

# Midnight Hunger

*September 2017*



ISSUE No. I

# See with ALEX

good on nothing at all'. Tom rang for the janitor and sent him for some celebrated sandwiches, which were a complete supper in themselves. I wanted to get out and walk eastward toward the park through the soft twilight, but each time I tried to go I became entangled in some wild, strident argument which pulled me back, as if with ropes, into my chair. Yet high over the city our line of yellow windows must have contributed their share of human secrecy to the casual watcher in the darkening streets, and I saw him too, looking up and wondering. I was within and without, simultaneously enchanted and repelled by the inexhaustible variety of life.

37

isolation

# An Aimless Drifter

IS /ARE HUNGRY FOR

JAY BAWAR	<i>Isolation</i>
RUOHUI CHEN	<i>Blood</i>
ANDREEA SOFINETI	<i>Flesh</i>
PHILIP BASARIC	<i>Journey</i>
QIAOER JIN	<i>Company</i>
PHILIP BASARIC & ALEXANDER SI	<i>Friction</i>
XIZI LUO & XUNINGG ZHOU	<i>Escapism</i>
ALEXANDER SI	<i>Tenderness</i>

edited by Alexander Si

more thanks to:  
Vania Kahn  
Laura Amoi  
Xueyi Fei  
Iwada Malliko



*photographed by Jay Bawar*

MOTEL





blood

# *Black Widow*

*Painted by Ruolui Chen*



# SEXUAL

# ENNUI

## THE MODERN SPECTACLE OF LUST

*journal & poem penned by Andreea Sofineti  
photographed by Alexander Si*

We live in a modern, consumer society - we consume brands, aesthetics, philosophies, ideas and ultimately other people. We have become rather skeptical about the myth that love has become. In fact, love is rather seen as lust, desire, sexual intimacy. We have become numb to the lyrical impacts of the feeling of love. I have said love way too many times now. We are terrified of that thing, yet we glorify it in all forms of art. We have also become accustomed to the dissipating value of love - scarred of broken hearts and empty promises we are now experts in creating small bubbles of numbness and inner despair. A broken heart means a broken soul. Genuine feelings are frowned upon- lovers are seen as weak civilians doomed to wander the world aimlessly, stuck in a dream of amor.

Dating apps - the ultimate love explosive. We have divided love and sex into two different objectives - it is considered to be much easier to suppress ones feelings by masking them with natural sensations of erotical expression. People replace people, the world advances and the dating apps continue to confine us within our small bubbles, protecting us from the inherent path of love's self-destructive amendments.

Truth is, there's always that one love that destroys it all, makes the world unbearable and one's existence meaningless; the one that numbs a beating heart to the point that it is no longer capable of any "human" feelings (a cliché construct of our generation, I'd say). When one experiences despair brought upon them by a broken heart, there is no medication that can possibly fix the open wound. The broken hearted will be tormented by the one who inflicted the pain for the rest of their life. It is not a pessimistic concept, but rather a poisoned truth. The despair is not only an emotional disturbance, the pain is real, physical, as it never leaves the victim's flesh. Whenever one hears the name of their murderer, their body automatically trembles- a feeling of a hundred stabs into their chest. The victim will eventually search for some kind of an alleviation- other partners, drugs, alcohol, art. However, it is the search for solitude that I find to be the most dangerous of them all. The one that finds true solitude will bring the exact same pain upon others that their killer brought upon them, creating a vicious circle of tormented souls and ruined hearts. There was a moment I found solitude and I adored every second of it.

We are all alone and we are all troubled. We all disguise our inner mess the best way we possibly can. We are the sociopathic generation - purposefully denying ourselves of any genuine emotions. Strangers to love, connoisseurs of one-night stands, we negate any possibility of being vulnerable, of loving. The metropolis further on diminishes our chances of falling in love. When fallen, craving some "real" interactions, we find ourselves in yet another strangers cold bed, feeling empty, void.

I myself am a robot - a prisoner of the modern dystopia. However, I always think I'm somewhat superior to others, perhaps that I'm endowed with more empathy and a better understanding of the world around me. I always try to build my universe as I wish - my anger, my sadness, my misery, my despair: they are all gifts to my neurotic creativity. Here you go, yet another cliché - I transform my pain into art. Furthermore, the ultimate fruit of this neurotic interaction of art and pain is inevitably love. I have decided when I was relatively young that I love "too hard", "too much", "too intensively". Thing is, I feel everything "too intensively" which often gets in

the way of my otherwise, supposedly normal life.

