, a far greater majority of the students in housing need the meals they were promised.

Waif Intern Joan Flaherty, an NYU student herself, is stepping in to pick up some slack. At the end of last week, she and one of her classmates, Maxim Estevez-Curtis, connected through TikTok and created WSQ Community Grocery - a grassroots initiative to provide low income and food insecure NYU students with free meals. Collecting food donations from her peer network and monetary donations through Venmo, Joan and Maxim hand-delivered over 100 meals this weekend and are gearing up to deliver more in the coming weeks.

If you are willing and able, WSQ Community Grocery is seeking help with deliveries in and around the NYU neighborhood. Take a second to fill out their volunteer form and they'll get back to you with the details. If you'd like to make a donation, you can Venmo Joan (@joan-flaherty) or Maxim (@maxim-estevez-curtis). ♦



Quarantined NYU students are in need of groceries, we are here to help.

TO DONATE:

DM us to arrange contactless food donation drop off.

Venmo a monetary donation to @maxim-estevez-curtis or @joan-flaherty (link in bio as well)

TO RECEIVE FOOD DELIVERY:

Fill out the google form in our bio.

DM us with specific questions.

THANK YOU!

***THE WEAK
WOMEN'S
FILM
FESTIVAL //***

By A. Woman

As a woman, I'm often seeking avenues for empowerment. Pregnant woman in charge of New Zealand? We love to see it. Lady Gaga at the Oscars? Yas queen. Beyonce on Disney Plus? Bow down, bitches. I strive to let my femme flag fly in my own creative work too. I watched *Broad City* - we have no choice but to stan a couple of badass kweens and perpetuate their feminist traditions of recreational drug use and free love in our own creations.

That being said, I've noticed somewhat of a paradigm shift as I'm creating this work lately. Don't get me wrong, I'm doing the work to highlight narratives of powerful women. Trust me, that's my number one priority as a content creator. In a recent meeting with one male Hollywood executive (stereotyped much??), I launched into my pitch as I usually do, saying: as we well know, women are often portrayed as weak in mainstream media. This guy, and I'm not saying he's sexist (though I do think inherently all men are sexist but that's a story for another time!), asked me if I could give him some examples of some movies or TV shows that upheld the presentation of women as weak that I was aiming to overturn. My mind went blank! Could it be that, in trying so hard to fight for representation of strong women in the media, I myself am upholding the tradition of sexism in the mainstream?

I finished the meeting and walked out with my head held high, thank you very much. I hopped in my Jeep, drove out to my hunting cabin (that I own), poured myself a glass of bourbon, and began to rack my brain for all the weak women I've seen in movies over the years. Not only did I come up with what I think is a list of amazing movies that all feature women in strictly diminished roles, I've decided to host an industry networking event called the *Weak Women's Film Festival*. I'll be renting a conference room at The Wing and inviting every male chauvinist I know to marathon these movies. We'll watch, we'll meet new people, and just maybe we'll reconsider our relationship to women and the mainstream media. Here are the movies I'll be showing:



Love Actually

This is hard because I actually love this movie, but personal preferences aside, it's incredibly sexist towards women. In the world of *Love Actually*, it's a cardinal sin for a woman to have a waist bigger than size zero, stalking is romance, affairs are just par for the course of marriage, and the subtle references to foreskin in the costume design round out a film that is Grade A SEXIST. Side Note: I watch this movie like once a week every December, it's next level Christmas.

Psycho

Where to begin. The mom is not only dead but also some perverted sex symbol for her son? What about her career? What about her goals? And Janet Leigh - *Psycho* could have been a Janet Leigh vehicle, but 30 minutes in she's naked and dead. What's a woman to do with 30 minutes of screen time!



(500) Days of Summer

Nice try here, but you can't spell Manic Pixie Dream Girl without M-A-N. This meditation on the manic pixie dream girl really paints the Ideal Woman as nothing but a product of male fantasy. Who wouldn't love a peppy emo chick who ditched the skinny jeans and

piercings for an infinity closet of housewife dresses and bought all your favorite sad jams on vinyl? This really paved the way for a generation of quirky girls who wanted to grow up to live in Male Gaze, USA.



National Treasure

Behind every Founding Father is a Weak Woman, says Jerry Bruckheimer in his early '00s Disney thriller classic. Granted, Diane Kruger's character is a doctor working for the United States government, but Nicolas Cage's character - one in a long line of men with apparently no women in the family?? - talks down to Kruger, repeatedly silencing her, as if she's the one with some crackpot theory about an invisible treasure map on the back of the Declaration of Independence. Diane Kruger is the only woman who worked on this movie.

