

2020



STEPPIN' OUT THE SHADOWS QUARANTINE | 2020 ART & ISOLATION



THIRD . I . TIRED

MAGAZINE

third.i.tired magazine



Dear Reader,

We did it! :)

Thanks for stopping by for the debut issue of third.i.tired magazine aka the tit mag. We have received some really great submissions to showcase for you folks to enjoy. Feel free to reach-out, contact and follow any artist shown, their Instagram handles and websites will be visible in their spread.

It is a crazy time as we all are well aware of, many of us feel as though we are spinning out. Locked away in our self made cells awaiting a release date yet to be decided, living vicariously through the matrix that is the internet and streaming content. The lazy man's simulated life. Let us step out of the shadows, show our creations to the world. We hope to use this platform as a merry-go-round, if we spinning out, atleast we spinning out together. As they used to say about a magical cartoon school bus, it is a wild good ride.

We would also like to thank everyone who is involved, has been involved, takes a gander, and tells a friend. We appreciate the support and help in growing something from nothing. If you second-guessing, I'll tell you now, it is probably better than you realize. Take the chance.

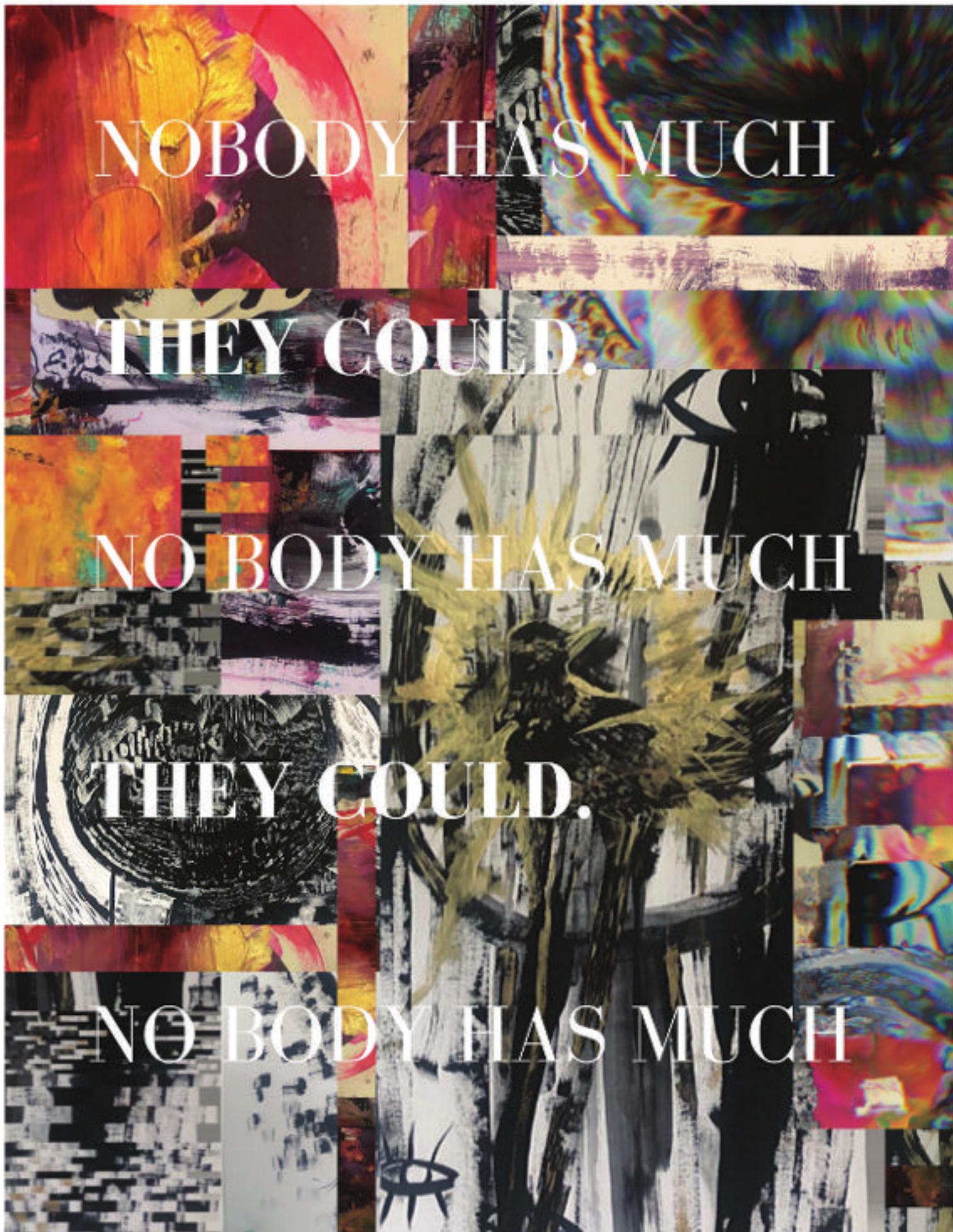
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titmag
third.i.tired@gmail.com

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Anthony Gebrehiwot

@tonyxtones

Trp



Anthony Gebrehiwot is a passionate photographer and community leader whose creative lens re-visions photography as an ongoing dialogue of social change between subject and society.

A self-taught photographer, Gebrehiwot founded XvXy-photo in 2014 focusing on studio portraiture. To date, he has worked with several notable brands such as Nike, Royal Bank of Canada, Hudson Bay Canada, The City of Toronto and LinkedIn to name a few. His work has been featured in over thirty local and international publications such as the Star, the Globe and Mail, PAPER Magazine, Elle UK and Yahoo Lifestyle.



Esie





theHURTCIRCUS

A PODCAST DISSECTING BROKEN PROMISES AND THEIR OUTCOMES

AVAILABLE WHERE EVER YOU GET YOUR PODCASTS

SNAKKHAXX :

Let's get cereal.

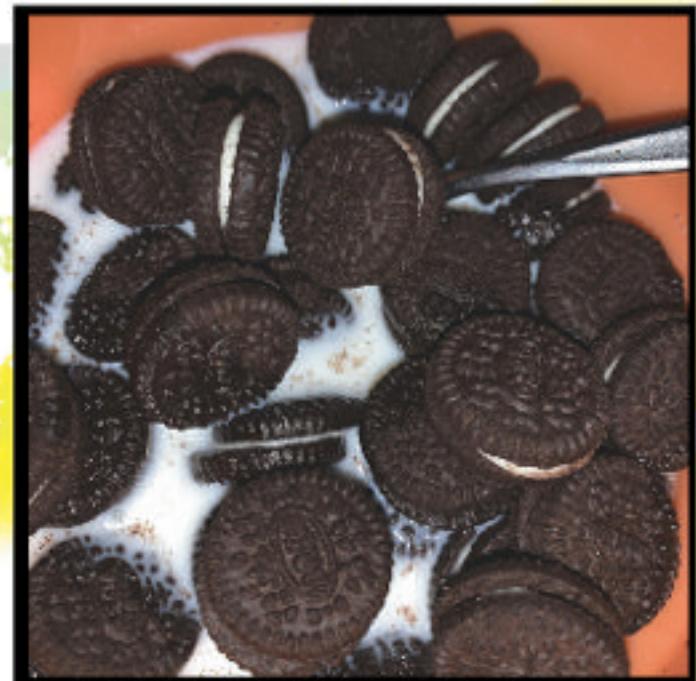
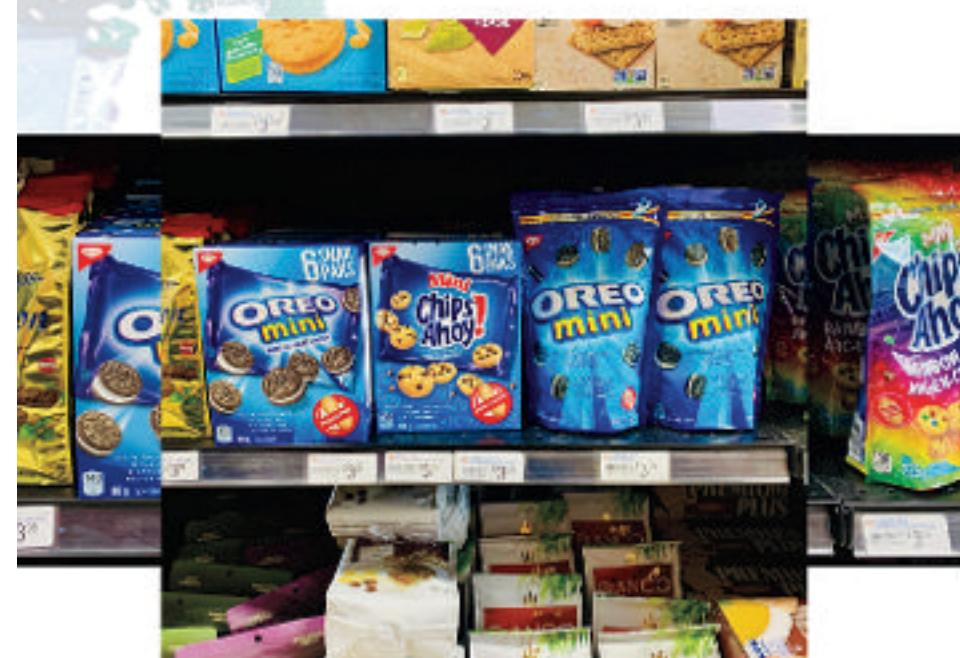
SNAKKHAXX :

