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Ellie Kemper photographed by Amber Mahoney; styling by Priscilla La Polley; hair by Christopher Naselli; exclusive; makeup by Tina Turnbow; nail by Ray Brown; manicure by Fleury Rose; props by Josie Keefe; jacket, Joseph; shirt, Valentino Red; hand lettering by Monica Garwood
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In the Studio

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LATELY, IT SEEMS that no matter when I turn on the TV, some channel is showing Bridesmaids or Baby Mama. And, like a dog to a tree, I am always compelled to click over and watch. Maybe I am so drawn to these films because they are written by women, written for women, and starring women. But it doesn’t hurt that they’re also really, really funny. After all, who can resist the comic genius of Bridesmaids’ Kristen Wiig, Melissa McCarthy, Maya Rudolph, and Ellie Kemper? And don’t get me started on Tina Fey and Amy Poehler in Baby Mama. I mean, c’mon.

So you can imagine my excitement when I heard that Tina Fey’s new TV project was going to star the adorable Ellie Kemper. It was as if Bridesmaids and Baby Mama had a baby—and that baby was going to be available for streaming on Netflix. I’ll admit, I was a bit nervous; what if the show sucked? But I should never have doubted; the show delivers on its promise. Smart, funny, feminist, absurd—it gives us everything we love about Fey’s writing, plus Kemper’s well-honed ability to portray lovable, wide-eyed innocents.

So, what is Kemper like in real life? That’s what we set out to discover in our cover story. What we found was that inside this sweet, slightly awkward comedian...beats the heart of a sweet, slightly awkward comedian. Still, it’s clear that Kemper’s got nerves of steel, because when it comes to making it in the entertainment industry, only the strong survive.

Sometimes what a woman reveals to her public is quite different than what lies beneath. So it is with our story about Joséphine Baker, who achieved fame in 1920s Paris for being a brilliantly sexy entertainer, but who, in the 1940s, used that exact persona to cloak the undercover work she was doing to help the French Resistance against the Nazis.

In fact, female performers are almost always more than meets the eye. Case in point: Amber Tamblyn, who’s known for starring in such blockbusters as The Sisterhood of the Traveling Pants, and many other movies and TV shows. But even as a busy actor, she always makes time for her other true love: poetry. Tamblyn discusses her latest published collection in this issue’s interview.

Kim Gordon is another performer who is much more than the blond, mini-skirted rocker you see on stage. She’s a musician, of course, but she’s also a fashion designer, an artist, and an inspiration for women everywhere. And now, with the release of Girl in a Band, we can add “memoirist” to that list. To commemorate her achievement, we’ve put together a scrapbook with photos excerpted from her book, along with additional pics, that give us a glimpse into her well-lived life.

These are just a few of the extraordinary women in this issue. But you’re probably pretty extraordinary yourself, and we’ve got lots of ideas to help make you even more so. Don’t know how to store your stuff in your teensy apartment? We’ve got you covered. In charge of throwing a baby shower, but hoping to make it a bit less baby-ish? That’s in here, too. Looking for some inspiration for your spring wardrobe? Just flip through this issue’s pages. Plus, we chat up rap dream team Run the Jewels, fashion legend Iris Apfel, and pixie-ish punk rocker Meredith Graves. And, as always, there’s lots and lots more.

So go ahead and immerse yourself in the articles in this issue. I’ll be right over here, watching Bridesmaids.

xoxo,
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CONTRIBUTORS

**Peggy Caravantes**, who wrote “Secret Agent Woman,” fulfilled a long-time dream with the publication of her first book, *Petticoat Spies: Six Women Spies of the Civil War*, in 2002. Since then, her 19 other publications have ranged from young adult biographies to children’s history books. Caravantes enjoys research, always searching for a little-known fact or an unusual tidbit that will capture her readers’ attention. Topics of special interest are women who have succeeded despite tremendous odds. Caravantes holds a Bachelor of Arts in English and a Master of Education degree. She spent her career in education as a teacher, principal, and deputy superintendent for instruction.

**Nicole Daddona**, who illustrated “I’ve Got You Pegged,” is an award-winning illustrator, cartoonist, writer, and puppet maker living in Los Angeles. She’s one half of Adam & Nicole Studio (creators of weird and wonderful comedy, puppet, and art-centered films) and the founder and Editor-in-Chief of the offbeat web-zine Funberger (www.funberger.com). Her work has been featured in national and international publications including the *Los Angeles Times*, BuzzFeed, and Narratively, and she also writes a weekly, illustrated interview feature called Mail Order Interviews for HelloGiggles.com. She likes ‘80s workout videos, dark chocolate peanut butter cups, and Charlie Brown walks. Follow her on Instagram and Twitter @nicoleddaddona.

**Janet Fitch**, who interviewed Amber Tamblyn for “Poetry in Motion,” is the author of the novels *Paint It Black* and *White Oleander*. Her short stories and essays have appeared in anthologies and journals such as *Black Clock*, *Room of One’s Own*, and *Los Angeles Noir*. She is a contributing editor at the *Los Angeles Review of Books*. A feature film based on *Paint It Black*, directed by Amber Tamblyn, and starring Alia Shawkat, Janet McTeer, and Alfred Molina will be released in 2015. Fitch is currently finishing a novel set during the Russian Revolution.

**Ness Lee**, who illustrated the story “So Hard To Say Goodbye,” is a noodle-lovin’, pot-stickin’, son-of-a-bun illustrator and artist based in Toronto, Canada, who is obsessed with Sumo wrestlers and dirty humor. When she is not illustrating, she is creating various forms of arts and crafts with anything and everything she can find, and traveling to sell her wares in a variety of arts and crafts shows. In her free time, she grows old too quickly.
Can You Feel The Love Tonight?
The Feb/Mar 2015 issue was your best ever! Amazing content and layout... oh you make me swoon! Here are the things I loved the most: 1. Diversity: The racial diversity in this issue was great—so many awesome ladies of different races and shades. Y’all are so above #whitefeminism. 2. Size Positivity: The feature on the ALDA plus-size model collective was excellent. 3. Awesome Interviews: I loved reading about Broad City. My BFF in Canada was like, “You have to see this show! It’s like American, young, broke Ab Fab!” And I was like, “Girl, they’re on the cover of BUST!” I was also excited to see Tim & Eric. 4. Art: I loved the art on the last page, especially since I don’t see a lot of visual art by/about women in my day-to-day life. BUST is the best magazine ever and you just got so much better! Whatever you’re doing, please keep it going. I’m proud to be a reader and so happy that you exist and are getting better all the time.
—Errin Donahue, New York, NY

My co-workers and I just got the Feb/Mar issue of BUST and were floored by the “Let’s Get Physical” fashion editorial. Being the reps for a plus-size line, it was a breath of fresh air to see women of every shape represented alongside one another. Kudos and thank you for recognizing that beauty can be seen in every size.
—Randi Leeds, Apart Agency, Stamford, CT

Thanks BUST for being so excellent. I had a subscription for years and it was a highlight of my month to receive it. I’ve bonded with friends over it and torn out pages to share with strangers. I even made a new friend when I sold my old copies at a garage sale. I let my subscription slide for budgetary reasons for a while, but I’m back! I just signed up for a digital subscription and couldn’t be happier. Thank you for all you do and have done. I really appreciate it.
—Veronica Holroyd, Gabriola Island, BC, Canada

Oops, We Did It Again
Fleury Rose should have been credited with nail color application consultation for our ombré nails story “Making the Grade” (Feb/Mar 2015). We regret the omission.

via twitter
Reason #93821 I love @bust_magazine: They’re featuring inspirational plus-size models @ALDAwomen. Check it out!
—@juliezeilingera

Glad to see @BlackGirlsCode get some love in @bust_magazine Feb/Mar issue (p. 13). The nonprofit teaches tech skills to black girls age 7–17.
—@ginamurrell1

Get it off your chest!
Send feedback to: BUST Magazine / Letters 18 W. 27th St. 9th Fl. New York, NY 10001 or letters@bust.com. Letters may be edited for length and clarity. You can also tweet us @bust_magazine or leave a comment on our Facebook page.
The Cat’s Meow
MEREDITH GRAVES OF PERFECT PUSSY IS A ROCK STAR FOR A NEW GENERATION

“I WANT TO be in a movie,” Meredith Graves tells me. “I do kind of feel like I’m living in a movie a lot of the time.” The 27-year-old musician and writer would be a compelling heroine, no doubt. A cinematographer couldn’t hope for a more arresting visual than a wide shot of Graves onstage with her band Perfect Pussy, gripping the microphone with white knuckles, a sea of sweaty kids pushing each other in the pit below.
Go With The Flow
L.A.’S FEMINIST LIBRARY ON WHEELS IS ON A ROLL

The former seamstress is stylish, too, though her cool outfits are prone to destruction by the end of a particularly intense set. Graves says a movie about her life would feature “a girl who travels the world and gets into arguments. It would end in an airport.”

When Perfect Pussy’s 2014 album, Say Yes To Love, brought the Syracuse, NY–based punk band out of obscurity, many reviewers mentioned the way Graves’ voice sometimes seemed buried beneath sonic rubble. But at live shows, she has no trouble being heard. The outspoken feminist comes out both swinging and smiling—a trait that sometimes freaks people out. “All of our songs are really painful,” she says. “They are about loss and violence.

When we first started playing shows, someone wrote that it was weird to watch me bounce around and smile onstage. I was like, ‘Dude, I’m singing about what I’ve survived. If you’d survived what I had, you’d be dancing too. When I walk down the street, you tell me to smile. And when I’m on stage, you tell me not to. Are you serious?’”

Graves admits that finding a productive balance between anger and joy took time. “I never could have handled this [when I was a teenager],” she says of her rising popularity. “I wondered for years, When is something good going to happen? I’d think, If I lose weight, if I go to college, if I date the right person, if I don’t date anyone and stay in my apartment and work all day, something will happen. For the first six months this band was around, I didn’t handle it well. I acted like a jerk in interviews. I said crass things that I absolutely regret and pretty much made a nuisance of myself. I’m thankful that I’m still here. I am doing better now than I ever have, and things only seem to be getting better.”

Indeed, Graves is on a roll. She’s moved to Brooklyn, regularly writes essays about feminism for outlets such as Rookie and The Hairpin, started her own record label (called Honor Press), recorded solo material for a split 7” with friend Kevin Devine, that will be released in April, and is working on a book of photos from Perfect Pussy’s first year on the road.

“The world is pretty much trying to kill you all the time,” she says. “You’ve got to find things you’re passionate about and do them with as much excitement as you can muster to counteract the capitalist death machine—even if people think the thing you love sucks. Be like, ‘Sorry, I can’t hear you over the sound of my rad guitar player. I’m fighting the death machine! Gotta go!’”

—BRIDGETTE MILLER

Making appearances all over L.A. with their customized bookshelf tricycle, Jenn Witte, 32, and Dawn Finley, 37, are bringing woman-centric media to neighborhoods that crave it with their Feminist Library on Wheels (F.L.O.W. for short). Their collection, which includes over 1000 titles in rotation, is available both at regularly scheduled locations and at special events like farmers’ markets, fairs, and parades. Anyone can check out a volume on the honor system, and then return it to a designated drop-off spot whenever they’re done. “We want to spark individual and collective change through reading, cycling, and gathering together in community,” says Finley. “We want to integrate feminism into our physical and cultural lives.” To find out more, visit feministlibraryonwheels.com.

—JULIA ZDROJEWESKI
1 Grace and Frankie on Netflix
Jane Fonda and Lily Tomlin play long-time rivals brought together after their husbands announce that they are in love with each other in this new Netflix sitcom. The binge watching begins May 8, so prepare to order in and call out sick from work.

2 Björk’s Vulnicura Blitz
The spring release of Björk’s ninth studio album coincides with the launch of a retrospective dedicated to her work at New York’s Museum of Modern Art. And she’s announced live performances, too, so it’s gonna be a big year for fans of the one-named wonder.

3 It’s Me, Hilary: The Man Who Drew Eloise on HBO
This short film profiling the eccentric guy behind the beloved Eloise books was produced by superfan Lena Dunham and features impressive talking heads, including Fran Lebowitz, Tavi Gevinson, and Mindy Kaling. Catch it on HBO starting March 23.
4. **In the Casa Podcast**

Hosted by Sara Benincasa, comedian and author of the memoir *Agorafabulous!, In The Casa* is a very funny podcast that often deals with very serious issues surrounding mental illness. The episodes featuring Jill Soloway and Michael Ian Black are especially excellent. Download ‘em all at cavecomedyradio.com/inthecasa.

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5. **FKA twigs’ “Pendulum” Video**

British singer-songwriter FKA twigs may be tied up in Japanese shibari rope bondage for much of this hypnotic video, but as director of the project, as well as writer/producer of the haunting song, she’s never been more in control. Prepare to press “Replay” on YouTube.

---

6. **Margaret Cho on Tour**

Hitting the road with all-new material written for her latest standup special—reportedly titled *There’s No “I” in Team, But There’s a “Cho” In Psycho*—comedy renegade Margaret Cho will be making North American appearances through late April. Snap up tix and info at margaretcho.com.

---

7. **Rad American Women A - Z**

by Kate Schatz, illustrated by Miriam Klein Stahl

The very first kids’ book released by iconic publishing house City Lights, *Rad American Women A - Z* (out now) navigates the alphabet from Angela Davis to Zora Neale Hurston with colorful illustrations and short, powerful narratives. The perfect gift for the junior riot grrrl in your life, the book is available online at citylights.com.

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8. **Maude: The Complete Series on DVD**

Long before The Golden Girls, American treasure Bea Arthur starred as an outspoken feminist in this groundbreaking spin-off to *All in the Family*. CBS ran 141 episodes of the series from 1972 to 1978 (one of which famously dealt with Maude’s abortion), and now Shout! Factory has collected them all in a 19-disc set that includes a 40-page tribute book, featurettes, and rare, unaired footage. Available at shoutfactory.com.

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9. **Bentonville Film Festival**

Dedicated to supporting women and diversity in film, The Bentonville Film Festival (founded by Oscar-winner Geena Davis) will debut in Bentonville, AR, May 5 – 9. Billed as “the only film competition to offer guaranteed theatrical, television, digital, and retail distribution for its winners,” the fest is a great way for female filmmakers to connect with audiences hungry for more inclusive work. Grab all the details at bentonvillefilmfestival.com.

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10. **Bessie on HBO**

Queen Latifah stars as “Empress of the Blues” Bessie Smith in the upcoming HBO biopic *Bessie* (out May 16), directed by acclaimed filmmaker Dee Rees (*Pariah*). Oscar winner Mo’Nique will take on the supporting role of blues legend Ma Rainey, so word on the street is that this lush 1920s-era production has lots to love.
"I DON’T LIKE to give advice. People have to find themselves," style icon Iris Apfel tells me over the phone from her vacation home in Florida. But at age 93, she’s had such a rich lifetime full of experiences, people always want to know what she thinks about everything. Now that she’s the subject of legendary filmmaker Albert Maysles’ upcoming documentary *Iris* (out in May), this “rare bird of fashion” is finally giving her fans an intimate glimpse into what makes her tick. Shot over three years, the film covers Apfel’s globe-trotting travels as a fabric designer, her 67-year marriage, and her long career in the fashion industry.

Smart, sharp, and chic as ever, Apfel continues to model, design, and archive her vast collection of clothing and decorative items from her home base in N.Y.C. And she eschews trends and fads in favor of self-awareness and self-confidence as the best guides for fashion. "You shouldn’t slavishly read ‘This is in and this is out’ and ‘You have to have this and you have to have that.’" Rather, she says, "If it doesn’t suit you or you don’t like it, you have to be your own person.”

Apfel’s eclectic and always recognizable signature style of large glasses, maximalist outfits, and heaps of accessories led to a solo show at the Metropolitan Museum of Art’s Costume Institute in 2005 (the first of its kind for a living subject). The show’s success made Apfel “an overnight sensation, except my overnight took about 75 years.” Never one to rest on her laurels, she was particularly pleased by the “bevy of new careers” that the exhibit brought her, including a M.A.C. makeup collection, her own HSN line, and modeling gigs. She says she aims to take it all in stride, but admits she can’t help but be amused at “becoming a cover girl at 93, which I think is a kick in the head. Not many old broads grace covers.” For Apfel, however, this may be one trend she can actually get behind. –*THE LADY AYE*
Born to Run
RIGHTHEOUS RAP DUO RUN THE JEWELS ARE HERE TO STEAL YOUR HEART

TOPPING PRACTICALLY EVERY “Best of 2014” music list last year was Run the Jewels 2, a self-titled, dystopian battle-rap masterpiece by a duo famous for their outlandish boasts and brilliant disses. Penned and performed by Brooklyn producer/rapper El-P (aka Jaime Meline, right), 40, and Grammy-winning Atlanta rapper Killer Mike (Michael Render), 40, the album became so huge that by the time I caught up with the guys by phone, they were preparing to open for Jack White at Madison Square Garden. This spike in popularity is no surprise—their new music is high energy enough to fill a dance floor, but lyri-
cally dark enough to fuel a late-night smoking session. Basically, 
RTJ2 is a hip-hop stoner’s paradise.

“We became friends the day we met,” El-P recalls of the 
pair’s first encounter while working on Mike’s 2012 album 
R.A.P. Music. “Then we became family over the course of an-
other year.” He says their secret to not OD-ing on each other 
is letting the other half of the team be himself. “[Usually] you 
meet someone, you fall in love with them, you wanna be a part 
of their life, and then you start working on changing them so 
they’re more like you,” he explains. “But we don’t do that. We 
share things with each other, give each other ideas, enhance 
each other’s lives—but I’ll be damned if I’m gonna change the 
dude who inspired me.”

To fund RTJ2, the guys launched a Kickstarter campaign 
with absurd bonus incentives and quickly met their goal. (For 
$50,000, they promised to drive around town with their bene-
factor while smoking weed and trying to solve local myster-
ies.) Then a fan started another Kickstarter page to raise the 
$40,000 needed for a “Meow the Jewels Package,” enabling 
the pair to rerecord their album using only cat noises. Zola Je-
sus, Portishead, Boots, and Lil Bub have already signed on as 
collaborators, and the proceeds will go to the families of police 
brutality victims Eric Garner and Michael Brown.

Mike is known for his political activism, and opened their 
show in Saint Louis an hour after the Michael Brown verdict 
was announced with a tearful speech about his fears for his 
sons. He later elaborated on this commentary with an op-ed on 
billboard.com and interviews on CNN and FOX. When asked if 
he has similar concerns for his daughters, ages 17 and 7, Mike 
is reflective. “I want to make sure they know they’re equal as 
human beings,” he says, “and they don’t have to play second 
rat to anyone. There’s an old saying, ‘If you educate a man, 
you educate a man. But if you educate a woman, you educate 
a nation.’” That being said, Mike still hesitates to call himself 
a feminist. “I’m a disciple of feminism because the leaders in 
my family make sure I am,” he says. “But I would never be so 
 presumptuous as to say I understand what it is to be a woman. I 
stand in solidarity with women.”