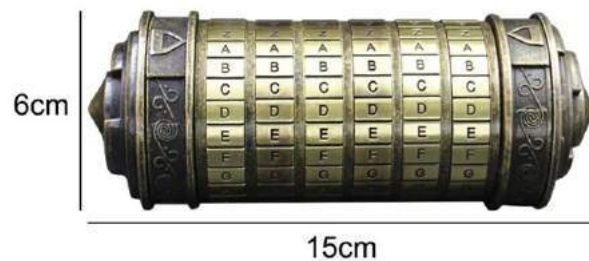
Wallace and Grommit

It's in the name. The filmmakers literally crafted the world of *Wallace and Grommit* with their bare hands out of clay. Couldn't either *Wallace* or *Grommit* be a woman? How

many iterations of "a boy and his dog" are we going to get before we get a Girl and Her Dog? (Idea: A Badass Bitch and Her Badass Bitch)

The DaVinci Code

Like *National Treasure* but worse. Tom Hanks plays a man (mistake number one) who the police (mistake number two) think killed the grandfather of the girl from *Amelie* (strike three you're out). She forgives Tom Hanks - she knows he didn't kill her grandpa. But don't worry, she doesn't forgive because of the inherent kindness of a woman. No, she's descended from Jesus Christ himself - yet another, you guessed it, **man!** Not only that, but Mary Magdalene is buried underneath the Louvre? Meanwhile, Jesus Christ gets an above ground tomb and an ascension to heaven.



Gone Girl

Literally about the murder of a woman by a husband who is sleeping with his student (played by Emily Ratajkowski). In this movie, the wife gives up her career as a writer so her husband, Ben Affleck, can pursue a career as a teacher and sleep with his student. I had to turn this one off less than halfway through because it was so offensive to me. I thought Gillian Flynn was supposed to be a woman, but sometimes we have to write certain things in order to gain traction in this messed-up and backwards industry.

I'm really excited to share these movies with you. They're all really entertaining films that master the portrayal of women as weaker than men. So ladies, bring your pepperspray and drive yourselves on over to The Wing next Thursday and let's show these boys the way of the woman. ♦



THE WING

WHO THE
FUCK CARES?



SOPHIE MEIERS//

Interviewed by Gabriel Wickline



Gab: And how's quarantine been for you?

Sophie: It's been kind of a crazy time!

Gab: Yeah, definitely.

Sophie: But I'm just trying to make the best of it and work on art projects. But it's been really, really weird... I think for everybody.

Gab: Okay, so I've been hearing about your art. What other art are you creating outside of music?

Sophie: So when I was starting in music, I couldn't really make ends meet. So I did a lot of graphic design freelancing. I would do logo design, cover artwork, and some 3D work with Cinema 4D, ZBrush, and DAZ Studio. Also photography, modeling, makeup art, drawing, painting, and pretty much anything that I can get my hands on.

Gab: That's brilliant.

Sophie: Thank you!

Gab: I heard that you're from Durango. I actually live in Colorado at the moment...

Sophie: Oh, really?

Gab: Yes! Tell me about growing up in Durango.

Sophie: That's funny. I think I'm really lucky to have grown up in Durango. It's this really beautiful town in the middle of the mountains. It was definitely that small town kind of feel, so being a freelance artist wasn't exactly the most ideal career path that you know... people saw happening. So it was definitely kind of like a fishbowl for me. I didn't really find a lot of people who I connected with creatively, and I felt like I kind of stuck out in some ways. Because, I don't know... I wasn't thinking about what college I was going to or what I was going to study. Instead I

had super crazy, pipe dream goals that I ended up chasing after.

Gab: That's amazing. Let's talk Sophie Meier's wardrobe. Your fashion sense is... it's on point. I really like it. It's like...

Sophie: Thank you so much...

Gab: Yeah, it's very distinct. Do you do all your own styling?

Sophie: Yes, I do. Clothing has always been something I've been really obsessed with. I feel like we have the ability to decorate ourselves and carry ourselves in different ways. And we can charge that with so much emotion and meaning that I feel like you just, you have to!

Gab: Absolutely. Do you think there are other pockets of the entertainment industry that you want to dive into in the future? Like designing, or movies, or

"I'm really just trying to juggle the multitasking of all of my different passions, because I feel like I'm doomed to be the modern Renaissance man, just mediocre at everything, you know?"





anything like that?

