



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 09: the spring break waif**

Conceived by

**SUBTLE PRIDE**

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*This issue of Waif Magazine features the talents of*

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**Lily Arzt**

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*Waif Fairy photos by*

**Eilish Boyd**

*Featuring model*

**Helen Quinn-Pasin**

*Intern*

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*Sponsored by*

**Relier Transportation**

**ArKay Beverages**

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**Home Sweet Home**

*Additional photography courtesy of Waif Magazine.*

*Waif Magazine is published by*

*Subtle Press*

*in collaboration with Silver & Smoke*

*and IS WAIF.*

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# WAIF



**\* ELIZABETH HOLMES**  
inventor of Theranos, E.H. is having a moment. With her charming husky voice & blonde locks she's destined for greatness. All she needs is a little more time and she'll definitely figure out the blood machine



**\*COLTON UNDERWOOD**  
Hopping Fences, so much fun. It's when you know Spring Breaks begun!

**\*ARKAY LIQUOR**  
Throw an Arkay Liquor Free Party for your family and watch how polite Uncle Geoff stays over the course of the night



**\*DUMBLEDORE**  
Closeted for the last 150 years, this literary wizard was outed publicly this week by his creator. But he doesn't seem to mind, in fact, he was spotted at the Abbey this past weekend, knee deep in Corona

**\*SAND**  
Famous for getting and staying in butts, Sand is actually a wonderful snack, served hot



**\*WILLIAM H MACY**  
No one is having more fun this week than acquitted actor WHM. While his wife is being charged for Fraud and his children will never trust again, this goofy guy gets to kick back, relax and enjoy the fruits of having no say in his family's affairs



I AM  
 Republican  
 Democrat  
 Awake

**\*TWO PARTY SYSTEM**  
Usually tired after only one party, two seems unimaginable. However, anything 18+ strikes the fancy of Waif, and we're sure with enough Arkay, we can get through it

**\*MOMO**  
Can you say Pop Sensation? We want a world tour and we want it now.



**\* WATER**  
While not exactly "Waif," water is an essential part of the human experience, and therefore, pretty fun! Bring a bottle to the beach and watch the hunnies swarm



**\*TRASH ON THE BEACH**  
Waifs, get carried away, but remember not to waste a single speck, EVERYTHING can be eaten if cooked right



# NOT WAIF

FUN

NOT FUN



**\*WATCHING TELEVISION**  
Life is long, but not long enough to live all the dreams we wish. Solution? Watch them play out on television from the comfort of your home!

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# SPRIN -GS//

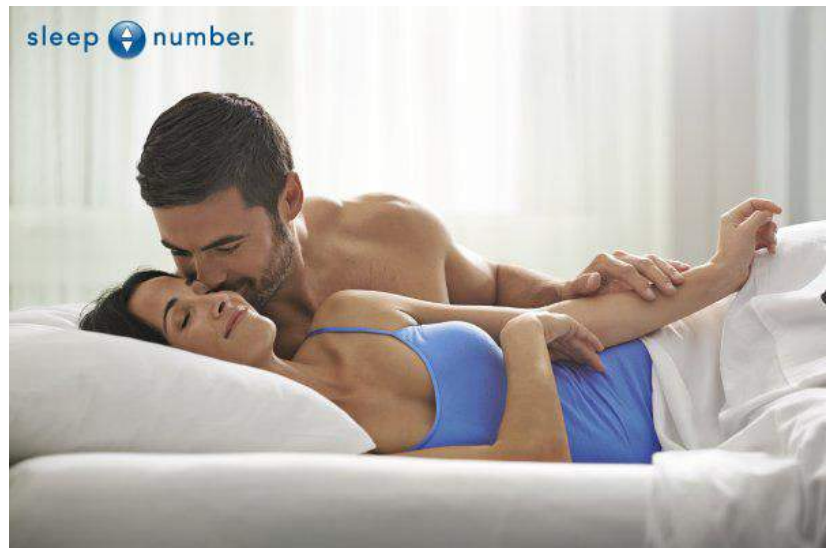
*by Genevieve Marcy*

*Thinking about ordering that new foam mattress you've had your eye on? Say goodbye to your sex life. //*



90s Sleep Number and Select Comfort ads weren't trying to be cool, or your friend, or target you at all. They were for your grandparents, or your mom: someone working a long shift a la 9 to 5. They were adult in a distinctly unsexy way, like yeast infection treatment. Now, nearly half of people who buy sleek, well-designed, podcast-approved mattresses like Casper say they're bad for sex, and science backs it up. The mattresses, while comforting and inviting for sleeping or taking to bed in the middle of the day like a dramatic mid-century actress, are just too soft for good sex. There's something sexy about a shitty mattress--one that could be lurking on the floor just out of view of the camera in Fiona Apple's "Criminal" video--but that's not it. These mattresses are emblematic of everything made for upper middle class millennials, designed to coddle you in a world just slightly too pink and cartoonish to be meant for adults. Just look at a Casper ad on the subway, all vaguely fantastical, like a little kid telling you a bedtime story; even their depiction of "lovers" looks like a child's idea of a good date. Pure comfort for those who can afford it, or something more sinister? Could these sex-repellant mattresses, this pervasive and perverse infantilization of an entire generation, be the white supremacist response to the growing number of non-white Americans and interracial relationships?

Generally, these mattresses are pure foam, or close to it. Comfort foam, memory foam, ventilated foam, support foam, latex foam, foam zones, gel, all soft, no springs, no rough edges--no real edges at all, just miles of foam with no place to find purchase. They're made in the United States, in Georgia and Pennsylvania and all sorts of places with rough edges. Like mattress springs, these factory towns have gotten a bad reputation, while unwittingly supporting us in our sleep. Both were once a novelty, factory towns and mattress springs. Once the foam is assembled, the mattresses are squished flat and vacuum packed, like meat, the reason



for their sudden, violent expansion once in your home. Like a hookup who makes you worry they might never leave, it immediately flops open in your bedroom, literally sucking the air out of the room.

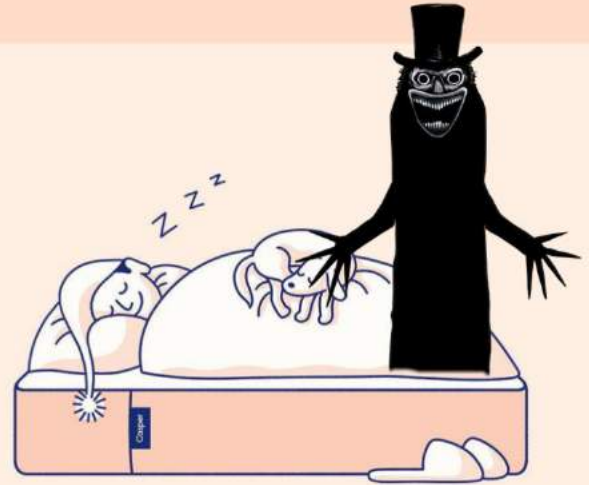
Cultural boogeymen burst out of our collective unconscious in sordid places, straining the ligaments holding together polite society in bedrooms and at frat parties. Millennials are already putting off having kids, and buying houses, and starting "careers," and facing stigma from older generations for all of it. Has every other generation struggled to adult, or are we just the first ones to document it? We're the first to be weighed down with \$1.5 trillion in student debt, just to get our first jobs; no wonder all we want to do is lie down and sink into a supportive stupor. As we move from a generation that saw interracial marriage legalized nationally to a generation that increasingly sees marriage as



**“If millennials can’t afford to have kids, why shouldn’t their mattresses make it impossible?”**

an optional life achievement, as we become increasingly multiracial, as we reimagine partnerships between equals, what does it mean that mattress technology just happens to be incredibly conducive to boning?

Maybe it’s just that everything has become so round-cornered and foamy, protecting us like we’re rare pears. Tech-bros-as-tastemakers is just 80s-business-guys as tastemakers redux, with less self awareness. Instead of the kitschy/guilty guilt of *Bonfire of the Vanities*-era Rich New York, we have the sterile white showrooms and fake food trucks of Palo Alto (and the nauseatingly trite angst of *Palo Alto*). The ease of a privileged life has an ironic way of creating stunted demi-adults, and capitalism’s willingness to reward those that feed into the worst tendencies of our gnarled little secret greeds. If millennials are feeling alienated from each other and from



THE PERFECT MATTRESS FOR INSOMNIACS

that which sustains them, why wouldn’t a corporation lean into that and send us sterile little modules of ingredients, already perfectly portioned, vacuum packed and prepped for two? If millennials can’t afford to have kids, why shouldn’t their mattresses make it impossible?