“I stand in solidarity 
with women.”
-Killer Mike

Growing up surrounded by women—Mike has five sisters and 
El-P has two—has clearly impacted them both. “My heroes were 
 women,” says El-P. “The people who taught me how to be a man 
were women. I didn’t have a father in my life. I don’t know the 
exact tenets of feminism, [but] I carry myself as a person who was 
raised in a family where I was witness to the abuse and the rape 
of women. I was formed in the fire of those tragedies, a person 
whose best friend and biggest champion was his single mother. 
So, am I a feminist? Well, I’m certainly not a chauvinist.”

These two non-chauvinists are also happily off the market, 
though Mike and his wife separated briefly due to his cheat-
ing. “I almost lost it all,” he says of that painful time. “It’s 
incredibly difficult not to succumb to temptation. But I am also 
100 percent sure that I would jump off a building if my wife left 
me. That’s what keeps me in check. I married my best fucking 
friend. When we were recording RTJ2, I was batshit depressed, I 
didn’t wanna be there. But the minute my wife arrived, creativity 
sprouted, because my other half was there.” —Callie Watts

---

**POP QUIZ**

By Emily Rems

How Much Do You Know About Lupita Nyong’o?

When actress Lupita Nyong’o won an Academy 
Award in 2014 for her very first feature film role 
as Patsey in 12 Years a Slave, she rocketed from 
newcomer to megastar overnight. Think you know 
how she gets that Nyong’o glow? Then take the quiz!

1. Lupita Amondi Nyong’o was born on 
March 1, 1983, in _______.
a. Switzerland   b. Mexico 
c. Kenya   d. The United States

2. Lupita holds a master’s degree in acting 
from which prestigious school?
a. The Julliard School 
b. Carnegie Mellon 
c. Tisch School of the Arts 
d. Yale School of Drama

3. When Lupita won her Oscar, she became the first 
woman of _______ heritage to receive the honor.
a. Kenyan   b. Mexican 
c. both a and b   d. neither a nor b

4. Lupita’s mother is the managing director of the 
Africa Cancer Foundation and her father is a 
_______ in Kenya.
a. senator   b. surgeon 
c. lawyer   d. singer

5. Complete the following Lupita quote: “I hope that 
my presence on your screen and my face in maga-
zines may lead you, young girls, on a beautiful 
journey. That you will feel the validation of your 
external beauty, but also get to the deeper business 
of being _______ inside.”
a. proud   b. beautiful 
c. confident   d. liberated

---

Answer Key: 1b, 2d, 3c, 4a, 5b.
“Think of them. Heads up, eyes on the target. Running. Full speed. Gravity be damned. Towards that thick layer of glass that is the ceiling. Running, full speed and crashing. Crashing into it and falling back. Woman after woman. Each one running and each one crashing. How many women had to hit that glass before the first crack appeared?”

-Shonda Rhimes on Feministing.com

“People overcomplicate it. [Feminism is] simply believing in equality between men and women. Pretty basic.”

-Jennifer Aniston in Allure

“I will never make a film without a black woman in it. I can say that very clearly. There’s no world in which I’m interested in telling stories where we are not there.”

-Director Ava DuVernay on BitchMagazine.org

“I stand for girls wanting to be sexy and dance, but also having a strong sense of themselves. If you got a big ol’ butt? Shake it! Who cares? That doesn’t mean you shouldn’t be graduating from college.”

-Nicki Minaj in Rolling Stone

---

**GOOD NEWS**

A sexual assault task force has been established by an Oklahoma school district after friends of three teen girls who were attacked led a community protest called “Yes All Daughters.”

**BAD NEWS**

The district’s superintendent of schools originally sent out a letter urging parents not to let their children participate in the protest.

**STATS**

- 54 Percentage of British women currently taking their husband’s name upon marriage. Down from 94% in 1994.

- 56 Percentage of Affordable Care Act enrollees who are women.

- 61 Percentage of unemployed American women who cite family as a reason they aren’t working.

- 231 Number of laws restricting abortion access that have been passed in the U.S. since 2010.
dreamy bamboo patterned crews
80% bamboo, 18% nylon-spandex, 2% elastic
made in the usa exclusively for sock dreams

sockdreams.com
free shipping in the usa!
SELF-ABSORBED
TEA TOWELS SOAK UP THE ETHOS OF THE ERA

Dating back to the 18th century, tea towels were made from plain, soft linen and were used to dry fine bone china tea sets, hence their name. But by the 19th century, they were as much decorative as utilitarian. Crafty ladies used patterns from women’s magazines to beautify their towels with embroidery or other fancywork, then set them out during card parties or afternoon teas.

Flash forward to the mid-20th century, when tea towels were commercially printed with all kinds of designs for use in the kitchen or to be stitched into pillow covers or framed to hang on the wall. Calendars were a popular motif, and a tea towel with images of a favorite vacation attraction made an excellent souvenir. If a tie was a no-brainer gift idea for Father’s Day, then a tea towel was the same for Mom on her day—though a tea towel printed with bowling or golf cartoons became a “crying towel,” and was perfectly acceptable to give to a man.

A tea towel was not where one would expect a political stand of any kind to be made, and that’s what makes this pair of towels from the 1970s unique. The second wave of feminism came to the attention of most Americans after media coverage of the New York Radical Women’s protest at the Miss America Pageant in 1968. Contrary to longstanding myth, no bras were burned that day. But the image of the “women’s libber” began to take shape in popular culture: angry, man-hating, and lacking suitable foundation garments. The strident, self-righteous libber was easy to mock—and she was ridiculed relentlessly, in television and movies, magazines and newspapers, and even in cartoons that appeared on cocktail napkins and coffee cups.

At first glance, a subtler kind of undermining appears to be going on here. Rather than sexually frustrated, angry harpies, the cartoon “libbers” pictured on these towels are infantilized, with round, pink-cheeked faces and tiny, closed mouths. Instead of sexy mini-skirts or mannish pantsuits, one wears a quaintly old-fashioned dress and boots and the other gal sports colorful, child-like attire. Both are surrounded by pretty flowers. Each carries a picket sign, but given the misspellings and reversed letters thereon, they may just as well have been advertising a kid’s lemonade stand instead of demanding gender equality. All in all, these tea towels made women’s liberation seem soft, cuddly, and impotent.

But while the images on the towels seemed to blunt the notion of female power, they also made it safe to bring into the center of home life—the kitchen. Hanging on a wall, or drying next to the dish rack, these tea towels spread a slyly subversive message of feminism. After all, “Hurray for Women’s Lib” is hardly an ambiguous statement, no matter how askew the lettering.
Throw A Better Baby Shower

TAKE THE PAIN OUT OF CELEBRATING CHILDBIRTH WITH THESE PARTY POINTERS

BABY SHOWERS USUALLY blow. Don’t get it twisted; we love our friends and want their kids to have nice things. But sitting around watching someone open presents and playing lame games just isn’t awesome. Here are some tips on how to throw a shindig that both guests and the mom-to-be will love.
HERE’S WHAT NOT TO DO:

• Don’t have a big gift-opening ceremony. Without it, people can come and go as they please without feeling like jerks, and the mom won’t miss out on valuable hang time with her homies.

• Don’t ban the guys. Invite everyone the mom loves, and if there’s a second pre-parent involved, invite everyone that person loves too.

• Don’t decorate the space like a damn nursery. This isn’t a surprise party for the baby—it’s a celebration for a grown-ass lady.

NOW MAKE THE PARTY BANGIN’:

(If it was somewhere rad, like a Hawaiian vacation), or just something your friend is into. I once threw a “Stacks of Cash and Bling”-themed shower because that’s what my pal liked. We chose the John Waters movie Cry-Baby for our theme here because it’s super cool, Ricki Lake’s character was preggers in it, and the word “baby” is in the title.

• Instead of traditional (boring) shower games, try karaoke with music that goes along with your theme. At our Cry-Baby shower, we’d also have cool activities like a tear-drop station where people can use glitter or black eyeliner to draw little tears under their eyes; a temporary-tattoo station; a flash-art board that guests can use as inspiration for decorating blank onesies with flames or switchblades; and a mug-shot photo booth where guests can hold up a license plate that says “Congrats!”

• Don’t skimp on the food—bae is eating for two! Ricki Lake’s character in Cry-Baby was named Pepper, so we’d serve stuffed peppers along with “Jail Bird” chicken salad, “Turkey Point” sandwiches, “Salty Tears” Martinis, amazing non-alcoholic cocktails for mama, and a hotrod-shaped cake for dessert.

• For our Cry-Baby décor, we recreated the bone bassinet that Iggy Pop made in the movie with a clear storage container, plastic bones, and a hot glue gun. Then we filled it with gifts. Paper triangle banners are also easy to make, super cheap, and can say anything—we used a quote from the movie. Serving beer, soda, and juice in a giant metal tub like the one Iggy took a bath in is another great Cry-Baby touch.

There you go! Next time you find out a loved one is about to make a person, you can throw a shower that’s just as unique as they are. —Callie Watts
Smell Ya Later
CREATE CUSTOMIZED INCENSE CONES THAT REFLECT YOUR ESSENCE

MAKING YOUR OWN incense isn’t that intense. All you need is Makko powder (also called joss powder), which can be found at most botanica stores or online at sites like incensewarehouse.com, and some good-smelling ingredients. For scent, use any combination you like of dried herbs, flowers, or fruit rinds, and/or resins such as myrrh, dragon’s blood, or amber. Grind each ingredient very finely using a mortar and pestle or coffee grinder. Grind any resins or gums last. Mix everything in a bowl, take a big whiff, and add a little more of this or that until you get the smell you like. You’ll want to have around ¼ to ½ cup of this mixture in total. Set aside a tablespoon of the scent mixture. Now it’s time to mix it with Makko. For a mixture that has a lot of resin, you will need to add 40 - 90% Makko in proportion to the resin mix. Resin-free scent mixtures will only need about 10 - 20% Makko. Mix thoroughly, then lay a thin line of this mixture in an incense burner or ashtray and light it. If it doesn’t burn well, add some more Makko. If it burns too fast, add some of the scent powder you set aside. Store in a glass jar and leave in a dark place for at least 24 hours so the aromas can mingle.

To make the cones, set aside 10% of your mixture and put the remainder in a bowl. Slowly add in warm distilled water a few drops at a time, mixing the water into the dough until it is the texture of soft clay. If you add too much water, add back some of the mixture you set aside. Knead the shit out of this incense dough. Pinch off a little dough and roll it into a ball, then shape it into a small cone with a base no bigger than a nickel. Place the cones on a flat surface covered in wax paper and let dry; this may take several days. Once the sides are dry, rotate the cones so the bottoms can dry. When you are sure the cones are completely dry (this could take a few days), light the tip and inhale. If your cones do not burn well, you can grind them back up, add more Makko or incense mix as needed, and try again. Once you’ve perfected your incense, take some time to meditate on how awesome you are. –CALLIE WATTS
GROWING UP, I thought that there were only two kinds of fish: boring broiled flounder and canned tuna. But there are, of course, plenty of fish in the sea, and plenty of tasty ways to prepare them. Here are a couple of my favorite fishy recipes.

**TANTALIZING TANDOORI SALMON**
- Also works with sea bass, halibut, cod, arctic char, and many more kinds of fish
- Allow a few hours to marinate, but only 15 minutes to prepare
- Serves 6

I have my fish guy sell me fish “all the way,” which means no skin and no bones. You can buy 6 nice filets, or buy 3 pounds of salmon and cut your own filets. About a half-pound is ideal for a serving size, but 6 oz. works, too.

To make the tandoori sauce, mix up 1 cup of thick, Greek-style plain yogurt with a few drizzles of fresh lemon juice, a few drizzles of vegetable oil, a pinch each of ground cumin, ground coriander, paprika, turmeric, ground cinnamon, ground cloves, a teeny pinch of cayenne pepper, one plop of minced onion, one plop of minced ginger, and salt and ground pepper to taste. If you want that neon-red look you see in Indian restaurants, you can throw in a dash of edible red food coloring, but make sure to wear rubber gloves if you do—it takes forever to wash that stuff off your fingers!

Marinate the salmon in this mixture for a few hours, but don’t use all the tandoori sauce. You can then throw your fish on a hot grill for 4 to 5 minutes per side, depending on how cooked you want your fish. I would spray the grill with a little cooking spray (like PAM) to keep things from getting sticky. I like my fish cooked through, so sometimes I sear the outside, then throw it in the oven at 350 degrees for a few more minutes. You can also skip grilling altogether and just shove the whole shebang in the broiler for 10 minutes. Serve with the extra tandoori sauce, sliced cucumbers or cucumber salad, sliced tomatoes or tomato salad, and fresh cilantro.

**TUNA TARTARE, ASIAN-STYLE**
- Takes 15 minutes
- Serves 4 – 6

Buy one pound of sushi-quality fresh tuna filet. Cut into the smallest dice you are capable of. Don’t use any dark parts of the tuna. Make a dressing by mixing one drizzle of soy sauce (or gluten-free tamari), one drizzle of sesame oil, and one drizzle of olive, vegetable, or ginger oil. (For ginger oil, take a shot of vegetable oil and drop in a smidgen of minced ginger. Let it steep overnight to extract the flavor. Drain and use.)

At least ten minutes before serving, mix your tuna up in the dressing and season with sea salt and fresh ground pepper. I dollop my tuna tartare on homemade or extra-good store-bought potato chips, and garnish with toasted sesame seeds.
So Hard To Say Goodbye

A RELATIONSHIP EXPERT OFFERS ADVICE ON WHAT TO DO WHEN A FRIENDSHIP GOES FROM BFF TO WTF

I’M SURE YOU’VE heard the saying “Love isn’t supposed to hurt,” and the same applies to friendship. Many of us have a habit of suffering far more BS in our friendships than we should, and often, the trouble goes deeper than you might think. When it comes to choosing the company we keep, we’re often drawn to people who make us feel “at home.” But if your past home life wasn’t healthy, your present taste in friends could be harmful, too. If you find yourself gravitating toward pals who remind you of, say, a parent who hurt you, you may be looking for a happy ending that’s never going to come. You may also have trouble establishing healthy boundaries, and a subconscious desire to heal old scars could make it hard for you to give up on a fraught friendship.

If you want a shot at salvaging things with someone who’s wronged you, you’ll need to have a serious convo. Before you have The Talk, make sure your friend is physically and emotionally available; don’t try to have a heart-to-heart when your friend is nursing a cold or upset from a bad day at work. Don’t attempt to have a significant conversation via text message, either. Make sure to get face to face, so you can read each other’s body language and not risk misunderstandings. Remain calm and confident; your demeanor can set the tone.

I recommend beginning with a disclaimer—a positive, supportive statement (perhaps highlighting a quality that you appreciate in your friend) that can help them to be more receptive and not feel attacked. Then describe what happened to upset you, and how you feel about it. Most importantly, you should clearly state what you want for the future.

So how do you decide what’s a total deal-breaker? One of the biggest things to look out for is a friend’s systematic refusal to consider your feelings. Beware of a bud who boldly proclaims, “That’s just the way I am, and if you don’t like it, too bad!” It’s healthy to give someone a second chance, but repeated refusal to work on behavior that hurts you is cause for separation, not further negotiation. If you decide that you must cut a friend loose, do so with respect, and don’t diss them on social media. –DR. JAMIE TURNDORF

All Charged Up

GADGETS THAT REVIVE YOUR PHONE AND FIND YOUR KEYS ARE A GAL’S BEST FRIEND

Life gets hectic, and forgetting to charge your phone or losing your keys can really jack up your day. Luckily, tech company Triple C Designs can put peace of mind in your pocket. Now you can charge your phone on the go with the Power Wallet ($79.99). Just hook up your phone to the back-up battery hidden inside the wallet, and an LED indicator will let you know how much charge you have.

Attach the SecuriTag ($39.99) to your keys, your pet, or whatever you don’t want to lose. Download the app to your iPhone (unfortunately, it doesn’t work with Android phones) and turn your Bluetooth on. Whenever the tag and your phone are separated for whatever distance you’ve designated (ranging from 20 to 160 feet), the alarm will go off on the tag and you can locate the item using your phone’s GPS. Both handy gizmos are available at go triplec.com. –CALLIE WATTS

ILLUSTRATION: NIKI LEEL / PHOTO: MATT LACEY (SECURI TAG)
SUPERMUTANT MAGIC ACADEMY
JILLIAN TAMAKI

THE KIDS OF THE SUPERMUTANT MAGIC ACADEMY WANT TO BE YOUR FRIENDS

“Not just weird... so completely bonkers and out there that it leaves you a little shellshocked... believe me, that is a huge, huge compliment.” — Autostraddle

MAY 2015 — drawnandquarterly.com

CHASTITY BELT TIME TO GO HOME OUT NOW ON CD/LP

“Pretty much every line is genius.” — Pitchfork “The record is very, very good.” — FADER

ALSO AVAILABLE

COLLEEN GREEN COOL CHOICES LASERA

HARDLYART.COM
Seoul, South Korea

MAKE LIKE TEA LEAVES AND GET STEEPED IN OLD SEOUL CULTURE

SEOUL, SOUTH KOREA, may have a complicated history, but this city’s future is as bright as its skyline. Seoul has embraced both the tech and tourism industries to become a truly global city; I moved there to teach English and found myself surrounded by American expats who had fallen for both the beautiful scenery and the burgeoning arts scene (not to mention the great food and the free Wi-Fi). While its neighbor to the north is more likely to be in the news these days, South Korea is well on its way to becoming a premier travel destination. One only needs to spend some time exploring Seoul’s round-the-clock cultural offerings to understand why.

SHOPPING

If you’re looking to shop ‘til you drop, Seoul’s the place to do it. Skip the mainstream clothing stores at touristy enclave Myeong-dong, and instead, hang with the locals at one of Seoul’s many outdoor shopping markets. To see what all the cool kids are wearing, take the subway to Ewha Womans University (Line 2 to Ewha station) and peruse the many clothing stalls that line Sinchon Ladies Street. (A note on public transportation: The price of a single journey train ticket costs around 1,100 Won, the equivalent of about one U.S. dollar. But if you’re going to be in town for a while, a refillable card can be purchased for under $10, and the subway system runs late into the evening.) The night markets at Dongdaemun (Line 1 or 4 to Dongdaemun) open once it gets dark, and patrons are free to shop into the wee hours. Plus-size ladies should check out OKBT (OK Big and Tall), a plus-size clothing shop specializing in imported women’s fashions.
EATS
You’re probably familiar with kimchi, a spicy Korean fermented cabbage dish that can be served with breakfast, lunch, and dinner. But plenty of other specialties await your tastebuds in Seoul. To Sok Chon (85-1 Chaebeu-dong, Jongno-gu) is best known for a dish called samgyetang, a chicken dish stuffed with chestnuts, dried jujubes (Korean dates), garlic, and ginseng, and served in a fragrant, nutty broth. Vatos Urban Tacos (181-8, Itaewon-dong, Yongsan-gu), an ultra-hip hybrid taqueria, specializes in Korean-style Mexican food. (Try the kimchi fries!) Americans hankering for a taste of home can try the brunch at Suji’s Deli in Itaewon (34-16, Itaewon-dong, Yongsan-gu, 140-861), a New York-style deli and bakery offering corned beef sandwiches and hot, sugary cinnamon rolls. Herbivores might dig Plant (63-15 Itaewon-dong, Yongsan-gu), a vegan cafe and bakery with a revolving menu of kale salads, veggie burgers, and sandwiches.