Let's get cereal.

SNAKKHAXX :

Let's get cereal.

From Cookie Crisp to Oreo Os, cereal consumers have been dealt a deceitful hand by Big Cereal. This is a great, and easy way to get the most deliciously fantastic cookie cereal, by going outside of the cereal box. It is not rocket science, we suggest simply purchasing the mini version of your favorite cookies. After Oreo's lame attempt to create a cereal, we took it upon ourselves to make our dreams come true. The cookies hold their structural integrity long enough to enjoy and begin a softening process that parallels that of a classic milk & cookies combo.

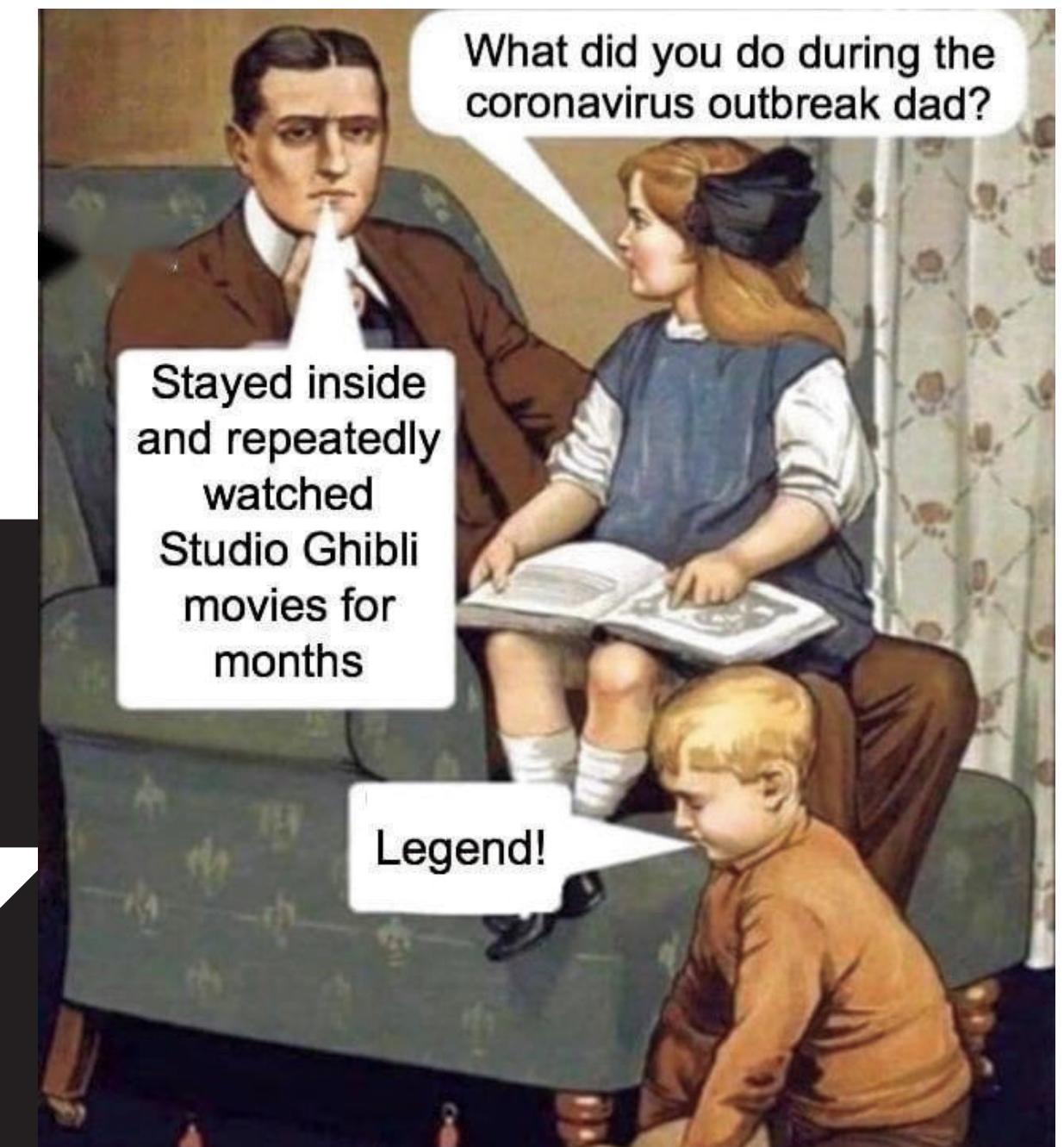
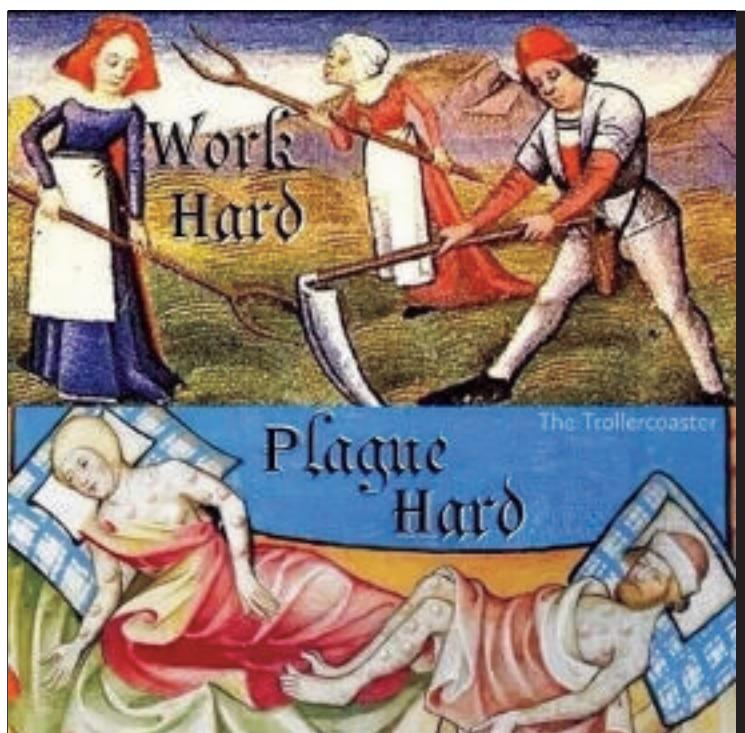