I have often criticized my insatiable appetite for sex, my infatuation with older men and my cravings to be abused. I have, from a young age, made it clear to my lovers (in some more subtle ways than others), that roughness, aggressiveness and pain all have one thing in common for me - love. Some might call it a disorder, others a taboo - I actually find it quite amusing. I have once read that, "true sexuality demands the destruction of the ego". That is the real problem of our generation- we are incapable to momentarily annihilate our egos- our pride, our individuality stand in the way of sexual mystery and of course, of love. One night stands have given us little time for pure interactions, for the discovery of a true sexual aesthetic. Being numb is the "new aesthetic".

My obsession with sex has transferred into my passion of infrastructure- I have found it in architecture, in spaces and urban landscapes. The city has often become my personal master-bedroom. With enough blow in my system, I have often felt invincible and even more so, hungry for sex. This convoluted state of mind that I was in, a circle of misery, sex and drugs, made me, in a way or another happy. I was comfortable with the numbness, I was comfortable with the emptiness. I was truly untouchable. I blame architecture for ruining this pretty illusion for me - for teaching me that there is indeed a reality and perhaps even a way of loving or being loved.

Off the drugs, I was angry and frustrated. I still am. I am angry with myself more than anything else: for letting my mind drift away and throw me into a poisonous, vicious circle of self-destruction (disguised in self-sacrifice), manipulation (seen as good intentions) and inner void (the ultimate prize- numbness and confusion). I was terrified of my intensity, I didn't want to be hurt, I couldn't stand to be vulnerable and naive. Being untouchable, however, never brought any light into my life.

Today specifically, I feel lost. I feel guilty and alone- I feel too much when the world offers me too little. Today I wasn't planning to recognize my past mistakes and I feel ashamed for every time my charming, cold little heart has touched and tainted someone else's pure soul. I feel dirty and vulnerable, but I finally feel. Disconnected, but in love, I am becoming more self-aware. I hate that I love, don't we all though? Such a fucking irony - we all want it, but once we get it, self-sabotage kicks in and we try to treat ourselves, get rid of it like it's some kind of a disease. Truth is, he is my new drug and this time I'm not trying to quit.

In the city, at night, everything becomes clear to me - we are all desperately searching for a home in some other miserable soul hooked on booze and drugs. Sex and love are being divided, numbness takes over and everyone tries not to feel. It is not only love that we avoid, but the true sexual experience of all that surrounds us - nature, art, architecture, writing, strangers, the streets. Everything speaks in the night, yet we hear nothing, but the accentuated beating of our pathetic hearts.



I'd rather burn my white wings in your hell,  
Than be alone another day,  
Suffocate on humanity's banal way,  
Be one of them, live in sanity,  
I'd rather live with you insane !

- for Simon

journey

## Going Somewhere?



*photographed and narrated by Philip Basaric*

**This is me,  
I'm Going Somewhere**





**Im going somewhere**



EYELASH  
EXTENSION

SPECIAL SPRING  
MON to WED  
15%  
Full Set . Refill  
Bio-UV Gel  
Mani - Pedi  
ONELLAC

BUSINESS HOURS:

Mon	10:00	to	7:00
Tues	10:00	to	7:00
Wed	10:00	to	7:00
Thurs	10:00	to	7:00
Fri	10:00	to	7:00
Sat	10:00	to	6:00
Sun	CLOSED	to	

