

SPRING 2025 | VOLUME 1

# LITERALLY

A LITERARY MAGAZINE



**FIRST  
LOOK:**  
FICTION  
FROM  
LITERARY  
RISING  
STARS!

**JUST  
IN:**  
THIS  
SPRING'S  
BEST NEW  
BOOK  
RELEASES!

**EXCLUSIVE!**  
INTERVIEW  
WITH LITERARY  
IT GIRL, SUSAN  
TOMLINSON!

# EDITOR’S NOTE

Welcome to our very first issue of *Literally!*

This magazine started as a daydream and an assignment, something I didn’t think would see the light of day. But here it is, packed with work that demands to be read, remembered, and shared. Inside this special first edition you’ll find poetry, fiction, essays, and more that touch on things from the reality of growing up to dealing with grief. This first edition is chaotic and sharp, just the way we like it.

This editor’s note would not be complete without mentioning two women who worked on it - Anna & Anna. Known affectionately as the A-Team, us three brought this vision to life. This first edition would not be what it is without their contributions, feedback, and hard work. I am so grateful to have worked with an amazing group to bring my vision to life. I hope you enjoy exploring it as much as we’ve enjoyed creating it.

X♡X♡  
amanda

Amanda McKay  
*Editor-In-Chief*

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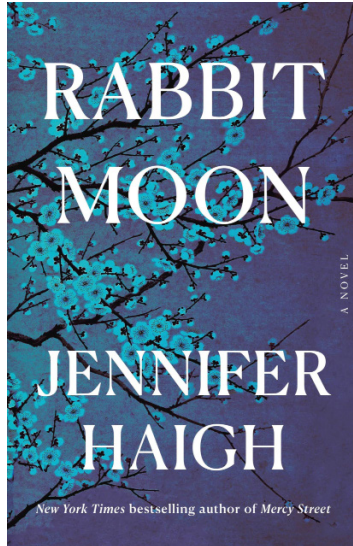
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# NEW RELEASES

*this spring*

Check out the best  
and newest releases  
in the literary  
world this spring!



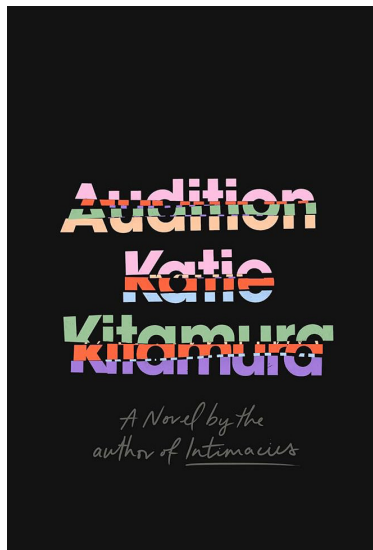
## ***Rabbit Moon***

**Jennifer Haigh**

Little, Brown and Company

Release date: April 1, 2025

Set in Shanghai, *Rabbit Moon* follows a divorced couple who reunite after their daughter is injured in a car crash. As the parents navigate the bustling Chinese city, they revisit the circumstances that led to their family's fracture and discover new, unexpected aspects of their estranged daughter's life.



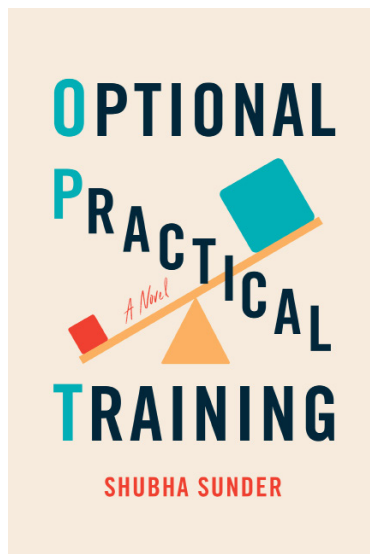
## ***Audition***

**Katie Kitamura**

Riverhead Books

Release date: April 8, 2025

A tense, thrilling exploration of a taboo romance, *Audition* follows an accomplished older actress and Xavier, a much younger man, after a chance encounter in Manhattan. The book not only explores the roles we play within society, but the psychological struggles that can distinguish the good actors from the bad.