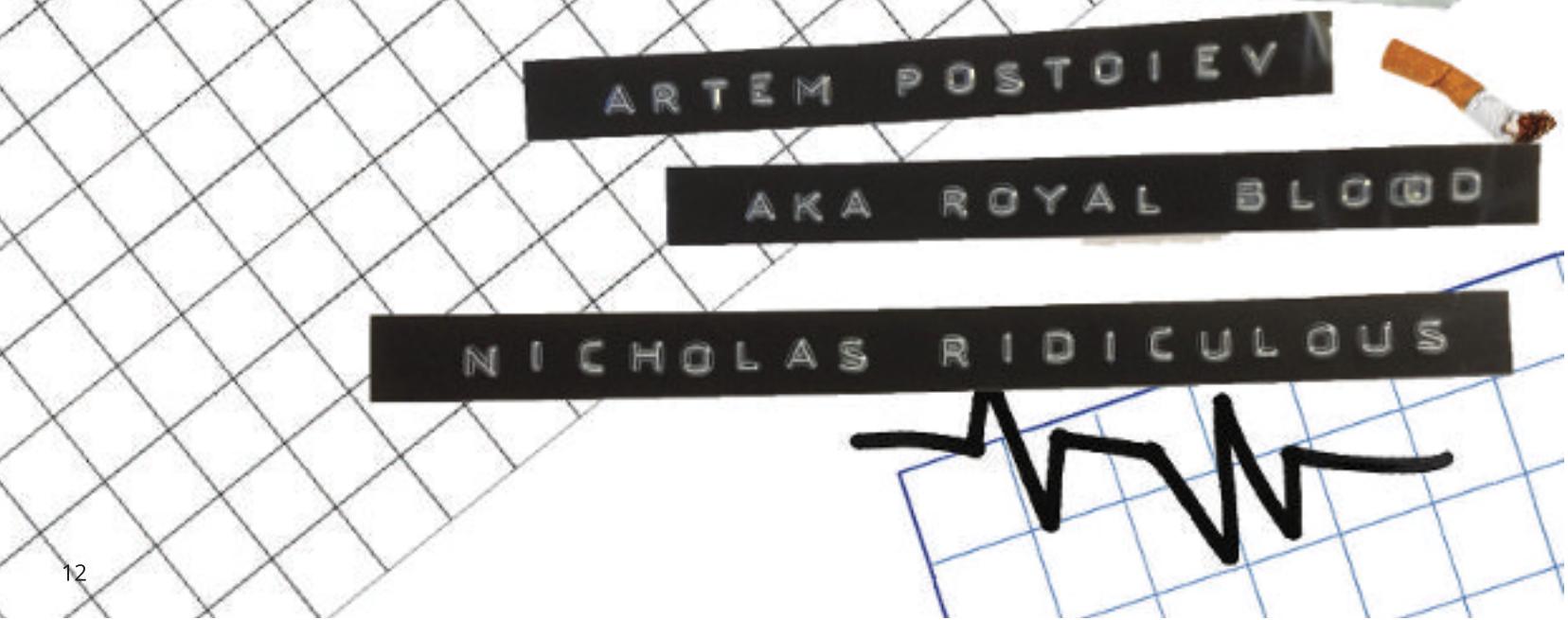
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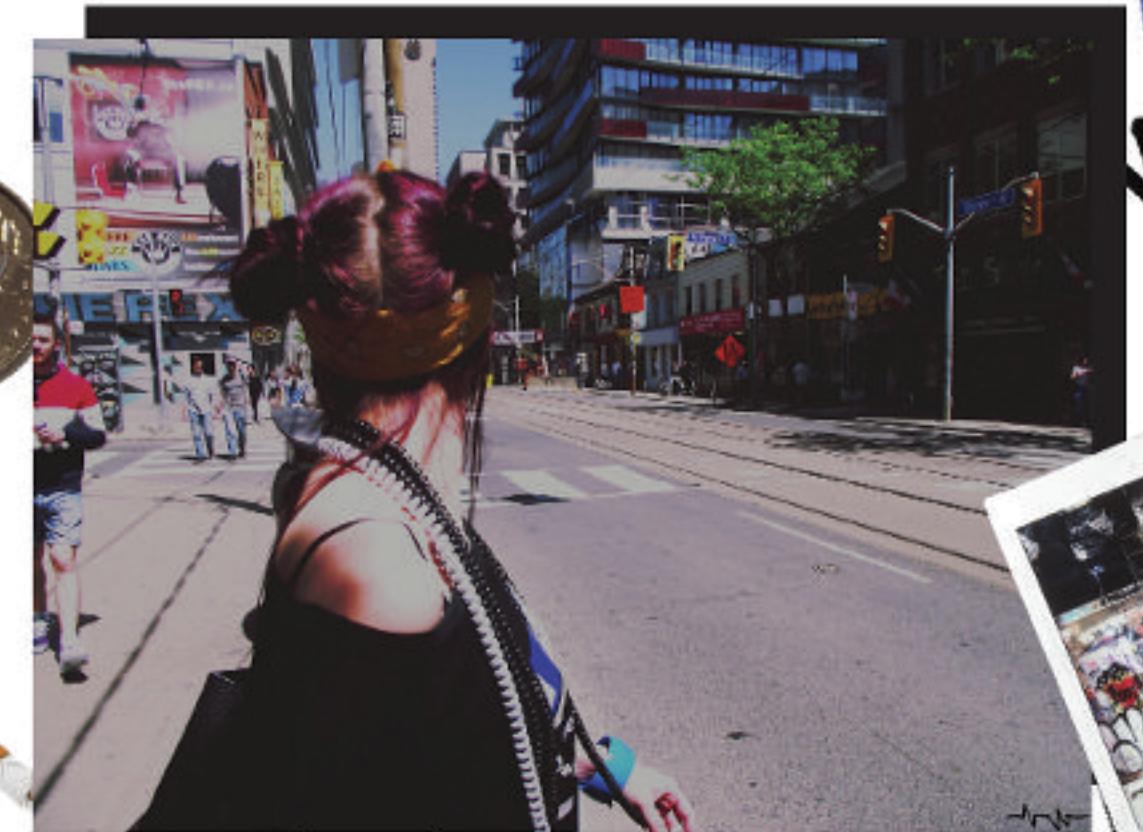
- get store-bought mini cookies, (common; oreos, chips ahoy!)
- preferred milk
- play it like cereal

FROM THE INTERNET

Time traveler: Why are you inside?
Me: So I don't get COVID-19
Time traveler: 19 keeps you immune to COVID-20 or as I like to call it, the zombie outbreak.
Me:







An Eerie COLOUR of Hazel

Alana Simonetta

It's late, Benjamin cannot sleep. He stares blankly outside of his bedroom window; he can see that a storm has begun. Snow had already accumulated so quickly. The light from a single lamp post produces such an eerie colour of hazel. Welcoming, yet unfamiliar. Shadows are cast upon the road, leaving for questions of wonder. The dead night is engulfed in such darkness that it leaves an uncomfortable itch on his skin. Benjamin observes as a neighbour holding the collar of his jacket to his nose, walks presumably in the direction of his home. He cannot tell if he makes it to his door as the murk of the night swallows him with no remorse.

As a child, Benjamin remembers being petrified of the dark. He would refuse to look out of his window at night as he was afraid there would be a stranger staring back up at him from the road.

