

waif



What is Waif.

When that noise is so white you can't even hear it.

Messy hair is waif, but so are bangs.

Waped Veed is Vaify.

Waif is when you fall down the stairs but still can't scrape your knee.

Waif is when you play the piano & you don't know how to play the piano.

Waif is when you play piano really well. And drums. Because you were taught.

Kix is Waif. So is special K. Trix is not Waif.

Whores are Waif. Prudes are Waif. Dudes are Waif. Nudes are Waif.

Your Grandmother is Waif, only when she's knitting a hat for you, you Waif.

Waif is when your corn shows up later.

Gardening is Waif. Love your dead plants.

Waif is when you shave every single hair on your body. Waif is when you've never cut a single hair on your body since birth.

Talent shows are Waif. Throw a talent show. Invite us.

Arms that jiggle like hot jello are Waif.

Zit Scabs are Waif.

Chicken feet are Waif.

Beady eyes are Waif.

You can't spell Waif without I.

Leave the taps dribbling overnight if it's below 30 degrees fahrenheit.

You, me, all, we're all Waif. If we want to be. And we want to be.

waif

magazine

issue 04: waif girl's night out

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Waif Magazine is published by

Subtle Press

in collaboration with Silver & Smoke

and IS WAIF.

www.iswaif.com

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WANT

New message via your website, from waifproxy@gmail.com

1 message

no-reply@parastorage.com <no-reply@parastorage.com>
Reply-To: WaifAnon <waifproxy@gmail.com>
To: waifmagazin3@gmail.com

Sun, Sep 30, 2018 at 11:32 AM

You have a new message:

Via: <https://www.iswaif.com/>

Message Details:

Name WaifAnon

Email waifproxy@gmail.com

Subject I AM NOT A WAIF

Message Dear Waif Magazine,

I'm writing to make a confession.

I am not a Waif. **But baby, you are.**

My body does not fit in a size large t-shirt.

My grandmother has been dead for 5 years.

And I only like close-toed shoes.

I am not a Waif. **But baby, you are.**

My favorite color is Orange.

My favorite fruit is Orange.

And I don't climb trees because I'm scared of heights.

I am not a Waif. **But baby, you are.**

My hair is brown with a cowlick in the front.

I've never washed my face in my entire life

so I have really clear skin.

People tell me I'm very lucky, but actually it's because:

I am not a Waif.

I never have been.

And I never will be. **But baby, you are.**

What will I do when the whole world is Waif?

Will I pack up my bags?

Try to find someplace safe?

It's a lonely, cold world for someone like me:

Not a Waif

Never was

And I never will be.

Sorry to disappoint,

but I hope you understand.

Sealed with a kiss from your biggest fan,

Anonymous

Sent on: 30 September, 2018

Thank you!

BUT BABY, YOU ARE.

WAIF

Google

* GOOGLING

There's no waifier way to spend a night in than losing yourself to the depths of google. Go ahead. Read the Wikipedia for Gout.



* BRETT KAVANAUGH

Nothing like refreshing the news looking for new reasons to hate Brett Kavanaugh. Go ahead Waif's, fuel your resentments!

* OLD VENUES

A Waif is iconic, and the venues they spend their nights out in should be too. CBGB's is a prime example. So what if it's been turned into a John Varvatos!



* BRANDED SODA

Thirsty? A Waif doesn't need to be paid to drink brand name Soda in Public.

* PUBLIC PARKS

Parks are like free, BYOB night clubs - Dark, dirty and packed with guys looking for someone to go home with. Everyone looks hot by the light of a street lamp!



* WHISKY STRAIGHT

A waif takes things as they are, no matter how hard to swallow. Chasers? We don't think so.



* FIXING YOUR CAR

Look, we get it, driving is important. But there's nothing less waif than using your precious mind to fix a machine. You know the saying: If it's broke, don't fix it, get something new.



*GIN MARTINI

One olive, two olive, three olive, four.. The Dirtier the Martini the Bigger the Bore.



* BOARD GAMES

A night indoors using strategy against your loved ones? We say take a risk - go outside and battle your family and friends for real.



*BEING BAREFOOT

A Waif wears shoes indoors and out. If your feet are hot, drink some water, it's not our problem.

* PRICY CONCERTS

Why pay to see an artist in concert when almost every single artist has prerecorded music available on the internet?

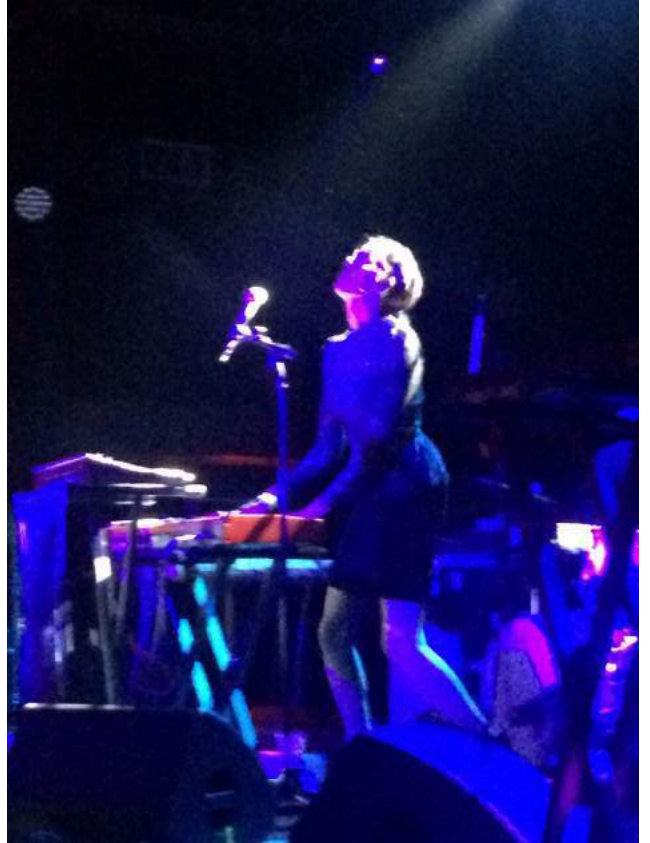


NIGHT IN

NIGHT OUT

NOT WAIF

IS Half Waif



WAIF?!!

