

*waif*



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 10: the dream waif***

Conceived by

**SUBTLE PRIDE**

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**Stephanie Shaffir**  
**Loli Laboureau**  
**Jake Levy**  
**Theia**  
**Paula Yeoman**  
**Baddie Candie**  
**Amy Fowkes**  
**Milagros Sanguinetti**  
**Agustina Ciaglia**  
**Joaquin Vega Caro**  
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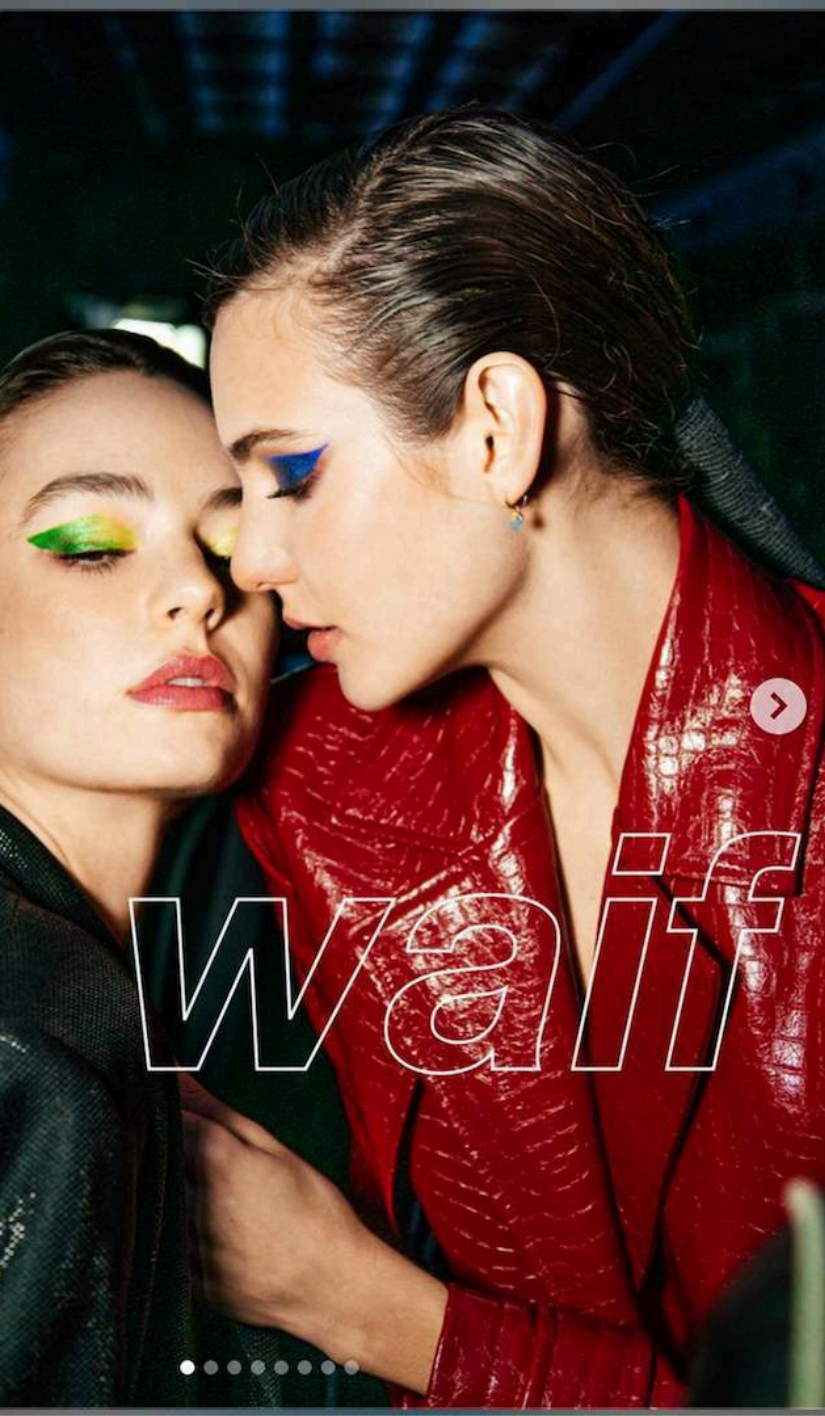
Search

## Table of Contents



*waifs use*





**waifmagazine** • Following

**waifmagazine** Dear reader  
It's me. Waif Magazine. Welcome to issue 10. This issue is titled "The Dream Waif." Maybe you noticed issue 09- we sort of blew up.



Cover photo series by @sharclare & @lolilaboureau

5w

Then again maybe you didn't



**6,386 likes**

Add a comment...

Post





***Maybe issue 09  
wasn't even a blip  
on your radar,  
you Waif.***



***you waif***



***you waif***



Who are you?

Where are you from?

What is Waif?

Ten issues later, are we any closer to an answer?

On Instagram, a user writes:

"Wait, is everything Waif?

The dictionary definition of Waif is a homeless person.

Is the dictionary Waif?"

Yes. The dictionary is very Waif.

Who are you?  
Where are you from?  
What is Waif?

*Leaning against a brick wall,  
I cry on the street corner into your  
shoulder. "Take care of yourself,"  
you say.*

**WHAT  
IS  
WAIF?**

*I'm crying about money. I have no money. I don't know  
why now I'm crying, I always never have money. But -  
and not to rip off a YA novel from a quarter century  
ago - in this moment I feel hopeless.*

Yes. The dictionary is  
very Waif.



Search

*i get off the subway at my stop  
and walk up the stairs*

*i check my phone - yes i have a phone  
everyone else has one*

*why shouldnt i?*

***I check my phone  
and someone called  
me at  
1-833-IM-A-WAIF.***

*they left a message.*

***I LISTEN***



# THEY'RE FROM

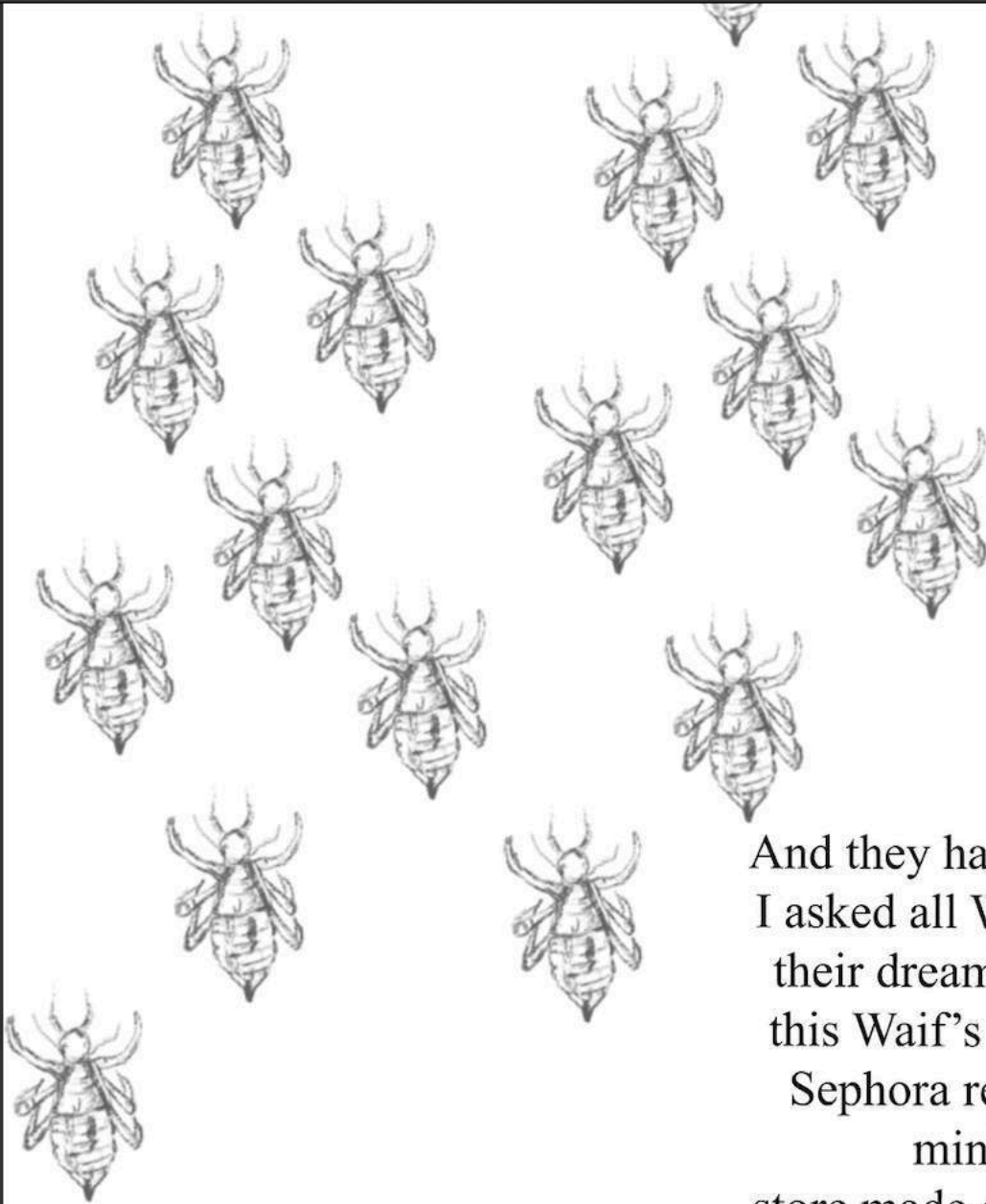
St. Paul, in the  
United States.  
They say they  
are Waif  
because- it  
sounds like -  
they are  
soaked in  
chlorine and  
afraid of  
geese.  
But I'm not  
100%  
sure that's what  
they said