Suddenly, a noise strikingly different from the sounds of the storm, abruptly catches Benjamin's attention. Squinting slightly, he can see his neighbor from a few minutes prior bolting in the direction from which he came, his arms flailing helplessly. He watches in terror as the man falls to the ground and is dragged unwillingly back into the darkness. Benjamin gasps in disbelief while his mind questions if what he just saw was a mere figment of his imagination. He scans the street again from his bedroom window, looking for any sign at all, with his darting eyes begging for an explanation.

Nothing.

Benjamin draws his curtains to a close, tucks into bed and shuts his eyes to sleep. What felt like hours but truthfully was only minutes, Benjamin awakens to sounds of guttural breathing. He holds his breath a moment, hoping that he had made the sounds himself without realizing. But his hope shatters as he, again, hears as the god-awful sound echoes throughout his bedroom. His body immediately falls numb, Benjamin lies motionless, something is in his room. He can sense it as it approaches the foot of his bed. Whatever it is, it is neither graceful nor svelte. Its limbs carry heavy across the floor, and its mastigating sounds pierce Benjamin with utter fear. All at once, its breath is against his cheek. He can feel its long, lanky fingers pull back slowly on the covers that are over him. His chest is now exposed. Benjamin does not dare move- he holds his breath in hopes that whatever is in his room with him would just go away. He could feel beads of sweat collecting on his forehead. It stung as it dragged its nails over his chest but still, Benjamin does not move. Its cold fingers start to wrap around his neck.

"Benjamin?"

He opens his eyes instantly, "yes Mother?"

"Come quick. Something has happened."

Sitting up, Benjamin scans the four corners of his bedroom- the only light was coming from the hallway where his Mother opened his door.

"Benjamin? Is everything alright?" his Mother asks in desperation.

"Yes Mother. Just a terrible dream," he replies, wiping away the sweat from his forehead.

He quickly put on his shirt before his Mother can see his chest. It was real. He can still feel the sting its nails caused.

"Please, come quickly," she begs again.

Benjamin follows his Mother down the stairs and as he does, he watches as a sea of blue and red colours drown into the main floor of their home.

Emergency lights.

He follows as his Mother puts on her shoes and coat and leads them outside. The storm has settled.

"Stay here Mother."

Benjamin walks over to the nearest policeman. The officer notices him right away and immediately puts his hand up, "please sir. Do not come any further; this is an official crime scene."

Benjamin scans their surroundings. A deep colour of crimson covers an area of the fresh fallen snow.

Tears well up in Benjamin's eyes as he swallows the vomit that bubbled its way up. He watches as a tarp is placed over top of what he assumes is what's remaining of his neighbor. He stares at the officer in disbelief.

"Take her back inside," the officer quietly whispers to Benjamin. He peers back over to his Mother who is now sobbing into her hands.

"Please, tell me what happened," Benjamin begs, looking back at the officer in front of him. He hesitates as he runs his eyes over the mix of tarp and blood that lies over the snow.

"A wild animal, perhaps."

"Perhaps? You mean you don't know?"

"I mean we can't be sure until a proper investigation is performed. Now please, take her back inside."

He turns away from the officer and takes his Mother back inside. Unsettled, Benjamin knows his Mother will not be able to rest comfortably tonight.

"Go lay down upstairs Mother; I'll bring you a cup of tea."

She does as Benjamin tells her to. He watches until she closes the door to her bedroom. Benjamin hurries to the washroom and vomits into the toilet as his mind attempts to make sense of the events that unfolded throughout the night. He takes some tissue and cleans the rim of the toilet seat and his mouth just to vomit all over again. The sight of his neighbour mangled into pieces continues to intrude into his mind. Just as he finishes again, a large thud comes from above.

"Mother?" he instantly calls out to her.

She does not respond.

Benjamin is quick to move up the stairs. He places an ear to her door. "Mother?" he says, calling out to her again. She does not reply. Placing an unsteady hand on her doorknob he opens her door. Her light is off but a sound that Benjamin can't quite recognize bounces between the walls of her bedroom. Benjamin turns on her light. His Mother sits at the edge of her bed with her back towards him; her hands are wrapped around her throat. "Mother?" She turns to him. Blood was pouring from between her fingers, her throat was slit, the sounds Benjamin heard was his Mother choking on her own blood. She has been rendered voiceless. Her eyes wide, she falls to her knees. Benjamin moves towards his Mother, frozen from fear, not knowing what to do. Just as he places his hands over hers, the light to his Mother's room was switched off. Benjamin turns his attention to his Mother's door and for a moment watches as the creature closes the door and lunges toward him.

Bianca Mancin

Born in 1997, Bianca Mancin, after attending art school, graduated from the Albertina Academy of fine arts of Turin (Italy), where she deepened her interests, exploring the fields of visual art, graphic design, photography, typography. Now she's continuing her academic studies with a master's degree in the public art sector. She is a multidisciplinary artist characterized by a minimalist and synthetic approach that is reflected in the message inherent in her works.



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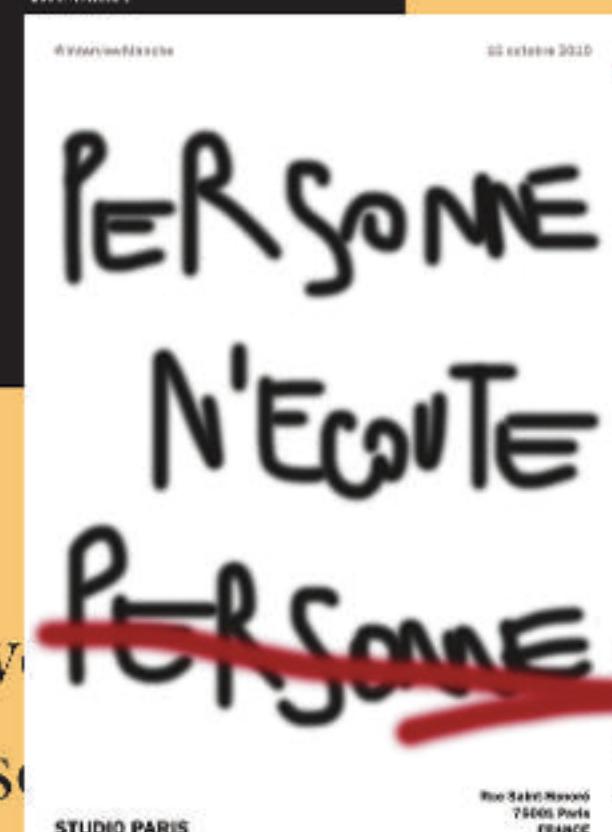
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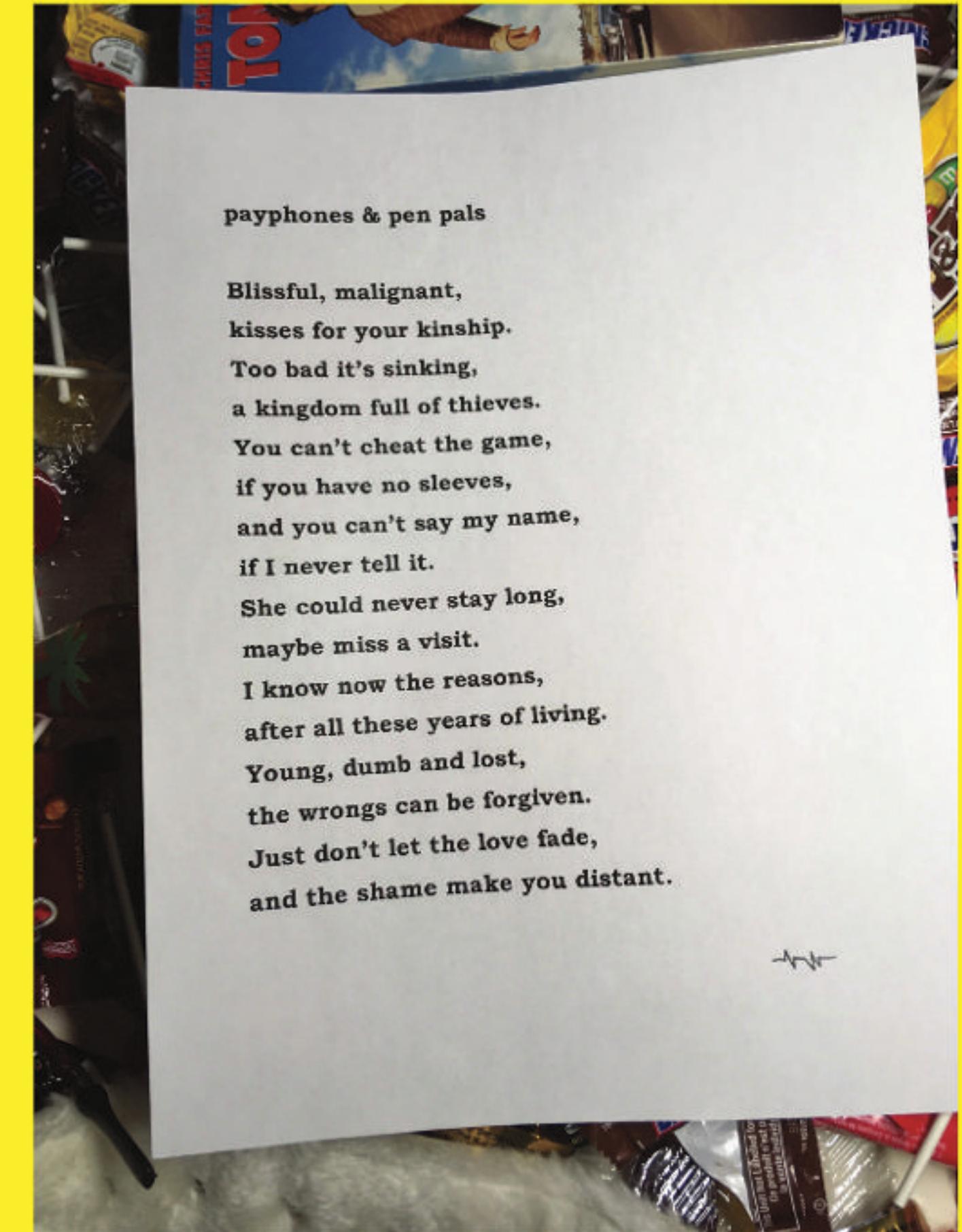
Her works have been exhibited in personal and collective exhibitions in Turin, Naples, Rome, London, New York and Brisbane.