*Brush  
sign*

OPEN

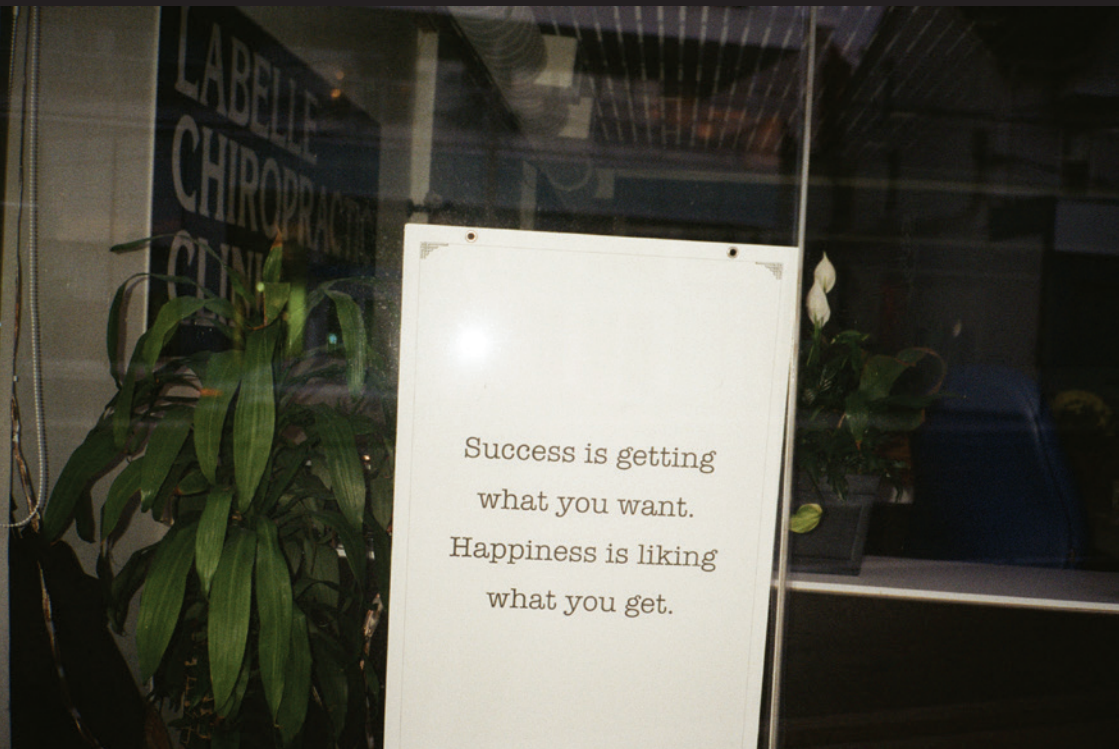
WAXING

It's not here



Why am I going there

Where am I going



Success is getting  
what you want.  
Happiness is liking  
what you get.



Or here



**Almost there...I think**



**I Find Myself Somewhere Between  
the Place Where I Began and the  
Place I find myself In Now.**





# Cubic Mount

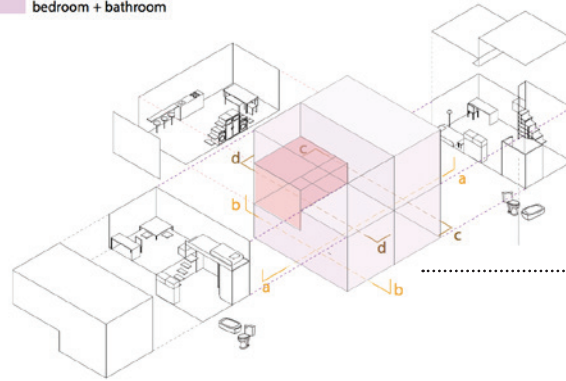
*designed by Qiaoer Jin*

Based on the Census data in Toronto, the residences surrounding the about 155m x 65m site spanning from 489 to 539 King Street West (Ward 20) are mostly habituated by single-person households. Therefore, I want to propose an alternative residential spaces for people who live alone in the city.

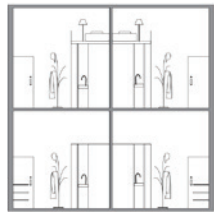
Grids has often been found in the organization of urban space, but the artificiality and intentionality also made the cityscape completely sterile or, in extreme cases if not balanced well, soulless. But grids also has its merits; the methodical design streamlines individual's claiming of the invaluable urban territory. To preserve the best of both worlds, Cubic Mount is consisted of not only a lifted residential section in cubes, but also a shared communal space within the residences, and more multi-functional commercial space on ground floor roofed with an abundance of greenery.

The residential section emphasizes the idea of communal and shared space. In each small cube (8x8x8m), there are 4 rooms for the 4 residences and 1 shared space for cooking, dining, and various other entertainments. The living room can only be accessed by the 4 residences who live inside that cube. Between the two vertically stacked residential cubes, there is a larger communal floor functioning as a small library and a working space.