Sophie:
Yeah, 100 percent. I'm really just trying to juggle the multitasking of all of my different passions, because I feel like I'm doomed to

be the modern Renaissance man, just mediocre at everything, you know? I'll pick up something new and get obsessed with it and then just get consumed by it. I'm like, "I got to learn jazz theory, and master Cinema 4D, and then also animation, and then makeup art, and making movies" and so on. You know, there's so many different outlets that I really think I just need to be more strategic about how I handle each thing instead of spreading myself too thin. But I would absolutely love to make movies, direct, write, score, and perhaps acting—all these things.

I feel like movies really combine a lot of the art that I'm obsessed with. It's kind of this space where music, visuals, stories, emotions, and humanity all combine. And I think it's a really beautiful art form that I would love to be involved with.

Gab: That's awesome. You're in Los Angeles now, yeah?

Sophie: Yeah!

Gab: Sweeeet. I grew up in California. How is Los Angeles treating you?

Sophie: L.A. has been great. I moved out here pretty much for music. So obviously that's the place to be for that, but yeah, it's been really interesting. It hasn't really been that big of an adjustment just because I've lived in so many different places as I was couch surfing for four or five years in my teens. So I'm pretty used to living in big cities by now.

Gab: Yeah, that makes sense. So on another note, I'm a big fan of your newest song "Better For You," it's ethereal as hell. Tell me about the track.

Sophie: Thank you so much. So "Better For You," it's kind of a track that has the conflict of not wanting to bring another person into your own turmoil, and feeling like you are bad for other people because you haven't really found that space within yourself that you're okay with. So, I don't know, it's definitely got some eighties inspired, romantic post-punk, indie rock influences. And it's kind of about being in an endless cycle, and bringing the people you love into your turmoil, and yeah... feeling like people would be better off without you.

Gab: I feel that. Story of my life.

Sophie: Yeah, it's a very self-sabotaging song, but I don't know. There's kind of a peacefulness to the track.

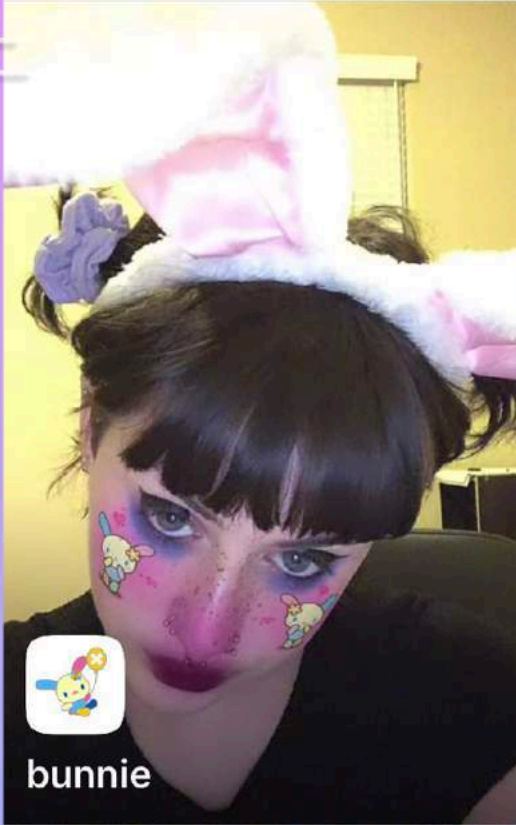
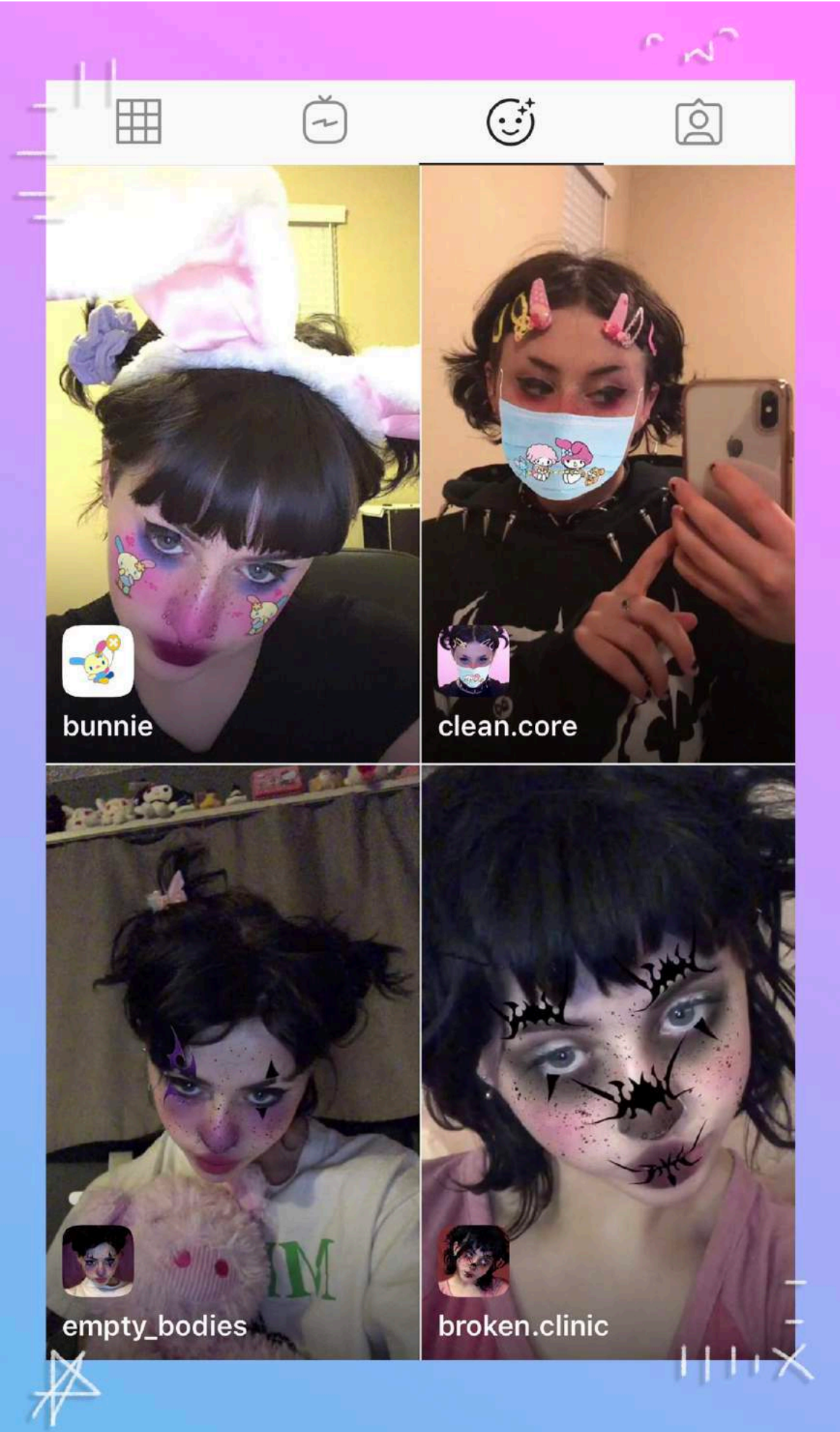
Gab: Yeah totally, it's smooth. It reminds me of Cyndi Lauper to some extent....