Review by Zach Donovan

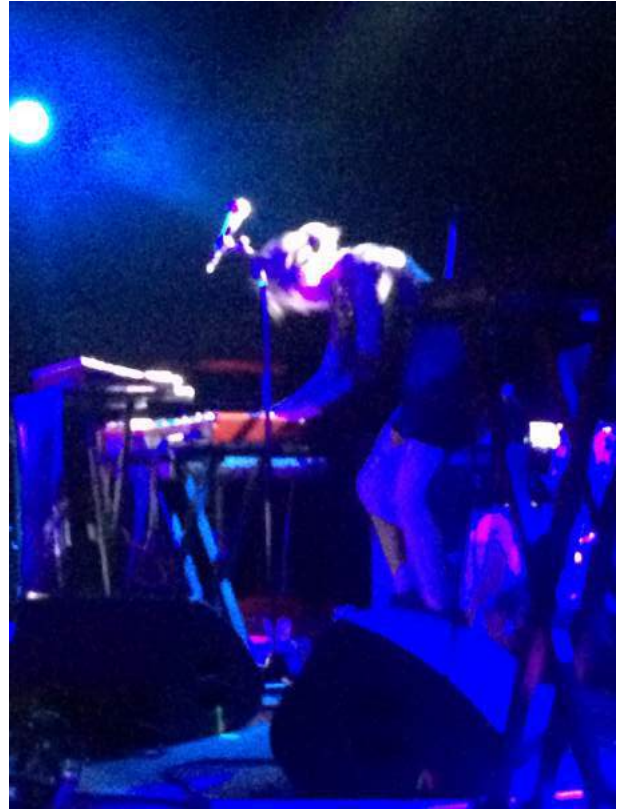
I attended the Half Waif concert in Brooklyn last week with only one question in mind: is Half Waif waif? My friend and I arrived at 8, just in time for the Half Waif's set at 9:50. So We went upstairs for a drink. My friend orders an Old Fashioned which the bartender pours out of a small glass bottle and into a plastic glass, tops with soda water and a lime to garnish. Pretty newfangled for an Old Fashioned. I order a gin and soda. (\$22, before gratuity)

Since we have two hours to kill, we tuck into a side room and grab a piece of birthday cake from an unattended table. There's no one around, but music blaring and continuous video of two blond boys wrestledancing in the grass on a flatscreen TV in the corner.

Where is the Half Waif?

We keep seeing people with what we think to be the vibe of the Half Waif, but they never were the Half Waif. We play Fuck Marry Kill to pass the time. Helen Mirren. Helen of Troy. Troye Sivan. Pretty obvious.

Two hours later, we head back downstairs to catch the Half Waif in action. I was unfamiliar with the music of the Half Waif, so I had no sense of anticipation or expectation for what the Half Waif would sound like.



Then, the Half Waif emerged in a black lace dress with sharp shoulderpads (\$99, Zara). After 40 minutes, her backup band never came out, they just played backstage I guess. Probably because, as the Half Waif explained, she had an upper respiratory disease. She had been on bedrest for 4 days - interesting. Her press agent said she was too busy for an interview.

Disregarding any and all of that, I was impressed by the performance the Half Waif gave. She sang about how she feels, longing to be back in Brooklyn, neatly juxtaposed by the fact that she was actually, physically back in Brooklyn. Waking up and preparing tea and coffee so that whoever keeps the Half Waif company knows that the Half Waif can provide. The Half Waif plays a number of upbeat tunes as well, because the Half Waif knows Waifs like to dance. She herself likes to dance too; she

thrashes about, moving as much as she can without losing sight of her microphone or keyboard - she is a musician after all.

The Half Waif ends her set sooner than I'd like, but it's late and I'd already been there for 3 hours, so I'm grateful. I thank the Half Waif for her performance and head out. My friend tells me she feels like her body is disintegrating so I take her to a neighboring taco truck.

We both were very impressed by the Half Waif, but still, it begs the question: is Half Waif waif?

The verdict: No. The Half Waif is not waif. The Half Waif never has her tongue in her cheek. The Half Waif means what she says, through and through. The Half Waif is, in fact, only half waif. ♦





is wait

***THE
CHIC-WAIF
DINNER
PARTY//***

*photographed by Lorin Anderberg
modeled by Misha Brooks*

Throw a dinner party for your wafiest friends ft. chic meals that practically make themselves

Meat Waif

Chic-en Pot Pie



Ingredients

1 pound skinless, boneless chicken breast halves - cubed
1 cup sliced carrots
1 cup mushrooms
1/3 cup chopped onion
3 red potatoes
1 cup frozen green peas
1/3 cup all-purpose flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
Morton Iodized Salt
1/4 teaspoon black pepper
Crushed Red Pepper Flakes
1/4 teaspoon celery seed
1 3/4 cups chicken broth
2/3 cup milk
2 (9 inch) unbaked pie crusts

Instructions

Preheat oven to 425 degrees F (220 degrees C.)
In a saucepan, combine chicken, mushrooms, carrots and potatoes. Add water to cover and boil for 15 minutes. Remove from heat, drain and set aside.
In the saucepan over medium heat, cook onions in butter until soft and translucent. Stir in flour, salt, pepper, and celery seed. Slowly stir in chicken broth and milk. Simmer over medium-low heat until thick. Remove from heat and set aside.
Place the chicken mixture in bottom pie crust. Pour hot liquid mixture over. Cover with top crust, seal edges, and cut away excess dough. Make several small slits in the top to allow steam to escape.
Bake in the preheated oven for 30 to 35 minutes, or until pastry is golden brown and filling is bubbly. Cool for 10 minutes before serving.