The promise of optimization is in many ways a promise that someone, or something, will always be there to make decisions for you. If you know what “the best” is, you don’t have to decide which one you want. Algorithms, AI, mommy, are all just ways we avoid being responsible for the path of our lives. Algorithms created with our sexist, racist, transphobic, homophobic, just generally horribly bigoted data works on white supremacist logic, which has a tendency to end at bizarre, dead-end cesspools, creating people like purebred dogs that can’t copulate in the wild anymore. Don’t let them lie to you--Silicon Valley’s wet dream is for climate change to keep happening, for big pharma to keep polluting our water until nobody’s bodies are safe, until every aspect of our lives are carefully childproofed and baby-proof, until every new person has to be deliberately merged in a lab when and only when someone pays for it. That’s capitalism’s dream, too--get your DNA read, optimize your body, optimize everything, all from the comfort of your unfuckable bed. ♦

***WAIFIEST  
VACATIO  
N SPOTS  
OF 2019***

## Bora Bora



This tropical island getaway is the place to go. The infamous site of Kim Kardashian and Kris Humphries' only vacation together, Bora Bora has a lot to offer in the way of resort bungalows. Feeling chilly? Take a dip in Bora Bora's central Mt. Otemanu - a 727 meter-tall dormant volcano.

## Florida

The sunshine state has long been a popular destination for vacations. Most recently featured in the popular podcast, *Over My Dead Body*, Florida's capital of Tallahassee was the site of a hired hit on law professor Dan Markell in 2014. Disregarding that, Florida is home to many cities including Disneyworld, a to-scale replica of California's Disneyland.



## Miami

The hottest beach in America for sure. If you're looking for anyone wearing a shirt, you won't find them here. It's far too hot for clothing. Popularized in the Showtime murder drama, *Dexter*, Miami is beautiful and famous for their Cuban coffee. At night, the club scene comes alive with dinner, dancing, drinks, and tons of cocaine. And hey, while you're at it, catch the Miami Heat in action. LeBron James thanks you.



## North Pole

The big man's favorite spot, the magic of the North Pole is nothing short of elusive. Perfect for kids who love playing and adults eager to catch a passing glance at the big C: Claus, Santa. North Pole is the destination for toy-lovers and voy-loveurs alike, as long as it's still there. With more moderate temperatures than Florida or Miami, the North Pole is the perfect summer spot to cool off but act fast - this one won't be around much longer.





## The Adirondacks

A part of America, it's where Jennifer Lawrence got her start in *Winter's Bone*. It means porcupine, an animal that may eat bark. You'll get mountain breezes and it actually looks pretty beautiful.

## The Hamptons

Where to begin? This is a beachside area just outside of New York City that many rich people flee to between Memorial Day and Labor Day. From the season of the Kardashians that was set here, it seems that there's nothing you can't do in the Hamptons. Sailing, horseback riding, shooting a music video with French Montana, and getting blackout drunk are just a few of the many amenities Hamptons has to offer.



## Australia

The biggest continent in the whole world is known by locals as 'down under.' Opera and Kangaroos infest this island area making it one of the most beautiful places in the world, even though the toilet flushes the other direction and the seasons are backwards. Don't worry, you'll get used to it.

## Vegas

Vegas is the only place worth visiting in the Western Hemisphere. If you have any amount of money, this is the easiest place to get rid of it. Dry heat and bright lights make this place impossible to miss. Located in the center of the desert, it's the site of *Showgirls*, one of the best and longest movies to come from the 90s.

Go to Vegas, it'll leave you not only wanting but needing more.





## Your Mom's House

I spend a lot of time at Your Mom's House. I was just over there last night, actually. She invited me over for dinner - roasted chicken, rosemary potatoes, green beans, and apple pie for dessert. We drank wine in the living room and talked about what she wants to do when she retires. Old people have big dreams too. And then I fucked her good, like I always do.

## China

One of the world's most mysterious lands, China offers a lot in the way of uncharted territory. Located smack in the middle of China, the Great Wall divides the nation in two with a paved walking path great for short day hikes or longer walking trips. Be sure to visit the Silk Road to trade your goods and flex your imperialism. Or visit Hong Kong if you want a beachier vibe.



**BOOK NOW**

***THE SPRING  
BREAK  
WAIF//***

*Photos by Alexia Garza Gomez*



**SHE WAX**









**SHE SNACKS**

# SHE SET HER CLACKS



# SHE JACKS



# SHE YACKS



SHE HACKS



A person with dark hair is lying in a bed, wearing a black blindfold. They are covered up to their chest with a white sheet. A line of approximately 15 lit candles is placed down the center of their back, from the neck down to the lower back. The room is dimly lit, with a string of warm-toned lights visible in the upper right corner. The overall atmosphere is calm and relaxing.

SHE RELAX

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# ***CLOSE ENCOUNTERS***



*By Stephanie Shaffir*





A few weeks ago, I met A in an Uber pool. She prefers to go by her first initial rather than her name. A noticed the aliens on my socks and we got to talking. She bashfully mentioned that some time ago she had experienced an alien encounter. I got a sneak preview of her story before my stop and, just before the driver pulled away, I asked if I could interview her for *Waif*. When we did finally meet she admitted that she gave me her number “assuming I would never actually call.” I had no idea what to expect as her tale unfolded.

**A:** It was 2009, I was probably around your age and taking a gap year between high school and college to make some money [I am 25, but that’s okay.] My plan was to save for college so that I could get by with a part-time job and still enjoy the “college experience.” Also, my boyfriend was still a senior in high school...that was definitely a factor. I was actually driving home from his house when it happened.

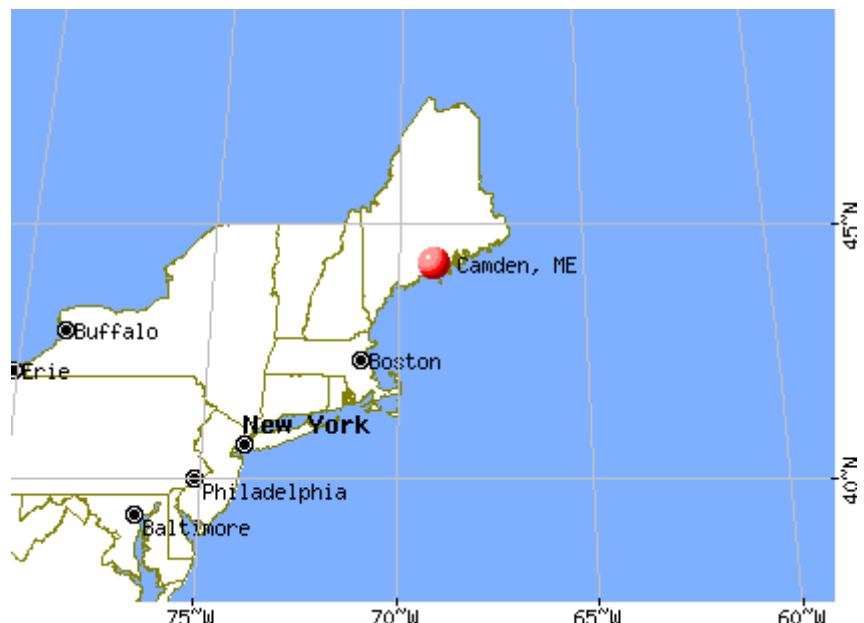
**Stephanie:** Wait, lets back up a little bit! When and where were you when this event took place?

**A:** I grew up in Maine in an area called Camden. During the summer it is a big tourist destination. There is a harbor and tons of hiking and biking trails. We usually have tourists hanging out until the end of September to watch the leaves change. As soon as October arrives, it gets freezing cold practically overnight. You feel fine one day and the next day you can see your breath in the air and there are fewer people in town and fewer people on the road at night... You feel so isolated.