Sophie: Aww, thank you.

Gab: Yeah, Of course! So... what's your zodiac sign?

Sophie: I am a Scorpio.

Gab: Scorpio! Okay, cool...



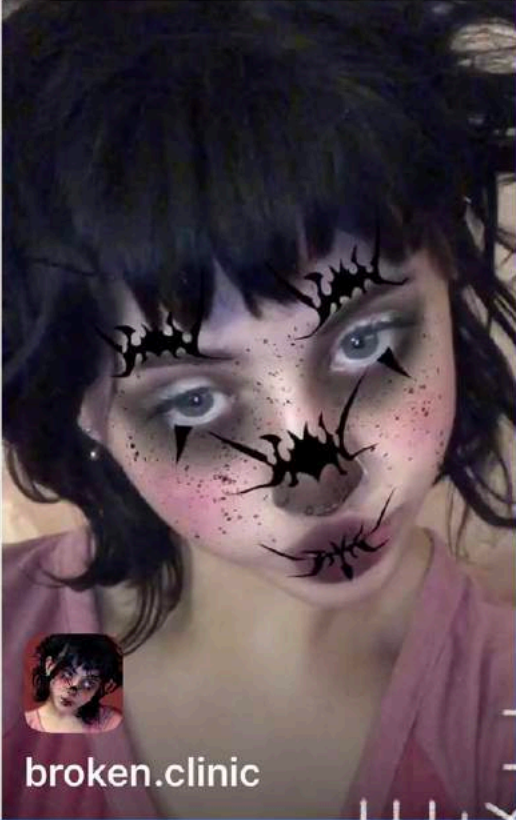
bunnie



clean.core



empty_bodies



broken.clinic

Sophie: Don't tell anyone.

Gab: Of course, never.

Sophie: Do you believe in zodiac signs, or astrology, or any of that jazz?