- 1 X kitchen + dining + laundry
- 4 X bedroom + bathroom



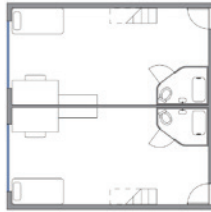
**single cube unit**



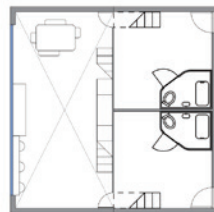
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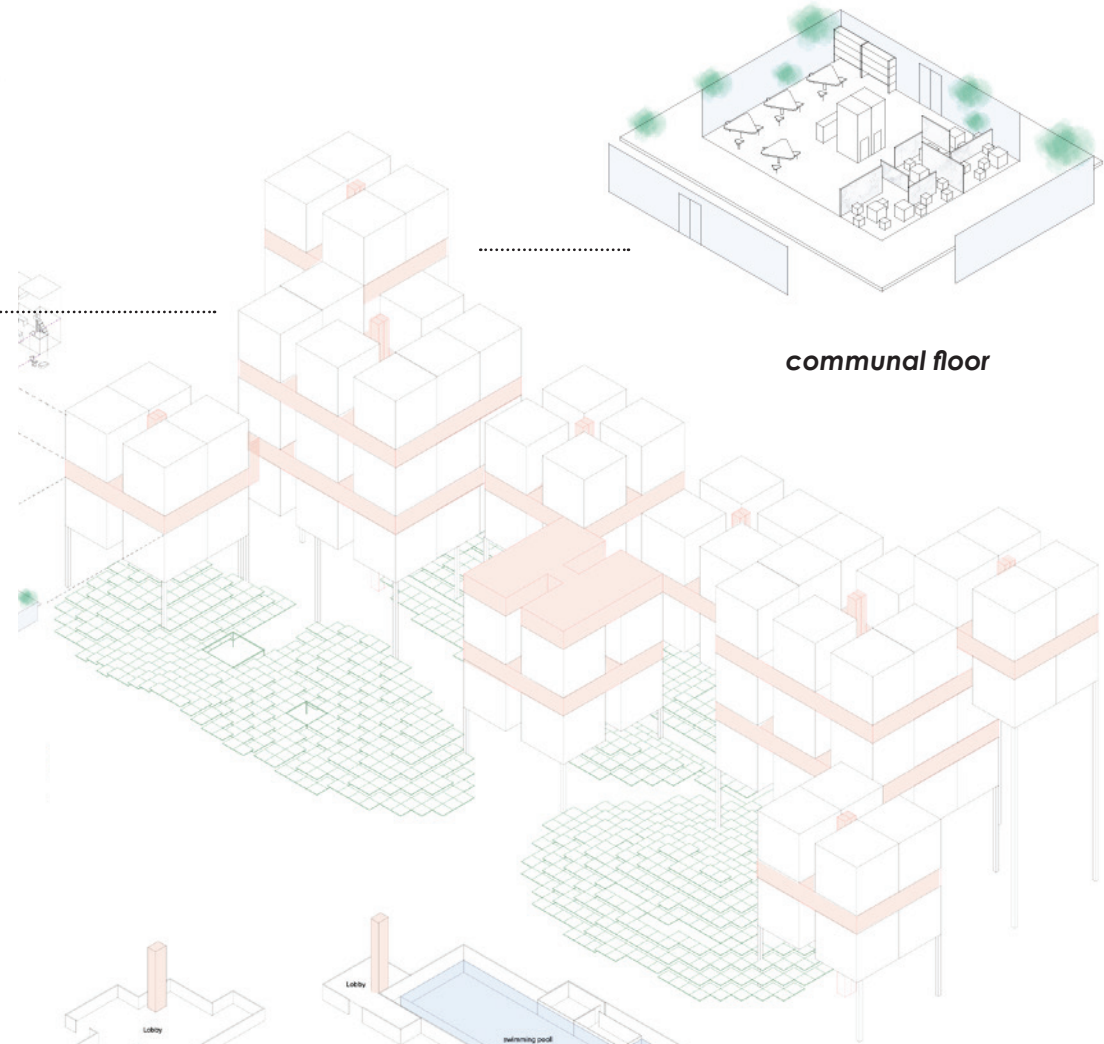
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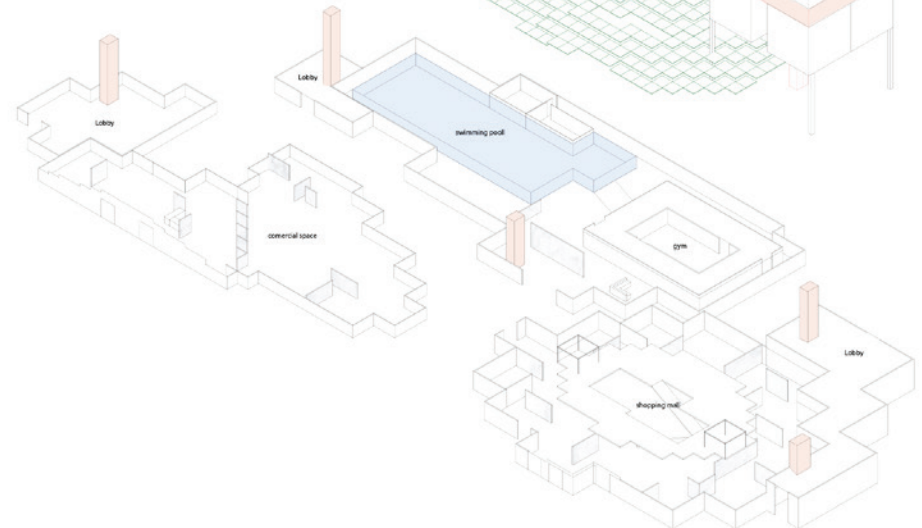
plan cc