**Stephanie:** Eerie! Let’s return to the sighting. You are leaving your boyfriend’s home when...

**A:** I had been hanging out with my boyfriend that night and decided it was time to head

home. I was driving home and remember looking at the clock— 11:42 pm. There’s a hill on the highway with an incline that gives your stomach butterflies if you drive fast enough. I made it to the top of the hill and in the distance saw something HUGE. In the darkness I couldn’t make out the exact shape or color. I thought it could be a tank or military vehicle. But why was it in the middle of the road? Looking back, I can’t believe I drove as close as I did. Today I could never be so brave! But I didn’t feel brave at the time. I felt almost hypnotized by it. Even though I wasn’t sure what it was, I needed to make sure it was real. What I remember most is the size. It was enormous! I drove until it was about 50 feet away. It stretched across the four lanes of the highway and then some on both sides. I realized that it was not parked on the ground—I could not see any wheels or stilts. It seemed to be hovering—like an upside-down dinner plate. Once I had that thought,



my brain went from being in a fuzzy trance to fight or flight. I backed up my car and floored it! I drove until I found a gas station and pulled over. My hands and legs were shaking as I called my boyfriend in tears. Eventually I calmed down enough to drive back to his house. I looked at the clock as I pulled into his driveway— 2:09 am. It only felt like I had been gone 15 minutes. We decided to drive back to the spot only to find it had

disappeared. I knew that we were in the right place. Even if we were a mile off, we still would have been able to see it because it was so gigantic! There was no trace of it anywhere. I couldn't sleep that night. I spent the entire next day on Google researching tanks and aircrafts trying to find something close to what I saw.

**Stephanie:**Were you scared?

**A:**Yeah, among many other things... I'm getting goosebumps just thinking about it. I was shaken for a while. To this day I do not enjoy driving in the dark. If I have to work a late shift, I have a lump in my throat all day. Winter in Maine gets dark early and stays dark, and I mean really dark! But, I mean, I can't be certain that what I saw was extraterrestrial, there is still a chance that I saw some secret tank or jet.

**Stephanie:**Maybe. What would you do if one day you opened a newspaper and saw an identical image with a headline that read "Government unveils Super Flying Tank"? Would you feel relieved? Would you feel silly?

**A:**I would think, "Oh my god! I have seen one of those!" and it would become another story of mine nobody believes...I might actually feel annoyed. For a long time, I felt haunted by this experience. I was afraid I had seen something I wasn't supposed to. I was worried *someone* or *something* would be looking for me.

**Stephanie:**Why do you think some people attract these life forms while others don't?

**A:**What all the stories I've heard seem to have in common is that the individual who had an encounter was almost always already a believer. There were a few videos I saw where the "abductees" claimed that they knew they were going to be "chosen"

**Stephanie:**As if they *will* these things to happen... I imagine there are many feelings related to this experience you still carry with you.

**A:**I realized how small I was compared to the entirety of the universe. I was 19 and living in

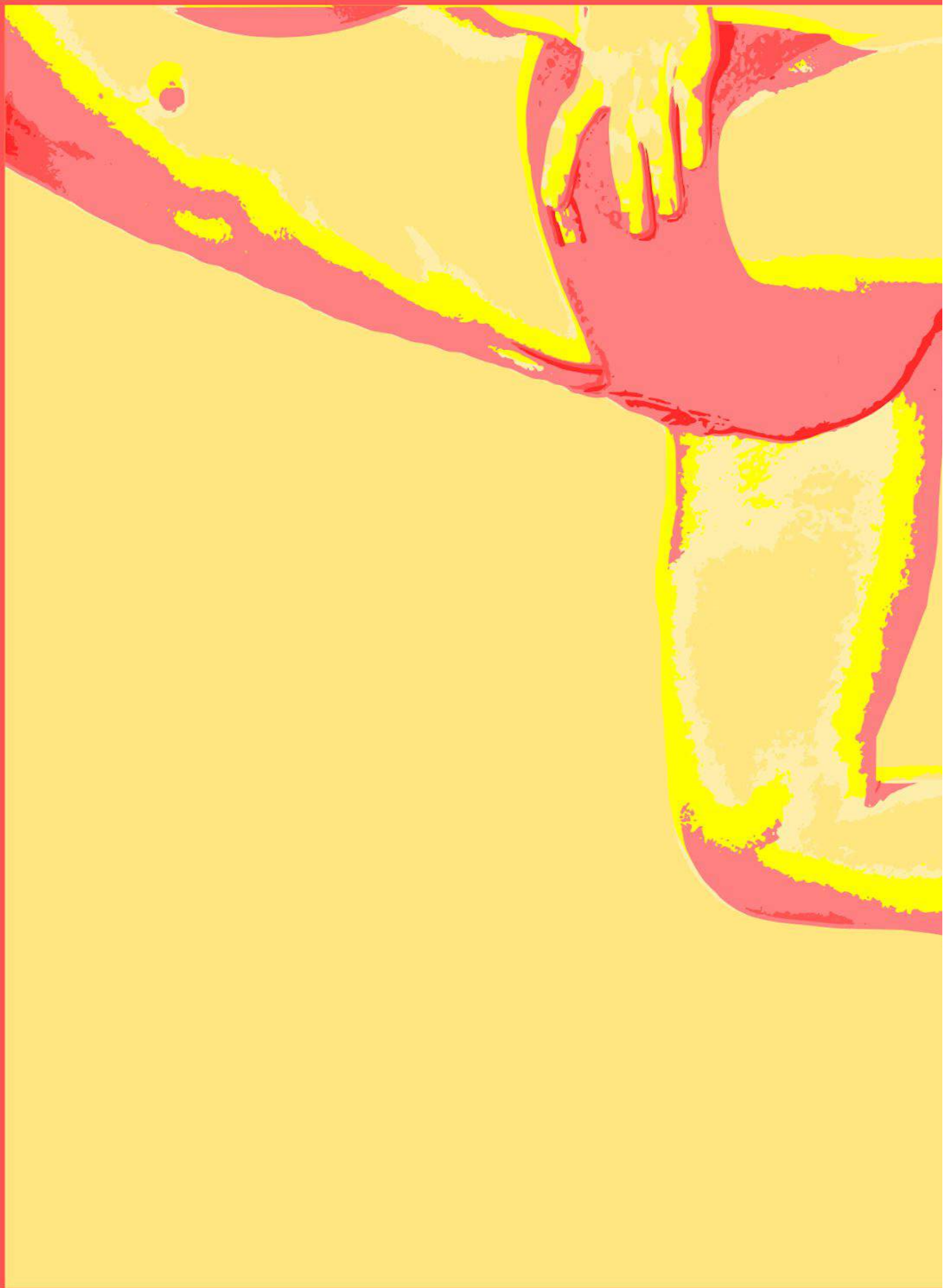
a tiny town in Maine, working at the same place I worked throughout high school, with the same friends I had since middle school, dating the same guy I had been dating for three years...until that point I was convinced that I knew everything I needed to know. After that night, that entirely changed. You know?

**Stephanie:**I have never had an epiphany as a result of an extraterrestrial encounter, but I have definitely had a few "ah-ha" moments that were essential to my personal growth. Anything makes us face our insignificance in the universe is transformative. It's unfortunate that you had to experience something so unsettling in order to have this revelation

**A:**I am not sure how, but I feel like I have made peace with it. If it never happened, I don't know if I would have even gone to college. I probably would have stayed here my entire life because I assumed it was the hub of the universe.

**Stephanie:**One last question: which is more terrifying—the thought that there are aliens out there or that we are alone in the Universe?