Sophie: Yeah, I mean... I think that I have personally found a lot of similarities with the Scorpio traits to myself, but I don't base my whole life around it. I feel like you can take tropes of any kind and deem them to be true, and then kind of build your life around that— which I think is dangerous to a certain extent. But I definitely do believe in it. I mean, we're on a floating rock in the middle of outer space...

Gab: Exactly.

Sophie: I feel like that's the least out there thing you could believe.

Gab: Well put. Let's talk tunes. What's your go-to karaoke song?

Sophie: Oh my God. "Black Coffee" by Peggy Lee.

Gab: Peggy Lee? Okay. I'll check that out.

Sophie: It's a really old jazz song. I used to perform at Fourth of July parties when I

was like eight years old or younger, and I used to burn it to CDs and perform it for my tiny little town.

Gab: Queen. So what's your go-to cry song then? Let's get personal.

Sophie: Okay. I have a couple actually, but my number one crying song is "Little Person" from the *Synecdoche, New York* soundtrack.

Gab: Okay...

Sophie: ... Closely followed by "The Moon Song" by Karen O. And then recently crying to "Heaven Knows I'm Miserable Now" by the Smiths.

Gab: Lot's of crying lately— my life. Tell me about Production Princesses.

Sophie: Yeah, so that was a really long time ago, but I think in 2017, I was thinking about how many hoops I had to jump through just to get a baseline of information about music production. Especially just because I was a girl or whatever. So I wanted to make a community to share resources and give people information to those who wanted to get into production, but didn't necessarily know how. So Claire and I started this group to do that, and it's pretty much just existed as a group chat. Of course as the time has gone by, I haven't really been as active within the Production Princesses group as I'd like to be. Because I want it to be something that I'm involved with and that's accessible to more people than just those who I've added into the group chat. So really, if anything, I hope that it's allowed people to meet people who have similar interests and maybe inspire some people to start going on their own...

“And it's just... it's bullshit. Beginners are beginners, we're all seeking the same information.”



Gab: Well, I mean, building community is huge. A lot of people don't always have experienced and like-minded creatives around them starting off, so to have other people to set that up for them can mean so much.

Sophie: Yeah, definitely. I mean, I'm kind of sad my interaction and involvement has kind of died out... and it's still something that's always on the back of my mind. Like, how can I take this idea and bring it to more women and LGBTQ+ people and have that be accessible for them, you know? So...

Gab: Yeah.

Sophie: I'm still thinking of ways on how to expand that and restart it. Re-energize all of the people who are already a part of it, and get more involved.

Gab: Yeah, for sure. I'm probably not the most educated on the music industry and what goes on within, but I think that the patriarchy is especially present in the Hollywood scene as a whole. I mean, you have people coming forth with heavy allegations against big producers and labels, and just like all the terrible shit that's really going on. So I think it's really important that you and Claire have created a safe space, as well as an open line of communication for people that could be targeted in the industry.

Sophie: Yeah. Existing in the music industry as a, quote, "woman" has been kind of shitty. I can say something that has a quarter of the weight as any man who says it to the same exact person, even if I'm more qualified than the other person. And that's just like so shitty.



Gab: Yeah, it's bullshit. It's revolting. Fucked up.

Sophie: And you can go into these producer forums and stuff, and if you're a beginner girl then you get treated so much worse than just a guy who would want to do it. And it's just... it's bullshit. Beginners are beginners, we're all seeking the same information. There's so many, just... misogynistic jokes and all these things that it's just gross to have to fight so hard, neck and tooth, just for a baseline of information.

Gab: Absolutely...

Sophie: So that's what caused that. I didn't want other people to have to go through that.

Gab: Yeah. Well, that's really neat that you did that. Analog or digital when it comes to your personal production?

Sophie: Both!

Gab: Both! Okay. What would you say your creative process is? Do you start with a bass line, drums, or melody, etc.?

Sophie: I kind of like to stay... I don't know... I don't really like doing the same thing over and over. So pretty much every time I make a song it's a different process. Sometimes I'll start with an idea, words, or lyrics. And sometimes I'll start with chords and production. Then sometimes it's a central line, bass line, or the drums. I think that being able to be versatile in the way that you create music allows your music to be more versatile itself. You'll create things that you didn't know that you could create. You get less writer's block than just doing the same thing over and over.

Gab: Yeah, that's so smart. So you started on SoundCloud— let's talk about SoundCloud. I think SoundCloud beginnings are super powerful, and especially when the music is as complex as yours. You produce, write, and do your own recording, and stuff, right?