## ***Optional Practical Training***

**Shuba Sunder**

Graywolf Press

Release date: March 4, 2025

Pavrita – a native of Bangalore, India – finishes her PhD in physics and decides to stay another twelve months in the U.S. to teach in Cambridge, Massachusetts. What she really wants is to write a novel, but she must overcome the external expectations of her family and society. Fans of Weike Wang's *Chemistry* will rejoice at the opportunity to explore a similar topic with an equally astute writer.

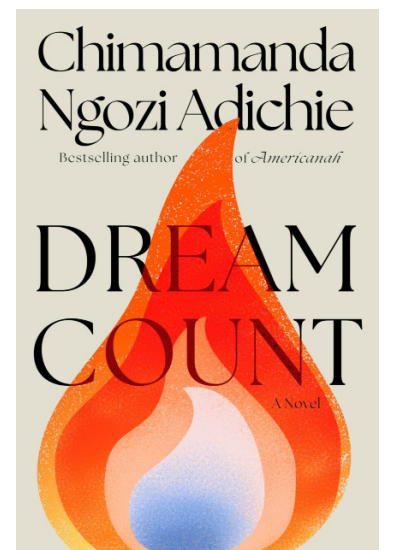
## ***Dream Count***

**Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie**

Knopf

Release date: March 4, 2025

After a ten year hiatus from fiction, Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie is back with the stories of four Nigerian women: Chiamaka, a travel writer; Zikora, a successful lawyer; Omlegor, a former finance worker who immigrates to the U.S.; and Chiamaka's housekeeper, Kadiatu. Connected by friendship, the women confront personal tragedies and second-guess their choices as they navigate middle age.



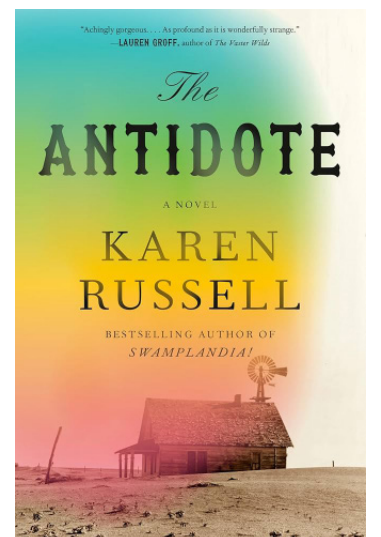
## ***The Antidote***

**Karen Russell**

Knopf

Release date: March 11, 2025

This historical fiction novel is set in Uz, Nebraska during the dust-bowl and the Great Depression. The main character is a prairie witch who promises to erase the trauma of past memories. Russell's signature mix of fantastical and real elements invites readers to reflect on climate crises and the troubling histories that reverberate in the present.

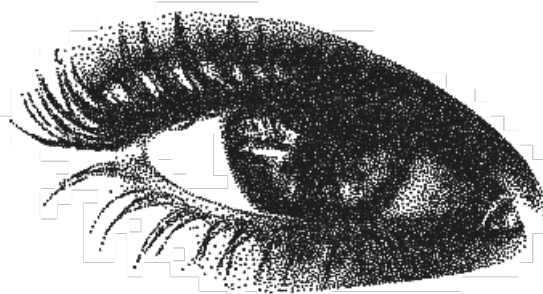




# i lost my body

Elliot Gray Boodhan

he had a tendency of partying day and night with numerous internal lesions; the group took to  
raging within the space between the walls until inflamed. at  
first he was quiet, and i spent years barely acknowledging  
his possible presence. but that changed once i'd entered my  
twenties. after months spent in indescribable pain, profuse vomiting,  
laying restless under sheets, i decided it was time to evict Larry.  
Missy Clarke was as fine an actress as any. the first time we met, she had  
me hanging onto her every word and before i knew it her hands were inside me,  
reorganizing my guts. thus began the  
game of seduction. Larry let Missy in  
and proceeded to rip down the wallpaper.  
she made her way towards him, once at  
his side, her fingers tracing his back.  
she whispered sweet nothings into  
Larry's ears, beckoning him into  
her arms. suddenly, all of my  
fears vanished along with the  
pale pink pieces scavenged,  
sitting in a jar underneath a  
sign which read "biopsy".