Vegan Waif

Chic-pea Salad



Ingredients

2 (15-ounce) cans chickpeas, rinsed and drained
1 small white onion finely chopped
2 tablespoons parsley finely chopped
1 clove garlic, minced or grated then grinded into a paste with salt
1 can artichoke hearts
1/2 teaspoon crushed red pepper flakes
2 tablespoons rosemary, finely chopped, a few sprigs
1 lemon squeezed
2 tablespoons red wine vinegar
3 tablespoons extra-virgin olive oil
Salt and freshly ground black pepper

Instructions

Combine chick peas with onions, artichokes, parsley, garlic, red pepper flakes and rosemary in a medium bowl. Dress salad with lemon, vinegar and oil, salt and pepper.







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ntrio

Milky Waif Cocktail Hour

Summer Eggnog

Skim Milk

Pint of brandy

Sprinkle of cinnamon

+2 add fried egg

Beer

Flour

Seltzer

Steamed Milk

The Whipped Choby

Whipped cream Pinnacle

vodka

Coconut Chobani yogurt

Blue food coloring

Sprinkles

Vegan Milkarita

Lime Juice

Tequila

Sugar

(GF DF** V***)*

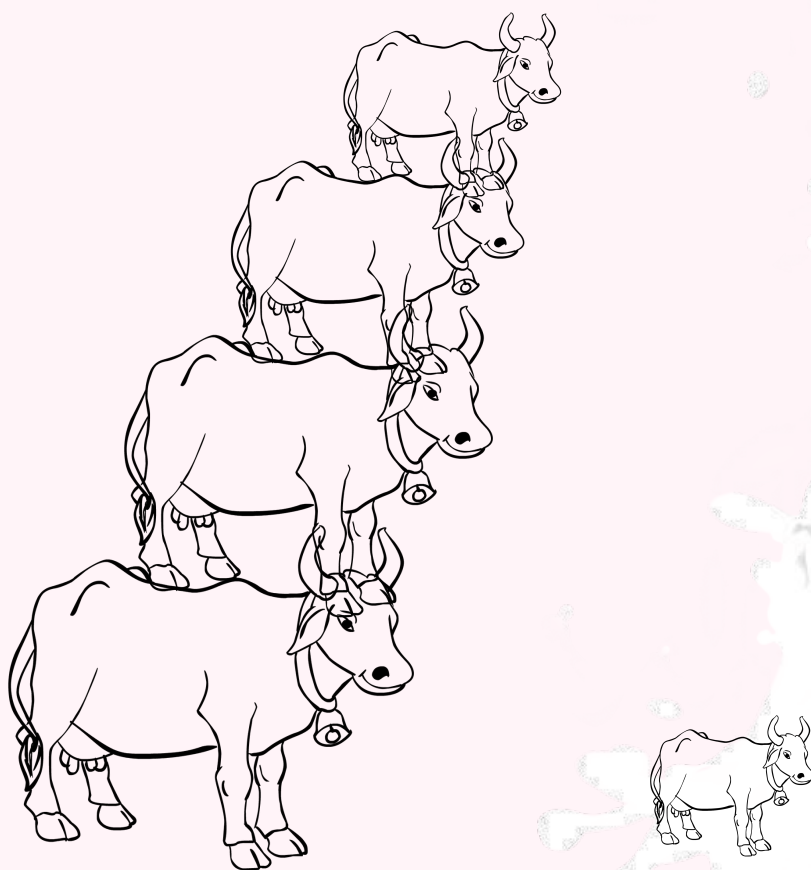
Inside Bessy

Ground beef (grilled)

Lettuce

Tomato

Bun



SIDE SALADS//

*Restaurant Review
by Misha Brooks*



It's six am on a Monday morning in July and your head throbs. It feels like Skrillex has set up a DJ kit somewhere between your inner ear and your eyeball. He's spinning "Fuck That," a shadow hit he wrote for you back in the winter of 2014. You'd spent it shacked up in his Icelandic wood lodge reading and eating take-out Chinese. But cuffing season's long gone. It's the middle of summer and you're fucking starving. You pop four Advil and make your waif to the back of Yitza – the Ukrainian restaurant your roommate owns. You and she and her sister and her sister's boyfriend and his überyoung stepdad have been bowling for the last three hours. Before the bowling you'd been drinking frozen daiquiris at the rooftop basement Cabana Club in midtown. Midtown, Brooklyn. (Anyone who is anyone who is anyone knows the only night New Yorker's actually go out is Sunday.) Or at least that's when they drink the most. Before the Cabana was the Charles Hotel, before that was the Westin Inn and before that was New York Ranger's summer league game. Before that you woke up. When did you squeeze in food? You didn't. Well you ate one dog biscuit mistakenly at the Westin, but it wasn't filling in the slightest. So you are starving. And so are your companions. As you take your seats, your roommate heads towards her kitchen while shouting some slurred Ukrainian commands towards the kitchen staff. No doubt a feast is heading your way. But a glance at the neighboring table has you thinking twice. A small verdant mountain climbs from a ceramic plate sat in front of a girl so thin you doubletake. It's a side salad.