NIGHTLIFE
Popular within the expat community and reminiscent of your favorite college bar, Thursday Party (364-3, Seogyo-dong, Mapo-gu) is the perfect place to knock back a few brews, play darts, and make some new friends. You can shake it at Club Naked (364-3, 119-5 Itaewon 1il-dong, Yongsan-gu), the hottest hip-hop club in Seoul; be sure to order a round of the cheap-but-strong alcohol called soju.

CAFÉS
Korea has a booming tea and coffee culture with tons of fun themed cafés. In need of a pick-me-up after a serious all-night shopping sesh? Head over to You Are Here Café (Donggyo-ro 25-gil, Mapo-gu), a shop founded by Canadian couple Simon and Martina Stawski, stars of the wildly popular YouTube channel Eat Your Kimchi. Visitors can take Korean language classes there every Tuesday and Thursday. While cat cafés are finally hitting the States, Seoul already has the ol’ cat-and-coffee game licked—literally. And if pups are more your pleasure, at Bau House (394-44 Seogyo-dong, Mapo-gu) patrons can hang out with a number of friendly dogs while sipping drinks.

CULTURE
Relax your mind and body with a visit to a jimjilbang. These large public bath houses are a mainstay of Korean culture. Dragon Hill Spa (40-713 Hangangno 3(sam)-ga, Yongsan-gu) has it all and then some, with seven floors of saunas, pools, public baths, restaurants, a nail salon, an indoor mini golf course, a children’s playroom, and more. History buffs will find no shortage of traditional temples and museums to get lost in. The Namsangol Hanok Village (28, Toegye-ro 34-gil, Jung-gu) is a town preserved from the 1300s that now offers courses in pottery, traditional music, and handicrafts. Changdeokgung Palace (Anguk Station, exit 3) was built in 1405 and housed Korean rulers until it was burned down a century later. The palace was restored in the early 1600s, and its picturesque grounds make it a popular tourist destination.

EXCURSION
If you want to get away from the urban hustle and bustle for a bit, Jeju Island, located off the coast of South Korea, makes for a perfect day trip. The Jeju Haenyeo Museum is dedicated to the fascinating Haenyeo women, known for their mermaid-like abilities to deep-sea dive without equipment (26, Haenyeobangmulgwan-gil, Gujwa-eup, Jeju City). If you’re seeking an offbeat educational experience and some amazing photo ops, outdoor erotic sculpture park Jeju Loveland (680-26 Yeon-dong Jeju-si, Jeju-do) features over 140 sexy statues. No trip to Jeju Island is complete without trying Jeju’s most famous dish, barbecued black pig pork, and Heukdonga (1509 Nohyeong-dong) does it best, so expect a long line.
Get The Vapors

CELEBRATE 4/20 WITH OUR VAPE ROUNDPUP

Touted as a healthier way to smoke weed, vaporizing doesn’t release lung-irritating carcinogens, but it still gets you stoned to the bone. Vaporizers can be used with dry marijuana, weed wax (called dabs), and/or cannabis oil. Plus, vaping saves money because it burns pot slower than smoking. We hit some of the top models on the market to give you the low on getting high. ~CALLIE WATTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>VAPE</th>
<th>PROS</th>
<th>CONS</th>
<th>THE TOKEAWAY</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>CLAW MONEY ORIGINAL MICROG</strong> $69.95, gpen.com</td>
<td>Beautiful design, including a keychain with gold dabber; decorative carrying case with secret pocket; easy to load; clear instructions.</td>
<td>Will leak if turned sideways, so clear all the wax before you put it away.</td>
<td>Designed by graffiti artist Claw Money, this vape is perfect for stylish stoners.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>WEED TYPE:</strong> Wax</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>INFINITY WING LASER LAUNCH BOX KIT</strong> $125, magic-flight.com</td>
<td>Gorgeous designs etched on the cover and handcrafted renewable wood base; small enough to hide in your palm; heats up fast; easy to use; includes two rechargeable batteries, so you can get green on the go.</td>
<td>Can create lung-irritating smoke if you don’t shake the vape between tokes.</td>
<td>Discreet, beautiful, and hits like a dream.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>WEED TYPE:</strong> Dry</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>CUSTOMIZABLE ASCENT VAPORIZER</strong> $249.99, davincivaporizer.com</td>
<td>Customizable color and patterns; roomy weed chamber; motion sensor/auto shut-off; ability to program three temperatures and times; works with wax and dry weed.</td>
<td>The customizable prints are limited; figuring out the right temperature setting takes some trial and error, can create lung-irritating smoke.</td>
<td>This is great for travel; since the glass mouth-piece slides right inside the vaporizer when not in use, you can hit and run.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>WEED TYPE:</strong> Dry or wax</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>KUSH QUEEN IN SWEET TREATS</strong> $135, thecrystalcult.com</td>
<td>Breathtakingly beautiful handmade designs with real Swarovski crystals; can be custom-designed.</td>
<td>Hard to assemble; wax and weed go in the same chamber so you’ll need to clean well when switching; small chamber is bad for dry herb; high temperature creates lung-irritating smoke.</td>
<td>How many stoners does it take to screw in a lightbulb? Less than it takes to figure out how to hit this pen, which gets an A for style but an F for function.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>WEED TYPE:</strong> Dry, wax, or oil</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>ARIZER EXTREME Q</strong> $239, arizer.com</td>
<td>The giant vape-bag creates a massive hit; whip attachments control the density of the vapor based on inhalation; large weed chamber; remote control; preset temperatures; auto-shut-off timer; easy to assemble</td>
<td>It has a rechargeable portable power pack so you can travel with it, but it is pretty bulky to carry around (which isn’t that bad, because if you get really stoned, you can’t walk anyway).</td>
<td>This vape will get you so high, when you come down you’ll have forgotten that you even bought one. It totally smokes the competition.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>WEED TYPE:</strong> Dry</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>STRATUS 4-IN-1 COMBO</strong> $69.99, vaporitevapes.com</td>
<td>The wax atomizer has a glass bulb to collect the vapor, which gives an insane hit for a little bit o’ wax.</td>
<td>Confusing directions regarding what accessory should be used for different weed types. The one for dry material is very small and creates smoke easily.</td>
<td>This is the best choice for hitting wax, but if you want to hit dry herbs, good luck, sucka.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>WEED TYPE:</strong> Dry, wax, or oil</td>
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Tell me about your outfit.
I absolutely love the cat dress; I bought it in Antwerp, Belgium, at an amazing store called Fish and Chips. Sometimes you see an item and you just know that it was made for you. Lately, I’ve been rocking really bright hair, so it’s nice to have an outfit that’s a solid color.
Where do you find style inspiration?
I grew up in rural Virginia and spent a lot of time sorting through church donation bins and volunteering with different organizations that helped women find jobs. I would help these women put together professional wardrobes from donated clothing. The changes I saw in them, how their lives could be flipped around with confidence and the right outfit, really inspired me and changed how I viewed fashion and beauty. My personal style is like a mood ring; I am easily influenced by those around me, and by film and television (I especially love the clothes on *Downton Abbey* and *American Horror Story: Coven*). I love Italian ballet. I’m lucky my job lets me thrift all over the world; my life is a daily art class.

Can you picture your style evolving over time?
I am super excited about being a Glamazon in my 50s and 60s. I’ll wear wild hairpieces, gigantic shoes, and lots of lace. I see my future like the show *Absolutely Fabulous*.

Are there any fashion rules you won’t follow?
I ignore the size on labels. I like meshing feminine and masculine; I’ll slick back my hair and wear a cummerbund and a nice pair of flat shoes. It’s all for fun.

—HOLLY TRANTHAM

**Copycat**

**THINK MARSHÉ’S A GODDESS? YOU’LL WORSHIP HER STYLE PICKS**

1. Cannabus Crop Top, $25, wowch.com
2. Jeffrey Campbell Natch Sandal, $125, jeffreycampbells.com
3. UNIF Off Duty Tie-Dye Dress, $68, unifclothing.com
4. Third Eye Skater Dress, £44.99, killstar.com
5. Beet It Beetle Necklace, $18, juliadent.etsy.com
6. White Leaf Print Cut Out Swimsuit, $56, riverisland.com
What Lies Beneath

THE BFFS BEHIND BEAUTY LIES TRUTH WANT TO PUT POWER IN YOUR HANDS AND GET TOXINS OFF YOUR FACE

ALEXIS KRAUSS’ BAND. Sleigh Bells, is known for being very loud, and Krauss has a voice that can cut through even the most formidable guitar noise. But the 29-year-old singer doesn’t just have impressive stage presence: as the co-founder of Beauty Lies Truth (beautyliestruth.com), Krauss is taking on the multibillion-dollar cosmetics industry and hoping to be heard. Krauss and her friend Jessica Assaf, 24, a Harvard student and activist/entrepreneur, launched the website in June 2014 to educate women on the potentially harmful chemicals and unethically sourced ingredients found in most mass-marketed beauty products, and to inspire them to take a closer look at what’s in their makeup bags.

Cosmetic issues aren’t just skin-deep, and while the gals’ ultimate goal is to get better beauty regulations at the government level (“Consumer pressure is the way to get things done,” Assaf insists), they understand that change starts one woman at a time. “It’s a personal journey, and it’s also absolutely part of the feminist movement,” Assaf says. “It’s about women taking back power from companies, controlling their bodies and their most intimate rituals, sharing knowledge, and supporting each other.” Indeed, their mission seems to be about choice above all, offering DIY projects that can be made with natural ingredients as well as reviews and links to products from ethical beauty brands founded and run by women. The site also includes a guide to the potentially harmful ingredients that we put into our pores all too often. But Assaf recognizes that while the beauty industry uses shame to sell products, Beauty Lies Truth isn’t about guilt—or going without. She wants readers to feel “empowered, not fearful. We try to keep our blog coverage balanced,” she says, “and we want to create a space where women feel really comfortable and safe.”

So how can you give your makeup a healthy makeover? Assaf and Krauss recommend that you start by taking a look at what you use on a daily basis, and prioritize what makes you feel great. If you love wearing eyeliner, click through the “Best of Beauty” section on their site to see if there are any alternatives in your price range, and consider trying one when your supply runs out. If you’re into skincare, check your kitchen cabinets and experiment with how you can use what you already have in your home. “Maybe one night, take off your eye makeup with an organic oil and see how you feel the next day,” suggests Krauss, a self-described lover of glitter on her lids. “It’s about exploration, and that should be fun and engaging.”

—BRIDGETTE MILLER
FULLY STACKED
KEEP YOUR FINGERS ON FLEEK BY PILING ON THE RINGS
BY CALLIE WATTS


Bottom hand, left to right: Chain of Thought Shiny Ring Set, $8.70 (set of 5 rings, shown on pointer, ring, and pinky fingers), gojane.com; V Knuckle Ring, $15, vidakush.com; [wrist] Beach Babe With Turquoise And Evil Eye, $45, ettika.com.

Neck: Bandit Bib Pendant Necklace, $72, the2bandits.com.
Roses are Pink, Roses are Blue

GOOD STUFF By Stephanie J.

Make time for a vintage-inspired print clock by Texan artist Melissa Polomsky.
THE ARTWERKS WALL CLOCK, $30, SOCIETY6.COM

Smell swell with a 100 percent natural, vegan, eco-friendly scent.
BEAUTY MIST, $36, SHOPROSEWINE.COM

April showers bring May flowers in the form of a gorgeous garland.
PINK RANUNCULUS CROWN, $35, CAMERONCOUTURE.ETSY.COM

Give rainy days the boot with flowery DMs.
DR. MARTENS PASCAL BOOTS, $135, ZAPPOS.COM

Cozy up in sweet sweats with a photo print.
FLORAL SWEATSHIRT, $59.95, CHAINCANDY.COM

See the world through (blue) rose-tinted glasses.
THE MARINA DEL RAY SUNGLASSES, $49.99, DADDYLONGLEGS.ETSY.COM

Nail it with pretty polish by the Parisian brand Paul & Joe.
NAIL POLISH IN SHADE #16, $16, PAULANDJOE.US

Keep sharp with a snarky, punky pendant.
WHatever NECKLACE, $15, SNARKFACTORY.ETSY.COM

Get a rosy glow with organic oil for soft skin.
ROSE PETALS BODY OIL, $18 FOR 2 OZ., ANGELFACEBOTANICALS.COM

Make a statement with a poster by Hannah Hart of My Drunk Kitchen.
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Practise RECKLESS OPTIMISM

march 2023
Kitten Heels
PUSSYFOOT AROUND IN THESE CUTIE DIY CAT KICKS

Do felines tickle your fancy? If you could be covered in kitties from head to toe, would you start with your toes? If so, then you’re in luck, you crazy cat lady. Here’s how to add a little meow factor to any pair of shoes.

What You’ll Need
- A cheap pair of black flats
- One sheet each of white, black, and pink felt
- White, black, and pink embroidery floss or thread
- A needle
- Any kind of permanent, multi-surface glue (we used E6000)
- Scissors
- A pen

Instructions
For the cat face, cut out a heart shape from the black felt, no wider than 3” (try folding the felt in half, then drawing half a heart, like you did for valentines in elementary school). Round the bottom of the heart with your scissors. Once you’re happy with the size and shape of this piece, trace it onto the black felt and cut out an identical piece. Cut four small triangles from the black felt for ears, and four pieces from the white felt, about the size and shape of almonds, for the eyes. Finally, from the pink felt, cut two small triangles for noses, along with four triangles for the inner ears.

Use a small amount of glue to attach the eye and nose pieces to each face. Lightly draw the cat’s facial features on the felt in pen: mouth, tongue, pupils, and whiskers. Using the embroidery floss, use small stitches to go over these lines.

Glue the smaller pink triangles inside the larger black triangles for ears. Sew these pieces onto your cat face with black thread. At this point, you should have two identical kitty faces ready for their shoe debut.

After making sure your shoes are clean and dry, cover the back of the kitten faces with glue. Center the pieces on the toes of your shoes, and when you’re happy with the placement, stick them down. Hold the face down until it retains the shape of the shoe and then leave it to dry. After the glue sets, your kitten shoes should be good to go!

~MARY ROCKCASTLE
A CENTURY AGO, ONE ICONIC HAIRSTYLE BECAME A WAY FOR WOMEN TO SHOWCASE FASHION, FREEDOM, FEMINISM—AND ALL THAT JAZZ

THIS YEAR MARKS the 100th anniversary of the bob in America. Although the look is most associated with the 1920s, it was 1915 when ballroom dancer Irene Castle accidentally revolutionized the sleek, short hairstyle. To prep for an impending hospital stay, she chopped her long locks off right at the chin. When the slender dancer debuted her new ‘do, it sparked a haircut craze.

Women were soon flocking to salons to get their own so-called Castle bobs. At first, hairdressers were forced to turn them away. Some didn’t approve of the sleazy, unladylike look, and others just didn’t know how to do it. So these feisty femmes went where few gals had gone before—the barbershop. The barbers, happy for the extra business, obliged. The shops soon became so crammed with young women that angry male regulars had to wait in line just to get a hot shave and trim. The original
femme fatale silent film star Louise Brooks brought the bob to the silver screen in the mid ’20s, and the flapper look hit a fever pitch.

Now fashion-forward and fueled by the freedom to vote, ladies were ready to indulge in some of the other pleasures once reserved for the guys. More women were smoking, drinking, and driving than ever before. For the majority of these gals, their rebellious behavior entailed simply enjoying jazz, gin, and a little sin; but others got carried away.

Two bobbed-hair women made national headlines when they were accused of killing their male mates. Cabaret singer Belva Gaertner and laundry worker Beulah Annan got more attention for their looks than their crimes—the media respectively nicknamed them Murderess Row’s “most stylish” and “prettiest” women. Their stories would go on to inspire the musical (and later, movie) Chicago.

After all that hairy hullaballoo, Castle had to remind people she wasn’t the first to rock a bob. Other kickass heroines of history, like Joan of Arc and Cleopatra, were bobbed before it was cool. And Castle wouldn’t be the last, either. The style saw a revival in the 1960s, when Vidal Sassoon gave the bob a mod makeover by creating the five-point cut, most notably worn by models Grace Coddington and Peggy Moffitt. In the ’80s, Sassoon once again updated the look, making the “lob”—or long bob—the second-most famous look for strong businesswomen of the era, next to crazy shoulder pads.

Still, Castle’s cut is credited for starting the flapper revolution. “I believe I am largely blamed for the homes wrecked and engagements broken because of clipped tresses,” she wrote in Ladies’ Home Journal in 1921. It’s like the bob’s modern maven, Anna Wintour, says: “There is something about fashion that can make people very nervous.” —LIZ DONOVAN

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**Best Tressed**

HAIR PERFUMES TO MAKE YOUR SKULL SMELL WELL

Hair absorbs odors easily. If you’ve spent the night by a bonfire or at a smoke-filled warehouse party, or didn’t have time to shower after your morning run, then hair perfume can freshen your tresses—even if they smell like hot garbage.

1. **Color Protectant Hair Perfume in Bianca**
   This citrus-scented stuff keeps your hair color from fading and protects against sun damage. Yes, you woke up like that. $35 for 1.75 FL OZ, UNITEEUROTHERAPY.COM.

2. **Hair Shots in Coconut Mango**
   This heat-activated spritz is a must-have for every gym bag so you can smell beachy keen all day long. $11.99 for 4 FL OZ, HAIRSHOTS.COM.

3. **Sea Spray Hair Mist**
   With a seawater base for texture, plus grapefruit and neroli oil for scent, this spray is subtle enough that you can wear other perfume and still avoid over-aroma-rama. $12.95 for 3.3 FL OZ, LUSHUSA.COM.

4. **Pure & Petal Hair Fragrance in Heavenly Clean**
   Make your hair smell like fresh laundry while softening it with silk protein and vitamin B5. $42.99 for 4 FL OZ, PUREPETAL.COM.