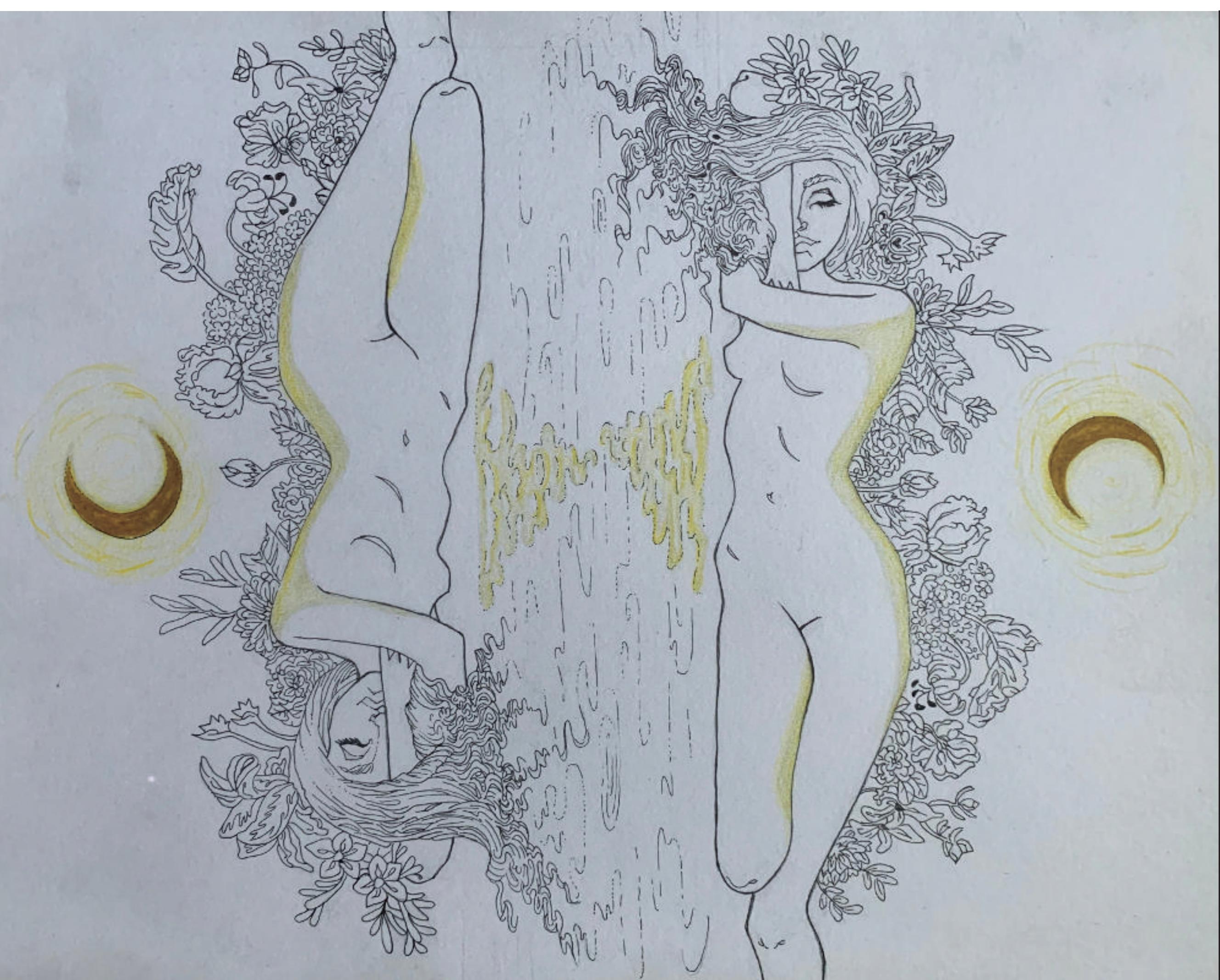
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lived in. worn out.