**A:** Honestly, I felt safer before I saw whatever I saw. I honestly don't think we are alone. I wish I did. It is easy to dismiss A's UFO story. To be honest, even before I sat down to interview her, I had nearly dismissed it myself. I was expecting her to tell me an elaborate story like the ones I had heard on the History channel. However, as she recounted details of that evening, she became visibly uncomfortable and insecure. Part of me craved a fantastical story I could wrap up in a neat bow and a quip about us not being alone in the universe! However, this story was very different. In life we come across events that seem implausible had we not been there. It is up to us to make sense of them. However, not all unexplained encounters end in bestsellers. They leave us wondering—even when statistics tell us there have been over 300,000 recorded UFO sightings in the USA alone! It seems the loneliest people are the ones who have proof that we are not alone. ♦





SPRING  
BREAK

# ***PRESERVE YOURSELF//***

*Modeled by Macarena Achaga & Brigitte Lundy-Paine / Produced by Guada Stewart / Text and Interview by Zach Donovan / Photography by Shar Clare and Loli Laboureau / Makeup by Shideh Kafei / Hair by Norico Koda / Styling by David Chicaeme / Styling Assisting by Nathaly Piñeros and Julieta Pancino / Production Assisted by Lily Arzt, Rae Isla, and Lucas Stewart / Shot on Location at @jujukimkim, Home Sweet Home (NYC) / Transportation by Relier NYC*

Many people say we live three lives: a public life, a private life, and a secret life. Parsing between these distinct lifestyles is often challenging, each with their own set of subtleties and nuances. In a popular culture that values—even demands—authentic performances of real experiences, the lines that divide the personal from the public often lose their structure. Add in the magnification offered by international celebrity status, and this definition only becomes more crucial.

*Waif Magazine* invited actor Macarena Achaga (*La Bella y las Bestias* on Univision (MEX)) to meet with actor Brigitte Lundy-Paine (*Atypical* on Netflix (USA)).

Both actors have developed followings from their fearless portrayals of women loving women (WLW) on television dramas.


Drawing inspiration from the immortal poses of taxidermy, we asked Achaga and Lundy-Paine about how their self-perception differed from their public perception, wondering how widespread public scrutiny affected their ability to look inward. These young Waifs offer valuable insight into the seemingly impossible task of defining yourself in an era that is increasingly obsessed with the legacy we each leave behind. ♦

**it's what we think  
that makes us weird  
that actually makes  
us unique and when  
I stopped trying to  
be someone else or  
make everyone  
happy or whatever  
you want to call it,  
then i started to like  
myself more  
- MACA**



**Brigitte & Maca wear Donna Zhong**

*Is Waif Times  
Maca following  
te Lundy is gay  
history"*

A photograph of two women lying on a bed with white linens. They are wearing light-colored dresses with a coral reef pattern. The woman on the left is looking towards the camera with a slight smile, while the woman on the right is looking away. The lighting is soft and intimate.

***I wanna have two kids -  
Kurt and Rose and i  
want them both to be  
superstars. I wanna  
fade slowly into the  
background and my  
two kids become the  
Beyonce and Jay-Z, but  
obviously not married,  
they're brother and  
sister.***

***- BRIGETTE***

*Coral Dresses by Lee Pfyfer*

***i've never been a  
person who admires  
celebrities, but I do  
admire people walking  
down the street, that's  
the way I get inspired  
-MACA***

***Maca wears a Hat by Galpon***






***if people out there think that I'm not terrified that I'm weird and ugly, they're wrong. We all are.***

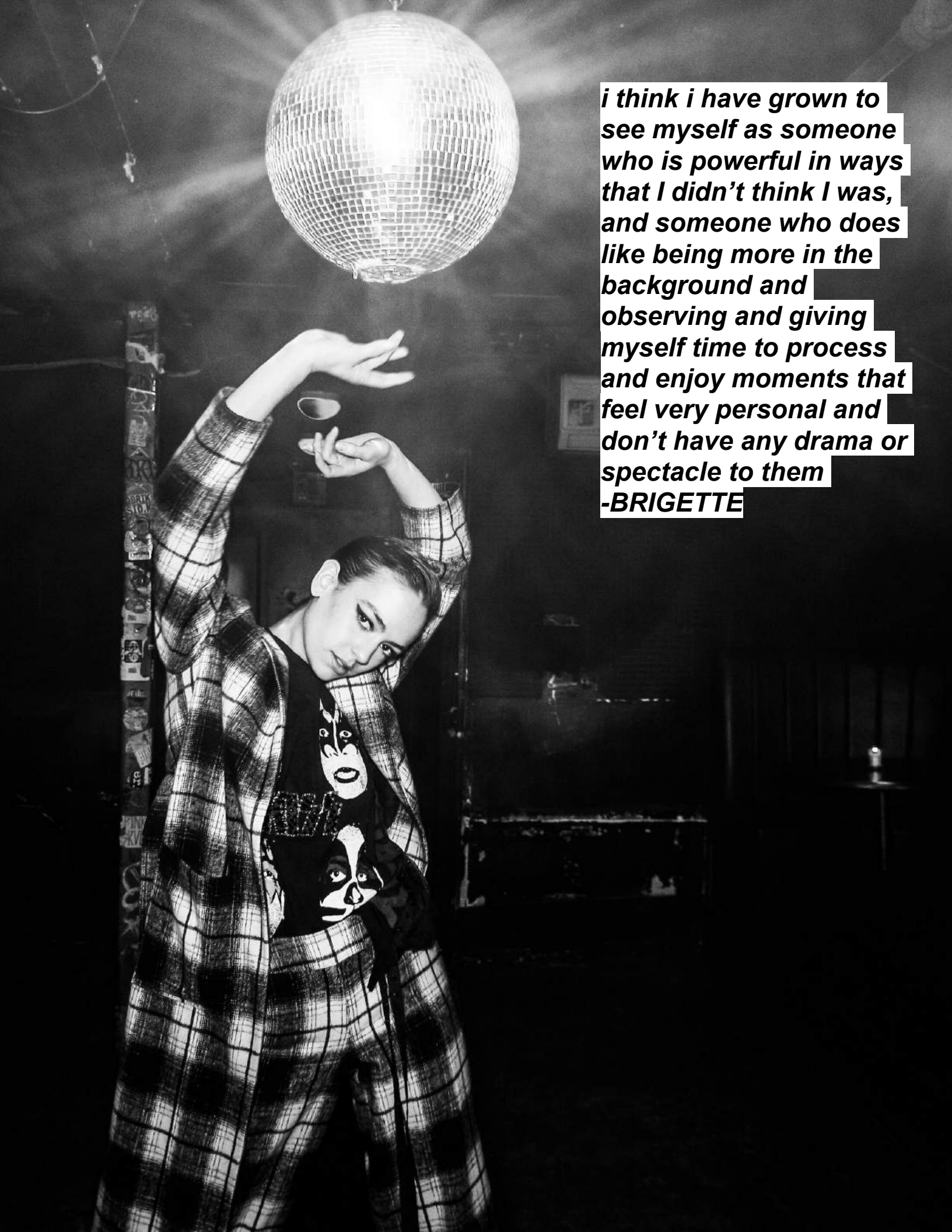
***-BRIGETTE***

*Brigette wears a Blood, Maca wears Donna Zhang*

A photograph of two women in a futuristic, dark blue environment. The woman on the left is wearing a black, shiny, textured blazer and has bright green eye makeup. The woman on the right is wearing a bright red, shiny, textured blazer and has blue eye makeup. She is holding a broom with a wooden handle and a brown bristle head. The background features dark blue panels and a circular vent.

*I just want to put everyone together in one place, because i think that's special, happiness is real when shared.*  
**-MACA**

*Brigette wears Dair, Maca wears Topshop*



*i think i have grown to see myself as someone who is powerful in ways that I didn't think I was, and someone who does like being more in the background and observing and giving myself time to process and enjoy moments that feel very personal and don't have any drama or spectacle to them*  
**-BRIGETTE**