5. **Vanilla Fig Sea Salt Hair Spray**
   The scent of vanilla and fig is so delightful, you’ll want to spray this from head to toe. $8 for 4 FL OZ, PUURBODY.ETSY.COM. —CALLIE WATTS
Fly and Dry
GET ‘EM SPRUNG ON YOUR SPRING STYLE

STOP PLAYING
Make a splash with a sequined mermaid playsuit.
PAULETTE LONG SLEEVE PLAYSUIT BY MOTEL, $79, DOLLSKILL.COM

ALL PUDDLED UP
Pull on these translucent boots when you want your feet to stay dry—and show off your pedicure.
SEATTLE-RAIN BOOT, $47, ZOOSHOO.COM

I CAN STAND THE RAIN
This sparkly slicker will have you begging for a gloomy day.
SCARAB ANORAK, £60.00, THERAGGEDPRIEST.COM

TRUE ROMANCE
Show your devotion to a hot love that may burn the roof of your mouth, but won’t break your heart.
PIZZA IS MY BAE SWEATSHIRT, £40, BATOKO.COM

FLOOR ‘EM
Leaf everyone in envy of your simple style in a tropical maxi dress.
BISHOP SLEEVE MAXI DRESS IN TROPICAL PRINT, $29.95, STYLEMOMI.NU

DOGGY STYLE
Nothing screams “high fashion” like a Snoop Dogg sweatskirt.
SNOPPY SWEATSKIRT, $105, CLASSHIST.COM

CLEARLY THE CUTEST
A cat ear hat with neon piping will brighten any rainy day.
POP TRIM EAR RAIN CAP, $15, SANDIEGODHAT.COM

SLOTHS WORK HARD
FOR THE MONEY
Give a slow clap for this cute iPhone case.
STRIPPER SLOTH iPhone 6 CASE, $15.99, SHARPShIRTER.COM

HI HATERS
Keep your computer away from shady eyes with this graphic case.
VERBAGE SYMBOLS LAPTOP CASE, $42, DIMEPIECELA.COM

TOKIN’ BOX
The perfect place for your smokable valuables, this faux-embroidered container says “Just a little higher” on the inside.
WORLD’S GREATEST STONER TIN CIGAR BOX, $14.99, BLUEQ.COM
UNBREAKABLE!

Ellie Kemper, the sunny star of Tina Fey’s brilliant new Netflix comedy *Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt*, opens up about *Bridesmaids*, SoulCycle, and what it was like to have Jon Hamm as her ninth-grade drama teacher

By Lisa Butterworth

Photographed by Amber Mahoney

Styling by Priscilla Polley  //  Hair by Christopher Naselli
Makeup by Tina Turnbow  //  Manicure by Fleury Rose
Props by Josie Keefe

BOTTOM RIGHT: NECKLACE: THERAPISTE; BRACELET: RAYE; SKIRT: NINA ricci; BRACELET: MIYAMOTO; PANTS: JACOBS

ANTS: JOSEPH
“I’m sorry I don’t know more about you!” Ellie Kemper says, baring her perfect teeth in a broad smile as we wrap up our lunch at Little Dom’s, an Italian place near her part-time home in Los Angeles. “That’ll be next time.” But after talking for nearly two hours over bread, salad, and piping hot arancini, she does know about me, because she asked—about where I live, my family, my dog, how I got into writing, how I started at BUST, even what TV shows I like. Listening to the recording of our chat, I’m hard-pressed at first to tell who’s interviewing whom. Which, in the world of celebrity interviews, is an anomaly. In the world of Ellie Kemper, however, it’s a totally normal thing to do. Over the course of our lunch, she banterers with the server about the hipness of kale, makes eyes at an adorable baby sitting at the table behind us, and graciously makes eyes at an adorable baby sitting at the table behind us, and graciously

In real life, the 34-year-old actress doesn’t seem too far removed from the roles she’s best known for. Kemper has made her name playing wide-eyed optimists to hilarious effect, like the affably goofy receptionist Erin Hannon on The Office. (In 2009, she parlayed what was originally a four-episode arc into a recurring character.) Or the sweet and perky Becca in 2011’s Bridesmaids, who, during the movie’s infamous trip to Vegas scene, asks the flight attendant for “a glass of alcohol.” But while Kemper may share their sunniness, it’s clear she’s got a lot more going on in the intelligence department—she did study at both Princeton and Oxford, after all, though her savvy goes beyond book smarts. Her questions are quick and our conversation is peppered with witty asides, evidence of a wit honed by years of improv. She tells me she’s an anxious person, but you’d never know. And underlying it all is a steady sense of drive, a tenacity that took her from begging the editor of The Onion to let her write for the paper and being an unpaid intern on Late Night with Conan O’Brien to climbing the ranks at the Upright Citizens Brigade and finally landing a role on The Office after years of commercial work. And it’s all paying off. Or at least it’s about to.

When we meet, Kemper looks like an effortlessly casual Madewell model in skinny jeans, boots, and a striped long-sleeve top. But just days before, walking the red carpet at the Golden Globes, she was the epitome of glamour. It was Kemper’s first time at the famously intimate awards show where guests get drunk and, for the past three years, Amy Poehler and Tina Fey have slayed as hosts, leaving no uncomfortable pop culture untouched. Despite swearing that she doesn’t know how to pose (“I try [practicing in the mirror], but that is so discouraging,” she says), Kemper stunned on the red carpet, wearing a silvery, backless Naeem Khan gown. “I felt so, like, Hollywood,” she says. But feeling Hollywood isn’t the same as being Hollywood. “Those things are just weird,” she continues. “I went as Tina’s guest. I wasn’t presenting and I wasn’t nominated, so that was even a little bit weirder just because it was like, What am I doing here? But also, none of the photographers knew my name. They kept calling me Anna!” Photographers might not have known her name then, but they probably do now. And she better get used to red carpets, too, because Kemper was more than just Tina Fey’s guest at the Golden Globes. She’s the star of Fey’s new show (one that was created specifically for Kemper by Fey and her 30 Rock co-creator, Robert Carlock), something Kemper, with characteristic humility, calls “a miraculous turn of events that is one of the luckiest things to ever happen to me in my life.” In Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt (which debuted on Netflix March 6), Kemper plays the titular character, a woman who, after spending 15 years underground in an Indiana doomsday cult, is learning to live a “normal” life in New York City. “At first I wasn’t sure if they were joking or not, ‘cause that doesn’t sound like the premise of a comedy,” Kemper says. “And then I was like, I guess they wouldn’t prank me.”

Of course, Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt is about as “normal” as 30 Rock was. Its storylines have more than a hint of absurdity, and it’s got a cast of eccentric characters—Tituss Burgess plays Kimmy’s musical theater–loving roommate, Carol Kane is her nosy landlord, and 30 Rock alum Jane Krakowski plays Jacqueline Voorhees, the Upper East Side mom who hires Kimmy as a nanny. But the show rests squarely on Kemper’s shoulders. Kimmy’s got Kemper’s bright-eyed buoyancy, and a fierce independent streak balances out her
naïveté. (When a construction worker catcalls her with the line, “Hey Red, you’re making me wish I was those jeans,” she perkily responds, “Well, I wish I was your yellow hat!”) Kemper has the ability to ground a character that in the wrong hands could lean toward caricature, and the show takes full advantage of her talent for physical comedy. (When, in the pilot, someone yanks a backpack she’s holding down with her foot, causing her to faceplant in front of a dude she’s flirting with, the result is pure comic gold.)

But perhaps what is most appealing about Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt is that it has that underlying current of feminism that Tina Fey is known for. There’s a scene in the first episode of Unbreakable in which Kimmy and her fellow rescued cult sisters, known as the “mole women,” are being interviewed by Matt Lauer on The Today Show. When one woman says she followed the cult leader underground after serving him at her restaurant job, simply because he asked her to, Matt Lauer says pointedly, “I’m always amazed at what women will do because they’re afraid of being rude.” As the camera lingers on Kimmy’s face, it’s like watching a feminist awakening in the span of seconds.

With 30 Rock off the air since 2013, you can’t help but feel that Fey is passing a baton to Kemper, one Kemper seems more than willing to take up. “Oh absolutely, 100 percent,” Kemper says, a forkful of kale in her hand, when I ask if Kimmy Schmidt feels like a feminist show. “It’s all about women who are strong as hell. I guess it’s tricky because if you hit people over the head with the issue, then it becomes tiresome. But I think that it is just so obvious in the writing and the action of the show. It is obvious. And Unbreakable is the latest addition to the new world order of television that Fey and Amy Poehler, with her executive producer role on Broad City, are helping to drive.

Kemper has a knack for starring in some of Hollywood’s most pro-female projects. As a bridesmaid in Bridesmaids, she was part of the film industry’s most notable gender shift of the past decade. When word of the Judd Apatow–produced, Kristen Wiig–penned, all-female ensemble comedy got out in 2011, male critics collectively lost their minds, and condescending headlines—“Can Bridesmaids Save the Chick Flick?”—abounded. But for the bridesmaids themselves, it was business as usual. And now that it’s been a few years, Kemper can look back with a little distance. “It was so weird preparing for it because to the cast, it didn’t seem like it was going to be game-changing.” Kemper says, tucking her hair behind her ear. “Basically, Bridesmaids showed studios that a movie that stars all women can make a lot of money.” ($288 million, to be exact.) “I mean, it’s not as heroic as we would like to sound,” she continues, “but that’s what it boils down to. I think in its wake, a lot more comedies have been financed with strong female leads. But I don’t think Kristen and Annie Mumolo wrote it with that in mind. Like, ‘We’re gonna set fire to [the industry]!’ It was more like, ‘This is a story we want to tell and it’s a story about women, ’cause we’re women.’ But it’s so great that it did have that effect.”

It’s an effect that still has a long way to go, though. “In television, the landscape has been filled with shows like New Girl and The Mindy Project and 30 Rock and Parks and Rec. They are all driven by funny female leads and there have always been television shows with funny female leads,” Kemper says. “But in movies, I’ll read scripts a lot of the time where, unfortunately, the lady parts are—the lady parts!” She yelps, interrupting her thought with uncontrollable laughter and slapping her hand on the table. “The roles for women,” she continues after composing herself, “feel like props. And it’s bad, but not all of the time. I just read a script yesterday that has two funny men and two funny women—even Steven. Or...what’s a female name? Even...Stephanie. But I still get plenty of scripts where women are boring people who keep the guys from having their fun.”

The most annoying outcome of the hubbub around Bridesmaids was the resurfacing of that old, withering, asinine question: Can women be funny? It’s a notion Kemper is loathe to validate with a response, but she felt it acutely during the movie’s run. “With Bridesmaids, some guys would be like, ‘Hey! That was funny!’ And it is a little jarring cause you’re like, Uhuhh, DUH!” It’s a subject she even gave a TEDx talk on in her hometown of St. Louis, but it wasn’t a decision she made lightly (“the importance of sports” was the other topic the former field hockey player was considering). “I actually felt worried once I had chosen the topic of women in comedy,” she says, “because I sometimes worry that if you do talk about it, that makes it sound like an issue that’s up for debate.”

Kemper’s brand of funny isn’t up for debate though. Her jokes can sneak up on you. (When I ask if she got interested in cults while prepping for Kimmy Schmidt, she leans in conspiratorially and asks, “Have you ever done SoulCycle?”) And she draws from a grab bag of droll voices—from an old-

“Basically, Bridesmaids showed studios that a movie that stars all women can make a lot of money.”
TOP AND SKIRT: BECKLEY; SHOES: ZARA; FELT PIGEONS BY TINA PINA TRACHENBURG A.A. MOTHERPIGEON
school Brooklyn dude to an extra-sassy version of herself—throughout our chat. But being funny wasn’t something she necessarily set out to achieve. “I envy those kids who absolutely know what they want to do from a young age, because then you can go after it and have that goal defined,” she says. “I didn’t have that.”

She did have a love of performing, however. “We didn’t grow up watching a lot of comedy,” she says. “It was more, without sounding too Brady Bunch or something, we just put on a lot of plays and stuff. We would make a lot of home videos.” Kemper’s life does sound kind of sound kind of Quipfire, she says with an affection.

It was the future Don Draper who gave Kemper her first taste of improv, which she later fell hard and fast for as an undergrad at Princeton. “Every improv group is named something totally embarrassing. Ours was Quipfire,” she says with an affectionate eye roll. For Kemper, it was love at first, well, quip. “I felt like I was good at [improv]. I understood it,” she says. “You can’t really mess up because there’s nothing memorized or prepared. I find that more relaxing. But also, it’s because all you have to do is make sure that the scene goes forward. So it’s just like having a conversation; you just want to make everything keep moving.”

After she graduated from Princeton, Kemper spent a year studying English at Oxford then moved to New York City, where she continued to work in the trenches of improv and indie comedy. Though she attributes her pretty stellar track record to “a lot of luck” and “being at the right place at the right time,” it’s clear Kemper worked her ass off, performing at Upright Citizens Brigade, interning at Late Night with Conan O’Brien (where she met comedy writer Michael Koman, whom she married in 2012), and bugging The Onion’s editor for a year until he finally accepted one of her pitches (“Dog in Purse Stares Longingly at Dog in Yard” was the headline that convinced him).

Before landing her role on The Office, Kemper did commercials to pay the bills, for DSW (she still shops at the one in N.Y.C.’s Union Square), Kmart, Tostitos, and Wendy’s. An episode of Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt even pays homage to her commercial past when Jacqueline Voorhees’ housekeeper compares her to the Wendy’s old-fashioned hamburger girl, “which is maybe true,” Kemper says with a self-deprecating laugh. It might have taken awhile for Hollywood to discover her talents, but it’s not like she was twiddling her thumbs, listening for the phone to ring. She was out there making it happen. “I started writing sketch shows because it was like, ‘Well, I want to be on stage and there’s no one putting me on stage,’ so that’s a way to take it into your own hands,” she says. “Especially with acting. It’s so easy to just sit and wait. It’s that realization of, ‘Oh, no one’s thinking of us.’ You have to think of you.”

She even auditioned for Saturday Night Live, doing a Renée Zellweger impression for Lorne Michaels. “Just because my face—well, my face used to look like hers,” she says. “I obviously didn’t get it.” Which is just as well, since she’s clearly doing fine without that notch on her comedy belt.

In a few weeks, she’ll return to New York to film the second season of Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt, which Netflix has already committed to. In the meantime, she’s binge-watching David Letterman, hanging out at Tina Fey’s place (“Oh, that definitely sounded like I was namedropping.” Kemper says after telling me about the night they spent watching Peter Pan Live and eating donuts), and auditioning for movies. Movies whose executives better get their acts together if they want to keep Kemper’s interest. “I don’t normally get upset when someone uses the word girl, or like, refers to you as a girl. But since I’ve been back here, I’ve had a couple of meetings where they’ll talk about a girl role when they’re really talking about a grown woman. Don’t you think that’s weird?” she asks as the server clears our plates. “I don’t know. It struck me more than it ever has. I’m a grown-ass woman.”
TINY FURNITURE

GENIUS DECORATING HACKS THAT WILL LET YOU LIVE LARGE IN SMALL SPACES

BY SIMONE CHAVOOR // PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOEL DESMOND
Hide your stuff in decorative containers, like these vintage steamer trunks.

No closet? No problem. Broomhall stores some items, such as towels, in open shelving.
If you think about it, people who live in small spaces are pretty lucky. No, really. Unlimited space is boring. You can just put all of your stuff in there and call it a day. Where’s the fun in that? Restrictions, be they on physical space, budget, or what your landlord says you can do in terms of alterations, are what lead to the creative solutions that will make your home unique. Those weird nooks and crannies, those impractically placed light switches and power outlets, and that oddly-shaped closet are all just waiting for you to figure out how to make them work for you.

When Laura Broomhall, 32, and her husband left New York City to live on the coast of Maine, they traded in their small city apartment for an itty-bitty country cabin. Broomhall says that the 16 x 24-foot home feels “ginormous” compared to an 8 x 10-foot cabin they’re building further north, but admits that sharing a one-room space with another person (and no septic system) is “definitely a challenge.” Overall, though, Broomhall says it’s worth it to live in a place she calls “magical.” Her place is the perfect example of how, with a few simple tricks, even the most miniature crib can be transformed into a fully functional—and beautiful—home.

First off, here are some rules that apply whether you’re living in a restored rural cottage or are renting a wee studio. Following the Tiny Space Gospel can help you make the most of what you’ve got and turn your home into a little piece of heaven.

The Tiny Space Gospel: Universal Principles For All Small Space-Dwellers

It’s All About Making Use of Every Inch of Space
Every inch of floor space, wall space, and even ceiling space is up for grabs in a small apartment. You need to consciously determine how it will all be used. Even if you decide to leave some of it empty, it has to be on purpose.

Determine What You Need and Want
Anyone who’s despaired over a tiny paycheck and tight budget knows the pain of “needs” versus “wants” all too well, and the same goes for a tiny home. It might be tough, but you need to prioritize your belongings. One way to do this is to determine what you need on a daily basis, on a seasonal basis, on a yearly basis, and what you almost never use.

Start with what you need for your daily routine. Literally go through your day and figure out what you lay hands on inside your home. Those are the most important, and should be placed in the most accessible spots.

Then there are those items that you use less frequently. But how much less?

If you live for margarita nights on Fridays and waffles on Saturday morning, your blender, glasses, and waffle iron can still have a place in your cabinets. But that juicer you got for Christmas that’s still in the box? Maybe it’s time to re-gift that sucker. Anything that you actually, honestly use (your “needs”) deserves a place in your home. Any space that’s left over can be used for your “wants,” like that box of limited edition Beanie Babies you just can’t part with.

Cram It All in There, and Then Make It Look Beautiful
Now that your necessities have found their homes, and your chosen “wants” have their places, too, it’s time to step back and give it the ol’ artistic eyeball. In small homes, a lot of your possessions end up on display, so ask yourself if there’s a way to arrange your things in an aesthetically pleasing way. Swap out the containers your food or sundries came packaged in for matching bottles, jars, tins, or boxes. Restaurant supply stores are wonderful for simple small storage, and they’re cheap, too. Retailers like Muji or IKEA also offer tons of storage systems to contain your clutter. But even if you’re just recycling glass jars of pasta sauce, storing your things in neutral, matching containers eliminates the visual clutter that can make a room feel crowded.

Not Enough Space? Find More
Still not enough room? Are you sure about that? Because I don’t believe you. “Dead space” is the bane of the small space-dweller’s existence. Wasted space is wasted opportunity. Look under your bed, look in the corners of your room, look into the gaps between furniture—if you can fit your hand in there, you can use that space to store something you might need or want. You can even help expand existing dead space and therefore make it more useable. For example, bed risers can give you an extra couple of inches of height underneath your bed so that you can slide in bins for storing shoes, linens, or out-of-season clothes.
Now that you’ve got the basics, let’s take a look at some specific ideas for maximizing your space.

**CREATE VERTICAL STORAGE**
One of the most overlooked areas of dead space is right up the wall. Shelves, pegboards, corkboards, and hooks can create storage practically out of thin air. The most important thing to do when installing wall storage is to go all the way up to the ceiling. This maximizes the storage space available and gives your room a sense of height. Broomhall and her husband hang their guitars on the walls of their cabin, rather than taking up floor space with stands, and she displays her jewelry above her dresser rather than on it.

For renters, installing more serious shelving systems can be tricky. You’ll have to clear it with your landlord, or accept that you’ll have to patch up some holes when you move out (or just say goodbye to some of your security deposit); but it can be entirely worth it if it means making room and getting organized. If it’s still a no-go, 3M’s Command Strips series of temporary (but strong!) adhesives peel away with almost no damage, and are perfect for smaller hooks or corkboards.