FROM THE INTERNET



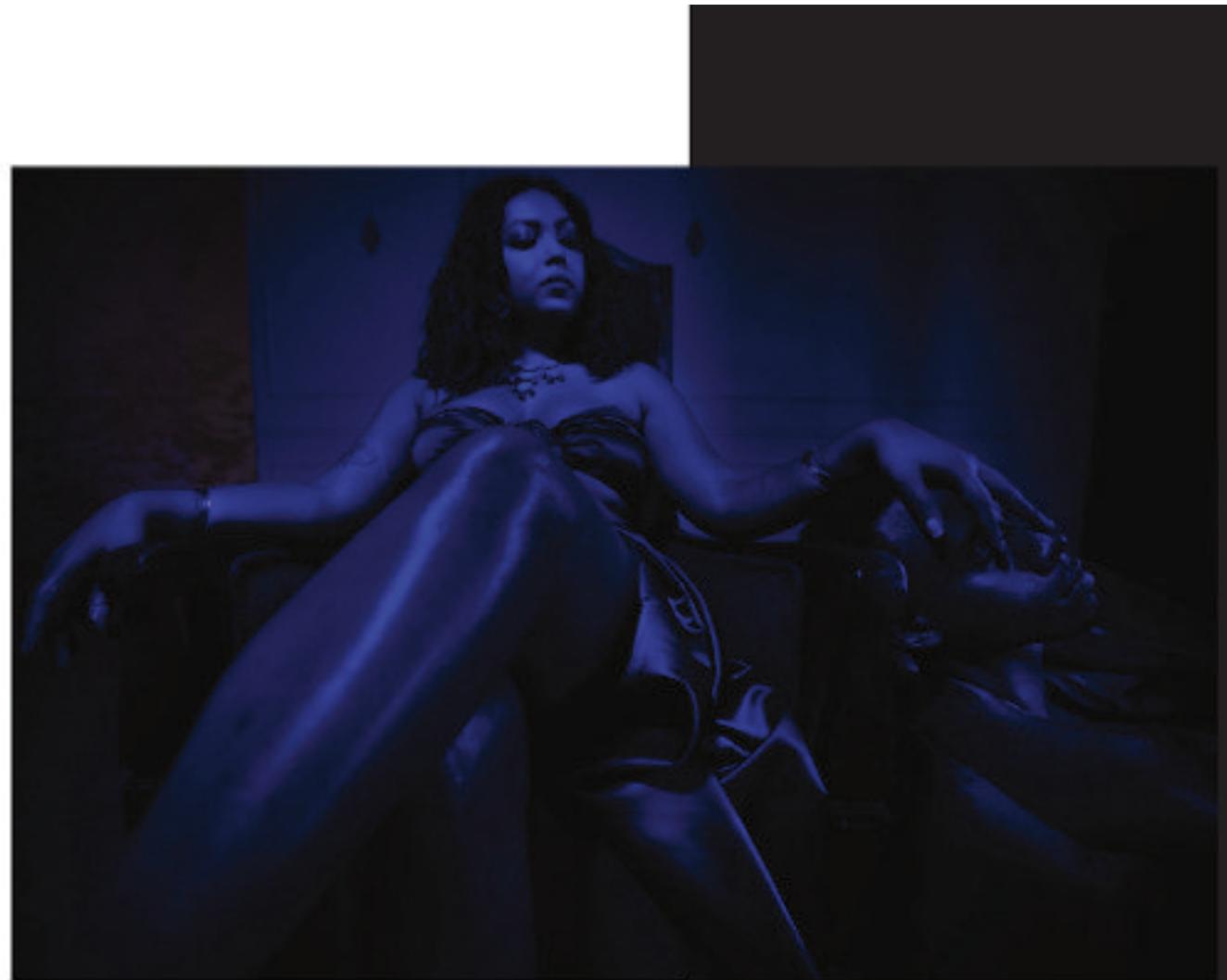
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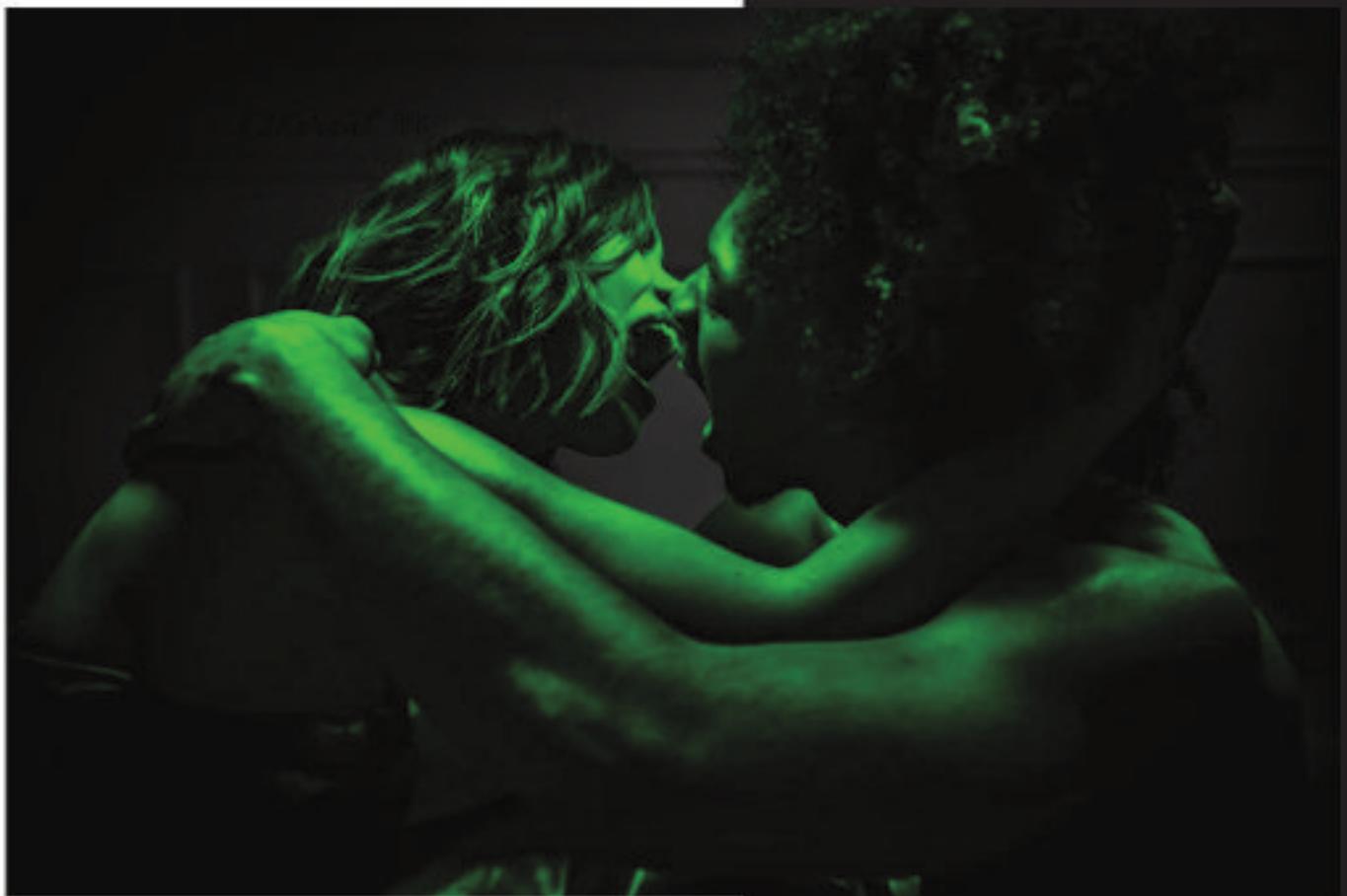