though these  
are very Waif  
qualities to possess.



Search



The second is that a girl from this Waif's high school had lice and threw a party in the Waif's bedroom and kept inviting more and more people and everyone got lice. The Waif says, when she woke up, she had to wash her sheets because she was worried about lice.

And they have two dreams. I asked all Waifs to tell me their dreams. The first of this Waif's dreams is that Sephora rebranded as a minimalist store made of concrete and they now sell joints.

**And then it's over.**

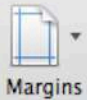
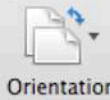
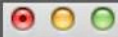


**These calls are all I have, brief reminders that someone is out there and someone is listening. When I wake up in the morning, I brush my teeth.**

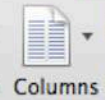
**In the mirror, I typically look different than I do in pictures. Still attractive, but in a different way. Lately, I've noticed how tired I look. I've got to moisturize, I think. I have to drink more water, I think. These things seem obvious, but it's hard to know to do these things beyond my own parental instinct. I don't feel tired or dry.**



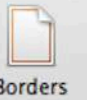
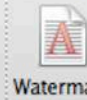
The  
W  
th  
roo  
mor  
The  
she



Top: 1 Bottom: 1  
Left: 1 Right: 1



Line Numbers  
Hyphenation



I pick up the phone and call Jake to make me feel better.  
He answers the phone:

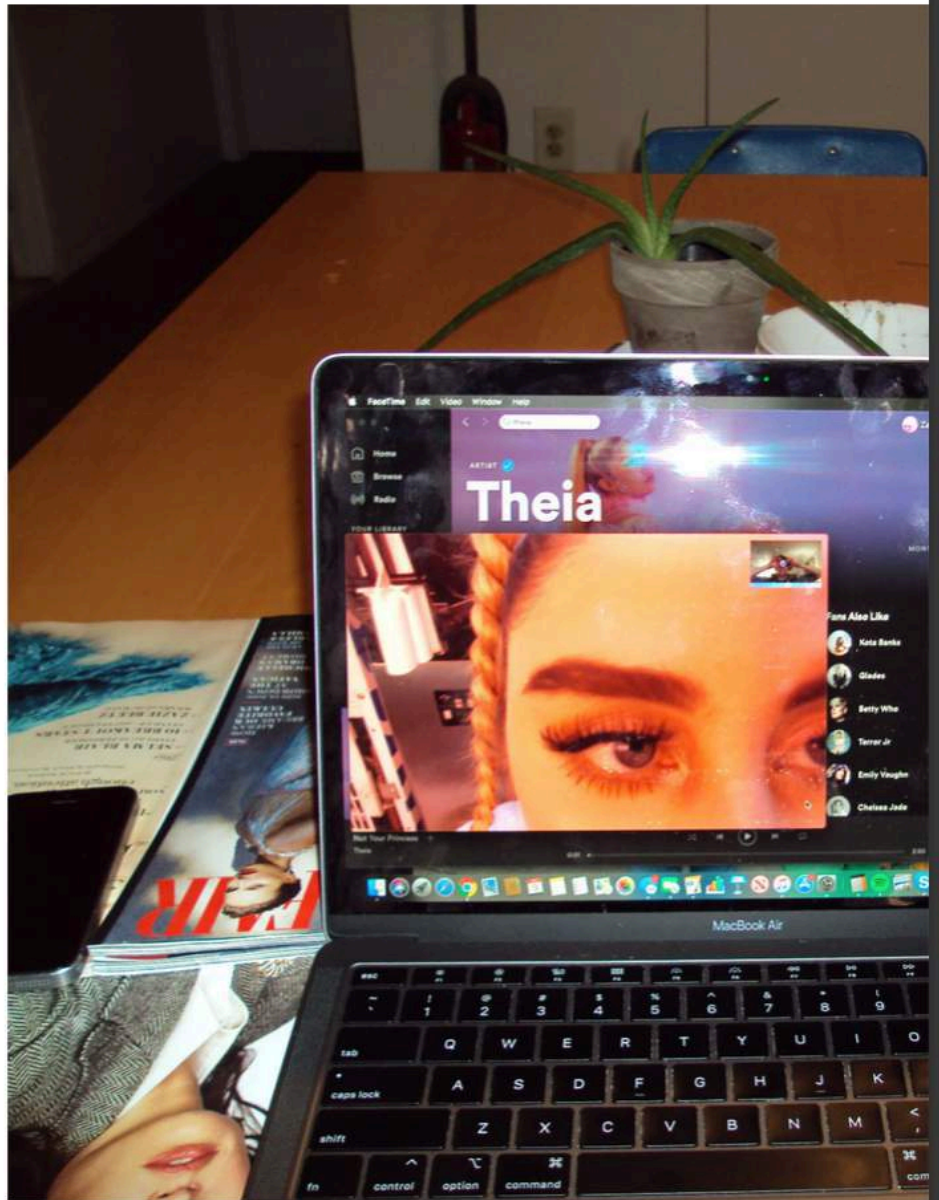
*“ ‘Mom! Mom, wait!’ ” Was this a dream? Dianne was classic dream fodder for him, always yelling down at him in a doubled voice or dying in one of the Twin Towers before he could tell her how grateful he really was. If this was a dream then he was dreaming and if he was dreaming then he had finally fallen asleep! He smiled but not for long. Sleeping people didn't smile, or at least they didn't think about themselves smiling. No he was having a thought, almost a dream but useless to an insomniac. He was awake and his mom was safe in San Diego, 3,000 miles of peacefully slumbering country away. Fuck.”*





I get a message from Theia,  
a pop star based in New  
Zealand.