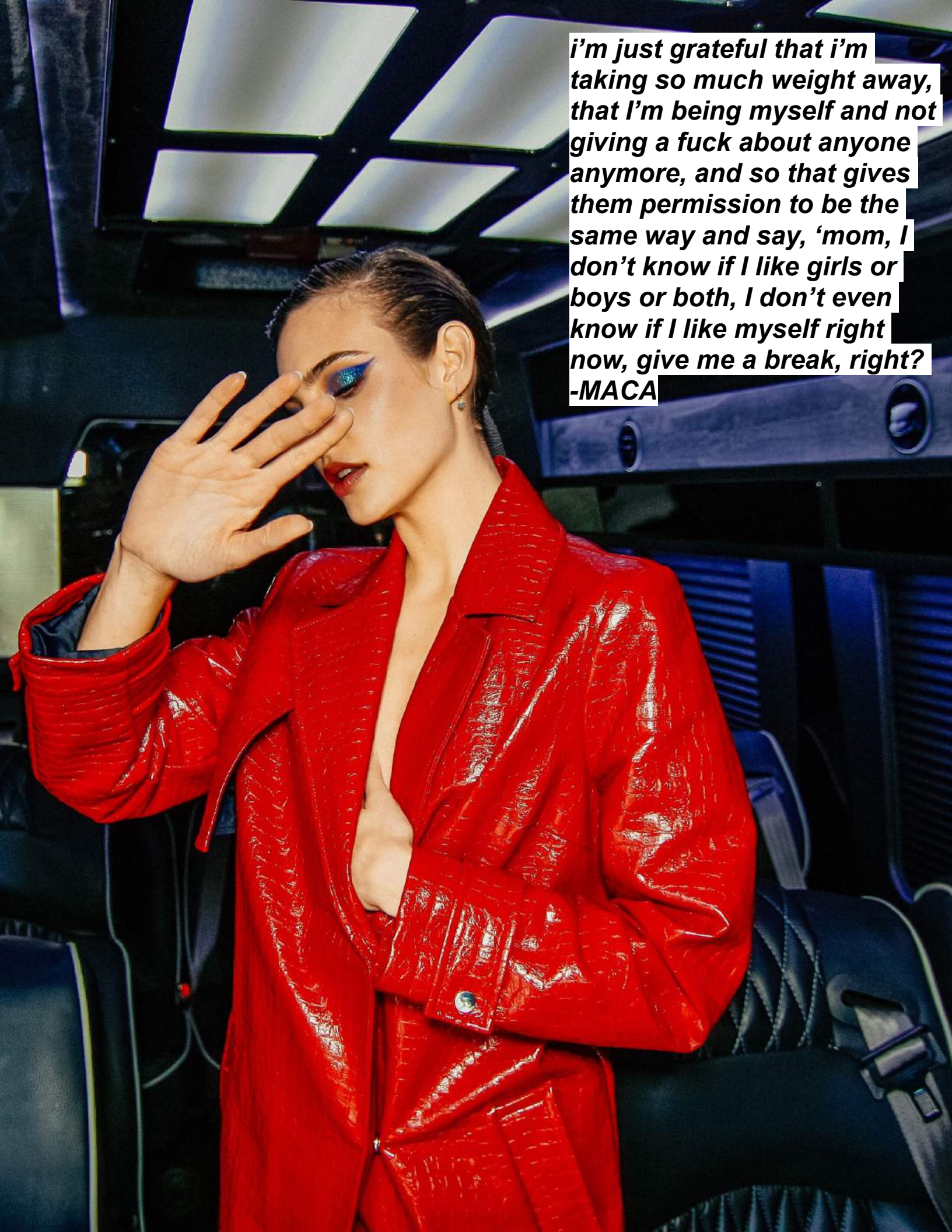


***I had a cat growing up, and then they killed her, and I never had a pet again.***

***-MACA***

*Brigette & Maca wear suits by Donna Zhong & t-shirts by Evangilista*

***i'm just grateful that i'm taking so much weight away, that I'm being myself and not giving a fuck about anyone anymore, and so that gives them permission to be the same way and say, 'mom, I don't know if I like girls or boys or both, I don't even know if I like myself right now, give me a break, right? -MACA***



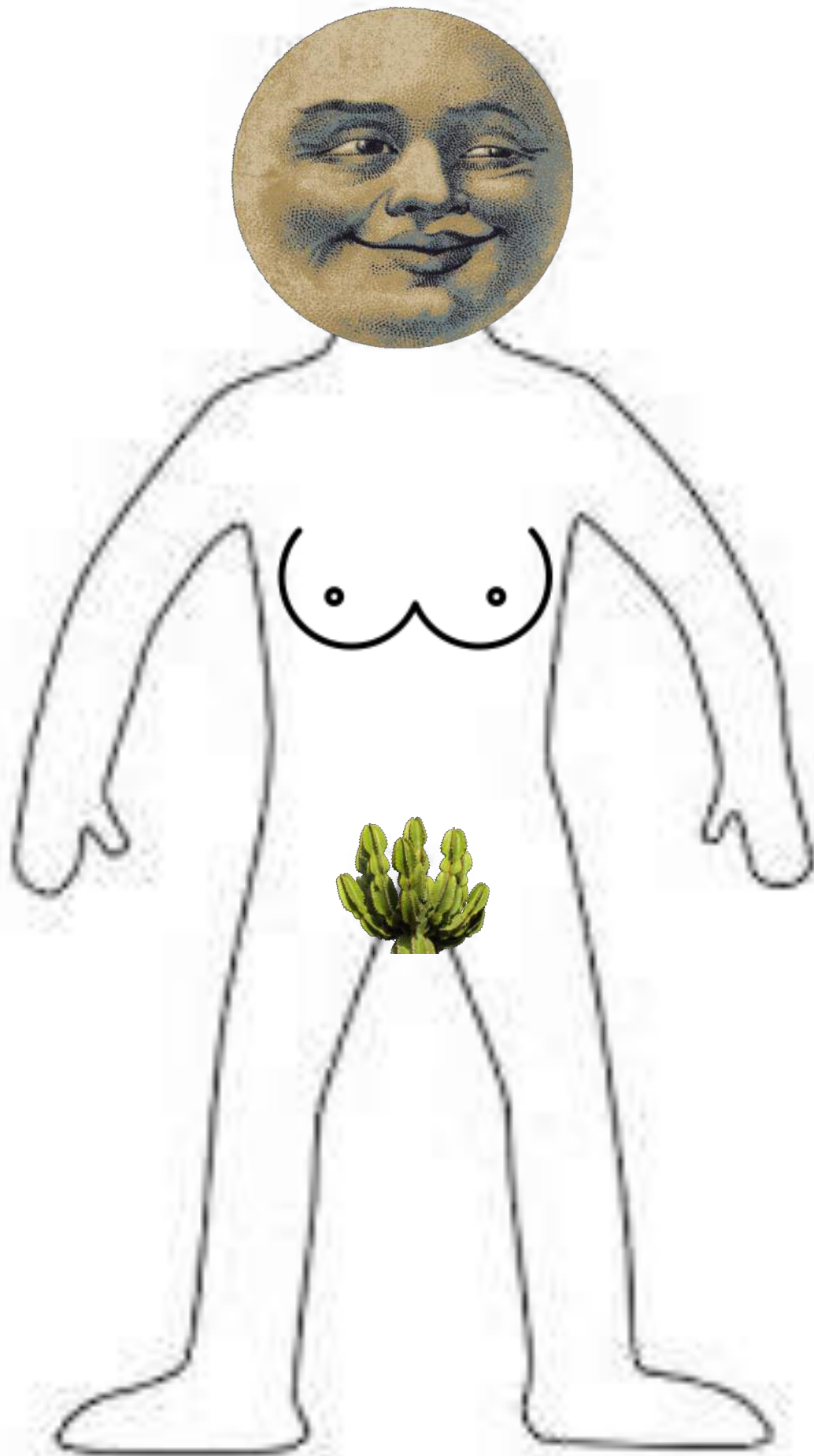


*Brigette & Maca wear boots by Daniel Silverstain*

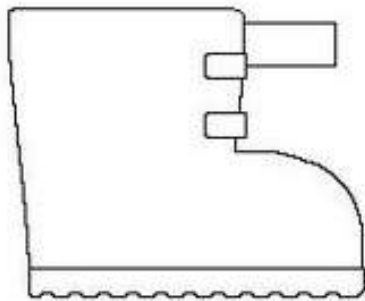
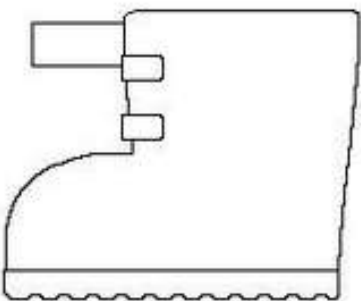
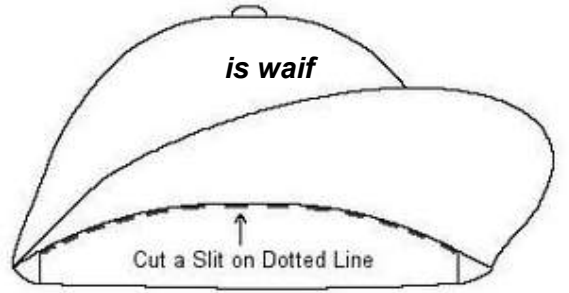