"I need the bathroom, I think," you say as you wobble your way to standing. Whether you do need the bathroom you're not sure, but you have get a second look at this girl and her food. The scene captivates you, so you walk slow. The girl's hair is spun gold, and you Rumpelstiltskin. Her salad looks like how you picture the Ukrainian forests where your roommate grew up. The dim lights cast long dark shadows and yet the girl and her salad dazzle. She's the Madonna, her fork plunging into her only son – killing your sins with each bite. Your headache hasn't dissipated and the beauty makes you feel faint. So maybe it's your head – this gorgeous distraction – or maybe your purple Louboutins have had too much to drink, but either way your composure crumbles. Your knees buckle. Your hands swing forward. Skrillex slides towards the tiny hairs in your ear that control your balance and you plunge head first into both the girl and her salad.

In flash and a scream and a kick you're ejected from the restaurant. You back away into the

night avoiding eye contact with your disappointed roommate. You're embarrassed but your craving still lingers. Here are three other spots in the city to get a side salad:

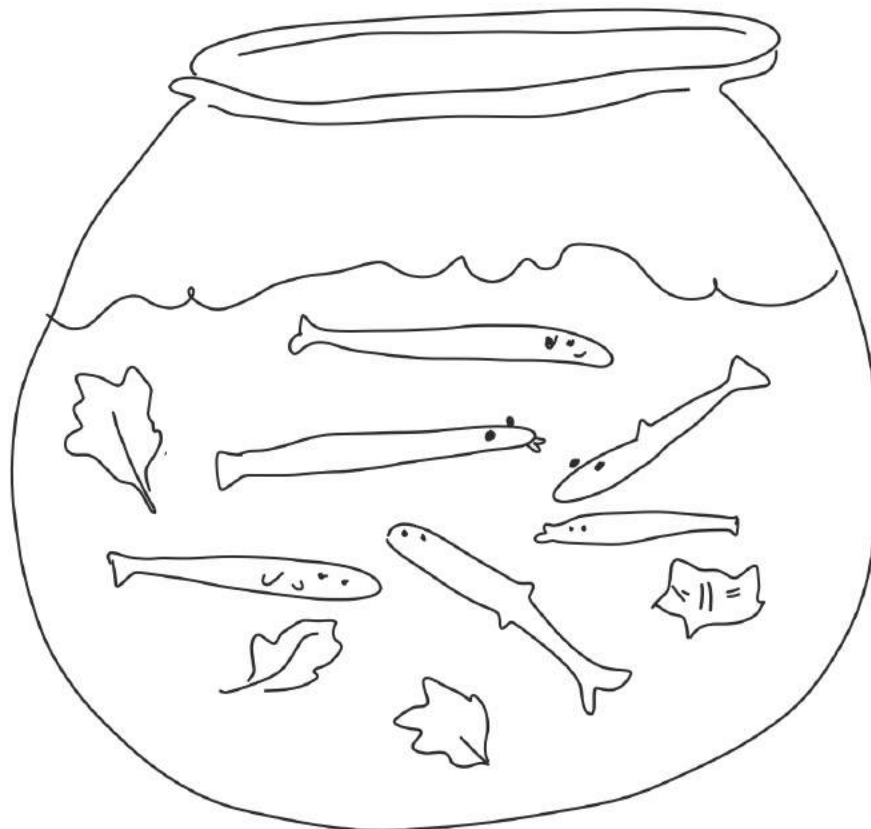


1. Kale Salad, Belli **860 Fulton, Brooklyn**

This side salad is much more of a side dish consisting of braised kale. The kale is cooked to a wet perfection, surrounded by what they call down south "pot liquor." Sadly it won't get you drunk, but your more than welcome – if not encouraged - to order alcohol in which to douse the dish. Don't worry it won't affect the flavor as this dish doesn't have much in that department. One bite will tell you: sour is the name of the game. The greens are served already sufficiently lemony, but if that won't do they are served with more lemon on the side. I guess a few onions are in the dish, but sweetness is not a component. I'm sure our readers already do this, however if you don't normally bring your own salt to restaurants a trip to Belli would be a good time to start. The highlight of the dish are the whole cloves of garlic. Unctuous and sweet, the tender cloves will make you remember you early life on the farm. But you shouldn't eat them because they'll make your breath smell.

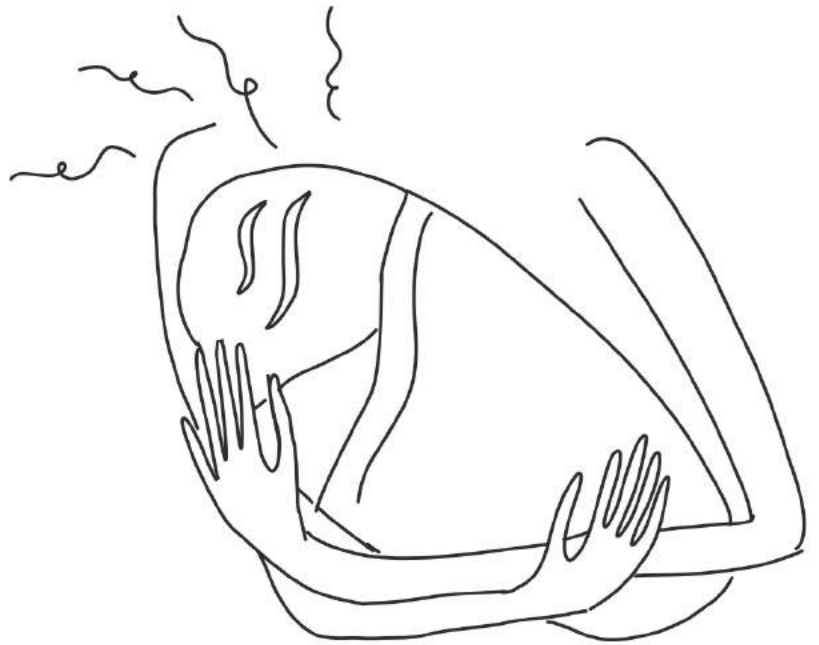
2. Caesar Salad, Emily, **919 Fulton, Brooklyn**