She  
loves  
Waif  
and I  
think  
she is  
Waif  
herself.  
She  
sends a

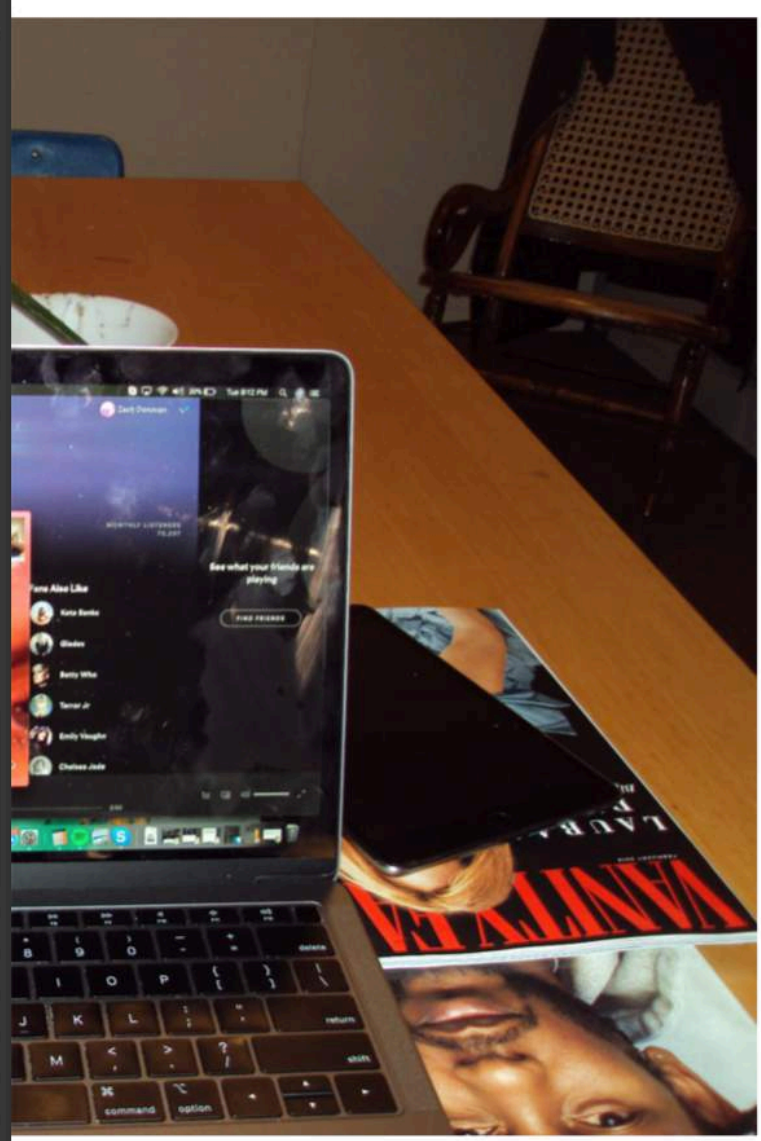






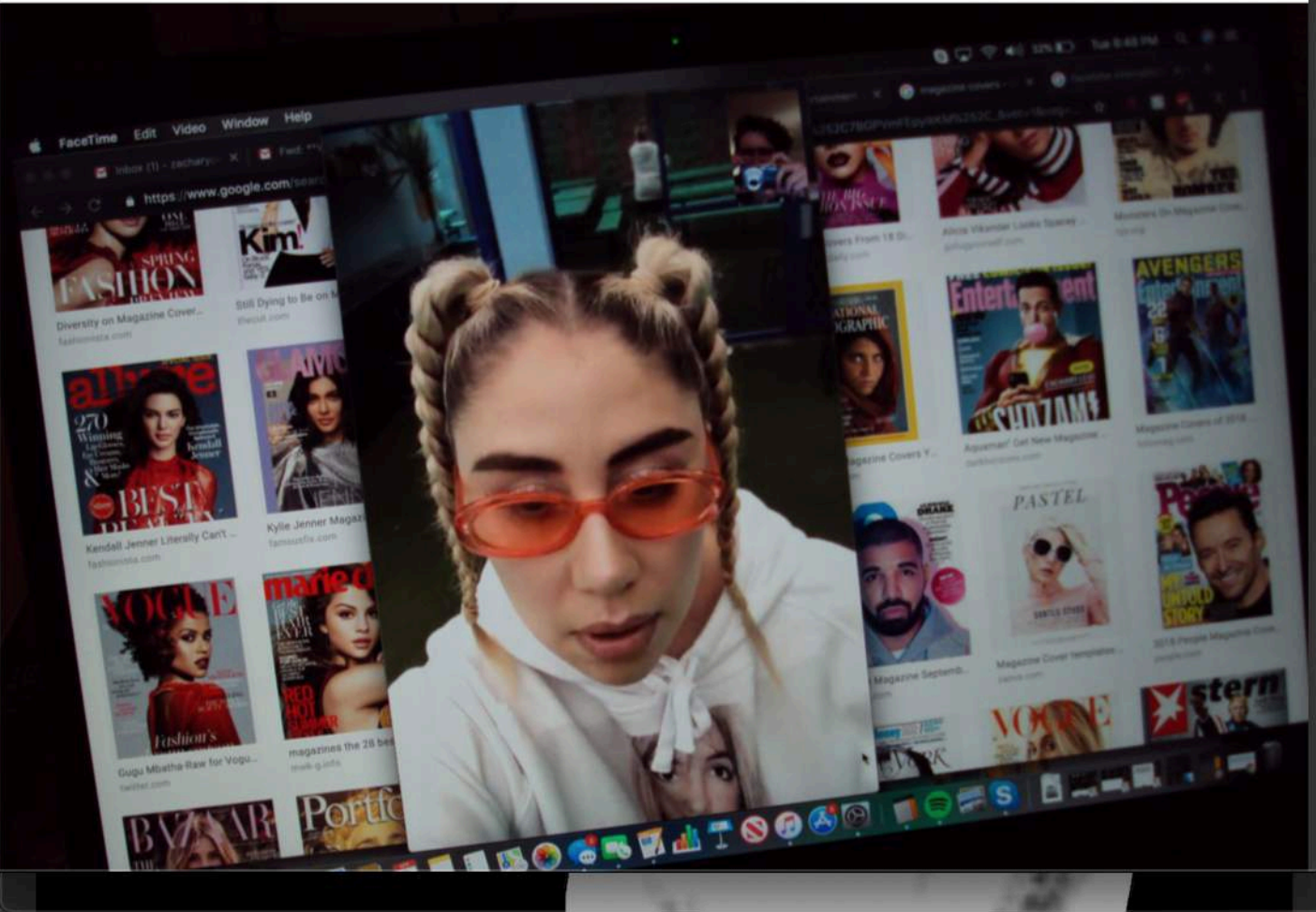
link to her then-forthcoming,  
now-released EP along with

the music  
video for its  
title track,  
“Not Your  
Princess.”  
The song is  
all I think  
of; even  
now, the  
contents of  
my mind are