**DOUBLE-DUTY FURNITURE**
You can get twice the usefulness out of some pieces of furniture just by giving them a second look. An ottoman with a serving tray easily doubles as a coffee table, and can be transformed back into a footrest or extra seat anytime you need one. Console tables can become long, narrow desks; a chair can be used as a bedside table that’s just the right height for a few necessities (like water or a phone charger), but can also be brought out to the living room for an unexpected guest, or into the kitchen as a stool for reaching a high shelf. Broomhall put hooks on the side of her bookshelf so that it can hold her tomes and hang her clothes.

**SNEAKY STORAGE**
Hiding storage in plain sight by using cute and unexpected vessels is one of my favorite small space tricks, one that Broomhall uses to great effect in the lofted space of her cabin. A suitcase or steamer trunk can give a room a funky, vintage vibe, and no one will give a second thought to what’s inside. Some furniture is even made with this in mind; look for ottomans with liftable lids, or sofas with storage space beneath the cushions.

If you’re not ashamed to show the goods, make like Broomhall and display items like towels in open shelving, so you always know what you’ve got on hand.

**TURN YOUR CLOSET INTO SOMETHING MORE**
Closets aren’t just for clothes. If you’re lucky enough to have a large closet (maybe the architect who designed your studio felt sorry for its potential occupants), consider what else can go inside it. Maybe your bed can fit inside; sure, it’d be too small to be called a “bedroom” without bursting into laughter halfway through the word, but in a studio, a separate sleeping space of-
fers precious privacy. A large closet is also perfect for a crafting or office space. A dedicated space for work often helps your mindset switch to “work mode” when sitting down to get things done. Best of all, when you’re all done, you can close the door and get back to relaxing at home.

**DIVIDE YOUR SPACE INTO ZONES**

One of the biggest challenges of living in a one-room studio is keeping it from feeling too much like a college dorm. Being able to reach your coffee table from your bed might seem convenient—until it’s time to have guests over. It can get kind of awkward hanging out in what’s essentially your bedroom. Create different zones in your home to combat the “dorm perception.” Designate areas to serve different purposes, such as sleeping, watching TV, eating, or working, and group your furniture accordingly. This kind of division not only offers privacy, but also a general feeling of organization.

The use of room dividers can really help here. A large bookshelf not only serves as a pseudo-wall, but also offers tons of storage. Broomhall’s big bookshelf provides the all-important distinction between her dining space and living room. Curtains can also serve as more-mobile dividers; you can draw them when you want to close off a space.

**FOLDING FURNITURE**

Whether it’s for extra guests or for extra work space, folding furniture can help you play a neat little game of “now you see it, now you don’t.” Drop-leaf tables can increase your surface space on an as-needed basis, then collapse back down for everyday use. Folding chairs are great when entertaining, and fold so nearly flat that they’re easy to store in one of those aforementioned dead spaces.

**BLOCKING**

This is a tip that seems to go against common sense, interior design-wise. But if you know you’re not going to need to access a certain space in your home (such as a cabinet or part of another piece of furniture), don’t be afraid to block it. Sometimes your closet or cabinet is full of long-term storage items, like holiday decorations or those damn Beanie Babies. (They might be worth something someday!) If you only have to deal with the hassle of shifting furniture to get to it once or twice a year, feel free to shove something in front of it. Broomhall says that behind her clothing racks hide “high school art projects, piles of old sweaters, and boxes of I-don’t-even-know-what.”

In summary, you shouldn’t have to struggle to fit yourself into your space. While it’s cute when Internet cats wiggle and twist to sit inside a too-small box, your life should fit easily inside of your home. The unique features of your humble abode, including its size, can be used to tailor your space to your creative vision. By working with what you have, a one-room rental can be so much more than just an apartment. It can be a reflection of your personality, a ready-room for your daily tasks, a refuge, and, of course, a perfect place to curl up and watch cat videos.
KIM GORDON
IN FOCUS
The iconic Sonic Youth frontwoman can do it all, and if her new memoir, *Girl in a Band*, is any indication, she already has. Here, the indie rock pioneer, style idol, and art star takes us on a visual journey of her life, from her surfer girl days to her latest incarnation in the music/art duo Body/Head.

When I was 10, we lived in Hawaii. This house had a lanai (patio) with a screened wing enclosing the side where my bedroom was. The tropical scents were always intoxicating, and fed my pre-adolescent fantasies.

I loved this dress. It was made out of paper-like leather, so light that I could just throw it in my suitcase. The shoes were open in the back, and they were silver. Seattle was always one of the most fun places to play.
My brother Keller, surfing off Latigo Shore Drive in Malibu in the early or mid-1960s. Sometimes I’d get up early and go with him to Oxnard or Ventura. We’d stop and get a dozen fresh-out-of-the-oven donuts from the Fairy Tale Bakery on Pico at 5 a.m. and eat all of them on the way up the coast.

The room where I smoked pot, painted, and listened to records by Joni Mitchell, Billie Holiday, Bob Dylan, Tim Buckley, Sandy Bull, Buffalo Springfield, and more. My dad’s friend put together a cool stereo for me, but sadly, it was destroyed in an earthquake in the early 1970s.
Backstage on the Goo tour in Seattle, talking with a pre-Nevermind Kurt Cobain.
Playing an Australian festival (after the release of Dirty). It was so hot that my dress kept shrinking from sweat.
When my daughter Coco was six months old, Sofia Coppola and I went to Tokyo to put on an X-Girl fashion show before a Beastie Boys concert. It was a whirlwind weekend of interviews and madly trying to find girls who would walk in the show. We went out into the streets and asked girls if they would participate. Yoshimi from the Japanese band Boredoms helped us a lot. Having a small baby thrown into the mix was hard; between the breast-feeding and the jet lag, I remember it being so exhausting. But when I look at this shot of Coco and me amidst the chaos of Tokyo, I don’t see the dark circles.

This was an album cover shoot for my band Free Kit-ten. That’s the badass Julie Cafritz and me in New York City’s Meatpacking District. We used to hang out with hookers at a 24-hour donut place; it was definitely pre-Sex and the City, and nowhere near as glamorous.

A live shot from a show with Body/Head, my guitar duo with Bill Nace. The film playing in slow motion behind us is a collaboration with Richard Kern, featuring James Ransone and my niece, Louise Erdman.

Me with Nick Cave, Iggy Pop, Mark Arm from Mudhoney, and Tex from Beasts of Bourbon at the Big Day Out music festival in 1993. I was totally crushed out!
SECRET AGENT WOMAN

In the 1920s and 30s, Joséphine Baker was an international superstar, known for her daring dances and exotic costumes. But during World War II she performed her greatest role yet: Spy

By Peggy Caravantes

ONSTAGE AT THE Casino de Paris, Joséphine Baker stretched her arms out toward the expanse of pale faces staring up at her as she sang. By now, the African-American expat superstar had grown used to performing for white crowds across Europe, but in 1939, the audience was changing. The men who came to see her new revue, Paris/London, were bored French and British soldiers on leave from their combat duties. Months earlier, France and Britain had declared war on Germany after Germany’s invasion of Poland, but things were mostly uneventful so far, and restless troops clamored for entertainment. Baker was happy to help in that department, but little did she know she’d soon be taking on the role of a lifetime as a secret agent for the French Resistance.

Baker had been taking on challenges all her life. Born Freda Josephine McDonald on June 3, 1906, she grew up on the streets of St. Louis, Missouri’s worst slums; by age 16, she had been married and divorced twice (although her 1921 marriage to Willie Baker was short-lived, she kept his surname). Baker joined an all-black vaudeville troupe as a teen, and her dancing, singing, and comedic talents took her to New York during the Harlem Renaissance, and later, to Paris, where she performed in a show called La Revue Nègre. Her finale number, “Danse Sauvage,” in which she danced nearly nude save for some strategically placed feathers, was a breakout hit. French audiences embraced the overtly sensual and striking Baker; she achieved greater success abroad than she could have dreamed of as a woman of color in the United States.

Men threw themselves at Baker constantly, but nothing could prepare her for the unlikely fan she’d earn in Jacques Abtey, the 33-year-old head of the French military intelligence service Le Deuxième Bureau. Abtey was looking for undercover agents willing to work without pay for the French war effort, and his friend Daniel Marouani, whose brother Felix worked for Baker, suggested her. Abtey was hesitant to approach Baker, fearing she’d end up like Mata Hari, the flamboyant...
Image of Josephine Baker on a cigarette card, used to help sell tobacco products in 1930s Germany.
dancer-turned-spy who was executed by firing squad after she betrayed the French military that recruited her. For Abtey, there were just too many similarities between the two women, and he didn’t think Baker was worth the risk.

Marouani insisted that Baker would be perfect for the job; she traveled a lot, had friends in high places, and hated the Nazis, who reminded her of America’s racists. Abtey relented and agreed to meet Baker at Château des Milandes, her enormous home 300 miles south of Paris. He expected to see a vibrant woman dressed in elegant clothing; instead, he found the 34-year-old Baker walking around the grounds of her estate, wearing old clothes and a crumpled felt hat to shade her eyes. She carried a rusted can full of snails she had collected to feed her ducks.

Later, over glasses of champagne served by a white-coated butler, Abtey explained his mission. Baker’s reply stunned him: “France made me what I am,” she said seriously. “I will be grateful forever. The people of Paris have given me everything. They have given me their hearts, and I have given them mine. I am ready, Captain, to give them my life. You can use me as you wish.”

Impressed with her sincerity and enthusiasm, Abtey hired her on the spot. Now a secret agent (officially known in the French military as an “honorable correspondent”), Baker began training with the same energy she exuded in any part she played. She learned karate and practiced with a pistol; within just a few weeks, she could shoot out the flame of a candle at 20 yards. She moved back to Paris to be closer to the action, splitting her time between music halls and the Red Cross shelter where she aided Belgian refugees. Baker kept an ear out for relevant information, and wrote notes on her arms and on the palms of her hands. Baker also attended parties and receptions all over Europe, where she would listen carefully for intel on German troop movements.

“France made me what I am. I will be grateful forever. The people of Paris have given me everything. They have given me their hearts, and I have given them mine. I am ready to give them my life.”

The performer’s international popularity turned out to be an invaluable resource. High-ranking officials of the Axis powers adored her, including Italy’s ruler (and Hitler’s ally), Benito Mussolini. It took only a week for Baker to gather important statistics and possibly a code book from the Italian embassy, which she passed along to Abtey.

Things became riskier after the Germans invaded France and headed towards Paris, but Baker’s casual indifference toward danger was remarkable. “Oh, nobody would think I’m a spy,” she laughed when Abtey expressed concern for her safety and urged her to leave the city. Baker followed his advice, though, and returned to Milandes, where she took to hiding war refugees (including a French navy officer, an air force captain, a Polish man, and some friends from Belgium) in the nooks and crannies of her huge home. She worried constantly that one of her stowaways might be a secret Nazi sympathizer, but she kept calm and carried on until the day five German officers showed up at her front door and demanded to search the château for weapons. Baker answered them nonchalantly. “I think that monsieur l’officier cannot be serious. It is true that I had Red Indian grandparents, but they hung up their tomahawks quite a while ago now, and the only dance I’ve never taken part in is the war dance.” The Germans seemed charmed, and left without any further questions, but the incident emphasized that Baker was not safe anywhere in France as the Nazi occupation spread across the country. Though she was separated from her French-Jewish husband, Jean Lion, Baker was still technically married to him, and being a black woman married to a Jewish man made her particularly vulnerable to the Nazis. If her espionage activities were discovered, there was no doubt she would be sent to a concentration camp.

The chance to escape occupied France came when French Resistance leader Charles de Gaulle asked Baker and Abtey to head to the neutral city of Lisbon, Portugal, so they could send reports to his station in London. Abtey defected from the French army to join de Gaulle’s Free French movement, and de Gaulle was glad to have him—and Baker—on board. Baker made the travel arrangements under the guise that she was just passing through Lisbon on her way to performances in South America. She and Abtey had to transport 52 pieces of classified information, a prospect that seemed daunting until they had the brilliant idea to transfer the data to Baker’s sheet music using invisible ink. The top-secret information became hidden on the pages of Baker’s theme song, “Two Loves Have I.” Baker dressed for the trip in elaborate clothing and costly furs, attracting so much attention that Abtey, who was posing as her assistant, was able to lay low and cross international borders without a hassle.

When the pair made it to Portugal, Baker was welcomed with open arms to parties held by the British, Belgian, and French embassies. After each night of dancing, flirting, and gathering information from chatty ambassadors, she returned to her hotel room, made careful notes on slips of paper, and pinned them to her bra and panties. Baker would later recall, “Being Joséphine Baker had definite advantages... wherever I went, I was swamped with invitations. I particularly liked attending diplomatic functions, since the embassies and consulates swarmed with talkative people. Back at my hotel, I carefully recorded everything I’d heard. My notes would have been highly compromising had they been discovered, but who would dare search Joséphine Baker to the skin? The information remained snugly in place, secured by a safety pin.”

Baker may have literally kept her cards close to her chest when it counted, but her reputation for showy extravagance worked in her favor as a spy. When she moved throughout Eu-
rope on assignment for de Gaulle, she brought with her many suitcases and a menagerie of pets (including three monkeys and a Great Dane named Bonzo); she believed that traveling with an outrageous excess of luggage made her cover story more believable.

After the Germans successfully occupied all of France, Baker knew she couldn’t go home again. She and Abtey headed to Northern Africa to set up a permanent liaison and transmission center with British intelligence. But obtaining all of the necessary travel visas presented problems, as responses to requests were slow, even for the famous Joséphine Baker. “They sure weren’t passing them [visas] out like metro tickets,” she quipped. Baker and Abtey finally managed to arrive in Casablanca, Morocco, where they met with Free French representatives. Baker toured Morocco, Spain, and Portugal, providing entertainment for enthusiastic audiences and information for the French Resistance. Her career was red-hot, and so was her connection with the deeply devoted Abtey; the two became lovers, and what was at first a reluctant partnership developed into an intense five-year relationship.

Baker’s work came to a screeching halt in 1941, when she suffered a miscarriage and had to undergo an emergency hysterectomy. Complications from the surgery landed Baker in the hospital for the next 19 months. Resistance members gathered in Baker’s private hospital room to discuss German strategies and troop operations at her bedside.

Baker was not seen again in public for some time, and in November 1942, newspaper headlines around the world mistakenly declared that she had passed away. Baker contacted a reporter to clarify that “There has been a slight error; I’m much too busy to die.” Once she recovered, she hit the road again with a grueling tour schedule, performing several times a day for Allied troops and always insisting on integrated audiences.

In 1943, Baker gave a benefit performance for the Free French forces in Algiers, where she finally met Charles de Gaulle. De Gaulle presented her with a tiny gold Cross of Lorraine, the symbol he had chosen to represent the Free French. It became Baker’s most prized possession amongst her many beautiful jewels. She was also made a sub-lieutenant in the Women’s Auxiliary of the French Air Force, and later received the Croix de Guerre and Medal of the Resistance with Rosette.

America’s military involvement sealed the Allies’ victory in 1945, and Baker couldn’t help but feel proud of the nation where she was born. After World War II ended, Baker became an activist for the American civil rights movement. She wore her Free French uniform when she spoke alongside Martin Luther King, Jr. at the 1963 March on Washington.

Baker’s last years were plagued by financial hardships, but even after she lost her château at Milandes, she maintained the same resilience that made her both a compelling performer and effective freedom fighter. Just four days before she died of a cerebral hemorrhage at the age of 68, she starred in an eponymous revue based on her life in show business and earned rave reviews. On April 15, 1975, Joséphine Baker received a full military funeral in Paris. Some 20,000 mourners came to pay their respects to a woman who had certainly changed the world—and quite possibly helped save it, too.

Actress, writer, and creative powerhouse Amber Tamblyn opens up to acclaimed novelist Janet Fitch about her famous family, Lindsay Lohan, and her new book, *Dark Sparkler*

INTERVIEW BY JANET FITCH // PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL LAVINE
STYLING BY CAITLYN LEARY // HAIR BY TED GIBSON // MAKEUP BY NICK BAROSE @ EXCLUSIVE ARTISTS

**AMBER TAMBLYN IS** a FON—a Force Of Nature. You don’t say no to a force of nature when she asks you to interview her for _BUST_. You just jump in. The tirelessly energetic and visionary actress, poet, and activist is currently celebrating the publication of her third volume of poetry, _Dark Sparkler_ (out April 7), a sequence of works based on the deaths of young women in Hollywood, both known and unknown. It’s a *memento mori*, a meditation on human value, a commentary on the uses and abuses of young women in a torturous profession, a statement on what it means to be subject and object—and it is a performance of its own, showering sparks all along the way. The collection includes musings on Dana Plato and Frances Farmer; Barbara La Marr is marked with just a phone number; and Lindsay Lohan’s page is blank.

Born in 1983 to actor/dancer Russ Tamblyn (*West Side Story, Twin Peaks*) and singer/songwriter Bonnie Murray Tamblyn, Amber came into this world surrounded by creative family friends, including the late Dennis Hopper, actor Dean Stockwell, and Neil Young. This gives some insight
into the robust sense of artistic possibility she seems to have acquired in the cradle. Beginning as a child actress on the venerable soap opera *General Hospital*, she’s starred in her own TV show, *Joan of Arcadia*, and in the girl-fave feature *The Sisterhood of the Traveling Pants*; had an ongoing comedic role on *Two and a Half Men* as Charlie Sheen’s swaggering lesbian daughter; was lauded for her stage debut in Neil LaBute’s *Reasons to Be Pretty*; and is now immersed in post-production for her directorial debut, an adaptation of my 2007 novel *Paint It Black*.

Tamblyn has been writing poetry nonstop since age 11 and has published two other collections, *Free Stallion* (2005) and *Bang Ditto* (2009). She’s toured the slam circuit with Derrick C. Brown and continues to host numerous spoken word events through her non-profit, Write Now Poetry Society. Some girls ask for permission and wait for an OK to realize their ambitions, while other girls just walk in and do what they have to. Amber Tamblyn is the second kind of girl.

**Does it do something to a person’s soul to be an object of external, adult scrutiny at a time that should be marked by deep subjectivity?**

When fame happens to you, it’s like no drug on earth. There’s no way to describe it. Then it goes away and no one prepares you for that. When it goes away, all you have left is the self. If you haven’t nurtured the self—that’s where the fracture begins. When you’re a child actor, it happens in your 20s. I remember around my 25th birthday, I was extremely drunk in my living room in the middle of the day. A friend said, “Are you OK?” And I said, “Can I tell you honestly? I’m not going to survive this year. And I don’t want to.” It was after this huge peak in my early 20s. I was in-between books, in-between relationships. At that point, I’d never stopped working a day in my life since I was 11. It was the moment that changed everything for me. Going to the end and coming back.

**Yet in many ways, the girls in your book are like any girls, except these girls are searchable.**

It was so interesting to research these women and know that if there were no names attached to their stories, they would be no different than any younger sister of a best friend. The largest overall issue was the utter terror of what to do with one’s own
Powerful women sometimes take decades to recognize that they are straight-up sorcerers.