plan dd

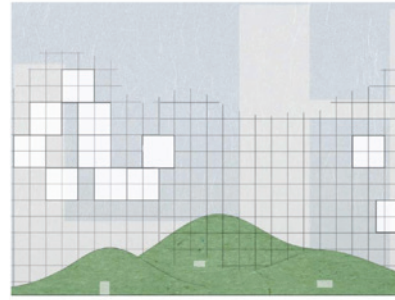
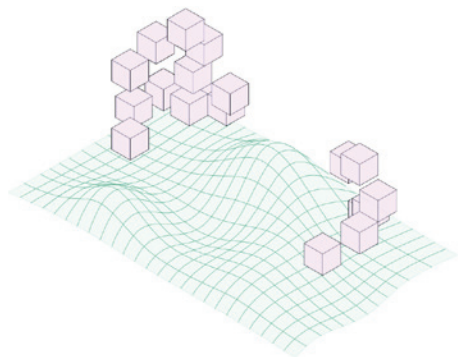


**communal floor**



**shared living room in every cube**



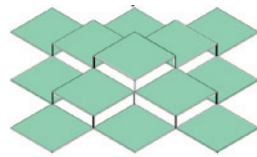


**concept**

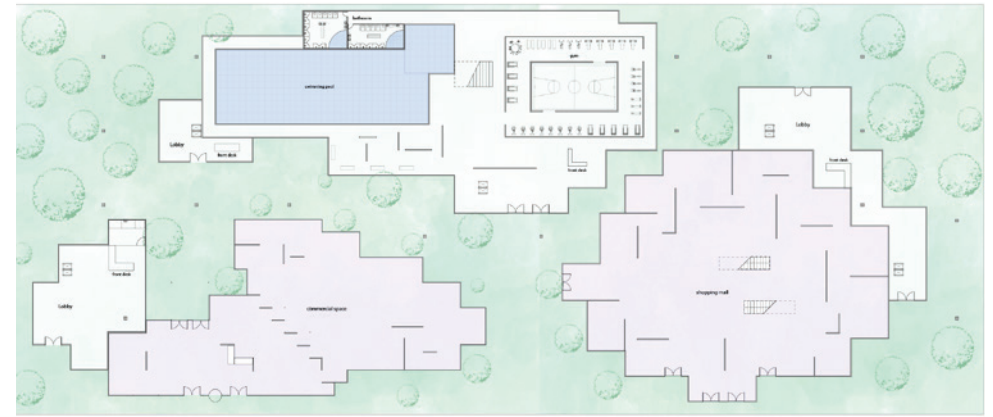
All residences would have direct access to the commercial space and amenities (swimming pool and gym) on the ground floor through the elevator located in the core of each 8-cube unit. These facilities are capped by a system of grassed square units.

Inspired by the naturally formed hills and mounts, this grid-like roof design shares the same language with the residential cubes and the rest of the city planning in Toronto. However, seeing in elevation, the sloping motions of these grids are more in harmony to the greenery surrounding the built structure, and incongruous with the geometric residential cubes.

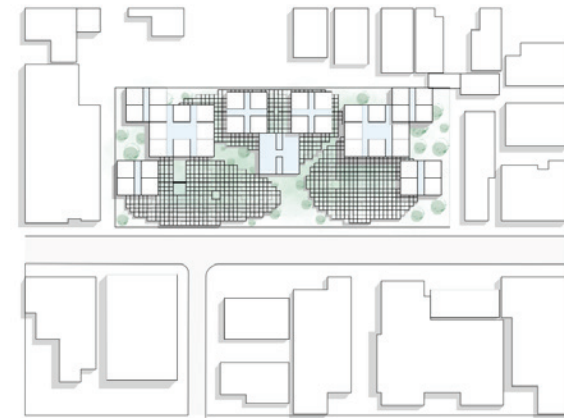
To achieve the hill-like motion, each level of the grassed roof is lifted half a meter up. Thus, it also functions as a series of stairs for people walk up; plus, the layered roof allows natural light to illuminate the commercial space underneath as well.