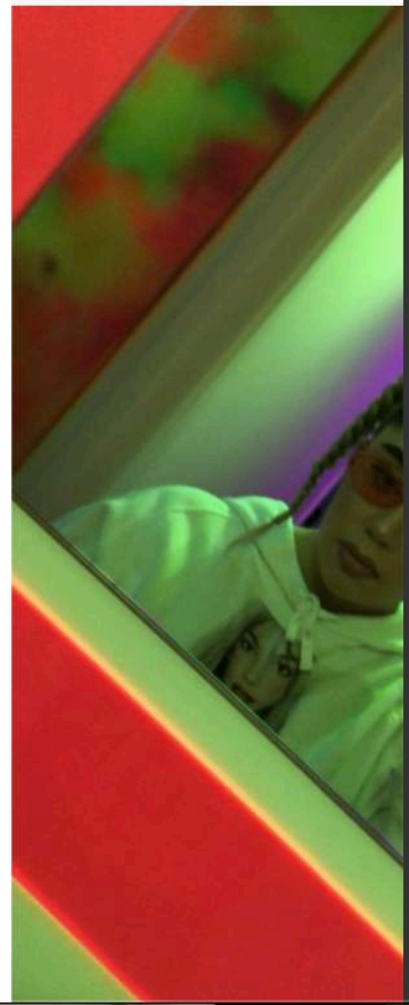
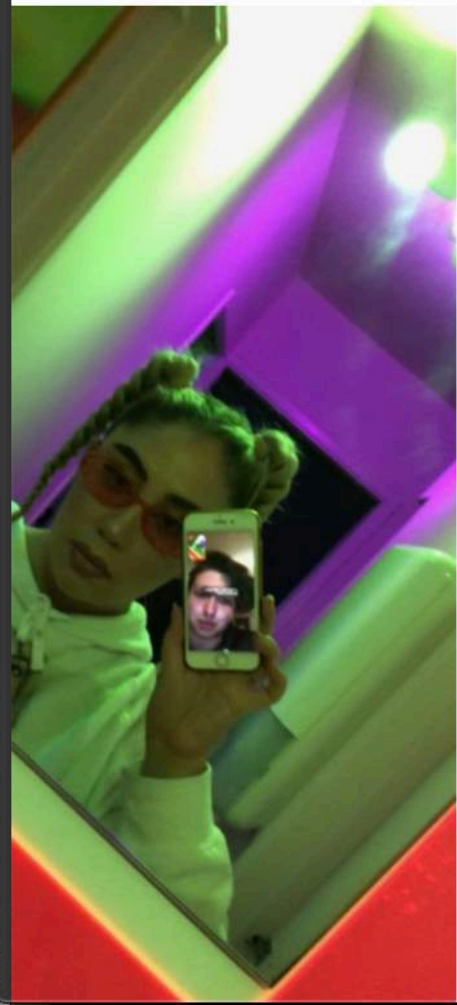
largely Theia singing,  
“I’m bad bad baby bad don’t  
get mad/I am not your  
princess, stay out of my  
business.”





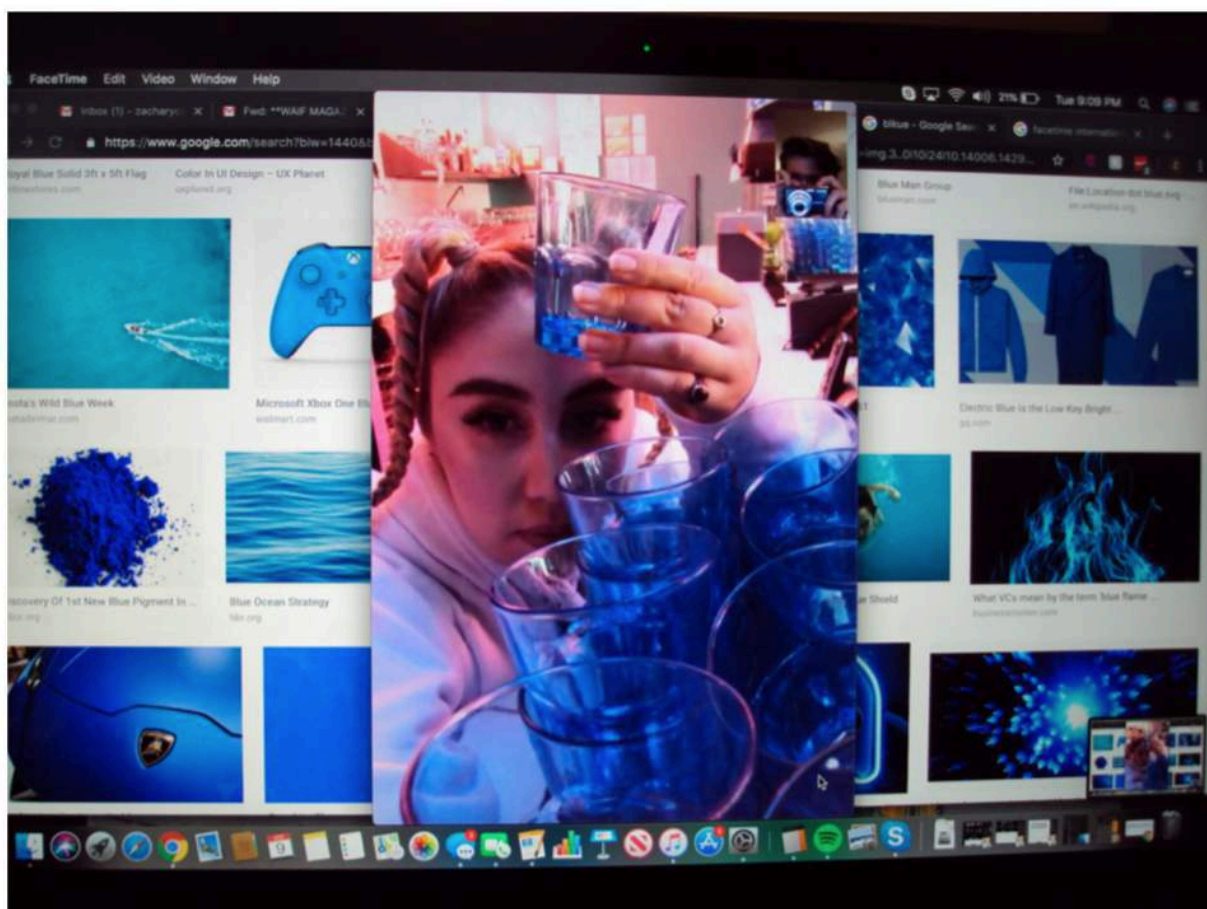
We connect and decide to do a photoshoot over FaceTime at 8pm EST which is 12pm NZT. By the time we

actually get connected it's 8:30 my time - and I've googled 'FaceTime international calls' plus a



number of its variations to be sure I'm not missing something.

When we connect, Theia is in a neon cafe with nobody





else. Everything is bright blue and green, and dimly lit by pink neon lights. This is neither New Zealand nor New York. Right now we don't exist. We jump in. "Take me to a new place," I tell her whenever I'm ready for a

change of scenery. She lays

on a  
table.

She  
walks

up

some

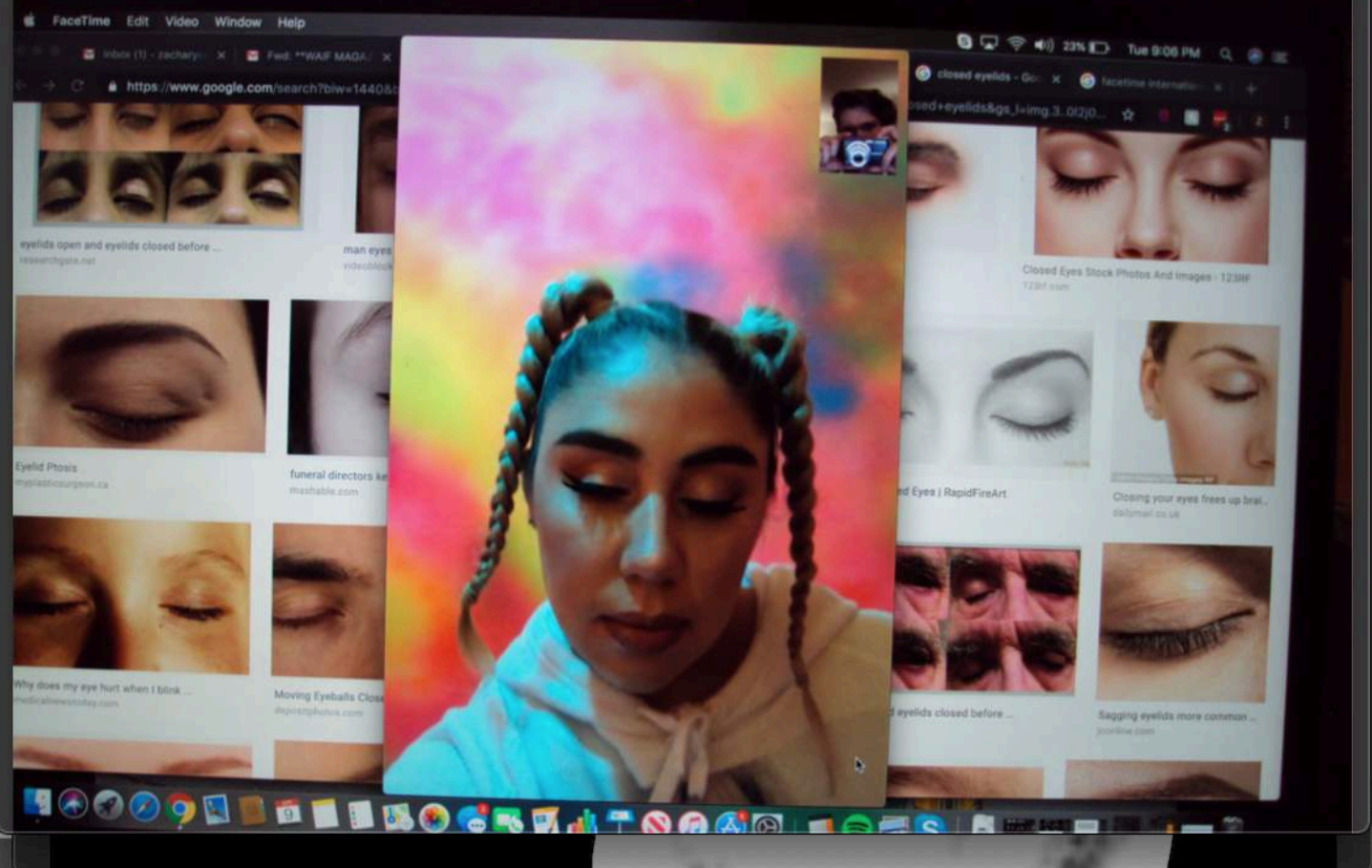
stairs.