You'll like this one because it's expensive. That's the fucking rule you waif. Fresh full leaves of romaine hearts. Just the nice parts. Big bowl, as it should be. You spent thirteen of the forty thousand you have in the bank. That's .30% of your net worth. It's dressed in some mayonnaise-esque deliciousness. Breadcrumbs stand in ingeniously for croutons giving the salad a most exciting sandpaper quality. But the highlight of this non-side side salad is the litany of small fish swimming around. A school of sardines and anchovies, at least a hundred apiece, sneak their beady little eyes into each bite. If you don't like seafood then maybe you shouldn't eat salads. Again, I wouldn't eat this salad at all as it will most likely make your breath smell bad.



3. Bread, Brooklyn Schwarma **1001**
Fulton, Brooklyn

Easily the most delicious of all our side salads is the “Bedouin Bread” from Brooklyn Schwarma. Without a vegetable in sight, this salad is homemade dough taken from well-oiled balls and rolled out in front of your very eyes to large tortilla-like rounds. They are then placed on a large plancha till they rise like Jesus and puff with extraordinary fluff. Quickly the man behind the counter who looks like John C Reilly - and, for all I know, is – hands the warm dough into your arms like a newly adopted baby. Only a moment ago it was born. You cradle it and care for it. You gently tear at the gluten structure and warm steam escapes: the soul of the wheat. Your eyes moisten from either the steam or tears, so you blindly place the bread’s flesh on your tongue and your brain explodes with serotonin. You go to ask Mr. Reilly what you owe, but your mouth doesn’t work like it used to. Nothing is like it was. You careen back through every happy memory you have until you’ve gathered your bearings. “What do I owe you?” you mumble. He asks for two dollars. You give him a thousand and stumble out into a world you don’t recognize. Time is so slow you can watch the colors as they pool into the trees: the whites of the leaf’s veins. The blacks and greys of the bark. The yellow-green chlorophyll in the grass. The short blue waves that zip across the sky. You’ve been changed for good. You call your mom to tell her you love her, and you ask her about her week. After that you fire the three sculptures you’ve been meaning to finish since your youth. Then you sleep. You sleep for a good while. And when you wake American democracy has been restored. And your breath smells great. ♦





is waif

HOW POPULAR ARE YOU?

You're at a party and hot George winks at you from across the room. What do you do?

- a) Go over there and spark a conversation! This is your time.
- b) Look away, bashfully. You wouldn't want to scare him.
- c) Gay bash him in front of all of his friends, its called playing hard to get!

Mom made a little too much casserole for dinner. What do you do?

- a) Invite a few friends over - the more the merrier.
- b) Start loading up Tupperwares - that's lunch tomorrow and Thursday.
- c) Tell your mom's new "partner" to grab a fork and eat up carpet muncher.

How many Instagram followers do you have?

- a) Over 100K
- b) Less than 50K
- c) Get me off of this sissy website - Instagram is for queers.

You get an invitation to your next door neighbors' - Tom and Leonard's - wedding. You:

- a) RSVP ASAP - it won't be fun without me there.
- b) Mull it over for a few days - do you really want to miss work?
- c) Throw that invitation right into the fire, and wait around till you get invited to a real wedding.

You were the designated driver, but you accidentally got wasted. Oops! What do you do?

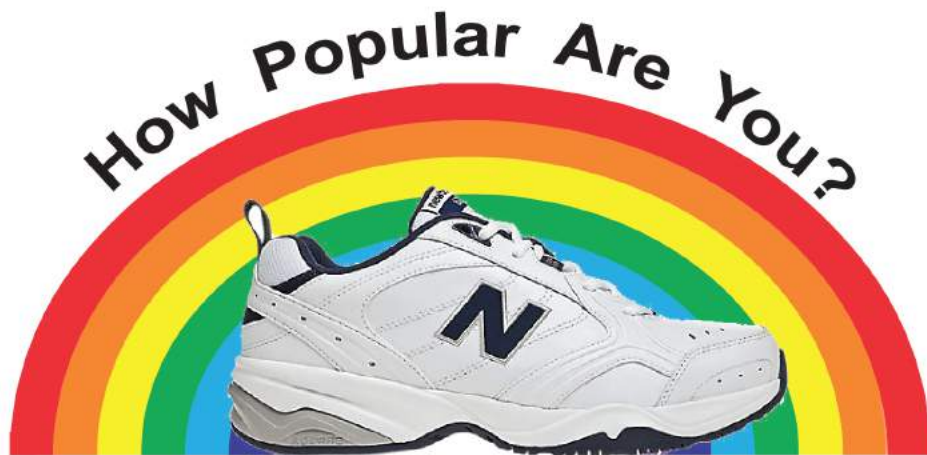
- a) Drive home anyway - what's a DUI between friends?
- b) Take the bus with Johnny's cousin back to his apartment downtown, give him a blow job, and head to bed.
- c) Hand the keys off to a responsible driver.

What's your drink of choice?

- a) Cosmopolitan
- b) Gin and Soda
- c) Bud Light

Pick your favorite shoe:

- a) New Balances
- b) New Balances
- c) New Balances



Mostly A's: You're Popular through and through. There is no getting around it - you're smart you're funny and you're definitely charming. One things for sure; everyone wants to be you.

Mostly B's: You are not popular. Constantly choosing the easy route and slipping into the shadows, you have no idea how command a room. Hope you're having fun, the rest of us are going out!