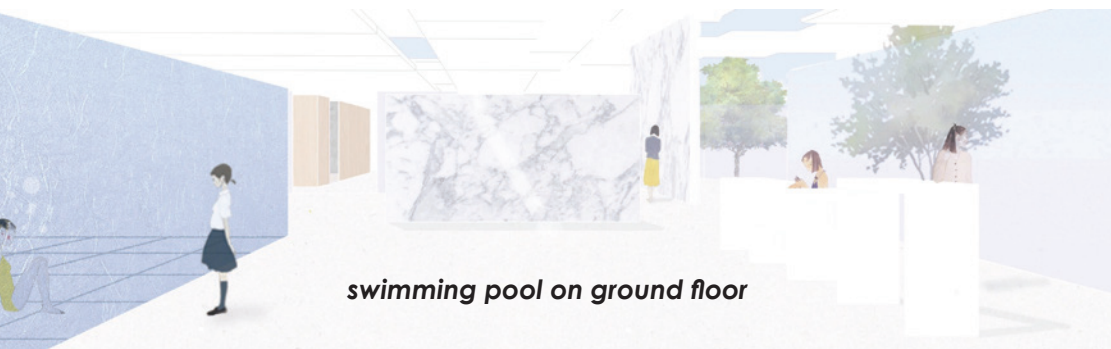
**grassed roofing**



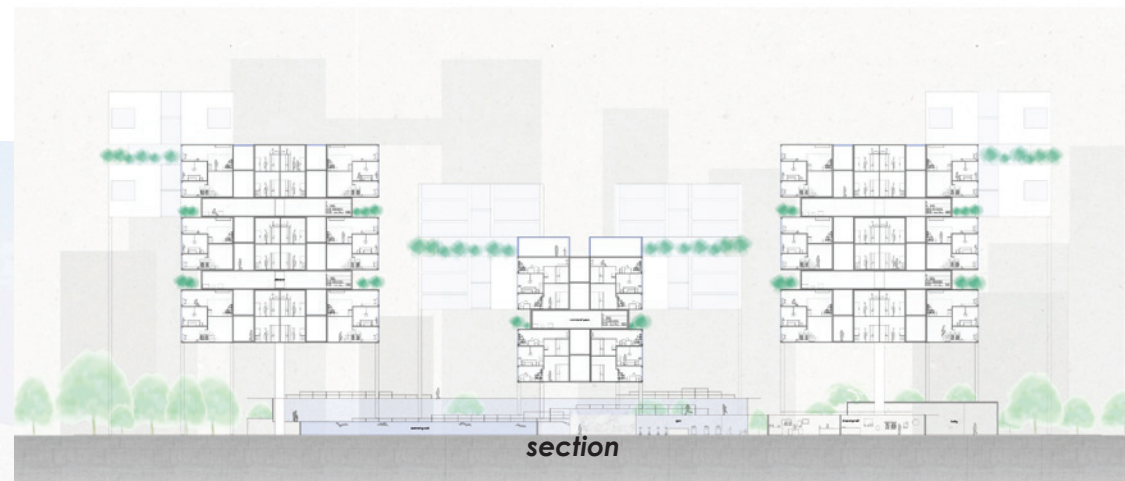
**ground floor plan**



**site plan**



**swimming pool on ground floor**



**section**

friction

# F R E E F O R A L L



*directed by Alexander Si*

*photographed by Philip Basaric*





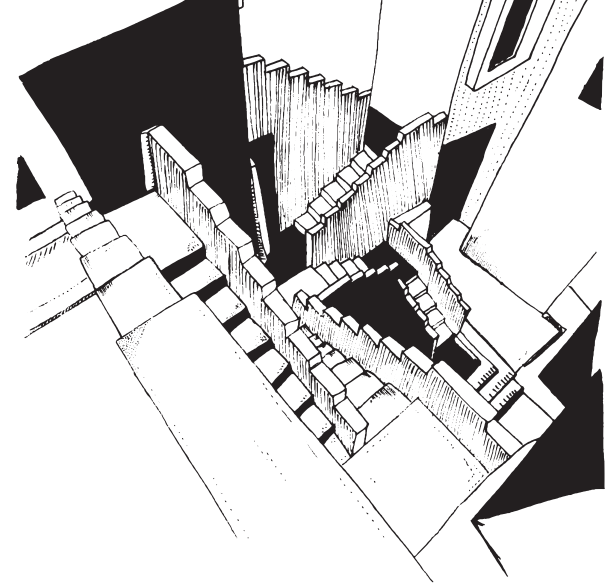
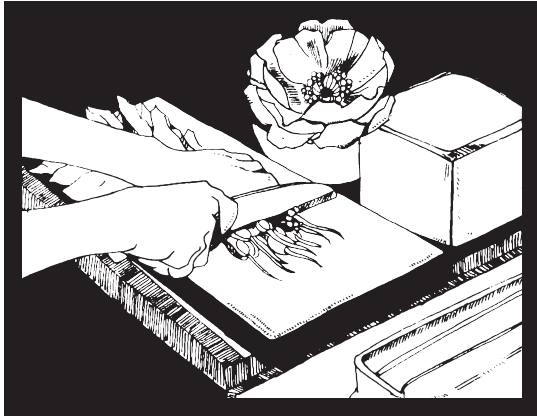