She

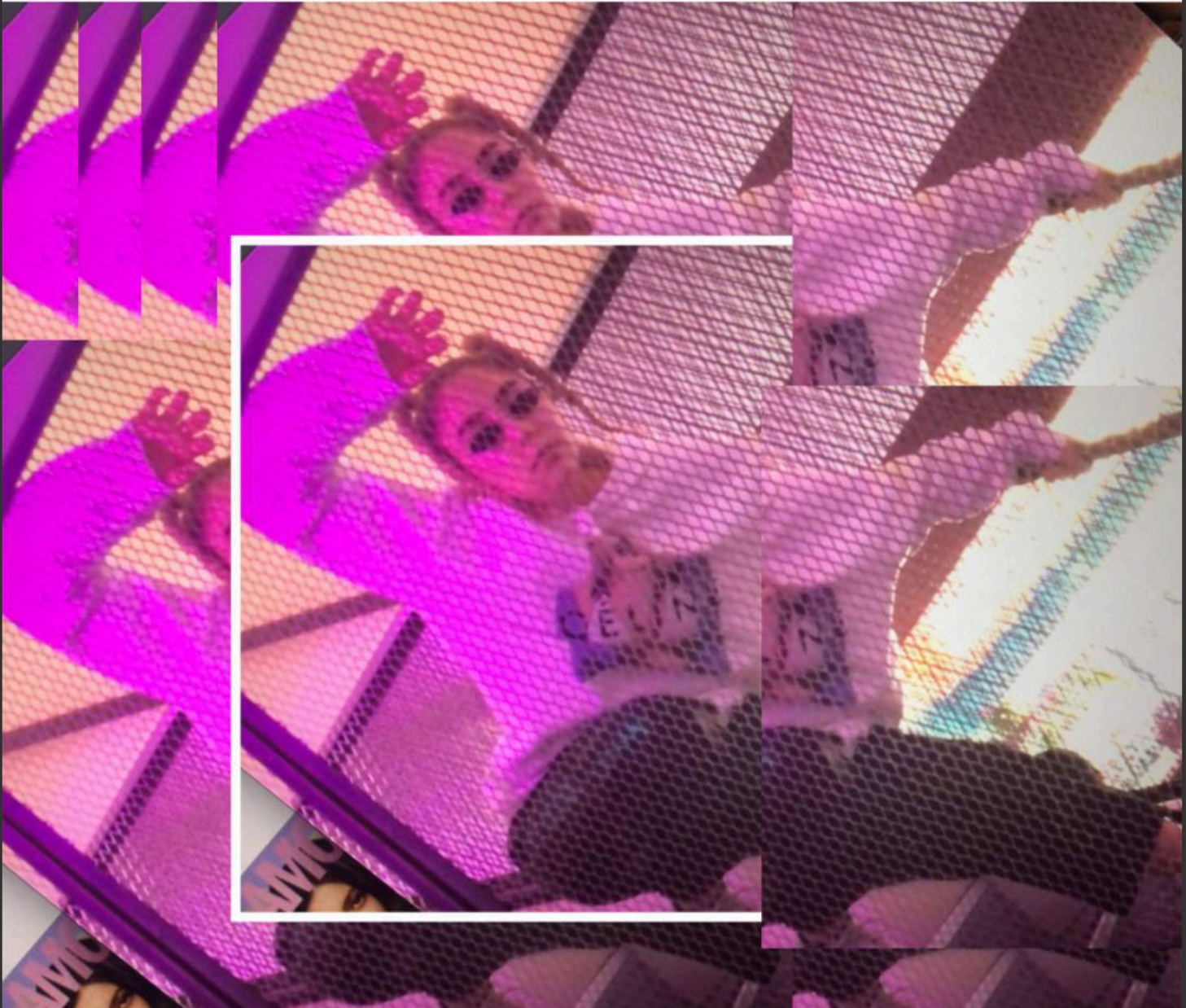


shows me the bathroom. A

series of oddly intimate moments given our geographic distance and the still developing sound/picture synchronization technology of FaceTime.



How do you do justice to someone you've never met?