Sophie: Yes, I do. A lot of my stuff up on Spotify and such have production by other people, but I have side accounts with all my own production, and a couple EPs out there that I've completely self-produced. But yeah... I fucking love SoundCloud. I really had no idea that it would take me to where I am now, you know?

Gab: For sure...

Sophie: And it was beautiful, being a little kid in Colorado and feeling like I didn't really have like-minded, creative people around me— I found a community and made some of my best friends in the world through SoundCloud. It's just crazy that this obsession with listening to music and consuming it sparked this fire. I just started collaborating with so many different people. I got a \$30 USB mic and just started recording and sending vocals to literally anybody who wanted to work with me. And it kind of just, I don't know, cannonballed and now here I am. I never expected anything to happen from it, but it's always been my biggest love in life,

“my number one crying song is "Little Person" from the Synecdoche, New York soundtrack”



and so I'm like, "Why not?" If I have the ability to maybe do this full time, make a career out of it, of course I'm going to do that.

Gab: That's terrific. How old are you?

Sophie: I'm 20.

Gab: 20, wow. That's incredible. So when did you start releasing on SoundCloud?

Sophie: 2015, I think.

Gab: Damn. That's nuts.

Sophie: I know. It is honestly really crazy. Just growing up a little bit and looking back like... damn, I was like 14, 15, just literally spending and dedicating all my time to this. That's pretty cool. I don't know.

Gab: Yea it's really cool. Let's see... if you could reincarnate as any plant, what would you be?

Sophie: Maybe a redwood tree.

Gab: A redwood tree? That's metal.

Sophie: Yeah. Or a Venus flytrap.

Gab: A Venus flytrap—violent. I like it. In closing, this Waif issue is the *Revolting Waif*. Where revolution and disgust intersect. So speaking of revolution and such, what do you think it means to be "punk" in 2020?

Sophie: Amazing. I think it means to do whatever the fuck you want, and never do anything else that anybody wants you to. There's kind of this amalgamation of so many different subcultures, mixing together and combining, and I don't think that ever has a specific look or framework now. So many people are drawing inspiration from the clothing and this and that, but more than that, I think that punk is just a way that you live, you know? ♦

Sophie's latest EP, you and me again, was released on August 20th and is available on all major streaming services



We don't share.