Tell me about celebrity culture—it’s a major element of Dark Sparkler. Celebrity culture has always been very confusing to me. I have friends who’ve mastered red carpets and the art of being “branded.” But writing this book became about the ultimate discovery that it isn’t for me. I was very fortunate to be raised by parents who understood the dark side of these things. My dad said when I was a teenager—and I was a fucking nightmare—“Go to the edge but come back.” That was his motto.

What in your training as an actress led you to poetry? When people find out I’m a poet, they think it’s some bad habit I picked up along the way. Like I’d read Suzanne Somers’ poetry book and thought, “That’s for me.” But really, I grew up in a household where people would come over and smoke and drink and play music and read poetry—that was the reality of my childhood.

What makes you want to remember the lost women in your book? Originally, it was about their memory. But I also wanted to remember myself and honor the self that died while I was writing this book. I took a year off, and then the real underlying narrative started to expose itself.

What I like about the collection is that it takes someone famous and talks about how it felt to be them on the inside. Even in a candid interview, they’re going to twist your words. They’re going to talk about what you looked like that day. I wanted to give a sense of who these women were stripped down, because I wanted to know who I was stripped down.

Lindsay Lohan’s page is blank. I read that piece once in public. Saying her name, then leaving the silence. It got a laugh. It was so upsetting to me that people laughed. The way I see it—her poem hasn’t been written yet. Fate is still hers. Anything’s possible.
The author enjoying her rad fake birthday party

**THE YEAR WAS** 2008 and I was making a living running casting sessions for TV commercials. A typical day involved actors, models, or other pretty people walking into the room and doing whatever I told them to do. If I was casting a beer commercial, it might be “You’re mingling at a cool rooftop party and you’ve just spotted a hottie.” If it was a spot for a department store’s fashions, I might say “You’ve got a secret” or “Dance!” The job was like playing Simon Says all day and I was always Simon. I was great at it.

One fateful day, we were looking for hip, attractive, 20-somethings of all ethnicities, and fewer than 40 people showed up to audition. Rebecca, the casting director, asked me to audition, probably just to get the numbers up. But a few days later I got a giggly phone call from her. “What’s your social security number?” she asked. “You booked it!”

I played it cool but my heart was throbbing. Me! A professionally attractive person! Finally! I happen to have a BFA in Acting from a prestigious drama school where I learned many things, including the fact that the actor’s life is not for me. Still, I was itching to get paid for being “the talent” at least once.

The shoot took place in the photographer’s apartment/studio in N.Y.C.’s Hell’s Kitchen neighborhood. It was a sprawling, sunbathed space with exposed brick and hardwood floors. The decoration was tasteful and sparse. It was the nicest New York apartment I had ever seen, and I was determined not to act like it was no big deal.

The wardrobe stylist picked out the least comfortable of the outfit options I had brought with me. The elastic belt and tights made for a sweaty day under the hot lights. She added earrings that were roughly three times the size of any I had ever worn. I had arrived.

I was promptly assigned a tall white boyfriend named Mike. The photographer explained that Mike and I were throwing a dinner party and everyone else was playing our guests. I tried to imagine a reality in which Mike and I could afford such a swank Manhattan apartment while still having time to cook and throw dinner parties for our ethnically diverse group of friends, but then I remembered I was not being paid to think.

The story behind the shoot was that the photographer was pitching a commercial to Williams-Sonoma, and planned to sell the still images and HD video as stock footage. The other talent and I signed away the rights to these images in exchange for $200 cash. The day was to go chronologically scene-by-scene; guests arriving, toasting with wine, setting out various dishes. We were given constant direction regarding what to do and how much to smile (usually, it was a lot).

Between takes, I got to chatting with the gorgeous and effortlessly cool food stylist, whose profession I had never heard of before that day. At one point, I was asked to chop some herbs and garlic while they shot close ups of my hands. Cooking was not my thing in those days, and the food stylist’s eyes bugged out at my bumbling and probably dangerous chopping technique. She gave me an impromptu knife skills lesson and I tried it again. “Maybe just throw some flowers on this salad,” she shrugged.

The best part of the day was about seven hours in, when it was revealed that this fictional gathering was actually a birthday party, and even better, I was the birthday girl. I sat at the head of the table while Mike brought out a stunning strawberry cake with candles lit. Every-
one sang to me and cheered for me when I blew out all the candles. My heart raced and my eyes teared up all three or four times we did this. My joy was suddenly genuine. I knew it wasn’t actually my birthday because I wasn’t drunk or crying, but the enormous smiles on those strangers’ faces and the candles and the singing had touched some primitive part of my brain that made me feel feelings anyway. Even though we didn’t get to eat the cake, it was one of my better birthday parties.

As the shoot began to wrap up, I could not believe how tired I was. My face hurt from smiling. The photographer wanted one more solo performance from each of us, and handed us props. I really wanted the candle (I had some genius ideas about how to pose with it) and was barely able to hide my disappointment when I was handed two spoons instead. But by now we were 12 hours into the shoot—I was a seasoned professional and did probably my best work yet.

I have worked with the photographer on other castings since the shoot, but weirdly, he never asked me to model again. I never even saw the footage until a producer pal of my boyfriend Spencer came across videos of me while searching for stock footage. Spencer received them in an email with the subject line “Woman blows birthday candles, friends—NSFW.” There were questions about my mysterious past. I posted the videos online. Everyone had a good laugh and my mom told me she was proud of me.

I’ve taken many odd jobs while hustling to make ends meet in New York. But my stint as a Getty Images model has given me something that no cocktail waitressing gig ever could: immortality. Those 200 dollars may be long gone, but somewhere in an Internet database, I will always be in my 20s with my hair meticulously straight-ironed, dancing with spoons and smiling like it’s my job. Because for one glittering, exhausting day, it was.
LET’S GET LOST!

Spring styles perfect for celebrating the great outdoors

PHOTOGRAPHED BY KAT BORCHART // STYLED BY JARDINE HAMMOND
HAIR BY ANDREA PEZZILLO // MAKEUP BY CAROLINE RAMOS
MODELED BY LAUREN JOHNSON AT NOUS AND HEATHER HAZZAN AT WILHELMINA
ON LAUREN (TOP LEFT): URBAN RENEWAL PLAID WOOL ZIP JACKET, IN MY AIR SLEEVELESS WASHED DENIM DRESS. ON HEATHER (TOP RIGHT): GOOD VIBES SWEATSHIRT, TOPSHOP STRIPED PANTS, BRIXTON WESLEY FEDORA.

ON LAUREN (LEFT): CAMP COLLECTION MESS KIT TIE JUMPER, SHOPCAMP.COM; COLEMAN BINOCULARS, COLEMAN.COM; TIMBERLAND NELLIE CHUKKA BOOTS, TIMBERLAND.COM.

ON HEATHER (IN VAN): TOPSHOP CROPPED LONG SLEEVE TOP, LIVING THE DREAM SKIRT, BLUE COLEMAN CAMP CUP.
ON HEATHER AND LAUREN: CAMP COLLECTION STAFF RINGER TEES; LEVI JEAN SHORTS, US.LEVI.COM; BLUE FAIRENDS HAT, FAIRENDS.COM.
ON LAUREN: BRIXTON BARRY PONCHO; PIMA DOLL CROCHET BIKINI, PIMADOLL.COM; THE CLASSIC HUNTER BOOT, US.HUNTERBOOTS.COM; WOOL BOOT SOCKS, SOCKDREAMS.COM.
ON LAUREN (WITH TENT, TOP LEFT): URBAN RENEWAL, PLAID SHIRT; KRISTINIT, GREY SILK KATYA OVERALLS; KRISTINIT.COM; BIRKENSTOCK SANDALS; MOUNTAIN HARDWEAR OPTIC 6 TENT, MOUNTAINHARDWEAR.COM. ON HEATHER (TOP RIGHT): BRIXTON, EWAN FLANNEL JACKET; LEVI'S JEANS; CONVERSE HIGH TOPS, CONVERSE.COM.

ON LAUREN (LYING DOWN): PIMA DOLL, HAND KNIT BRA; PENFIELD SHORTS.

ON HEATHER (WITH LANTERN): KRISTINIT DRESS; L.L. BEAN BOOTS, LLBEAN.COM; COLEMAN LANTERN.
ON HEATHER: MADEWELL BUFFALO CHECK BUTTON-UP SHIRT, MADEWELL.COM; TOPSHOP PALM TREE ARMY JACKET, ROSE & AUGUST RECYCLED SILK LOUNGE PANT, ROSEWICK.COM.
ON LAUREN (LEFT): PENFIELD BRUSHED COTTON BUTTON SHIRT, NIKITA HIGH-WAISTED JEANS. NIKITACLOTHING.COM. ON HEATHER (RIGHT): CAMP COLLECTION SHORT SLEEVE SWEATSHIRT, DESTROYED LEVIS. URBANOUTFITTERS.COM; RALPH LAUREN PLAID FLANNEL SHIRT. RALPHLAUREN.COM.
ON LAUREN: THICK COTTON PENFIELD SWEATSHIRT.
ON HEATHER: CAMP COLLECTION YERBA BUENE HENLEY TOP AND ARGONAUT LEGGINGS. BIRKENSTOCK SANDALS. WOOL SOCKS. SOCKSBEAR.COM. COLEMAN LANTERN. MOUNTAIN HARDWEAR HYPERLamina SPARK SLEEPING BAG.
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COURTNEY BARNETT

Sometimes I Sit and Think, and
Sometimes I Just Sit

(Mom + Pop Music)

Australian singer/songwriter Courtney Barnett’s full-length debut, Sometimes I Sit and Think, and Sometimes I Just Sit, is one of the most fun, straight-up rock albums to come out in quite a while. On first listen, everything seems loose and off-the-cuff, with Barnett’s jangly guitar and self-deprecating lyrics giving off super-casual vibes. But it quickly becomes clear that every song is precisely crafted. Think Colleen Green or Best Coast without the weed. “Pedestrian at Best” is a rollicking stomper about romantic indecision, while “Kim’s Caravan” is a sprawling power ballad that builds to a shred-tastic climax. Prepare to have this on repeat all spring. –ELIZA C. THOMPSON

ALABAMA SHAKES

Sound & Color

(ATW Records)

Sound & Color is Alabama Shakes’ follow-up to their tremendously successful debut, Boys & Girls, and it’s anything but a sophomore slump. The blues-rock band from Athens, GA, once again proves that the most resonant music comes from raw emotion—and there isn’t one uncomplicated love song in the batch. Lead singer Brittany Howard’s powerful voice is captivating, flirting with ugliness, and threatening to climb out of her control, though it never does. “Gimme All Your Love” and “Don’t Wanna Fight” are standout, multi-faceted tracks that show how the group has grown as musicians. Sound & Color was highly anticipated, and happily, it doesn’t disappoint. –LIZ GALVAO

CALExico

Edge of the Sun

(Anti- Records)

Latin-infused indie-folk duo Calexico returns with their ninth album, Edge of the Sun, an exercise in artistic collaboration. The bench is deep here, with contributions from such big names as Neko Case, Petra Brown, Ben Bridwell from Band of Horses, Nick Urrata from Devotchka, and Sam Beam (aka Iron & Wine). Percussionist John Convertino’s recent move to El Paso provided an American Southwestern backdrop for writing the album, while a trip to Mexico City served as inspiration for tracks such as “Coyoacán” and “Cumbia de Donde.” With so many voices, there is a fear of having too many cooks; yet Calexico’s unique Tex-Mex voice remains. –LIZ GALVAO

BJÖRK

Vulnicura

(Polydor Records)

Fans of Björk know that the only thing predictable about her work is constant change. The Icelandic multi-instrumentalist’s last album, 2011’s Biophilia, was a conceptual (and somewhat bloodless) multimedia project, but Vulnicura is a deeply intimate chronicle of heartbreak. Written in real time, these nine tracks detail an excruciating break-up with her longtime partner. Although it ends on a hopeful note, Vulnicura puts the listener through the emotional wringer—“Black Lake” in particular is a devastating listen. Of course, it’s all done Björk-style, which means intellectually complex, musically innovative, and exquisitely produced songs. Vulnicura is honest, painful, and beautiful—a true masterpiece, and a highlight in Björk’s illustrious 30-year career. –SARAH C. JONES

BOOB RATINGS | ‼️ | ❌ | ❌ | ❌ | ❌ | OMG AMAZING | ❌ | ❌ | ❌ | DAMN GOOD | ❌ | ❌ | ❌ | JUST OK | ❌ | ❌ | COULD BE WORSE | ❌ | DON’T BOther
BRANDI CARLILE
The Firewatcher’s Daughter
(ATO Records)

The hard-stomping, harmony-bleating Brandi Carlile is back! The singer/songwriter’s fifth album, The Firewatcher’s Daughter, is a masterful riot of her pop-meets-rock-meets-country sensibility. It’s beautifully unrestrained, a style owed to the fact that songs were recorded without demos and with little rehearsal. There are shades of both Lindsey Buckingham and Patty Griffin here, but really, the work is pure Carlile, one that finds as much power in the hushed moments of “I Belong To You” and “The Eye” as she does in the jet-fueled fire of “Mainstream Kid.” For fans of female voices in alt country, this is seriously necessary listening.
—MOLLIE WELLS

DAN DEACON
Gliss Riffer
(Domino Recording Co.)

If you’re suffering from the winter blues, Dan Deacon has a cure for what ails you. It comes in the form of Gliss Riffer, Deacon’s latest album, in which he’s up to his old tricks. It’s a droll record, densely electronic and filled with tunes named to match their whimsy—“Meme Generator” and “Mind On Fire,” for example. The highly caffeinated “Learning To Relax” will help you do anything but, and “When I Was Done Dying” will lend its wings to your imagination. Gliss Riffer is an experiment in vocals, and for Deacon, experimentation is the norm.
—ALEXIS TIETJEN

DIAMOND RUGS
Cosmetics
(Sycamore Records/Thirty Tigers/RED)

Clocking in at just under 40 minutes, Diamond Rugs’ new record, Cosmetics, certainly doesn’t outstay its welcome. Featuring former members of Dead Confederate, Deer Tick, and Black Lips, the band blends elements of ska and synthpunk into their unique brand of garage rock. “Voodoo Doll” shows off their deft balancing act between growling vocals, punk guitar, synthesizers, and a three-piece horn section, while “Ain’t Religion” is slower and more stripped down, with a bluesy Led Zeppelin feel. Overall, it’s an album about feeling good and not thinking, or, as they say themselves: “I never thought/I never thunk.” —LIZ GALVAO

DOE
First Four
(Old Flame Records)

Doe, the up-and-coming British punk trio, delivers just the right amount of guitar-heavy teen angst on their latest EP First Four. Bleach-blond, guitar-wielding frontwoman Nicola Leel totally rocks it out with moody vocals reminiscent of Sleater-Kinney and Avril Lavigne (back when she was still rocking Converse and neckties). “Late Bloomer” is a perfect song to angry-cry along to in your room, while the super catchy, almost demonic chant of “Nowhere Girl” is perfect for an impromptu headbang sesh. First Four offers the perfect empowering music for the girl-in-progress—and let’s face it, aren’t we all? —MEG ZULCH

CHASTITY BELT
Time to Go Home
(Hardly Art)

“Everything’s a joke,” sings Julia Shapiro on Chastity Belt’s “Joke.” This all-female rock band from Seattle never takes anything too seriously, but that only makes their sophomore album’s youthful musings that much more alluring. Shapiro’s pokerfaced wit runs rampant throughout, whether she’s embracing sluttiness (“Cool Slut”), condemning mansplaining (“Drone”), or contemplating what it means to be cool (“IDC”). Home is an album saturated in reverb, with semi-surf riffs scattered throughout. A piercing yelp kicks off “The Thing,” a noisy highlight which features the record’s most deliberate and tenacious drumming. Chastity Belt’s tongue-in-cheek lyricism and chilled-out post-punk instrumentation are refreshingly original—and that’s no joke. —TESS DUNCAN
IRON & WINE
Archive Series
Volume No. 1
(Black Cricket Recording Co.)
Evans the Death takes on the disappointments of adulthood on their sophomore album Expect Delays, starting with the brutally noisy “Intrinsa Grey,” and its menacing warning against escapism. The barely-out-of-their-teens English rock band have a slacker sense of humor on “Idiot Button,” where singer Katherine Whitaker sweetly laments waking up drunk and covered in bills, then cracking open another beer. On the jittery “Bad Year,” she puffs away on an e-cig, taking stock of an underwhelming 12 months. According to the introspective closer “Don’t Beat Yourself Up,” things will only get better if she gives herself a chance. Disillusionment never sounded so enlightened. –SHANNON CARLIN

HEARTLESS BASTARDS
Restless Ones
(Partisan Records)
This may be the year we finally see the return of mainstream rock, if Heartless Bastards’ fifth full-length album, Restless Ones, is any indication. Frontwoman Erika Wennerstrom has weathered many different line-ups in the Bastards, but these four, cemented on 2012’s fantastic Arrow, seem to be sticking. Production is more radio-friendly here, with the country influences that previously defined the band’s sound traded for classic Americana rock à la Springsteen. “Hi-Line” is a wistful ode to hometown love with great harmonies, while the heavier “Gates of Dawn” is reminiscent of early 2000s bands like Vertical Horizon. But don’t call it a throwback; these Bastards are moving forward, however restlessly. –LIZ GALVAO

THE JON SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION
Freedom Tower—No Wave Dance Party 2015
(Mom + Pop Music)
Yesterday’s N.Y.C. slum is today’s yuppie enclave, and yesterday’s CBGB is today’s Varvatos boutique. That’s why it’s great when some real city vermin poke their heads out to tell stories, like the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion. The band’s 10th album since 1991 doesn’t celebrate times past with watery nostalgia; it raises a ruckus with no-wave, punk, hip-hop, funk, and anything else that you might’ve heard at a filthy club after midnight. The terrific greasy neo cowboy jam “Down and Out” might be the title of a standout track here, but it doesn’t describe JSBX at all. Maybe down, but definitely not out. –TOM FORGET

EVANS THE DEATH
Expect Delays
(Black Cricket Recording Co.)
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KITTY, DAISY & LEWIS
Kitty, Daisy & Lewis The Third
(Sunday Best Recordings)
For Kitty, Daisy & Lewis, music runs in the family. The sibling band hails from London, and from parents with talent in spades—their father is a recording engineer and their mother is a drummer, formerly of the Raincoats. For their third album, fan and collaborator Mick Jones of the Clash stepped in as producer and helped Kitty, Daisy & Lewis harness their eclectic pop sound. “Baby Bye Bye” is the album’s first single and a cheeky blend of rock ’n’ roll and jazz, while “Whenever You See Me” is an in-your-face melodic tirade. The Third is a gem that encapsulates this already successful band’s spirit. –LARA STREYLE

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THE KING KHAN & BBQ SHOW
Bad News Boys
(In The Red Records)