ETHEREAL LENS

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@ohmsway_



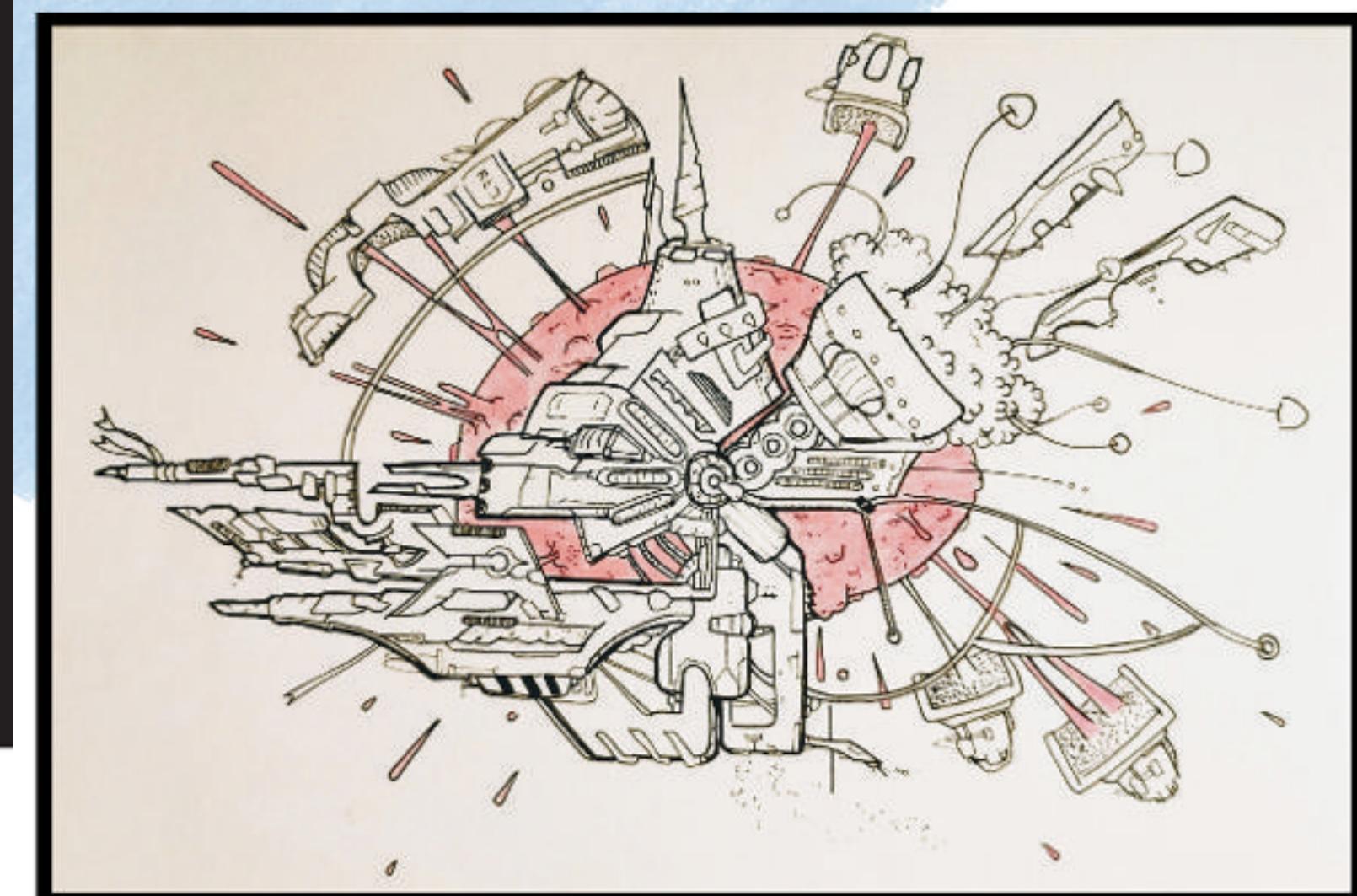
Denisse del Carpio



Soul vs. Ego

"This piece was inspired by the constant battle between the soul and the ego. According to Freud the ego is made up of two components; The id which is our unconscious desires and the super ego, which criticizes and moralizes our desires. The ego is meant to mediate the two. If it's not balanced it can lower our self esteem or make us narcissistic. On the other hand the soul is eternal and it goes beyond the mind(ego). Letting the ego serve you and the soul guide is key to knowing our true selves and how we get out of our darkest moments." @_noctivaga

Kyle Orzech
UNTITLED



STREAM WARS WAR REPORT

Ah, 2020, what a marvellous time in our history. Never before have we been so connected, and yet never before have we been so divided. Luckily though, in our division we have a constant stream of entertainment content flying at us anytime our eyes lock with a screen. The Stream Wars are in full swing, alliances are being made and broken, lines being drawn, and sides chosen. We the audience, are but the fodder with our time and money, mindlessly gnawing on whatever we are fed. In hopes of gaining as much distraction as possible from life's mundane stresses. But really, who doesn't love a good excuse to be lazy? I know I'd rather avoid doing something than actually doing it, we all just undercover rebels I guess. But the machines we want to rebel against are untouchable, so we rebel against ourselves and each other? Seems like it. Shit is hard, that is for sure. So it makes sense, why we live half in, half out. More inclined to live vicariously through media than to actually live. It seems safer and less discouraging, and even more excused by our recent global pandemic. Urging everyone to isolate, like we weren't already for the most part. Introverts around the world rejoice, our time is now.

In this first instalment of Stream Wars, I will take some time to separate the current big-name players in the game, and give a good view of the battlefield thus far in hopes of helping you, the reader, better choose your allegiances. From the pioneer that is Netflix to the newest competitor, old bones in baby skin, Disney+. It has been said for a time now, almost prophetic in it's way, of how there are so many streaming platforms that it is becoming just as it used to be with cable networks. More times than not, I find myself bouncing around, from platform to platform, watching trailers and adding things to a watch list that never really gets watched. Feeling more like Indiana Jones, making his way through a tomb of pop culture, hoping to reach the prize at the end, sleep. Unsung plots and story lines being overlooked because they are but background noise to your daily chores and tasks. Most of us succumbing to the glorious succubus that is The Office, when all else fails, or when we fail to look for all else. No attention for what is new, no desire, or energy. Forever falling back into the familiar. Where we feel safe. If we do wander into something new, it is often in a haze of binge watching, where retention is futile.

Ah Netflix, that day one hunny, such humble beginnings. Most had scoffed at their DVD home delivery rental service. You would choose your movie online, instead of going into a place like Blockbuster, and make your choice of movie. They would then send it to you through the mail! Such trust they have I would think to myself, I wonder how many people just never mailed their movie back. What were the losses on that? Not that it matters given their evolution now. Once the strength of peoples' bandwidth started getting better, they made a paradigm shift in how media would be consumed. Changing the landscape of television viewing for ever. To most people it was the ultimate alternative to cable, channel based, television. Giving the viewer full control of what they watched, when they watched it, with no commercial interruptions! It was a glorious and refreshing time. Licensing agreements a plenty, many companies began leasing out some of their best shows to the new kid on the block, Netflix. In time though, many came for their empire of consumer based media delivery. They created a constant thirst for content in people, and many saw the money to be made on that. So began the great culling of content, television networks and corporations began pulling in their herds to build their own streaming platforms. In hopes to gain stake in the wars to come. Although barren at first, Netflix began cultivating their own creatives, and started producing their own content. Made outside of the usual Hollywood system, until they became a part of it. Now, Netflix is known for it's originally produced content, from fantastic hit series to blockbuster films. They also give new life to shows that major networks leave behind, and fans rejoice in their favour for that. They have won the vote of the people and garnered much loyalty, being the first of their kind to focus on viewer based delivery. Granting the viewers more control of their own watching habits, and later, giving the viewers content which feeds their specific tastes. From the new kid on the block, to the old man on the stoop, Netflix has changed the media landscape for ever, much like that of Facebook and Uber. A true disruptor and innovator.

If television was high school, Crave would be the group of "popular kids". It seems more of a collective of networks that came together to create a platform for them to bridge into the streaming universe with their content. Partnerships with HBO, Comedy Central, The Movie Network, and STARZ are the main pillars of this streaming behemoth. With the added feature of viewing their television channels live to catch the latest episodes of their best shows. Although there are tiers to it, and each added benefit will come at a cost. They also get the newest released movies after they are done in theatres. With content from HBO alone, that is a hefty chunk of content. Some of the best blockbuster television shows ever, let us be honest. But even still, their presentation does not feel as organic, often having minor inconveniences that it's forefather, Netflix, has had long sorted. Like tracking your progress on a show for example, like come on man. It is very reminiscent of when Richie Rich went to the hood to play baseball with the poor kids. Tough look bruh, but they trying! They mainly seem to rely on HBO and their ability to curate "must-see" T.V., you could really see them start to sweat when Game of Thrones ended. Crave is more tapped into the veins of pop-culture, whereas Netflix is helping to create those veins. A corporate follower at best.