# How Far We've Come

Ciara Santiago

I wonder if she'll believe me when I tell her we made it. You no longer have to hide.  
Those soft, brown eyes You no longer have to suppress yourself  
Reminiscent of chestnuts roasting in the heat of the sun. Look how far we have come.

I wonder, when I grab her hand— I tuck the lessons under the fold of the pillowcase  
Half the size of mine —, The strength in remaining soft  
If the tears welling in her eyes will finally go away. The grace of being reserved  
Like a fairy dusting pixie dust—  
The magic of staying kind,  
When the world is not.

I wonder if, at night, Tonight, I do not wonder.  
In the deepest corners of her mind, I pull the blanket to her chin,  
As she lies in bed gazing Kiss her temple,  
At the glow-in-the-dark stars plastered on the ceiling, And let her rest.  
She knows that she will grow into a woman... We have made it.

The women before us sacrificed their youth  
So we could soar higher than the clouds  
So we could escape from the bitter taste of heartbreak  
The crushing pain of disappointment  
The relentless tide of anxiety, crashing like waves.

Womanhood seemed impossible.

But oh, I have to tell you, my sweet girl,  
Womanhood tastes like the sweet sap of honey,  
Dusted with salt, that tingles in the wounds bound to heal—  
It stings before it soothes.  
It smells of rosewater and morning dew,  
Pooling softly on blades of grass at dawn.

Her eyes are mine  
Our hearts beating the same song  
As I walk her to her bed, a shrine to the color pink  
And admiration for Hello Kitty.

It's okay now, I tell her, brushing a ringlet away from her face.



# I N T E R V I E W

Susan Tomlinson is a professor at UMass Boston. She has contributed to scholarly and literary discourse in various texts, including *Legacy: A Journal of American Women Writers* and Oxford University Press Complete Works of Edith Wharton.

**You have an impressive and diverse literary background! Right now you’re serving as an editor for *Legacy: A Journal of American Women Writers*. What drew you to this work, and what do you love most about it?**

**ST:** I stepped down as *Legacy*’s editor two years ago—thanks for reminding me to update my faculty profile! Becoming an editor still feels like a twist of fate because I’d never thought about being one. *Legacy* found me; after publishing my first article, the then-editor invited me to be a peer reviewer, and the next editor appointed me to the editorial board. I was shocked when the next editor asked me to be a coeditor and even more so when she stepped down and asked me to be the editor. My favorite role was coeditor because it immersed me in other scholars’ ideas and critical perspectives, and I loved collaborating with authors to make their work clearer and stronger. I always liken it to yoga—getting to the fullest expression of an idea instead of a pose. Being the senior editor meant less hands-on scholarly work because it focused on the business side. I already knew the editorial side, but working with my production colleagues who transformed the contents of Dropbox folders into actual journal issues was incredible. My favorite part about being the editor was knowing the history behind every article we published—the work between the original version the author sent and the one we accepted, the stages between that version and the one I sent to press, and the final stages that resulted in its bound and digital version—and the role every person played in making it happen. I also loved getting to know the authors, sometimes when they were nervous graduate students submitting their first manuscripts. When we see each other at conferences, some of them are tenured professors, and all of them are changing the field.

## with a Literary It Girl

**What makes you stop and really pay attention to a piece of writing and make you say, ‘this is it’?**

**ST:** Details so precise that it shifts the way I see the world. George Eliot’s last paragraph in *Middlemarch*—her address to the reader as “you and me,” the integrity of her language, the “unvisited tombs”— undoes and resuscitates me every time I read it.