After a breakup and hiatus, dynamic duo King Khan & BBQ are back in action—and they’ve brought a hybrid collection of tunes with them. Their newest full-length, appropriately titled Bad News Boys, features a dozen tracks with confrontational titles such as “Kiss My Sister’s Fist” and “When Will I Be Tamed?” The band utilizes their badass ability to blend ‘50s soul, ‘60s psychedelic rock, and even a bit of ‘70s West Coast punk to produce a completely unique sound. Ever had a dream where greasers joined a doo-wop group, dropped acid, and then went to a Black Flag show? You will after you hear this record! —MARISA CAGNOLI

MARINA AND THE DIAMONDS
Froot
(679/Atlantic)

For her third album, Froot, Marina Diamandis decided to pare down her sound and work with only one producer instead of a roster of big names. The result is an album of sleek electro-pop that’s much more cohesive than her previous efforts. On ballads like “Immortal” and “Solitaire,” Diamandis sounds subdued, never letting synths or beats overwhelm her beautiful, warbly voice. More upbeat tracks like “Gold” and “I’m a Ruin” still have an air of melancholy about them. Froot may not have the catchiness of Marina’s earlier songs, but the gorgeous slow jams more than make up for the lack of earworms. —ELIZA C. THOMPSON

LADY LAMB THE BEEKEEPER
After
(Mom + Pop Music)

Lady Lamb the Beekeeper, otherwise known as Aly Spaltro, is a rock ’n’ roll poet in a folk singer’s clothing. On her second studio album, After, Spaltro finds threads of the sacred and absurd in ordinary places. Just try not to play “Spat Out Spit,” “Penny Licks,” and the tragic but powerful “Dear Arkansas Daughter” on eternal repeat. With surprising song structure, clever rambles, elegiac chants, and caustic howls, Lady Lamb channels Angel Olsen and Patti Smith, with a literary dash of Miranda July. After is a complete re-imagining of the sound and attitude of folk rock—for the better. —MAURA HEHIR

LAURA MARLING
Short Movie
(Ribbon Music)

Laura Marling’s embrace of a rougher sound on Short Movie just works, as she’s at her best when she is exposing the darkest pieces of herself. —ADRIENNE URBANSKI

OF MONTREAL
Aureate Gloom
(Polyvinyl)

Kevin Barnes is the wild maestro behind Of Montreal, the Athens band lauded for their dazzling experiments with indie-pop, electronica, psychedelia, folk, and beyond. This time, Barnes delivers more of the same: a circus of styles connected by strange storytelling and deeply confessional lyrics. Opener “Bassem Sabry” is a eulogy for an Egyptian journalist/civil rights campaigner set to a goofy disco beat, while “Last Rites at the Jane Hotel” saunters into glam rock territory reminiscent of T-Rex. With such a prolific musical showman at its helm, we can always expect fascinating experiments from Of Montreal. —CINDY YOGMAS
in 2012, the group has perfected a sound that falls somewhere between orchestral pop and theatrical soundtrack. Opener “The Woods” features Ludwig-Leone’s deep, fragile vocals front and center, recalling Bill Callahan, while sparse pianos open into a lush fullness that remains through the album. Troubling lyrics like “And all these girls, they will be mothers/It all begins with being someone’s lover” freckle the album, but the sheer force of talent and originality overshadow them quickly. –MELYNDA FULLER

**TUXEDO**

_Tuxedo_ (Stones Throw Records)

Mayer Hawthorne and Jake One’s debut, _Tuxedo_, presents a dapper bundle of funk and boogie—in other words, disco. Tuxedo is music meant to be played underneath a spinning mirror ball. Synthesizers and pelvis-ruling bass contribute to a sound smooth as molasses and formal as funk. Throw this record on at any occasion—weddings, bat mitzvahs, Saturday afternoons—and let it play all night. Tracks of bow-tied note are “R U Ready,” “Watch the Dance,” and “Number One.” There are even a couple of songs for getting hot and heavy. The collection can at times feel repetitive, but if it’s disco you crave, this tux fits perfectly. –WHITNEY DWIRE

**VETIVER**

_Perfect Strangers_ (Easy Sound)

Often associated with collaborator Devendra Banhart, Vetiver’s Andy Cabic is best known as a member of the “freak folk” movement of the early 2000s. With that in mind, Vetiver’s sixth studio album, _Complete Strangers_, is somewhat surprising. Cabic has introduced chillwave, jangle-pop, and bossa nova into his indie folk sound. The results are mixed. Tracks like “Confiding” and “Stranger Still” are subtle and inventive blends of Vetiver’s musical influences. However, the majority of the album reveals a hesitance to fully engage with new ideas, resulting in bland yacht rock. _Strangers_ sounds like a transitional album—maybe Cabic is still working out the kinks.

–SARAH C. JONES

**WAXAHATCHEE**

_Ivy Tripp_ (Merge Records)

Waxahatchee’s third album, _Ivy Tripp_, feels tethered to the past, yet pulled forward by the future—or at least, a daydream of next summer. Singer/songwriter Katie Crutchfield won critical acclaim for 2013’s _Cerulean Salt_, a record she thinks of as a “solid” in contrast to _Ivy Tripp_’s “air.” Indeed, Crutchfield’s nostalgic indie- rock seems to hover in the album’s lead single “Air,” which lays an anchoring guitar line over rising vocals, fragile and strong. This is an album of beautiful balance, hell bent on discovering a growling truth. Like a campground strewn with memories, _Ivy Tripp_ is a place you’ll want to return to again and again. –CLAIRE MCKINZIE

**WHITE PRISM**

_Open Heart Job_ (MNRC)

Australian-born musician Johanna Cranitch returns as White Prism, a reinvention from her previous project, Johanna and the Dusty Floor. This time, the vibe is an electronic, dreamy, ethereal soundscape. Slow tracks, like “Clean,” “Hungry Heart,” and “Graceless” glide with sly, sweet pop. While “Patience” and “Shake You Off” direct their upbeat techno grooves right at the dance floor. Cranitch’s clear, effortless vocals remind one of ’80s and ’90s folk/electro-pop chanteuse Anna Domino. _Open Heart Job_ is an electronic-based album that doesn’t sound cutesy, cheesy, or too retro, but instead, gets the synths right on target. –MICHAEL LEVINE

**SUFJAN STEVENS**

_Carrie & Lowell_ (Asthmatic Kitty)

Even in the electronic chaos of Sufjan Stevens’ last album, 2010’s _The Age of Adz_, elements of the indie musician’s folk roots rose to the surface. On Stevens’ latest full-length, _Carrie & Lowell_, folk takes center stage. It’s a beautifully simple record, devoid of excess or even percussion, recalling 2005’s standout track, “John Wayne Gacy, Jr.” Subtle piano reminiscent of Nick Drake accompanies stark lyrics of self-doubt on “John My Beloved,” just one piece of this gorgeous melancholic atmosphere. It may have been five years since the last Sufjan record, but this music, with its subtle, surprising complexity, is worth the wait. –STEVEN EDELSTONE
SERENA
Directed by Susanne Bier
Out March 27 (Reviewer Rating: 2/5)
Serena’s reputation precedes it. Starring Bradley Cooper and Jennifer Lawrence, the period drama was filmed in 2012 but not released until now. Some have speculated that the delay happened because the movie is so horrendously bad that the filmmakers would prefer to forget about it. Happily, that isn’t the case. Serena is nothing like the co-stars’ other two hits, Silver Linings Playbook and American Hustle, but it’s a highly entertaining film in its own right.

Part melodrama, part noir, the film follows two wealthy newlyweds as they fight to keep afloat during the Great Depression. After her impulsive marriage to George (Cooper), the beautiful and mysterious Serena (Lawrence) proves that she’s equal to any man at George’s timber company, earning the respect of some and the resentment of others. Further complicating their seemingly blissful lives are George’s former lover and their illegitimate child. As her challenges grow, Serena proves that she’ll go to any lengths to get what she wants—and let’s just say that the body count is high.

The film is far from perfect: dialogue is often clunky or too obvious (Serena is actually described as “beautiful, wounded” in her first scene) and some might find the plot too far-fetched or even soapy. But the acting is strong, the costumes are gorgeous, the cinematography is great, and the story—though ridiculous—is definitely captivating. Don’t believe the rumors. Serena is worth a watch. —ERIKA W. SMITH

EVERY SECRET THING
Directed by Amy Berg
Out May (Reviewer Rating: 2/5)
There are a few big secrets in Every Secret Thing, a female-centered crime drama adapted by Nicole Holofcener and directed by Oscar-nominated documentarian Amy Berg, but they are not much fun to find out. When the movie opens, Ronnie and Alice are misfit 11-year-olds, forced into friendship by Alice’s bohemian single mom (Diane Lane). After they are humiliated at a pool party, an act of impulse leads them to commit a heinous crime. Every Secret Thing picks up when they return to Orangetown, NY, as young women, fresh from juvenile detention (Dakota Fanning plays the adult Ronnie and Danielle MacDonald plays Alice). Coincidentally, a child goes missing just after the pair’s release, and Detective Nancy Porter (Elizabeth Banks), the cop who caught them the first time, thinks Ronnie and Alice might know more than they are letting on.

Occasionally, the narrative veers off into Lifetime Original territory, but the actresses—particularly the glamorously campy Lane—wrestle it back on track. The story also passes the Bechdel test with flying colors; it’s all about complicated, damaging connections between women. The main problem is that the central characters, particularly Alice, are treated so brutally. Holofcener has written so many fictional characters who seem real, and Berg has turned so many real events into compelling stories—it’s surprising that together, they created a monster. —PHOEBE MAGEE

WOMAN IN GOLD
Directed by Simon Curtis
Out April 3 (Reviewer Rating: 2/5)
Woman in Gold tells the moving and true story of elderly Holocaust survivor Maria Altmann’s (Helen Mirren) nearly decade-long attempt to reclaim Gustav Klimt’s famous stolen portrait of her aunt, Adele, from Austria. Following a change in the country’s art restitution laws, Maria enlists young lawyer Randol Schoenberg (Ryan Reynolds) to navigate her legal fight for the valuable family painting, which was confiscated by the Nazis in the early stages of World War II. The film artfully bounces between modern-day struggles with the Austrian government and heart-rending flashbacks of Maria’s escape to America.

Tatiana Maslany shines in her role as the young Maria—her expressive face thoroughly reflects the horror of the Holocaust’s destruction and dehumanization. Interactions between the present-day characters, however, come across as unrealistically simplistic at times. For example, Randol’s wife’s (Katie Holmes) unwavering support of his obsession with the unprofitable case feels like only part of their story. And during one flashback, Adele mysteriously muses to a young Maria: “I wonder what it will be like to be a woman when you are older. If you will have to amuse yourself with trivialities.” But the film only scrapes at the surface of Adele’s experience. While the narrative could have benefited from more explanation of Adele’s plight, it still asks meaningful questions, one of them being, Can we ever really get back what is ruthlessly torn from us in war? —MARISSA DUBECKY
The Coun
T
ry of Ice
e Cream
Star: A Novel
By Sandra Newman
(Ecco)

From the very first sentence of this uniquely narrated novel, author Sandra Newman places readers in a jarring dystopia populated only by tribes of children. Set 80 years after a plague begins that causes all people to die by age 21, the book describes a United States that has collapsed into a society of warring kids living in various degrees of squalor. Ice Cream Star, a 15-year-old girl from what was once Massachusetts, learns of a possible cure for the disease, and sets out to find it.

The adventure that ensues weaves geography, race, gender, sexuality, and religion into a gripping narrative that details how society broke down in the wake of the plague. And as violence and scheming swirls around Ice Cream Star, it’s easy to forget that no one in the story, besides one stranger-turned-ally, is over 20. It does take time to get used to the language spoken by Ice Cream and her people—a blend of French, English, and clipped words. But the complexity of the story and the larger questions it raises about the inherently violent and self-serving nature of mankind linger long after the final page. —Briedy Heing

The First Bad Man: A Novel
By Miranda July
(Scribner)

Miranda July’s first full-length novel is already being called one of the best books of 2015, and it’s easy to see why. Cheryl Glickman, the protagonist of the story, is a single, middle-aged woman consumed by her own neuroses and loneliness. Things begin collapsing for Cheryl when her older crush reveals a secret and her boss’ daughter moves in with her. Cheryl is by turns sympathetic and revolting, pulling the reader in with her longing even as her habits alienate. But as her routine falls apart under the weight of those around her, everyone else’s flaws become clear.

Through Cheryl’s eyes, July gently peels back the layers on each character to reveal the broken people hiding behind carefully constructed veneers of normality. There are many fine lines in the book, and July walks them gracefully. The First Bad Man explores desire, vulnerability, and need with a unique compassion. July treats her fragile characters gently, using her finely tuned sense of human nature to carry the story through a roller coaster of emotion without being over-the-top or jarring. Her characters aren’t heroes or villains, just imperfect humans. —Briedy Heing

The Folded Clock: A Diary
By Heidi Julavits
(Doubleday)

Even in our age of oversharing, Heidi Julavits’ diary, The Folded Clock, is strikingly intimate. This tone is set from the beginning, when Julavits recalls finding a collection of diaries from her girlhood. She fantasized about their biographical value when she achieved literary fame, how they would affirm that she was meant to be a writer. But when she re-read them, they turned out to be unexceptional accounts of her ordinary teenage wants.

For anyone with ambition, that first confession will trigger a bevy of emotions: it’ll make you cringe, then appreciate her candor. Her writing is intelligent, philosophical, elegant, and endlessly quotable. (I underlined the shit out of this book.) While Julavits discloses things many of us think but wouldn’t dare admit, she does it with a quiet, nuanced conviction. Much of her diary ruminates on time, death, relationships, and material possessions; “Loss…so long as you’re dealing with objects, can be spun as opportunity,” she writes about losing her passport abroad. Julavits succeeds most when she turns her nebulous emotions into words to live by. “—Maura Hehir
IT WAS ME ALL ALONG: A Memoir
By Andie Mitchell
(Clarkson Potter)

Sometimes the coping methods that we humans employ to deal with painful emotions can become harmful habits that endanger our wellbeing. Often, this danger isn’t fully apparent until it becomes too overwhelmingly obvious to ignore. Growing up, Andie Mitchell came to rely on food as a primary source of comfort and reassurance. Raised by an overworked mother and an emotionally troubled, alcoholic father, the author became a constant overeater. “Eating made me forget,” she writes. “Packing myself with sweets until I ached created a new sensation, one that had nothing to do with intense loneliness and broken dads.” In college, Andie was horrified to learn that she weighed nearly 300 pounds. Scared of mobility problems and other health issues, she resolved to moderate her exercise and eating habits, and her memoir touchingly chronicles her journey to successful weight loss via self-acceptance and self-love. It wasn’t a wonder drug or a magic diet that helped Andie reach a stable size and build a healthier relationship to food. Rather, it was a willingness to let go of perfectionism and self-punishment that enabled her to modify her lifestyle to better suit her body’s needs, and ultimately find her passion as a food blogger and recipe writer. —RENATE ROBERTSON

GOD HELP THE CHILD: A Novel
By Toni Morrison
(Alfred A. Knopf)

After a 45-year career and more awards than you can count, Toni Morrison is still as great as ever. Her 11th novel, God Help The Child, features multiple narrators centered around the story of Lula Ann, a young woman who now calls herself Bride. Bride transforms from a desperate child who was neglected by her mother because of the “midnight black, Sudanese black” color of her skin, to a successful woman with her own cosmetics line and a seemingly perfect man. But suddenly, everything goes wrong. An encounter with a woman from her past damages Bride’s confidence, beauty, and career in ways that change her life back into the one she used to have.

At just 183 pages, this is a quick and engrossing read, but by no means a simple one. Morrison tackles racism, abuse, and neglect in many forms. She also highlights how the events of childhood can shape the rest of one’s life. As Bride’s mother, Sweetness, says, “What you do to children matters. And they might never forget.”

—ERIKA W. SMITH

HEADSTRONG: 52 Women Who Changed Science—and the World
By Rachel Swaby
(Broadway Books)

Most kids learn about Marie Curie, the French physicist and chemist who, for a hundred years, has single-handedly represented all women in science. But how about Yvonne Brill? It is she who inspired Rachel Swaby to write Headstrong, a collection of 52 profiles on women who impacted the science world but were later forgotten. As Swaby explains, Brill’s 2013 obituary in The New York Times praised her as the “world’s best mom” who made a mean beef stroganoff instead of calling her a rocket scientist. That’s why Swaby’s book focuses on scientific achievements rather than domestic ones, while still making it clear that these women were more than their jobs. Jane Wright discovered new ways to treat cancer, but was too modest to tell her kids about her accomplishments. Alice Evans was a bacteriologist who fought for the pasteurization of milk, only to die years later from the same bacteria she discovered.

Swaby’s book is only a primer, which she suggests you read in spurts: One woman a week for the entire year, giving you enough time to learn more about these forgotten pioneers. —SHANNON CARLIN

MICHELLE OBAMA: A Life
By Peter Slevin
(Knopf)

Chicago-raised, Ivy-educated, six-figure salaried: the details of Michelle Obama’s life won’t surprise anyone these days. But author Peter Slevin’s biography—which recounts Obama’s working-class childhood, her struggle to fit in at Princeton, her social activism at Harvard Law, and her success in community affairs—is rich in familial details and rooted firmly in well-researched historical frameworks. Clear connections are drawn between her hardworking, loving parents and the down-to-earth, mom-in-chief image that Obama is most known for. This, however, is no fluff piece. Slevin does not whitewash her story, nor does he come to his own conclusions about her experiences as an African-American woman. He allows a great deal of space for the frank discussion of the Obamas’ occasionally tense marriage. While Slevin doesn’t shy away from her flaws, he paints Michelle Obama as, in the words of a college classmate, “really cool and really smart.” —MOLLY LABELL
BROKENOMICS: 50 Ways to Live the Dream on a Dime
By Dina Gachman
(Seal Press)
Peddling common sense advice to anyone with a cash-flow crisis, Dina Gachman offers a cheerful, humble, and handy approach to surviving lean times. You could have figured much of it out yourself—home workouts versus a gym membership, Mr. Coffee versus $5 lattes—but Gachman’s buoyant humor is guaranteed to make you feel better about getting through a rough patch. The author sometimes presumes enough privilege on behalf of her broke readers to raise some hackles. Whose friends would welcome an indefinite couch-crasher saving up for her trip to Europe? Most of your friends are already sleeping on that couch in their tiny studio and/or would expect half the rent. Gachman is funny enough to have a career in comedy, and despite some class obliviousness, her prime motivation truly seems to be the welfare of others. –FRAN WILLING

REFORM YOUR INNER MEAN GIRL: 7 Steps to Stop Bullying Yourself and Start Loving Yourself
By Amy Ahlers and Christine Arylo
(Beyond Words/Atria Books)
Framed in the style of a gal pals’ reform school, this book seeks to teach its reader to be informed by her “Inner Mean Girl” (those feelings of nagging self-doubt and self-bullying) rather than pummeled. This monster rises from many places—including life changes or experiences that reawaken old humiliations—but the power she wields is relative. Authors Amy Ahlers and Christine Arylo have résumés for days and bring in the work of other therapeutic professionals as well, along with quizzes, self-assessments, and homework to create a full curriculum in unlearning self-sabotage. While flawed and sometimes eye-roll-inducing (the text is full of binaries and gender essentialism while pitting the “Inner Mean Girl” against the kinder “Inner Wisdom”), the book is ultimately successful in helping readers cultivate compassion for themselves. –CHRISTINE FEMIA

(UN)COMMON COURTESY: How To Behave Decently No Matter What Life Throws Your Way
By Sandi Toksvig
(The Experiment)
Sandi Toksvig is the agony aunt you never knew you needed. Her handy tome is skimpy on the stuffy and chock-full of funny anecdotes that illustrate her point of view, which is: “Manners are simply an expression of how we manage the tricky art of coexisting.” Instead of some prissy, preachy list of rules, Toksvig backs up her suggestions on etiquette with occasionally obscure and often hilarious facts. Bon mots on modern Internet use, such as “Consider how much others want to see a close-up of a placenta,” share the page with quotes from Shakespeare. Even better, there is no hint that manners have a bit to do with social class or subservience. Rather, Toksvig asserts that true courtesy conveys respect for all. And for that, she deserves a Thank You note (handwritten, of course). –BRANDY BARBER
Amber Tamblyn’s Poetry Corner

Every once in a while I come across a small chapbook that makes me work hard to fall in love with it, but when I do, I fall hard. Deborah Bernhardt’s Driftology (New Michigan Press) is a found feather in just such a forest. At only 34 pages, it packs a lean, mean punch of humorous observations. “Mind your head, thoughts, you sea-shore junkyard,” writes Bernhardt in the poem “[Episode Three].” That statement defines the collection, which is equal parts playful, musical, and compact. And though these poems are dense at times, they do not exhaust. They are sharp, tactile, and self-deprecating, making fun just when the doctor orders: “Swing Amplification of Shear Alfvén Waves through periodical Density Variations in a Conductive Medium,” Bernhardt writes, describing scientifically how televisions project images for us to see. Directly after, she speaks to her confused audience, putting us in her same boat: “Area Author/Has No Idea Either.” Driftology is like a complex instruction manual for an item that requires a lot of assemblage, but with Bernhardt as the carrier of tools, you will have a blast in the building process.