*Xizi Luo, Vania Kahn, Laura Amoi, Andreea Sofineti, Alexander Si*

escape

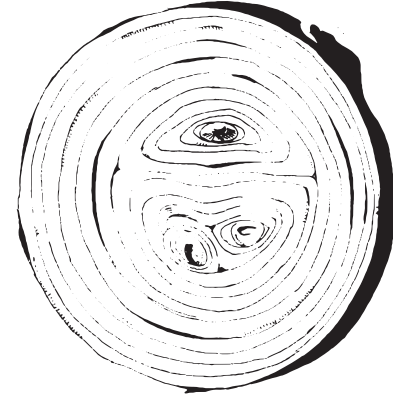
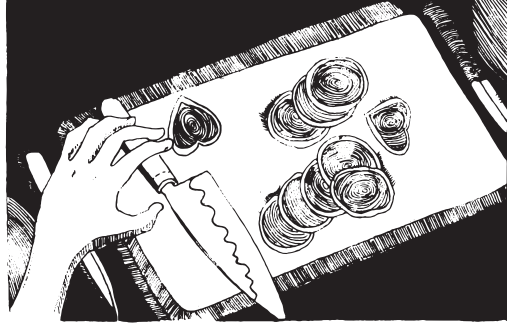


# Skins

story by Xizi Luo  