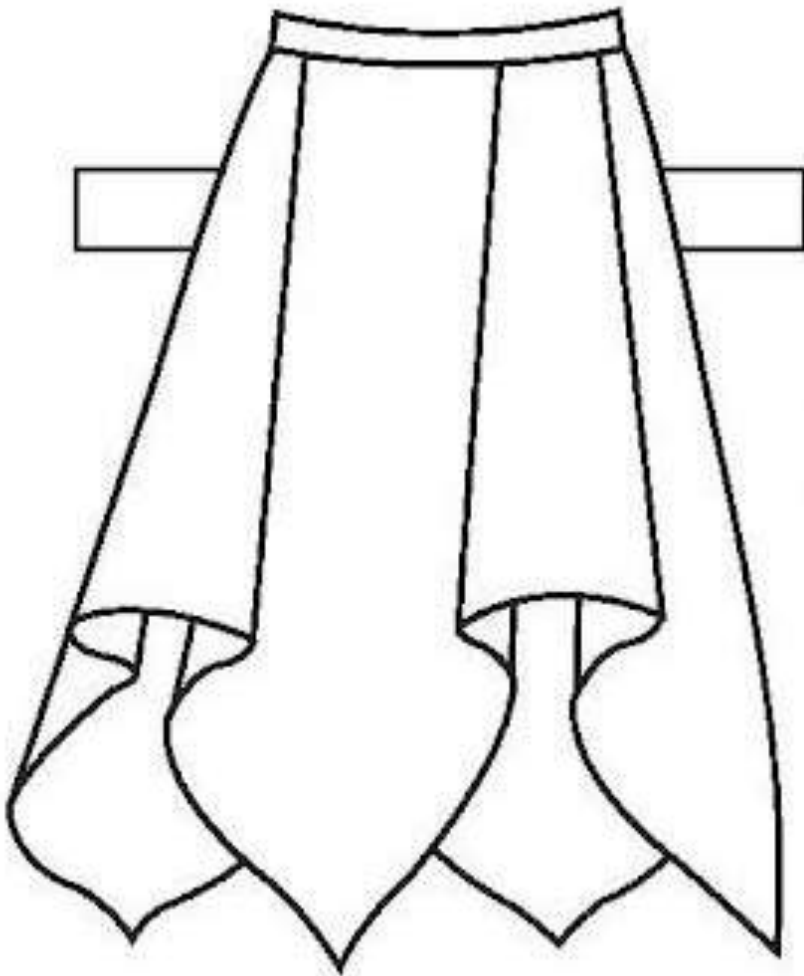
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***ARKAY  
ALCOHOL  
FREE  
PARTY//***



Waif Magazine recently invited seven college freshmen to a party sponsored by Arkay Beverages - a company that makes non-alcoholic hard liquor. The attendees were told there would be free drinks at the party, but were not clued into the non-alcoholic nature of the drinks.

At 7:30, thirty minutes before the start of the party, the Waif Magazine staff conducted a taste test of the Arkay liquors to determine the drink menu for their guests. Upon tasting the alcohol-free gin, one staff member winced and described the flavor as lemon and cat-piss. Another member tasted the Whiskey-flavored beverage and noted that it tasted nothing like whiskey, but had the spice of whiskey. There was a lot of trepidation surrounding the magazine's ability to serve these drinks to anyone, but with the guests only 20 minutes away, magazine staff was assured that it was too late to pursue another option. The menu was set: the guests could choose between whiskey and Coca-Cola brand cola or a Moscow Mule. The staff washed every cup in the house and cut up four limes, set out popcorn, pretzel chips, and hummus, turned on some music, and took a seat in the living room.

8 o'clock came and went - thank God. No good party starts on time. However, a simultaneous sense of skepticism began to wash over the room: would anybody actually show up? At 8:20, the buzzer rang. Waif Magazine intern, Joan, led a group of four friends upstairs to the party: Duvall, Hayden, Taylor, and Hayley. The staff led a few minutes of small talk, sort of breaking the ice, but not yet enough to dip a full toe into the water. After a few minutes of introductions and eating popcorn, it was time to make an announcement.

"Thank you for coming tonight! We run a magazine called Waif that documents and defines Waif Culture and tonight we are proud to present the Arkay Alcohol Free Party. As you know this is a free party and we are in partnership with Arkay Beverages to provide the drinks tonight. We're making whiskey cokes and Moscow

mules - would anyone like a drink?"

As it turns out, not many 18-year-olds know what a Moscow mule is, but once they learned that it was based on vodka and had ginger ale and lime, they were all really into the idea, except for Taylor who asked for a whiskey and coke. Everyone accepted their beverages and continued partying, blissfully unaware that they were completely safe from the dangers of underage drinking.

We asked each of the attendees to introduce themselves and tell us a little bit about their experience with the Arkay-infused, alcohol-inspired beverages.



**Name:** Taylor

**How was your Arkay drink?:**

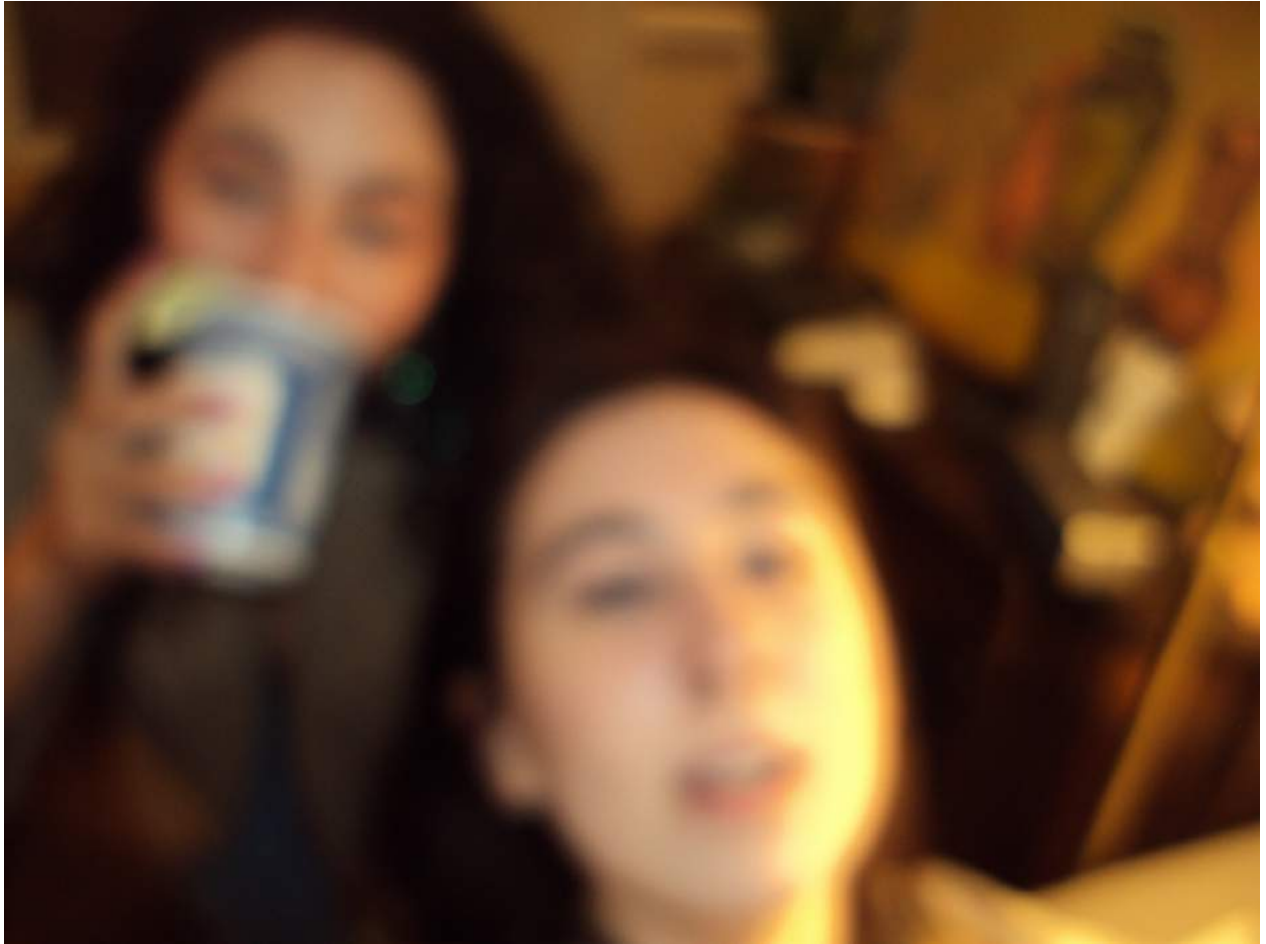
The whiskey one tasted a little fiery. It was nice.