Mostly C's: You're homophobic. You have no respect for gay culture, or any culture for that matter. You need Rosetta Stone to watch RuPaul's Drag Race, if you even subscribe to more than just basic cable. You're tacky and I hate you.



NO

By Reina Guthrie

HO-

MO

FO-

MO//

I always wanted to be gay.

At 8-years-old, I'm watching an episode of Friends with my parents. A gay waiter says that Joey is cute, and my parents look at each other as if to say, 'now is the time.' My mother explains, "that guy is what we call gay, Reina. Meaning he is attracted to other men." "Cool," I respond immediately. My parents ask if I have any questions and I say, "nah dude it seems pretty self-explanatory." Paraphrasing, of course.

The following year I meet my dad's cousin and his partner (now husband). They become, and continue to be, two of my favorite family members. Their femininity manifests in a palpable empathy that is already refreshing to me at a young age, and their love is balanced in a way I have not witnessed before. Having already witnessed a plethora of straight couples fighting and resenting one another, it appears to me that the gays got it right.

As I enter my preteen years, I decide that bisexuality is the best move for me. It seems to offer the most possibilities for love, which I so desperately craved at the time. But as puberty passes, I come to crave boy arms, boy lips, boy hair, boy voices, boys promising they'll love me forever and ever, in a way that starkly contrasts the way I relate to girls. Boobs fascinate me, but more so out of my own failure to grow them. 'Damn,' I think to myself. 'I turned out straight.' Though surprised, I accept this reality and flip to the next page of Twilight.

I'm eighteen and starting Drama school at NYU. Suddenly, I am the minority as most of my classmates identify as gay or bisexual. The vibrantly queer community at NYU gives my peers an exciting playground to explore their sexualities and hearts with a liberating safety that is not available in many other parts of the country and world! Watching them bravely navigate their way to love and self-expression is beautiful, and a gift to witness. I, on the other hand, am in a long-distance relationship with an emotionally abusive boy from my hometown, and I'm pretty sure I'm going to marry him. He breaks up with me after a month apart because I don't want to have his children and I spend my first year of college thoroughly heartbroken over a 21-year-old guy whose mother still does his laundry.

Suddenly, I am unleashed into a grotesque straight dating scene that I had hoped to skip out on by marrying early. 'Yuck,' I think, looking out over the grim reality of hookup culture and drunken sexual entitlement. Strangers at bars look at me like I'm the answer to all their problems and encourage me to drink more; often I would. Spoiled boys in boat shoes throw their sweaty arms around me at parties; I smile and make sure they're hydrating. You know, it's not easy standing there politely as boys yell directly into your eardrum with their hand a little too far down your back, but you get used to it, like dry swallowing pills, when you feel it's a necessary measure. These times were grim but less painful than falling in love with the boys in relationships and crying as I walk home drunk and alone, my headphones blaring toxic pop lyrics.

Meanwhile, I learn more about intersectional feminism, and form life changing, deep friendships with women and LGBTQ+ individuals. Patient female friends teach me about race in ways that help me to come into my own racial identity. Gay male friends lead by brave example and continue to

"As time passes I resent myself more and more for continuing to be straight when a loving home in the LGBTQ+ community has always been extended to me."

lay their hearts out in a world that has so violently told them to put it away. My trans and non-binary friends communicate unparalleled wisdom that helps me see the world differently, clearer. I bond with these peers in ways I simply can't with men whose sexual intentions with me

seep from their eyes like tears they refuse to cry. How can I be myself and present with straight cis men when they need me to constantly explain my feelings and experiences, or rip parts of myself away in order to be more easily digestible?

As time passes I resent myself more and more for continuing to be straight when a loving home in the LGBTQ+ community has always been extended to me. I wish the frustration of trying to catch gay feelings with zero success of implementation onto every person who insists homosexuality is a choice. If I could choose to only be attracted to other women, I'd have made that choice long ago. Oh the times I'd look at Halsey's butt on Instagram for a bit too long and wonder if it was finally time to celebrate my coming out or if I just like butts cause butts are squishy and I'm a squish enthusiast.

What I know is this: since latent developmental stages, society has spoon-fed us the understanding that a straight, monogamous relationship is the height of social success. Capitalism thrives off of

they're all flowing through one another with ease and grace. ♦

not only the traditional marital structure, but also goods & services whose demand relies on us feeling badly about ourselves. It relies on women feeling the need to compete with other women for the best man by being the hottest girl in the room. It relies on men feeling so small that they're consumed by the need to get big, get rich, and get laid, leaving insufficient space for developing emotional sensitivity. And the grand prize is what? One specific, policed, normalized picture of love?

We put such a toxic amount of pressure on romantic partners to complete and define us. I have watched for years as the vast majority of us in the straight dating scene drink away our judgment, cry off our makeup, and hurt each other to regain emotional control, only to leave us feeling emptier than ever. This is not to say that many straight couples aren't happy, raising loving families and living fulfilling lives. It is to say that they are the exception in the emotional minefield of straight culture.

It's the beginning of 2018. I am living with a close friend from college who has identified as gay since we met freshman year. He is no longer comfortable with this label, and chooses to identify as Queer. He realizes there have been times when he was attracted to women but shut out the feeling because it did not fit into the box he'd gone through so much emotional labor to accept for himself. There is bravery in this admission. We have put men in a position more so than women, where they must choose a label of so-straight-I'd-never-touch-another-man, or YAS-QUEEN-GAY. This idea thrives in both the straight and gay communities, as women declare they wouldn't date a bisexual man, straight men insist that any man who even experiments is automatically gay, and gay men claim that women can be bisexual but men cannot.