illustrated by Xuningg Zhou







tender



*Xueyi Fei*

*photographed by Alexander Si*



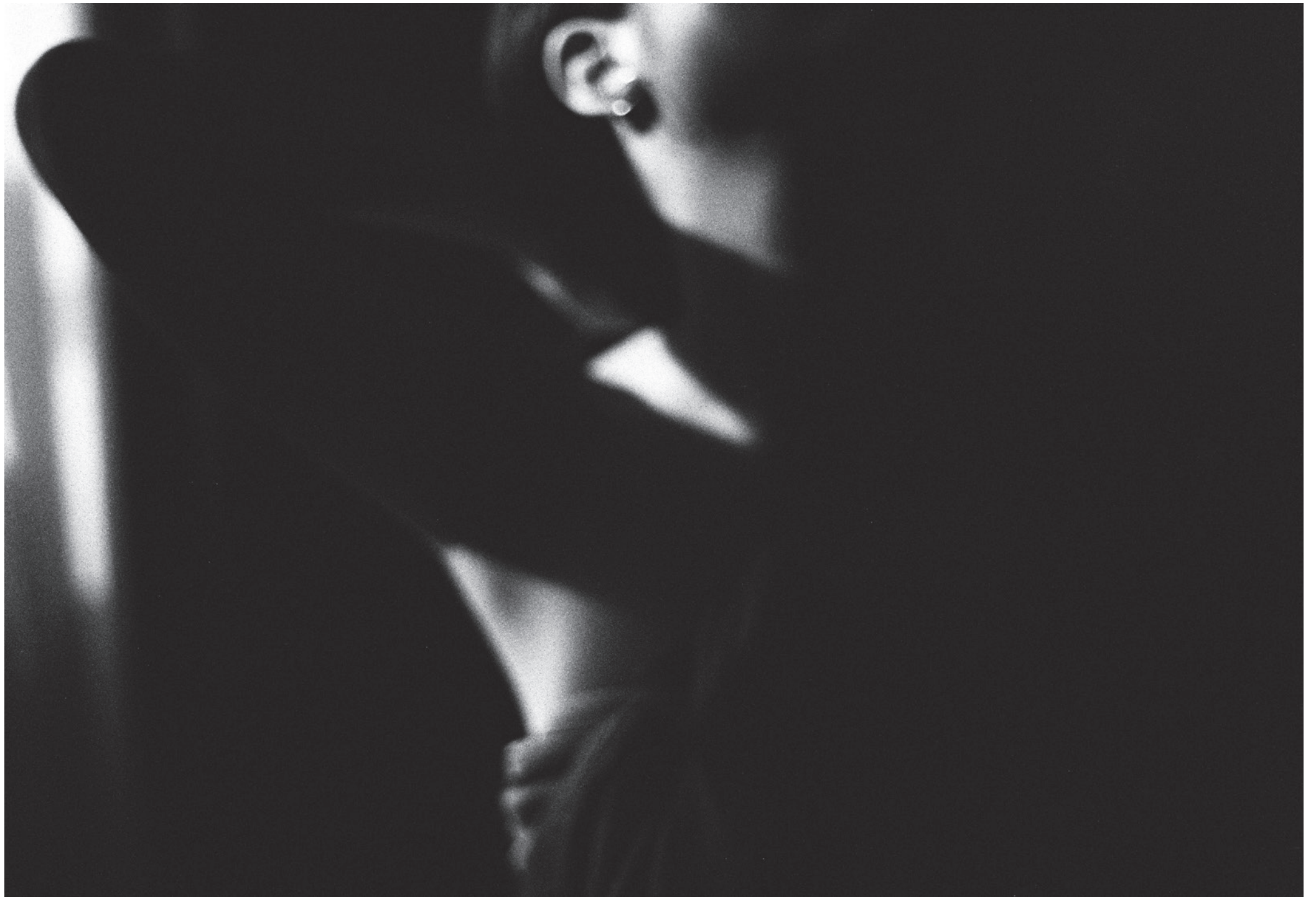








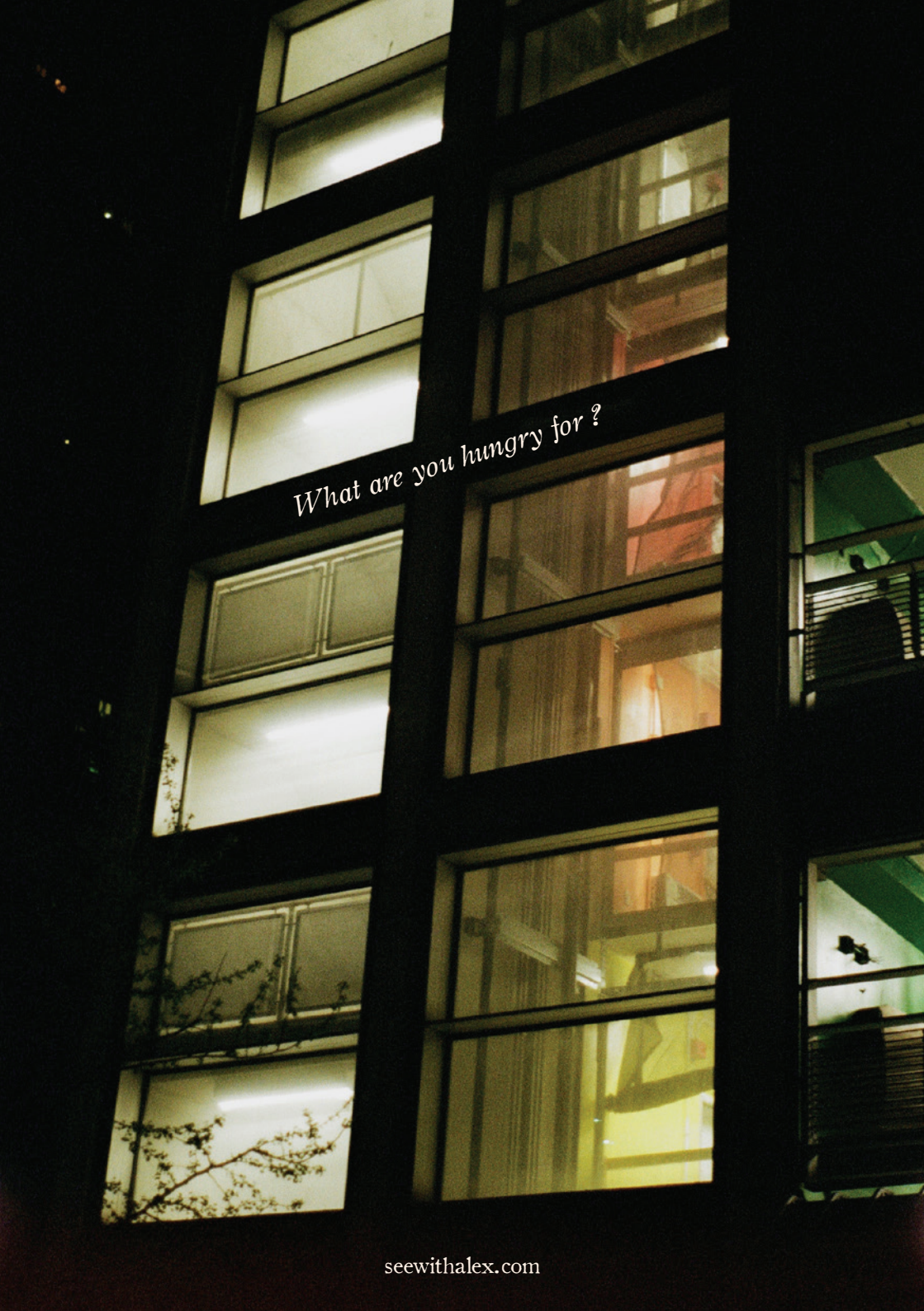












*What are you hungry for ?*