**Name:** Hayley

**How was your Arkay drink?:**

I had the lime one, it was great, it tasted like lime and carbonation and it was an adventure





**Name:** Hayden

**How was your Arkay drink?:**

It was good, I mostly tasted just lime, it tastes like ice cream, it was just a very pleasant experience.

**Name:** Duvall

**How was your Arkay drink?:**

I had the Moscow mule, it was really good, if I could describe it, it would be like a little bit of innocent foreplay on the beach: it was sweet but gentle, but like it's a little dangerous







None of the kids had any idea they had been duped. Could it really be this easy to keep underage kids safe from the harms of drinking all the while exposing them to the thrill of it?

The night continued on; drinks flowed, jokes exchanged, Gwen Stefani's 'The Sweet Escape' was blaring away, hitting a collective sweet spot for some of the older crowd. Then, magazine staff asked for everyone's attention. "We have a confession," they began. "This is actually non-alcoholic liquor. There is no alcohol in the drinks tonight." This admission cast a pall over the room while Akon's 'woo-hoo'-ing echoed quietly in the background.

In what must have been one second but felt like twenty, everyone in the room stopped to assess the situation, except for Taylor who already knew what was going on. "I knew I was not feeling it because your girl's a lightweight," she retorted, proudly standing for her low alcohol tolerance.

"I knew something was up," Duvall chimed in, "because not even Taylor's drunk, and Taylor gets drunk quickly."

"I get drunk so fast it's sad," said Taylor.

Staff passed around a few more bottles of Arkay brand beverages - tons of whiskeys of all varieties, rum, and even brandy. Arkay Beverages covers all the bases. The room expressed a genuine interest in the beverages' shameless promotion of its zero-carb, zero-sugar, zero-calorie features. Waif explained that Arkay is looking to reach a college-aged market and wondered: "Is this something you would have at your parties?" Seeing as the guests were all under the legal drinking age of 21, most of them living in dorms where it is against the rules to have alcohol (let alone drink it!), and with only limited access to alcohol in the first place, it seemed like a good question to ask. Taylor, the first to answer, said that she would

definitely buy it if the label's 'alcohol-free' warning were smaller. That way, she could serve Arkay to her guests and imbibe on her own. For that, Waif Magazine suggested the hashtag #GuardYourStash.

Taylor also was quick to note the celebrity endorsement potential found in the likes of Cher and other famously sober personalities. "Hashtag be more like Cher," she suggested. Magazine staff offered a combination of the two hashtags so far to create #CherYourStash - for when you want to Cher, but don't want to share.

Other Waif staff members recommended a number of times throughout the evening that it would be smart to use Arkay as an alcohol substitute for your already-drunk friend who doesn't like the idea of being cut off for the night. Further suggestions included giving the gift of Arkay Beverages as a gag gift, or to water down real alcohol and mislead your

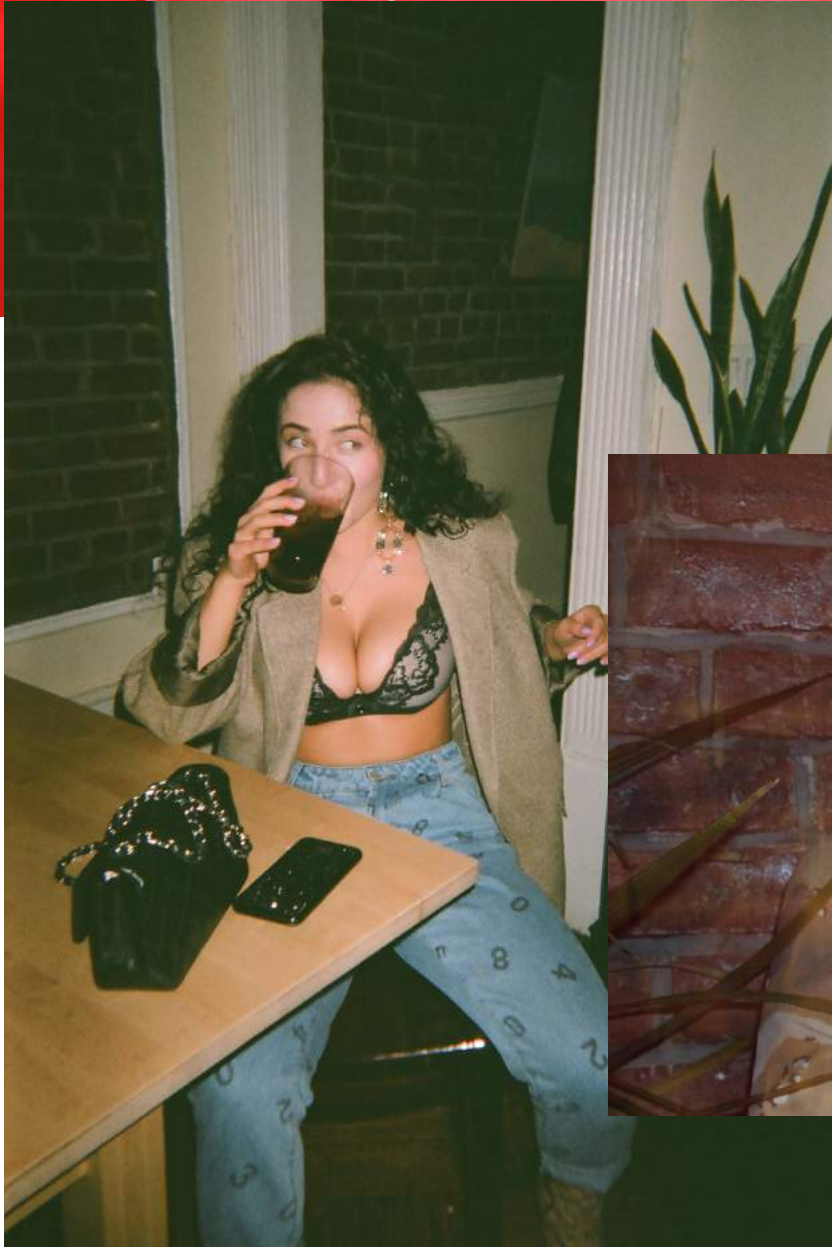
guests. This last option was popular among the group, likely because the prospect of saving money at a college age is promoted so heavily as part of student culture, but also because of the

Arkay signature Burning Sensation.

Arkay touts the introduction of the W.A.R.M. Molecule that creates a burning sensation similar to that of alcohol. Taylor noted later in the night that, though Arkay does provide a burn, it stops at the bottom of your throat rather than spreading through your whole body - an astute and important observation, if you're looking to trick your friends into staying sober.

With a few friends now over an hour late and yet to arrive, the group decided that they wanted in on the deception and hid the liquor bottles. Waif Magazine asked the group to participate in another photo series called "Still Sober After All These Drinks," to tap into the fun energy of the room and portray Arkay as the marketable product it is. And hey, if it meant these near-minors got to be photographed having fun with what looks

***Could it really be this easy to keep underage kids safe from the harms of drinking all the while exposing them to the thrill of it?***



on camera to be an endless supply of hard liquor, they were all for it. Out poured the jokes about bringing the bottles to school, whipping out a handle of the driest whiskey in the middle of lunch, rolling up to a party double fisting Arkay. Duvall even texted his mother a picture of an Arkay bottle with the caption, “So drunk right now.” It seemed that the secret was out: deceiving your close friends and family is as fun as — if not more fun than — underage drinking.