One day, my roommate and I sit down together and watch a lecture on queer relationships. They read the definition of queerness by Brandon Wint, "Not queer like gay. Queer like, escaping definition. Queer like some sort of fluidity and limitlessness at once. Queer like a freedom too strange to be conquered. Queer like the fearlessness to imagine what love can look like... and pursue it."

Suddenly there is a shift within me. There is a gentleness and an inclusivity to Queer identity that I have not found in any other label we've invented for human sexuality. There is space within it to take your time, and no pressure to choose anything. There is a hope in it. There are vibrant colors and



is waif

Bad Dragon

INTERVIEW with Rae Isla//

Waif Magazine had the opportunity to sit down with musician Rae Isla to discuss her work and her upcoming EP Release.



Waif Magazine: How are you doing?

Rae Isla: I'm doing well, sitting in my back patio it's really nice.

WM: Are you in Brooklyn?

RI: I am in Brooklyn, where I live!

WM: How long have you been in New York?

RI: I think *it's* going to be 4 or 5 years in the spring. I'm originally from Seattle. I went to school in Boston first and then I came to New York so I'm earning my east coast stripes.

WM: Did you study music in Boston?

RI: Yes I did, I went to Berklee, which is one of the main music schools there

WM: Did you enjoy it?

RI: I did, I love music, I studied it my whole life, so it feels very much like a natural medium and a natural thing to study, something I excel at academically. I think the culture was really unique because Boston is a very collegiate medical and

technical city, *there's* not a real music scene compared to Seattle or New York (at least not when I was there). So it was almost like going to school in this little bubble, learning about music in theory and learning about being a musician in theory and then the second that you leave you have to be like "*wait* a second that wasn't real I have to do this over again and learn what it really means to do music. It was a weird experience but of course i loved it.

WM: I feel like *it's* so rare to have that kind of foundation as a - well, do you consider yourself a pop musician? or what do you call your genre?

RI: I produce music and I write and I sort of have to do it all. So from that standpoint I wouldn't say I make pop music but it depends who I'm talking to. I use the genre name Ether-Pop [...] I definitely try to write about and come from a place compositionally *that's* spiritual. I'm very much a truth speaker. Pop

music is often associated with maybe more digestible ideas [...] but I'm a kind of a folk singer songwriter so my songs end up being a mix of indie folk, pop and some cinematic stuff in there too.

WM: I love your song "Jesus Was a Woman," *it's* so beautiful.

RI: Thank you!

WM: All of your music is so good - we love "Turbulencia." *It's* such a cool - not only song, but the look of the video is great as well. We love, here at Waif, that *it's* so queer.

RI: Oh yes, really queer.

WM: The queerer the better we always say

RI: I'm here and *I'm* queer

"My mother (a very straight person)...she believes that Gays are a better version of humans that God has created to make the world a better place or save the human race or whatever."

WM: Tell me a little about that - because your music has a religious side to it, if you call it religion, or spirituality...?

RI: I *don't* think they're mutually exclusive

WM: How does religion play into the queerness of your music?

RI: That's a great question and I could talk at lengths about that, and I do often. There are a couple different sides to it. I guess what I'm trying to champion, in a social aspect, with this music, is; I think there's this separation between being a queer person and having some sort of religious or spiritual ideology. To me *that's* pretty much because most religions that are known or accepted in Western culture are built on a foundation of men being idolized and male personas being the idols within the religion. Jesus, God, all of the main symbols of religion are based around what man should do and what he intended. I think *it's* hard for a queer person to look at that and say "Oh, I see a place for myself in *this*" and *it's* easier just to say "Religion is right wing," or, "*religion* excludes people like *me*," which has some truth too, but for me I don't think there needs to be a separation between the LGBT community and spiritual & religious



ideology. I think that queer people are - and this is going to sound crazy but this is something my mother (a very straight person) believes - My brother and I are both gay, and we're also best friends, and she believes that Gays are a better version of humans that God has created to make the world a better place or save the human race or whatever. Which is a bit extreme, and she's definitely an eccentric woman, but to see someone like her who was raised Catholic in the Midwest and now lives in Seattle, have this kind of crazy idea [with] this beautiful upbringing of devout Catholicism and she's also really progressive, to see that exist in someone like her, gives me hope. I think *that's* probably what sparked, you know, this realization that I'm a very spiritual person. I've always been fascinated with religion particularly Catholicism (because of my parents) but I'm also a very queer person. So I want to spread this message that the two are not mutually exclusive.

WM: And you work with your Wife? Your creative partner as well?

RI: Yes! Guada. We sort of split managing the project. I love the business and finance and she does more of the creative and visual. *It's* super fun and I feel very lucky to have a life partner who's also a creative partner, it's been a dream of mine.

WM: How do you go about creating together? Are you always working or are there times when you're "*on the clock*" and times when it's "*just us*?"

RI: I'd say *it's* kind of the first, we're always working. But we've gotten to this place where we're essentially freelancers and we make our own schedules where it feels - well I won't say that it doesn't feel like work because sometimes it really does - but I don't think I've ever wanted a separation between my life and my work, because my life is my work. She bears that and it's why we're such a good match. Starting the work day at 9 and punching out at 5, even if you're not going to an office and doing that, we create when we're creative and we watch Netflix when we're lazy whatever time of day that is!

WM: Tell me a little bit about the way you work? What's your writing process like?

RI: This question I always get asked and I always say the same thing which is; I don't really have a writing process. Every song is unique, the way that *it's* written, and I'm ok with that. I don't want to ruin that by trying to be a formulaic writer. Although I have a songwriting partner now and that forces me to write consistently and create a bigger body of work. But for the songs that I write by myself, which is the whole EP and previous releases, a lot of songs are inspired by dreams. "Jesus Was a Woman" was from a dream, the melody to the intro was already there, I just was singing it upon waking up. Which in itself is a very religious experience. *That's* part of the charm of the song for me. A lot of songs come from dreams, "Turbulencia" I wrote in 5 minutes, picked up a guitar and all the words were just there. I guess I'm kind of grateful for that, that *it's* a surprise every time.