Kate Bolick shares her story of discovering her preference for a single life and interweaves it with the stories of other women throughout history who fought to live in a way that was truly their own. Heading toward marriage with her boyfriend, Bolick finds, to her surprise, a deep desire to be alone. While grappling with these conflicted feelings, she discovers the memoir of journalist Neith Boyce, a single woman living in New York City in the late 1800s. Boyce’s passionate desire for independence emboldens Bolick to abandon marriage and seek out something more. Bolick also discusses the stories of Maeve Brennan, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and Edith Wharton, all historical figures who found fulfillment while single long before the women’s movement of the 1970s. The author ultimately reclaims the term spinster “as shorthand for holding on to that in you which is independent and self-sufficient, whether you’re single or coupled.” —ADRIENNE URBANSKI

Spinster: Making a Life of One’s Own

By Kate Bolick

(Crown)

It seems surprising that even in this day and age, the notion of a woman choosing to stay single is seen as unusual. Here, contributing Atlantic editor

THE WILD OATS PROJECT:

One Woman’s Midlife Quest for Passion at Any Cost

By Robin Rinaldi

(Sarah Crichton Books)

Robin Rinaldi, a successful magazine journalist, decided to try an open marriage at age 44. Rules were erected, an apartment rented, an ad placed, and thus commenced an epic period of humping various men and women. Her memoir is divided into three parts: “Death of the Good Girl,” “The Wild Oats Project,” and “House of Shadow and Desire,” each packed with chapter titles like “Orgasmic Meditation,” “Girl on Girl on Boy,” and the crowd-pleasing passage, “Whore.” Rinaldi’s style is fun, smart, tender, humorous, heartbreaking, and suspenseful, and her descriptions of her various suitors are vivid to the point of hilarity. “His name was Jude,” she writes, “and he wore a jean jacket and a striped beanie atop his shaved head. Not many men could have pulled off such a look.” As an added bonus, the sexual encounters are detailed and hot. Wild Oats starts out racy, continues to be racy, and ends racy. Ultimately, deep lessons are learned—some at great cost.

—WHITNEY DIWRE

SELFISH, SHALLOW, AND SELF-ABSORBED: Sixteen Writers on the Decision Not to Have Kids

Edited by Meghan Daum

(Picador)

In her introduction, essayist Meghan Daum comments that the unifying theme of the collection, Selfish, Shallow, and Self-Absorbed, is that there isn’t one. Her observation couldn’t be more on point. What follows are 16 painful, beautiful, poignant stories from writers Lionel Shriver, Sigrid Nunez, Anna Holmes, and more, about love gone wrong and right, the quest to find one’s own path, and the constant fear of messing up or missing out. In the standout essay “A Thousand Other Things,” Kate Christensen recounts the breakdown of her marriage, an unrealized one-time desire to have children, and the sharp turn her life took in her 40s. “I picture my life without children as a hole dug in the sand and then filled with water,” she says. “Into every void rushes something. Nature abhors a vacuum.”

While there is a fair amount of overlap between the essays at times—many writers assure readers that they do, in fact, love children—the variety and scope of voices make for a truly thought-provoking collection that illustrates the complexity that arises when one decides to live outside established lines. —MELYnda FULLER
FOR THE LONGEST time, I’ve wanted to try pegging—a sex act typically involving a ciswoman anally penetrating a cisguy with a strap-on dildo. That’s right, I wanted to be a peg-a-sus. That’s why, last August, I signed up for a fetish-oriented dating website. Two weeks later, I was silicone-balls deep in a fella I had just met, and what happened in between taught me more than I had ever known before about relationships, sex, and power.

I set up a profile that made it clear that I was looking to meet someone in person for an ongoing arrangement, and that pegging was on the menu. I was inundated with messages. Since most of my past affairs have failed for the express reason that I can be a domineering nightmare, the fact that this trait made me even more appealing to the men on the site was a big plus.

As I grew bolder online, I knew it was time to take the big leap and meet someone face to face. My first two dates were relative let-downs; one guy was so nervous, he had what appeared to be a full-blown anxiety attack after confessing his pegging fantasy. It was a crash course in the male psyche that felt like the equivalent of an undergrad degree in gender studies.

Bachelor Number Three—the gent who eventually would go on to play “Ben Dover” to my “Penny Tration”—was the most chill. We ended up at his place after a decent enough date, and I figured it was my time to shine. I had him strip in front of me and walk from one end of the room to the other, then took off my scarf and tied it around his eyes. After I teased him a little, he asked if he could show me his sex toys, and I thought, Yes! This is it! There wasn’t much prior discussion beforehand about what the plan was, but once I spied the strap-on in his Pandora’s box, I knew it was go time.

It was actually a massive struggle to figure out the harness; they’re very confusing and it took both of us some time to get me into it. But once that was all sorted out, I was ready for action. At first, I let him sit on top of my new hard-on so he could control entry speed. The rush of power from penetrating someone for the first time was so heady and strong, however, that I was soon flipping his ass over and going to town on this dude’s butthole. Even though there wasn’t really any active sensation in my lady parts, my fake dick felt like an extension of my soul. Every crass, animal urge I’ve ever had was rushing through me, and I pounded him with the kind of reckless abandon I’d usually associate with drag racing or skydiving. He came without touching himself, which also gave me a surge of pride. But after all was said and done, he was kind of annoying when he wasn’t in a horny, submissive state. As if the dildo both gave me a dick and turned me into one, I made an excuse, called myself a cab, and got the hell out of there.

I went on a few more dates from the fetish site after that one, some more successful than others. I’ve found it takes a lot for hetero men to talk about wanting to be a bend-over boyfriend, so having an established relationship based on trust creates a more intimate pegging experience. No matter what kind of arrangement you seek, it’s much easier to get into someone’s butt than it is to get into their heart. The most important thing is to figure out what you want first, then start chasing that tail. —AMY WATANABE
I am looking for sexuality podcast recommendations. I love Dan Savage’s Savage Lovecast, but I’m a sex-positive, straight, cisfemale, and I’m not especially kinky. I would love a podcast that could speak to me more viscerally, instead of intellectually/socially. As I see it, there are two kinds of sex podcasts: socially conscious ones and mainstream ones. By virtue of being socially conscious, the podcasts I already like cover more marginalized topics, like polyamory, fetishes, etc. And the more mainstream ones, like Loveline, I find really alienating and misogynistic. Is there a socially conscious, indie podcast out there for a feminist who wants to hear about sex and relationships without condescension, misogyny, or ignorance? –All Ears

It’s not easy to find sex-positive podcasts with no kink at all, and I predict this will be the case for at least a few more months, as everyone and her dog deconstructs Fifty Shades of Grey...again. But here are a handful of podcasts to check out. Some are frisky, some more informational and sexual health-conscious, and some are wide-ranging in terms of the topics they explore and the people they interview. All, however, are put together by people with real expertise and love of the material. (Full disclosure: I’ve popped up on some of these.)

Sex Nerd Sandra (sexnerdsandra.com) is a big fave of podcast fans and engagingly tackles all kinds of topics with cool guests. RH Reality Check (rhrealitycheck.org) covers reproductive health and justice issues. Kinsey Confidential with Debby Herbenick (kinseyconfidential.org) is more science-y than saucy, and she’s a superstar of sex-positive research. In Bed With Susie Bright (audible.com/int/Susie) introduces listeners to the grande dame of smart sex discourse. A Minneapolis newspaper named Bright one of its “62 Reasons to Love America” 20 years ago, and it’s still true. (Note: a paid subscription is required for this one.) Tristan Taormino is a feminist porn powerhouse, but she and her guests talk about lots of other things, too, on Sex Out Loud (voiceamerica.com). And speaking of Full Disclosure, that’s the name of another sex podcast, this one helmed by a lovely fellow named Eric Barry (fdpod.com).

I masturbate, and I actually achieve orgasm almost every time. My issue is that I get terrible headaches the next morning that last for a day or two, even with over-the-counter painkillers. It was OK at first, but now it’s really turning me off. Is there anything I can do? Help! –Head Case

Congratulations on being orgasmic, but clearly this is a case of “No good deed going unpunished.” Headache associated with orgasm is not especially rare, though yours may be a little more unusual in that it happens some time after the orgasm in question; it’s more common to see sex or orgasm headaches that happen before or during climax. See a doctor to rule out any serious conditions that may be linked to your experience. Not to make you even less enthusiastic about masturbation, but it’s important to get checked for a brain hemorrhage—particularly the subarachnoid variety—or aneurysm. Masturbation does not cause these problems and abstaining from it doesn’t protect you. If you can, see a migraine specialist. Give specifics about when and how the headaches happen; it may help with diagnosis.

Most headaches associated with orgasm don’t occur for such scary reasons. My partner, chiropractor Dr. Robert Morgan Lawrence, points out that headaches are often vascular—that is, having to do with blood flow—and associated with body tension. They can also be associated with brain chemistry. These are all things that sexual arousal may affect. They may be triggered by adrenaline. Birth control pills, marijuana, pseudoephedrine (found in decongestants), dehydration, and stress have all been posited as playing a part, and the “benign coital headache” seems to be more common in people who also are prone to tension, exertion headaches, or migraines.

Let’s explore some of the ways muscle contraction or blood vessel dilation might be triggered by your masturbation methods. What’s happening with your body positioning? Do you masturbate with great focus and speed? That could add up to significant muscle tension. Do you hold your breath or breathe very fast? The oxygen level of your blood can be affected, and either hyper- or hypo-oxygenation might result in a headache. How’s your blood pressure? It’s possible that a doctor can prescribe something to ease your symptoms, like beta blockers, calcium channel blockers, or non-steroidal anti-inflammatories.

Finally, to test whether breath and tension may be playing a part, try this. Masturbate slowly and languidly, taking lots of time to build up to orgasm without any of the tension you might usually experience. Breathe deeply and regularly. Stay as relaxed as possible. Most people find it takes a while to get used to masturbating like this, but it could give you information about whether the headache hits you even if you’re not doing anything physical to trigger it. This may help the doctor diagnose you, and if you’re really lucky, it may get you an orgasm without the painful aftereffects.

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PUBLIC ATTRACTION IN A PUBLIC BATHROOM

As soon as Justin locked the bar’s bathroom door behind them, Marisol turned around and pushed him up against it. She took his heavily stubbled jaw in her hands and kissed him, her heart pounding.

It wasn’t like her to hook up in public, but she was so struck by running into an old crush that she had to take the opportunity. And as far as bar bathrooms went, this one was pretty clean. Marisol’s attraction to Justin had started way back when they were organizing together with a crew of fellow anarchists. He was a radical who liked professional sports—a combination that was hard to find—and his cute smile and tattooed arms didn’t hurt either.

Justin grabbed Marisol’s ass with both hands and held her tightly against his body—she could feel him getting hard. They kissed furiously; his lips were full and soft, and his tongue tasted good in her mouth. Her nipples hardened inside her bra as Justin’s erection rubbed against her, and her clit began to tingle. Marisol stepped back and leaned against the wall, pushed Justin down to his knees, hitched up her burgundy lace dress, and draped one leg over his shoulder. It wasn’t the most romantic move in the world, but they had little time to waste.

Justin pulled Marisol’s panties to one side, slid in a finger, and quickly but masterfully licked her clit. Marisol leaned back, gripped Justin’s thick brown curls between her long fingers and held his head against her pussy. She closed her eyes and let out a sigh of relief, moving her hips rhythmically to guide his tongue.

Justin was incredibly turned on by how into it Marisol was, and he wanted more. He stood up, moved her over to the sink, and bent her over. He lifted her dress and pulled her panties down to her ankles. Then he got down on the cold tile and ran his hands over her legs, stopping for a moment to admire the tattoo she had on her thigh of a Puerto Rican flag with a black fist as the star. Then, to Marisol’s surprise, he spread her cheeks and buried his face in her ass. She was so wet that it was easy for Justin to slip a couple of fingers inside her pussy and pleasure her in two ways at once. Justin had always had a crush on Marisol: she was incredibly smart and a militant activist, but he’d never had the nerve before to come, but the excitement of running into someone she’d once desired so strongly and fucking in a public space compounded her pleasure. The familiar sensation was creeping up from her pelvis, circling her navel, and traveling up to tickle her nipples. She gripped the cool porcelain of the sink with one hand and reached around with the other to bury Justin’s face further in her ass. Marisol arched her back, ground down onto Justin’s nose and mouth, and tightened up on his fingers until she came hard in waves of wet release and sweet relief. She was pretty sure she screamed out, but couldn’t hear herself over Frank Ocean blasting through the bathroom speakers.

Marisol stumbled back while Justin stood up, pulled up her panties, and turned to face him. He licked his lips and kissed her hard. She could taste herself on his tongue and one more flicker played on her still-sensitive clit. A loud knock on the door broke up the moment. “Hurry the fuck up!” someone yelled.

“Guess that’s it,” Justin said, smiling. Marisol held up a wrapped condom she’d slipped into her pocket before she’d left the table. It was all crumpled up now.

“Too bad we didn’t get to use this,” she said.

“Maybe not tonight,” Justin replied while taking her hand and turning to unlock the door. “But I’m alone at my office tomorrow. Maybe you can come over on your lunch break?”

Marisol stepped out first and looked to see who had banged on the door. When the girl saw that Marisol had been inside with someone, her scowl turned into a knowing smile. She nodded her approval then entered the bathroom, and Marisol laughed. “So? Lunch tomorrow?” Justin whispered in Marisol’s ear.

“I’m still hungry.”

Marisol nodded and took Justin’s phone out of his pocket—he was still a little hard. She entered her number, slid the phone back, and smiled. “Tomorrow,” she promised. Then Marisol walked away with a little more swag than she’d had before she went into the bathroom, and wiped the mascara she was sure had smudged under her eyes. She sat back down at her friends’ table, took a big swallow of the closest drink without asking, and grinned.

—Alana L. Lopez

Send your original One-Handed Read to submissions@bust.com and you may see it in an upcoming issue of BUST!
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Knitting Circles

ACROSS
1. Credit card liability
5. Hogwarts co-founder
   ___ Hufflepuff
10. Horndog’s favorite carpet style?
14. Gillette razor brand
15. Middlemarch author
16. Chutzhara of today
17. Night twinkler
18. “She had an ___ mystery about her”
19. Assholic, literally
20. Bountiful way to make money
23. Rage
24. Liberated, as resources
28. Beet soups of Eastern Europe
33. Singer-actress Gomez
34. “___ we having fun yet?”
35. Musical recordings for film
37. Fruit and custard pastry pie
39. Author’s book-jacket info
40. Sebaceous cysts
41. What the patron of a talented dominatrix might be?
46. Yuletide drink
47. Acid neutralizer
48. Heel named for a knife
50. Like many Rookie Mag readers
52. Stereo input jack label: Abbr.
53. Circle you might join for knitting the circled items in 20-, 35-, and 41-Across
59. Soccer Hall of Famer Mia
62. Three-dimensionally square
63. ___ Mae (eco-conscious online boutique)
64. Big name in kit furniture
65. “Chasing Pavements” singer
66. Retired daredevil Knievel
67. History Channel’s ___ Stars
68. Oberon who played Cathy in Wuthering Heights
69. Remove, as clothing

DOWN
1. Quick sprinkle, in recipes
2. James who sang “At Last”
3. Healthful muffin variety
4. Dr. Who’s time-traveling spacecraft
5. Give him the old ___ (kick him out)
6. Fashion designer Saab
7. Train line into N.Y.C.
8. Explode spontaneously, like a firecracker or a volatile boss
9. Love ___ sight
10. It may authorize or prohibit same-sex marriage where you live
11. Attila, for one
12. Computing pioneer Lovelace
13. Spermicide medium
21. Tolkien monsters
22. Psychic
25. Wearing clothes, say
26. Fix a tangled lace
27. Collect $200 in Monopoly
28. Tries to hit, as a fastball
29. ___ at Delphi
30. Attempt once more to clear a leaf-littered lawn
31. Bubble-bath locales
32. Mini-tantrums
36. Tolkien monsters
38. F2M individual
42. Southern Israeli city
43. Coolpix S800c, for one
44. Ring bearer, perhaps
45. Bungle, as lines of a speech
48. Heel named for a knife
49. Like many an overthrown despot
51. Study piece for piano
54. Typical trucker of the 1970s, briefly
55. Over the ___ (mature)
56. Early DVR offering
57. Treble ___
58. Fair share between twins
59. Well-informed, and stylish too
60. Most-wanted letters
61. Kitteh’s plaint

Answers to “Body Positive” from the FEB/MAR ’15 issue.
For answers to this issue’s puzzle, see the next issue of BUST.
THE LAST LAUGH By Esther Pearl Watson

I got a pair of sweats and 4 pairs of socks. Score! Willis got underwear. Gross!
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