Alexis and Marisa arrived a few minutes later, ready to party. The party guests from before quickly greeted the pair and shut up about the drinks as Waif staff began a truncated version of the Arkay drinking game.

**Name:** Marisa

**How was your Arkay drink?:**

She’s really fresh, kind of fruity

**How does it compare to other drinks you’ve had?:**

It tastes way better, I can actually drink this and not make a horrible face.





**Name:** Alexis

**How was your Arkay drink?:**

The drink tastes good, but it also reminds me of a flat ginger ale

**How does it compare to other drinks you've had?:**

it seems less strong, but I've never had this drink before, it's a different route.



This time around, the friends wanted to reveal the truth. Joan, the leader of the pack and Waif intern, revealed that she had catfished her friends by withholding information from them, whereupon Alexis said she, "thought so. I was like 'Why do I feel like I'm drinking O'Doul's right now?'" Marisa approached the drink with more optimism, thinking it tasted good, just shy of too good to be true. They agreed Arkay would be a great gag gift, generating the hashtags #GagOnArkay or #SomethingToGagOn. Other earned nicknames included "The Juul of Alcohol" because of both its similarity to and vast difference from alcohol, and "The Wasabi of Alcohol" due to its signature kick, the latter being accompanied by hashtags #NoBags (in reference to its ability to wake you up) and #ClearYourSinuses.

At the end of the night, Waif Magazine thanked the guests for drinking an unknown beverage and for being cool. The guests, delighted to be invited to hang out with older people and appear in a magazine, said that the staff were cool too. The experiment proved to be a great success as everyone learned that 1.) Teenagers drink underage to experience the novelty of lying; 2.) Ultimately, honesty is the best policy; and 3.) Under the right circumstances, teenagers can (and do) think adults are cool. ♦



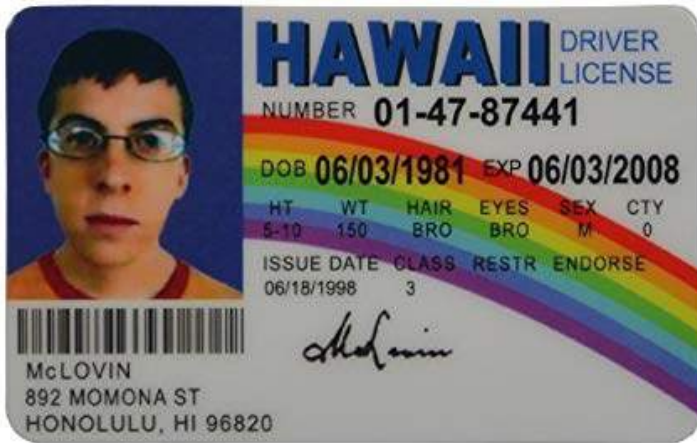


**INTERN'S CORNER**

# **SNEAKING INTO BARS //**

**By Joan Flaherty**

*The Waif intern, Joan, offers her best tips on getting the party started when the ageists get you down.*





College-- the first real façade of freedom. It's the illusion of being an adult whilst living in school regulated housing with a laid back glorified babysitter (now referred to as a Residential Assistant), having to wait until the next month for your parents to deposit your "paycheck" into your bank account, and the option to go to class. However, as cool as being eighteen and living away from your parents can be, it's not as cool as being twenty-one at that same university. Or so I've heard.

Being a freshman, my first semester was consumed by long classes, adjusting to college, and most importantly) finding ways to take advantage of nightlife without having that sweet, sweet, state-approved, laminated driver's license — other than the one I achieved after two strenuous weeks behind the wheel at 6am during my junior year of high school.

Gone are the days of waiting for your parents to retreat to their bedroom for the night so you can play chemistry lab with an empty water bottle and their liquor cabinet to create a nectar as cherished as the blood of Jesus, to bring to the next sleepover at your friend's trap basement. This is college; if you don't figure out the labyrinth of underage nightlife, you'll only be left with the sad realization that being eighteen is not much older than seventeen, and that your parents can still easily control you with a text. Thankfully, I, in conjunction with other underage students, can help get you up to speed on how to get hip and sneak into one of the "cool" bars that serve a single Corona priced the same as a six pack at CVS.

**D.A.R.E.**  
TO GET A FAKE ID

***"If you don't figure out the labyrinth of underage nightlife, you'll only be left with the sad realization that being eighteen is not much older than seventeen, and that your parents can still easily control you with a text."***

1. **"Get a fake ID"** A resounding first words from all my peers when consulting for their own tips and tricks. It is indeed true: the easiest way to do anything outside the constant paranoia of drinking overpriced alcohol in a locked dorm room is having a magical laminated card that says you were born in 1997. Sure, the masking in the ID picture might be spotty and low quality for that \$40-80 price, but most bouncers don't look that hard. Need a fake ID? Ask around, someone is probably creating a group you can join (usually the bigger the group the cheaper the fake.) If not, you'll have to take initiative - scary I know - check out oldironsidefakes or idgod and embark on a journey to create your own group, collect information, and roll up to your closest Western Union with a makeup bag filled with \$900 worth of cash. It's a hassle, but worth it. But, it's by no means your only option for getting past a bouncer or your complete saving grace.
2. Beyond just having the ID, you have to look the part. Bouncers can be hound dogs who know the stench of underage (>21) blood. **"Grow out your facial hair if you're a man or a woman, facial hair always works"** according to Teenan Kaw (a pseudonym to protect the interviewer's identity) facial hair is key: whether it be slight lip action, beard, or unibrow. Because it's common knowledge that only people over the age of twenty one would grow out their still somewhat patchy facial hair, to assert their age and maturity. Take this newfound final step of

delayed puberty to your advantage: the bouncer will notice. Still waiting for the hair fairy to visit? Simple key to this solution **“grown people clothes yeah baby”** According to Teenan, this includes any clothing that makes you appear “depressed because adults are depressed.” So lay off the Forever 21, perhaps take a trip to Banana Republic to create your new wardrobe of bar garb. This step is only necessary, however, if you don’t have a fake ID. You can be a bit more relaxed if you have one: I just don’t recommend running into a liquor store or bar with a Class of 2022 t-shirt. However, if you’d ever consider going out to a social setting past 10pm donning a college T-shirt emblmed with your graduation year (with or without a fake) you should reconsider if you’re mature enough to go out. Or get lucky, like another anonymous interviewer, and “just always look thirty-five.”

**3. Improv & confidence:** While being in an improv group may have incited diss popularity in high school, it’ll give you a head up when going out. There are some basic things you can memorize: your fake ID’s star sign, zip code, address. But, you can’t memorize what brought you to your current city from whatever far off state your ID says or what your twenty six year old persona’s main aspirations are. That’s up to you. Brush up on your freeze and zip zap zop skills. Maybe take a character class. It’ll all be worth it when you have a rum and coke in your grimey eighteen year old hands. Also, “know what you’re going to order don’t look at a menu” blah blah blah. But, if you don’t already know the combinations of mixers and liquor or the names of at least two beers- it’s safe to presume you haven’t drank before. Maybe sit this one out and let your first time be in a stranger’s dorm instead.

**4. Know the area:** Do your research- if you’re in a college town you’re in luck. Find the grossest bar you can and

you’re golden. There’s an age old saying: **you’re twenty-one somewhere**. There will always be a shitty bar who is willing to sell an overpriced drink to anyone who looks older than twelve. The hard part is snooping out one that will if you’re not. For that you’ll have to turn to the age old practice of oral tradition. Just like in the era of pre-civilization you’ll have to seek an elder from your community (someone actually 21+) to have them guide you to the water hole of alcohol where the underclassmen can quench their thirst: they exist, they might not be the most glamorous spot, but they get the job done in a pinch. A heads up: bars and clubs that celebrity or real adults frequent will ask for two forms of ID.

***If all else fails pull a “i forgot my ID at home” or just slip a \$20 bill with your Student ID. Have a drink for me. ♦***





Thank you for reading Waif Magazine issue 09.

Issue 10 will be released mid-April - we'll be reporting live from The Void, not that we haven't been already.

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