@nicholasridiculous

NETFLIX

CRAVE

To think, it all started with a virtual bookstore. Amazon really went out there and did the damn thing huh. I guess people don't hate reading as much as we'd like to admit. I don't need to get into their whole rise to one of the world's wealthiest empires. Let's keep our focus on Amazon Prime Video, their own version of Netflix. Which only made sense really, given their internet godhood. They seem to just be doing their own thing, in their own lane. Like what they do isn't as detrimental to their business as the rest. They that kid in high school who just living his own truth, not following to anyone's expectations. A real individual. They have a lot of their own created content, some really great shows. It is just the environment of it all can be a little... lame? Maybe? I don't know, it is just a weird contrast against all the third party content they have. A lot of very obscure, cult classic seeming stuff. Wandering through it sometimes can feel like a stroll down a sketchy alley way. I mean, don't get me wrong, I do not mind it at all. It is just a weird plunge once you scroll past the first couple selections of their new releases and top watches. Like a dang toy store full of knock-offs. They definitely show some promise, but even in their individualistic approach, it is following the path of the young Netflix. We see you, Prime.



Hah! Oh Disney, Disney, Disney, Disney, it was only a matter of time. They the kid with all the dopest toys in the neighbourhood. That kid who would always tell you how to play with them, you know them ones? That is how this all seemed to play out, they had some loose licensing here and there with some of our main hitters. But nobody ever really got full untethered access, and now we really know why. It is all a business at the end of the day, and even better and more lucrative than a television channel would be having direct control over the valve of your content to the world. A straight funnel, down the gullet of the consumers. As a kid, I always enjoyed the Disney vault, and thought the ideas was cool but the whole concept was flimsy at best, especially moving into this modern age of the internet. Some strange fabricated sense of control they gave themselves over their content. But now they have made it so much more real and tangible, a direct line to the people! It took Netflix paving a new path in entertainment for Disney to get to where they always wanted to be. They owe them a big "Thank you" like, Disney would not have had the stones to take a chance that Netflix did when they first began their journey. But proving that it works, very very well, Netflix showed them what was possible. And Disney having the cache of content dating back beyond any of us, probably started salivating like perverts once the idea began to form in their boardrooms. They have some heavy artillery seeing as they own Star Wars and Marvel, and have every modern parents' equivalent to a babysitter with the amount of children's content they have stocked up. Parents able to easily share childhood faves with their young ones is a big plus I think, even more plus'd by their new content they are releasing directly onto the platform, Netflix style. I feel like this is gonna become the platform in which Disney builds their future kingdom.



Netflix created a resistance, that started a war. The irony in their great conquest is that, in creating power for the people, they created a power period. One of those powers meant for the people, that those in power keep from the people. It was a new age of content intake, and we had our fingers on the buttons. Creating our own schedules, outside the realms of commercial television. No longer force fed, but abiding a buffet politely at our own pace. People take notice when things change so drastically, so quickly. Upon the success of actually giving people what they want, over what is thought to be their desires, many follow suit. There is much money to be made after all. Capitalism, baby! Although, the hubris of the game-changer is that they often don't see the cycles of progress. In time, those outside the box, who really make true change, alter the bounds of the box, recentering it. You fight for change so hard, you often don't realize you have climbed the mountain, then became the mountain. Alas, here we are. Peaked up, and checked out. We have come full circle, back to the days of network television viewing. Instead of channel surfing, we stream cruising. Often spending more time looking for something to watch, than actually watching. We thought it would be different, but here we are. Trapped in no man's land, stuck in the middle, as fodder. The multiple subscriptions coming together to form everything we thought we had escaped, just a villain in a different mask. Netflix tried to grant us control over our entertainment, their success was our downfall. Now, once again, we must divide our worship. The Stream Wars are in full swing, atop a crumbling world. But hey, at least we got some good T.V. to distract us.

Netflix
Bojack Horseman
Money Heist
Dark
Altered Carbon
Maniac
Black Mirror
Love, Sex and Robots
American Vandal
Trailer Park Boys
Dairy Girls
Big Mouth
Tiger King
The Walking Dead
The 100
The Midnight Gospel

Crave
Chernobyl
Game of Thrones
Westworld
Kidding
His Dark Materials
Righteous Gemstones
Pacard
Oz
The Sopranos
South Park
Crank Yankers

Prime
American Gods
The Man in the High Castle
Carnage
Mr. Robot
Supernatural
Tales from the Loop
12 Monkeys
The Purge
Jack Ryan
Carnival Row
Fear the Walking Dead
Parks and Rec
GlobalTV News Live
Monster Rancher



Disney+
The Mandalorian
Star Wars Clone Wars
The Simpsons
Star Wars Rebels
Recess
Chip n' Dale
Gargoyles
The Muppets
The Disney Vault
Documentaries

FROM THE INTERNET



The rich industrialist was horrified to find the fisherman lying beside his boat, smoking a pipe.

'Why aren't you out fishing?' asked the industrialist.

'Because I have caught enough fish for the day.'

'Why don't you catch some more?'

'What would I do with them?'

'You could earn more money. Then you could have a motor fitted to your boat to go into deeper waters and catch more fish. Then you would have enough money to buy nylon nets. These would bring you more fish and more money. Soon you would have enough money to own two boats... maybe even a fleet of boats. Then you would be a rich man like me.'

'What would I do then?'

'Then you could sit back and enjoy life.'

'What do you think I'm doing right now?'

From *Timeless Simplicity* by John Lane



Tasneem Dairywala

www.tasneemdairywala.com



MUSE * * * of the * * * MAG



If you are not familiar, Sharon Stone is the name of Halle Berry's character in the 1994 live-action adaptation of *The Flintstones*. Her character type is that of the temptress, the young woman manipulating while being manipulated. A beautiful pawn with high hopes. She is sent on a mission to seduce ol' Fred Flintstones. At first glance, she seems a romantic heel to disrupt his family. Spoiler alert, by the end you come to realize she doesn't really want to be doing what she is doing. A tool to corrupt. Sharon is just trying to make a name for herself in a corporate patriarchy.

@nicholasridiculous

A seductive secretary with ambition, and heart. She gives off a sense of such brazen confidence and sexuality. Masking an almost childlike vulnerability, very reminiscent of the great Marylin Monroe.



PARTING W*RDS

Growing up ya know? Ugh... We have become so complacent to the powerful, with their own intentions in mind. We feel more inclined to live in a cloud of blissful ignorance just to make it through the daily. A generation raised by fiction, forcibly obsessed with the capitalistic nature of society. Desperate overtures, and sweaty serenades. Intentions wane for the value of a dollar. Why teach the youth how to fix the world, when you can just teach them how to exist in a broken one. Drunk on so much unhappiness, we spend and self-serve just for a half-baked smile that isn't even our own. Our eyes though, show the hardships. All that entertainment in our veins is laughing at us, and the emotional desperation for virtual validation is a mess we never asked for, but invited in all the same. Mother nature got an iphone, who's footin' the bill?



ARTIST GLOSSARY

IVY HON
ANTHONY GEBREHIWOT
ALANA SIMONETTA
BIANCA MANCIN
UNDERBELLYSOCIETY
dimebagcrew
ETHEREAL LENS
DENISSE DEL CARPIO
KYLE ORZECH
TASNEEM DAIRYWALA
NCHOLAS RIDICULOUS

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MAGAZINE



WHO DAT IS??
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TO FIND OUT!!