WM: I love the idea of you waking up to the melody of "Jesus Was a Woman"

RI: That was on a solo trip abroad to Mexico so that was definitely a good moment for that.

WM: Guada told me you work with a lot of Mexico-based creatives. Is that something you cultivated when you started your music career or did you always know you wanted to work in an international way?

RI: My dad lives in Mexico - has for 10 years. Before that, my parents are very American from the Midwest, but they're both fluent in Spanish and are obsessed with Latin America and they have been going since they were young. [...] I think that attraction to Latin American culture specifically, going to Mexico a lot as a kid, was always there. I took this formative trip to Mexico in 2017, and I lived by myself, I quit my day job - I was like - I'm doing music, I'm going to Mexico by myself, very Eat Pray Love, and I experienced Mexico on my own terms as a combination of broken woman and open book, ready for anything. I left everything behind for a while. It was transformative and I wrote a lot of songs [and] I realized how



much Mexico had influenced my entire life. It took me going back as an adult to realize that. I have a song out called "Mexico" that captures [the experience]. When I took the trip I reconnected with all these friends in Mexico City and started working on these songs and it felt very meant-to-be, I felt very at home there.

WM: So do you have a team of creatives that you work with or is it a constant collaborative process?

RI: Most people I work with over there I met in Boston, *it's* a very international school. So I had these people that *I'd* collaborated with in class at Berklee so when I went back it was re-sparking those relationships. I have friends from childhood in Mexico City so *it's* kind of a one-off - most of the songs I produce here [in Brooklyn] so it's kind of just reaching out to my friends - I have a guy who plays amazing Spanish guitar so he plays on some of the songs. I have another guy to produce with who lives [in Mexico] and he does production work. *It's* just reaching out to my friends to be like "*can* you help with *this?*" *It's* less putting together a team for a big production and more pieced together.

WM: When are you performing next?

RI: I have an EP release show at Mercury Lounge[in NYC] on November 19. *It's* going to be a special show - *we're* adding onto our 6 piece band!

WM: Great! Now I'm going to ask you some random questions.

RI: OK

WM: Spaghetti or Mac and Cheese?

RI: Mac and Cheese

WM: Coffee or Tea

RI: Tea but only if *it's* Guayakí Yerba Mate

WM: What's your favorite candle scent?

RI: Something Vanilla-y

WM: Fruits or Vegetables?

RI: Vegetables

WM: Drink of Choice?

Mezcal Margarita

WM: What does Waif mean to you?

RI: I picture a housewife from the 1950's dressed as a man. ♦

Rae Isla's new music video, "Turbulencia," will premiere in Waif Magazine on October 19th.



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Research on Beginnings

By Susi Plotts

The attic.

Lucille is doing her presentation for nobody at night. Behind her the window and the stars are close by.

We've begun to think only briefly about the beginning of things. The beginning is the key to the all. In our research it has been revealed to us that things can only be apprehended in their summation, or rather in their completion, their totalization, which is to say the providential or fortuitous coming together of all of their parts, whether from the mold or scale model or from the spring, in which the fluid takes shape mid air without previous conception or formation in mind. Things are thus apprehended only in the moment of their annihilation, because to come into being is to cease to exist unassumingly, naturally, unabashedly, without cause or consequence, and to begin existing digressively. It is in the very moment of communion that we begin to (passionately) hurtle once again towards separation,

(Please

Undo

My

Shattered

parts.)

yearning once again
to be unloved.

Yellow living room. Soft elevator jazz is playing. Maude and Christine sit in a moment like a bubble, here everything is warm and outside everything is dark. Everything, everywhere is war.

I don't know I think it's just a sign of the times. Not the times of the world, but the times of my life, of today, of my life today, of the air in my brain recently and the air in the brains of the people all around me. It's the look we all give each other when we pass one another on the street. Something is elevated, bigger, quieter, more at the back of things. Things are happening behind the curtain, I know it.

Lucille is upstairs and she is drilling a hole in the roof again.

Maude and Christine sigh because they are tired of Lucille.

Drill in hand:

We all search for the world other to this one. One in which reality itself is encased in the soft fabric of a teleological origin. We all dream of course of this world, with the beginning and the end so deftly united, or in fact never separated.

But to separate is the essence of being, and to be un-separate is inconceivable unless being is wider than we had previously thought and maybe to think that way is useless.

ay
ay
ay me duele

But still the question persists and despite our best efforts we ask: how can we want what we have ever known? Not why but in what way, how can such a thing be possible? And what we say to that is, *well perhaps it isn't. Maybe* imagination is a fallacy. What we think we have imagined, we have in fact simply remembered. Underneath the permafrost of subjective consciousness, there is still the hard, cold earth of the way all things once were.

Maude and Christine are now drunker than parrots and they hold each other's forearms as they dance.

The world continues to oscillate in nocturnal speed and no one is surprised that everything is always changing.

And when they return home the next evening, the moon is nowhere to be seen yet everything is electric-blue transparent. The trees like round, secret loaves seem to sigh with contentment and they realize with a decisive shiver that in this night there is room for all things.

This time when they re-enter the apartment Lucille is quiet and they think perhaps her excavational anxiety has eased just for this one night that glows without need of question. And they are right. Lucille knows that tonight cannot be asked because it only answers and it fills the negative curve in her with something soft and bright like neon plum pie filling.

Lucille knows of course that the serenity is temporary and that the questions (why? will resume tomorrow but for now she simply exhales, a wide porqué?
y
que?)

que rico!





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