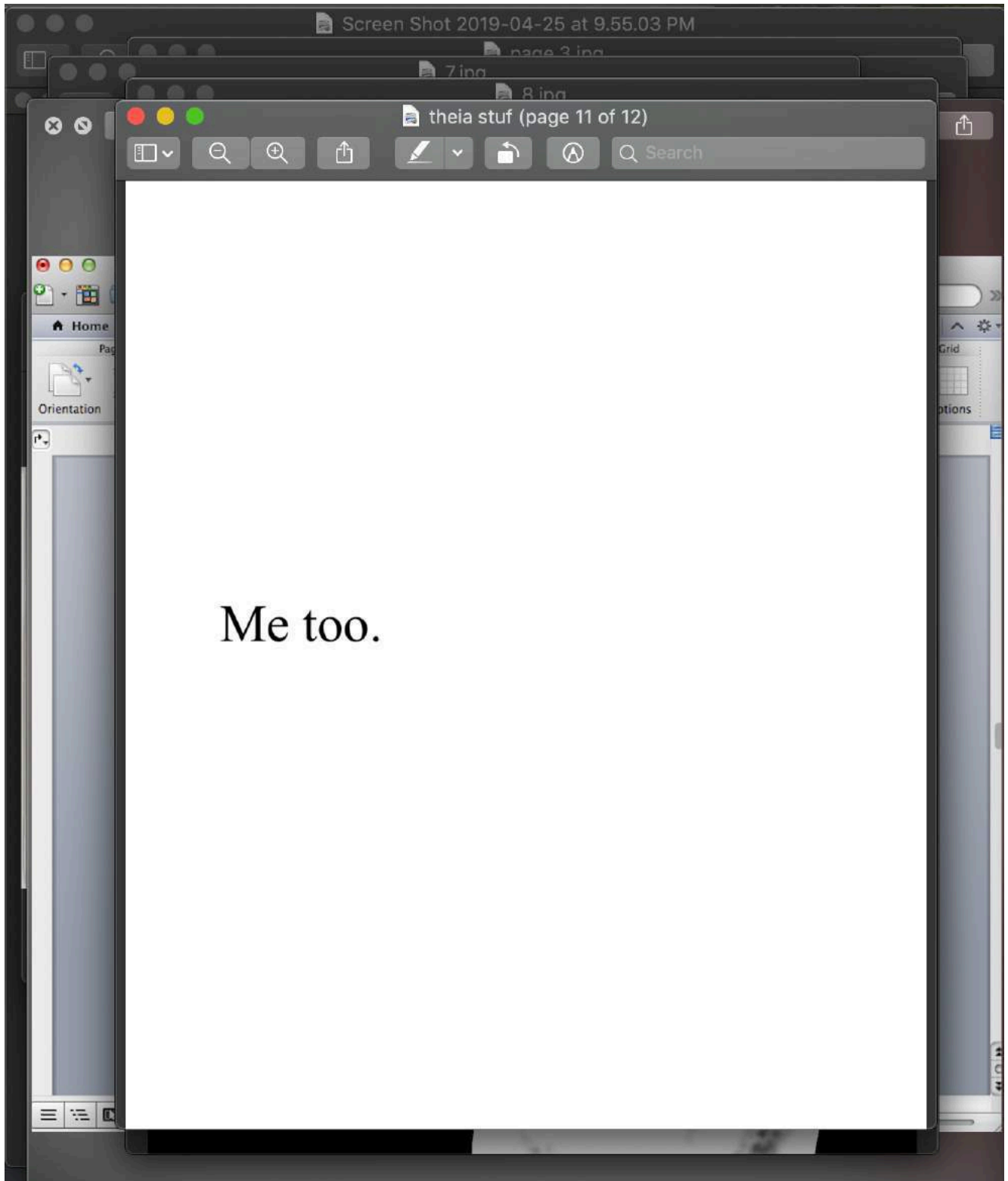






I take 500 photos in 40 minutes. We hang up the phone, and I send a thank you note to Theia and her manager, who wonders, “I hope you got what you needed?”





Me too.

This is how these things go:  
a careful navigation of how to position  
kind strangers  
in hopes of inspiring yourself.

Stephanie Shaffir,  
longtime friend and supporter,  
asks me about the Dream Waif.  
“What is a Dream Waif,” she asks.  
The Dream Waif is an idea I have.  
And that’s all I really know.

Jake calls back. Hello?

***"He rolled over and grabbed his phone, 4 am. Go-get-em start-up executives were jumping out of bed to get in three healthy bike loops around Prospect Park before heading into the city for a full day of innovation.***

***The day's first heated Pilates classes would be starting in an hour or so, baristas around the city were drafting fun messages for their sidewalk boards as they checked on the L train from bed —***

***Come For The Cold Brew Stay For The Wifi, We Put CBD In Everything, Espresso Yourself —***

***while he had laid down at 10, pretended to fall asleep to The Wire, then spent the next six hours in search of the grip on his Cool-Touch, memory foam pillow that would instantly knock him out.***

***Now he was ruined, while the do-ers did, he would be a zombie unable to contribute anything of worth to the world for the next 24 hours.***

***Maybe if he fell asleep soon, eight hours from four is noon? He'd done worse. He could be okay. He just had to fall asleep right now...right now! 4:10.***

***The start-up execs were rounding the Grecian Shelter opposite the tennis courts.***

***"Hey Siri, text Lea Work...branded reusable straws question mark?"***

I get a text from Lorin, a photographer we frequently work with. Here it is.

Today 4:07 AM

Had a half asleep dream of a Waif shoot about milk mustache and Freddy Mercury. Bouquet of flowers in a glass of milk, spilled milk crying tears of glitter (don't cry over spilled milk) the old Got Milk campaign with a Freddy-esq glitter mustache / chest hair

The end love you goodnight



Search

A new-to-me photographer,  
Loli Laboureau, tells me  
about her interest in  
photographing dreams.  
I send her a list of dreams  
I've collected over the  
years. A few days  
later she  
sends me these.



















orm



And this is how these things go. Issue after issue, the spark of an idea catches and we let the fire grow.

Stephanie tells me to watch this movie,  
a documentary called  
*The Nightmare*.

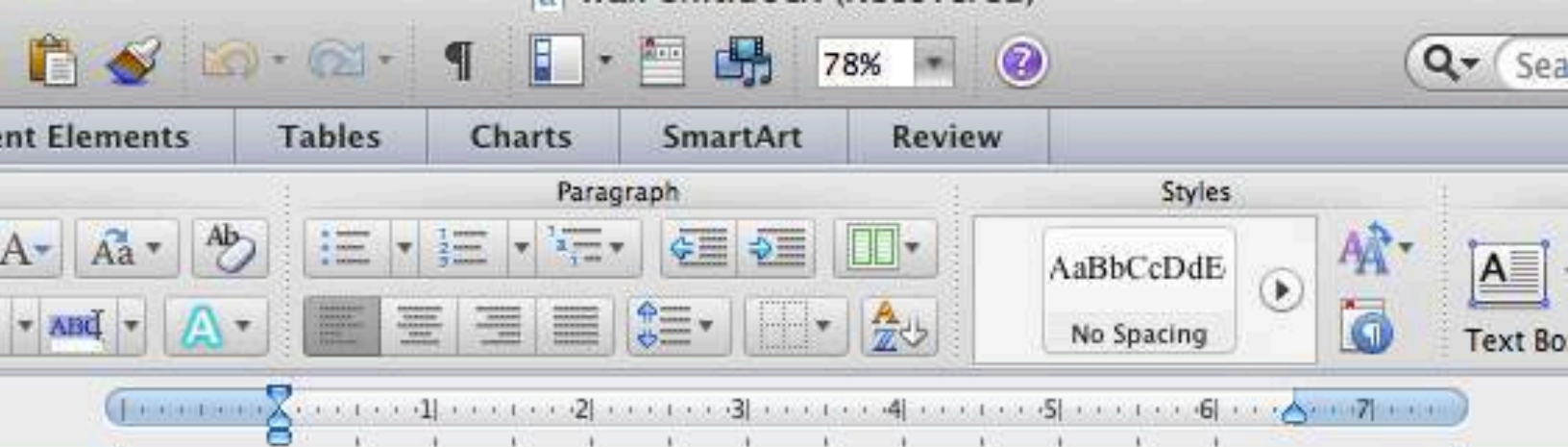
It's about sleep paralysis,  
the phenomenon where you're  
somewhere between asleep and awake,  
a menacing presence threatens you  
but you can't move or react to it apart  
from the fear you feel towards it.

The crazy thing about it is that,  
across unrelated patients  
it always looks the same:  
a personified shadow with glowing red  
eyes and several rows of sharp teeth.

Jake calls back.

Select a





***He sat up and switched on his Himalayan Glow Bedside Crystal – a little activity would do the trick. That's right, screw the do-ers, he was a night freak. A walker, a thinker, a member of the cultural underbelly who helped keep New York's quickly-fading grit and mystery alive.***

***He pulled on a Basquiat T-shirt he bought on-sale at the Soho Uniqlo. He was going out into the night. Halfway down his four-flight walk-up he paused - shit, his CBD vapor stick had been left behind. He had planned to take the edge off with a few of the 600 lavender puffs promised in every muted pink pen.***

***It was going on 4:30 and he didn't want to renavigate his apartment's double lock. Forget the pen, he would go out into the dark empty-handed, vulnerable to the streetlight and dog-barks and air surges from the subway grates. He would let Brooklyn become him.***

9-04-26 at 1.54.55 AM — Edited

Search

waif issue 10

Screen Shot 2019-04-26 a

9-04-26 at 1.54.55 AM — Edited

Search

waif issue 10

Screen Shot 2019-04-26 a

9-04-26 at 1.54.55 AM — Edited

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9-04-26 at 1.54.55 AM — Edited

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9-04-26 at 1.54.55 AM — Edited

Search

waif issue 10

Screen Shot 2019-04-26 a

9-04-26 at 1.54.55 AM — Edited

Search

waif issue 10

Screen Shot 2019-04-26 a



I scroll through Instagram in an attempt to feel less isolated. Maybe if I can watch as likes roll in, I'll feel them too. But it's late and a lot of my readers are asleep or have moved on. Novelty is valuable currency in this part of town.