***CHARL-
ENE***

KOTEI//

SELF PORTRAITS





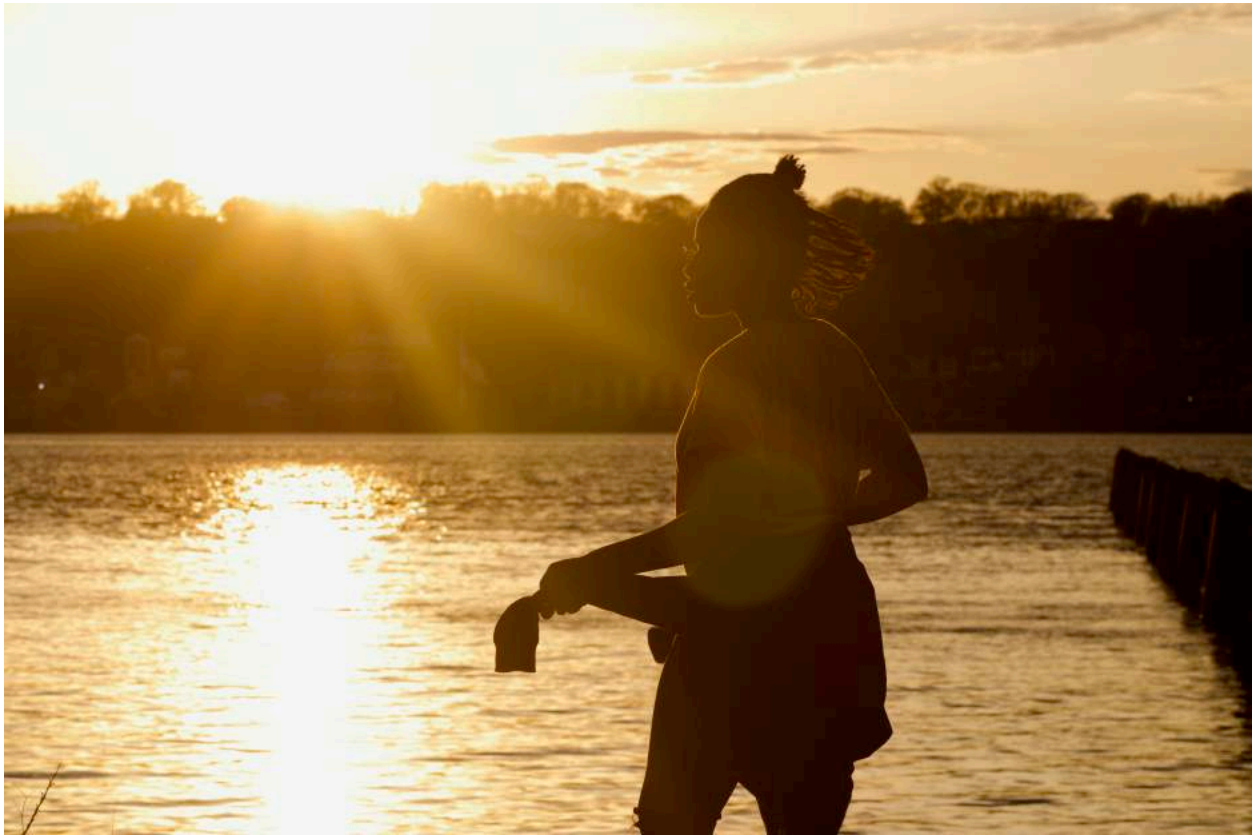










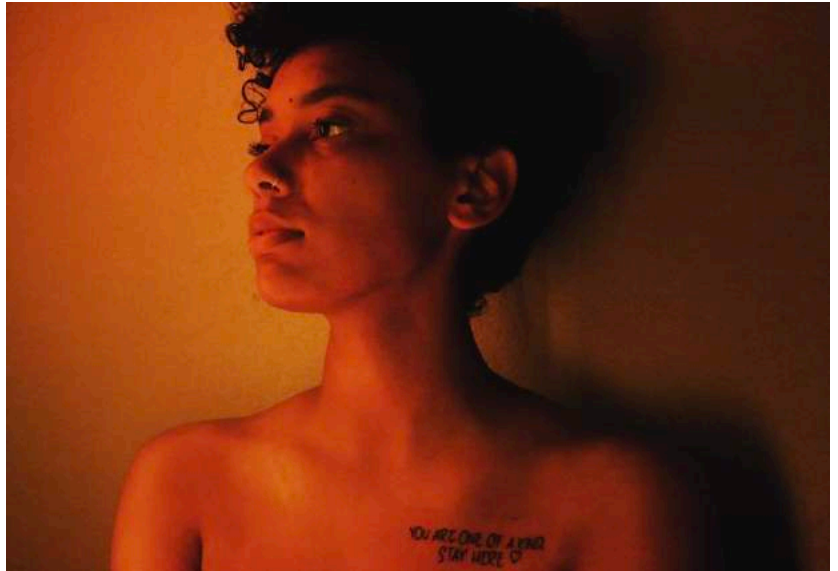


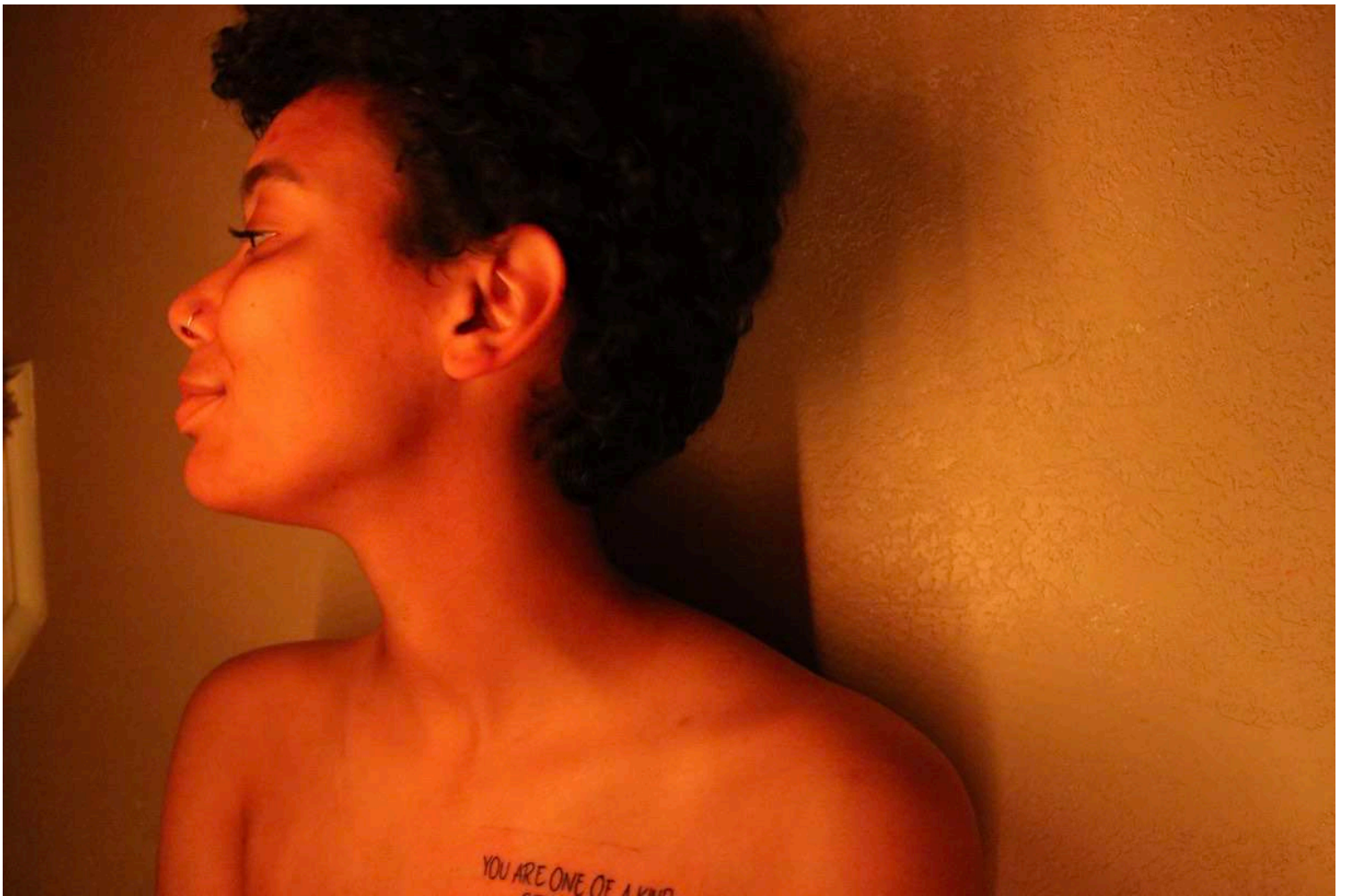


Make peel with nature.

KALE & BRY //

We embody a lot of societal differences. Yet we decided to celebrate ourselves with lights hung around toes, sleep deprivation and, above all else, laughter because of the awkward positions we put our bodies in to get some bomb photos. We have socially awkward best buds ever since middle school but now we are goofy works of art. Kale, an enby film major with a deep love for crazy hijinks and laughing at their own jokes and Bry, a self proclaimed artist with the personality of any Robin Williams character. Together, they take on breaking boundaries and unknowingly be the life of any backyard s'mores party.







YOU ARE ONE OF A KIND
STAY WITH ME ♡

WHAT FKN
DAY is it?



Why poems are waif – a defense by Mathis Vogtmann

Poems don't deserve the disgust most people display towards them.

And even this magazine begs you on the last page: please no poems, although they are one of the waifest things around the planet.

So I thought about saving this gentle, precious creatures of minds from the relentlessly burning flames of unwaifness by writing this defense.

For starters, poems don't have purpose. They are allowed to just exist as a monument of artistic expression. In our days, where everything has to be useful or subject to neoliberal logic, pure existence has become the rarest freedom to reach. In this way, poetry is more subversive than all the striking political works of art.

Poems are a pain in the ass of the sick system. They are loved by lovers and hated by those in power.

Secondly, poems are both timeless and current. As the most flexible type of art, they probably fit better in our epoch than many other ones. You don't need to bring any equipments, your whole material fits in your brain.

There are multiple ways to write down a poem: pen on paper, chalk on walls, stick in sand, key in engine hood of a rich man's car on Fifth Avenue (waif as hell!).

They fit into a text message or they can fill a whole book. It can take ten seconds or twenty minutes to read one. While it seems as if nobody had time for anything anymore, poems can provide mastership between a coffee to go and the subway.

Last but not least, they cross the boundaries of sexuality, nation, age or gender. Through centuries, beginning in Ancient Greek, spanning the early medieval mass exodus, the fruitful and intense Elizabethan Age and the Renaissance 'til today, poetry often was the only way to express unusual life styles.

One of the best poets of Ancient Greek was Sappho, a woman; in the Roman Empire, many homoerotic poems were written and a good part of Shakespeare's love sonnets are dedicated to a young man.

After all, poems should be considered waif and take part in this extraordinary magazine.

They have suffered long enough.



Thank you for reading The Revolting Waif. Up next: our trademark Refuse Fashion issue featuring your favorite anti-trends. If you thought you couldn't get into fashion week before, you really won't be able to this year.

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

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?

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