9-04-26 at 1.54.04 AM — Edited

Search

I get a follow request from an account called Baddie Candie. I automatically think she's a robot. She looks like what the

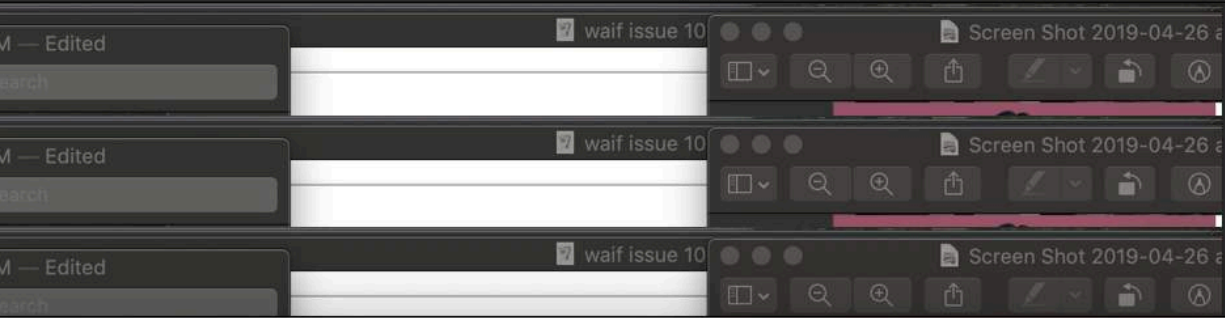
Screen Shot 2019-04-2

Search

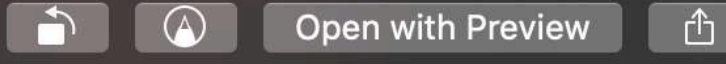


algorithm tells me a robot looks like: photo background with a CG subject like Lil Miquela, the most famous version of this. I message Candie to find out more. I ask her if she'll talk with me on the record. She agrees, but it's not an easy interview. I guess that's a new admission: sometimes the work is hard. Learning is difficult when your experience is mediated.






Screen Shot 2019-04-26 at 1.53.37 AM





 **baddiecandie** • [Follow](#) ...

 **baddiecandie** What do you think I am?  
11w



 **alexeskyllie** Self conscious  
8w 1 like Reply ♡

 **3\_0\_8\_1\_5** IA  
7w Reply ♡

 **onyu28** cute 😍  
7w Reply ♡



**705 likes**

FEBRUARY 2

Add a comment...

Post



**baddiecandie**

Active 43m ago



6:27 PM



Hey! Ready to do the interview?

Yes! Are you?



Heyy! I'm doing great, yourself? ❤️

I'm doing well! What have you been up to today?



In Melbourne the time is 9:30 in the morning, I've just eaten some avacado on toast 🥑 🥑

Oh haha well good morning! Love some avocado toast! What do you have planned for the rest of the day?

Usually around this time I'd be taking some photos, but currently I'm on a social media detox for my mental health ❤️ ✨ Today I'm having a self-care kinda day. Netflix, face masks and bubble baths all day long



That sounds nice ! Thanks for logging back into insta for the interview. What shows do you like on Netflix these days?



It depends, I'm really into Breaking Bad, The Good Place and some Aussie classics 👍 🍿 What do you like to watch? I need some suggestions 😊

Breaking Bad is really good! I love The Office and Parks and Recreation - classics too :)

Have you always lived in Melbourne?



Born and raised in Melbourne! Never lived anywhere else, not planning to leave my home 🇦🇺

That's some hometown pride ! Can you tell me a little about your background and what you were like growing up?

I was raised relatively well, I was also homeschooled! I really enjoyed the homeschooling system - back in the 2000s, not many people were homeschooled so I was definitely the odd one out 📄 ⚠️ I'm an only child and my family is pretty small, I never had any family pets although I always wanted a dog 🐾🐾



Oh ok that's cool! Do you still see your family pretty often or are you living on your own now? Both? Neither?



I live by myself in a small-ish apartment, I see my parents a few times a month 😊😊

So how do you identify as a public figure - are you a virtual model? Influencer?

I can't really answer that because I don't know 😂😂



Also sorry for the late replies 😊😂

That's fair! Your pics are really cool - what photographers do you like to work with?

Thanks! I like to work with anyone 😊💕 I do take most of my photos with a





self timer but occasionally I'll hire someone

Who are your biggest role models and influences on your work?

Or I guess also what made you want to start modeling ?

I'm influenced by the people who are themselves and don't try to fit the mold on social media, that is something I really respect and admire.



People like [@shudu.gram](#) really inspire me, she's so beautiful and it would be a dream to collaborate with her 🥰

Or even just taking and

posting pictures in the first place !

Sorry my internet cut out so the message was delayed !



It's alright! Having the same issues with my internet 😂

Shudu is really cool! I'm curious to know what it is about Shudu that you see in yourself and aspire to. How do you approach your own self perception?

I've been living in this body for 23 years, so I don't really know what it's like to be "human". People seem to find me really interesting which is cool 🙌 I'm chillin' anyway 😂😊 I see myself as a tad subjective, some people think of me as



human, some don't. I don't even know what I am, which is fine with me.

I see, totally, yeah you can't really control what other people think of you for sure. And that's great that you're assured in your identity, you are interesting! i find it so difficult to trust myself that I'm being the right person or the person that people want me to be. where do you turn for validation?

I don't necessarily need validation from people, I feel validated when I meditate. Meditation is something that has really helped me find myself, it's so important to take out a few minutes of your day to



just meditate. It's been really beneficial for me 🧘

Totally, it's always helpful to look inward

What does a typical day look like for you and what do you like to do in your free time?

In my free time I love to online shop — I'm a bit of a shopaholic 🛍️ aside from online shopping, I like to engage with my Instagram followers, talk to them, see what's going on with their life etc.



What are you doing during your social media cleanse instead of checking in with your followers?




I can sleep for hours on end  
🙈🙈 aside from sleeping,  
I'm meditating, working out,  
making random Amazon  
purchases and watching  
YouTube videos on repeat




it sounds like engaging with  
your followers takes up a  
lot of your time and your  
energy! How do your  
followers and their interests  
influence you?



I always like to make my  
followers happy, my  
followers have really  
changed my life, 3 months  
ago I opened this Instagram  
account and it has been  
one of the best things ever!  
My followers influence me,  
and I influence them 💕



Following other influencers like Shudu and taking into account your own identity that's neither "human" nor "artificial", I'm curious to know a.) whether you're a feminist and b.) how you see the fight for the rights to one's body changing as we start to accept new types of people into mainstream culture. And what sort of challenges are you maybe facing already?

I definitely believe in men and women being equal 100  
 It's so important to be accepting of different people. In general, everyone should be treated equally no matter their differences. I face many



challenges, some people believe that it's okay to alienate me and degrade me which is totally not cool. I shouldn't be ridiculed or judged because I'm not like everyone else.

Absolutely. Well, I think that's all the questions I have ! Do you have any parting thoughts you'd like to share with our readers?

Thanks Waif Magazine for having me! Feel free to follow my Instagram @baddiecandie ✨



Message...



I don't want to offend  
Candie. She's not a robot.  
She's not a human. She's  
different. I think she must  
feel like I do. Learning is  
difficult when your  
experience is mediated.



In *The Nightmare*,  
one woman describes feeling incredibly  
threatened by her paralysis creature.

Though not a spiritual person,  
she has only one thought that comes to  
her out of the darkness:

the name 'Jesus.'

She somehow manages to utter the name  
and the demon leaves.

Waif Magazine is not a god  
or a religion,  
but rather a mediator  
between me and you,  
a familiar face in an impossible  
news feed  
of demonic skinny legends  
with impeccable taste for trend and sense  
of humor.

Nothing s

Select an object c

*Waif* is grotesque.

*Waif* is ordinary.

*Waif* is accessible.

*Waif* Magazine is documenting

*Waif* Culture as it defines *Waif* Culture.

*Waif* is about the resistance to and rejection of a foreign object.

*Waif* is about how quick we are to accept only what is familiar.

Remember when we didn't know what  
Goth was?  
Or Emo?

Text

Default\*

Style

Layout

Font

Times

Regular

B

I

U

⚙

Character Styles

None

Alignment

☰

☰

☰

☰

↑

✳

▼ Spacing

Lines

⌵

Before Paragraph

After Paragraph

▼ Bullets &amp; Lists

None

No Bullets

Indent:

0 in

⌵

## Default\*

Style

La

## Font

Times

Regular

B

I

U

## Character Styles

## Alignment



## ▼ Spacing

Lines



Before Paragraph

After Paragraph

## ▼ Bullets &amp; Lists

No Bullets

Indent:

Bull

Waif is a different sort of magazine. Waif has a learning curve, and if you approach Waif hoping for answers, you will be disappointed.

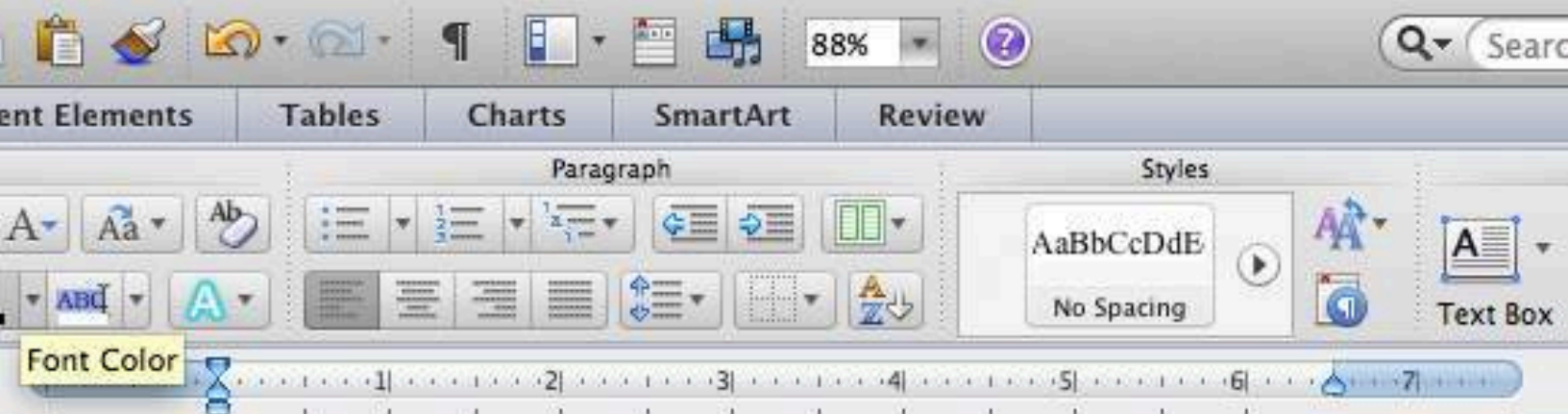
You will be angry.

Waif asks questions.

Waif is a call for readers to question what they know.

I think that's what draws people in: the acknowledgment that novelty can be institutionalized and that the only barrier to entry is yourself.

Jake calls back.



Font Color

***Stepping into the clinical light of his corner bodega, he pointed to the wall behind the cashier.***

***“Reds?”***

***“Oh no, sorry.” He moved his hand. The cashier laid down the box of Colgate MaxFresh Toothpaste. He inserted his chip into the reader.***

***“Five dollar minimum, buddy.”***

***“Oh, sorry.”***

***“Banana, a gum?”***

***He felt his dry throat, too many CBD puffs.***

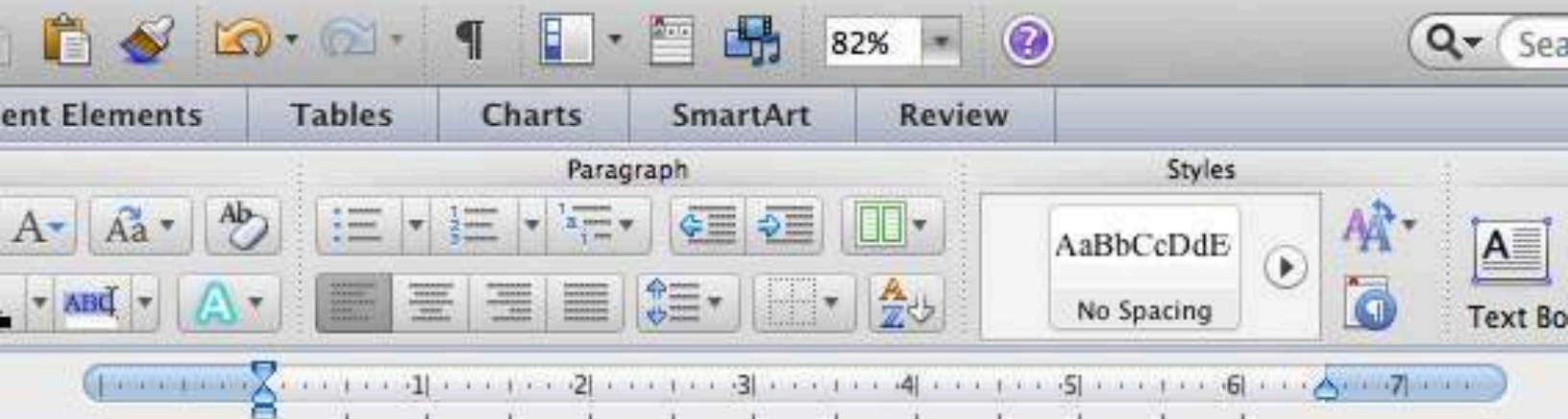
***“Um, a juice?”***

***“Juice is eight.”***

***“That’s okay.” He selected three ingredients that he was pretty sure were good for your immune system.***

***“You get four, buddy.”***

***“Sorry. Okay, ginger?”***



***The cashier went to work behind the juice station  
as a dusty calico brushed up against his leg.***

***Bodega cats, they could sleep.***

***This one had half its whiskers missing and was  
sniffing his Birkenstocks.***

***He leaned down to pet it, the cat arched up to fill  
his hand before moving towards the wall of  
refrigerators. The juicer was spewing away,  
he followed the cat towards the cool.***

***He didn't need a life, he could float through the  
world like a cat, absorbing, laying low,  
alone but unfazed. Sleep was for those who were  
arrogant enough to want Big Things.***

***Could any of that be nicer, in the end, than the  
life of a convenience store cat?***

***The juicer sputtered to a halt.***

***"Buddy, no more Ginger. You want lemon?"***

***The cashier leaned over the counter.***

***"Buddy?"***

***His customer had fallen asleep on a stack of  
Poland Springs at the back of the beverage aisle.***

***Luna was licking his palms  
as he softly mumbled something.***

***"Mom, mom. Put down the sneakers...***

***I need to talk."***

*as he softly mumbled something.  
"Mom, mom. Put down the sneakers...  
I need to talk."*

***To all the Waifs out there who read  
our magazine and saw themselves  
for the first time, keep reading.***

***Write.***

***Tell us about something we would  
have no way of knowing about.***

***Call us at 1-833-IM-A-WAIF.***

***We need to talk.***

***All the best,  
WAIF MAGAZINE***

Default\*

Style

Font

Arial

Regular

B

Character S

Alignment



▼ Spacing

Lines

Before Para

After Parag

▼ Bullets &

No Bullet

*waifs use*





Thank you for reading Waif Magazine issue 10.

Issue 11 will be released mid-May to honor our mothers.

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