**As someone who studies and teaches women from literary past, what do you think writers today can learn from Wharton and other women on the literary canon?**

**ST:** Authors like Edith Wharton and Pauline Hopkins teach abstraction, how to listen for voice and sensibility, how to think about ideas. At the sentence level they teach proportion and words beyond the ones we use every day—not to throw around but to imbibe.

**If you could sit down with any woman writer from history, who would it be? What would you say?**

**ST:** Jessie Fauset. I wish we could meet in Paris and spend the day at her favorite café, from coffee in the morning through lunch in the afternoon and tea or something stronger later on. I’d tell her that her novels are more popular than ever—read, taught, talked and written about—and that 21st-century readers are finally ready for her. But I’d really just want to listen to everything she’d say. And maybe look at accessories together; she wears the most fabulous shoes in her full-length photos, and I’d love to watch her picking things out and inspecting them.



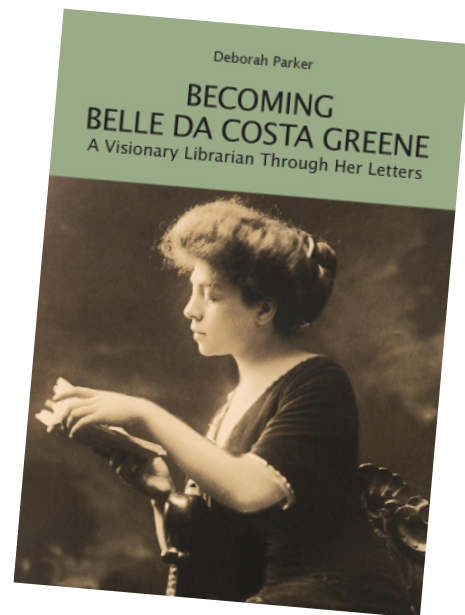


# INTERVIEW

## *continued*

**When you're not immersed in late 19th and early 20th century literature, what books do you enjoy?**

**ST:** I find author biographies irresistible, mostly for the gossip and self-destructiveness, and gory mysteries set in smug villages. I've just started *Becoming Belle Da Costa Greene* by Deborah Barker. Greene was the shrewd, outrageously glamorous curator and first director of the Morgan Library; she crossed the Atlantic dozens of times, building most of the Morgan's permanent collection and soaking up art and other pleasures with her lover Bernard Berenson. Her father was Harvard's first African American graduate. His



**Do you remember the first woman writer that made you fall in love with literature?**

**ST:** I loved Louisa May Alcott. *Little Women* was the first long novel I read. But Andrea Lee changed everything. She's published five books so far and still writes for the *New Yorker* and *Vogue*. A family friend gave me a copy of her first novel, *Sarah Phillips*, and it was the first time I completely identified with a character's sensibility. Reading a book narrated by a character whose experiences and perceptions were so similar to mine when I was a teenager—and uncannily similar to experiences I would have later on—meant I wasn't an anomaly. I reread the whole novel and individual chapters over and over, relishing Lee's depiction of Sarah's teenage world-weariness, her by turns attachment to and rebellion from propriety, and her determination to be difficult. Lee's representation of ambiguity is enthralling; she's the first author who made me ask, "How'd she do that?"



Liliia, Adobe Stock Images

# BOOK REVIEWS

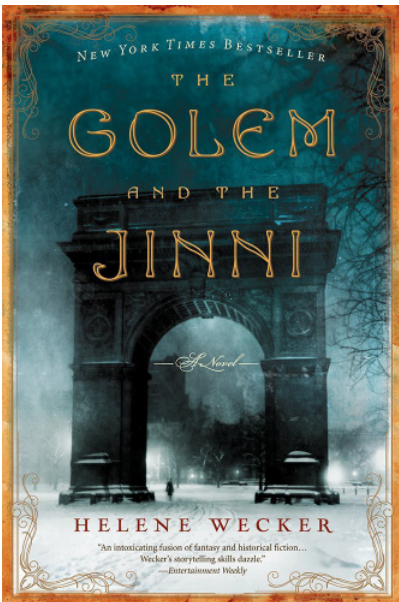
*from our editors*

## ***The Bandit Queens***

**Parini Shroff**

Parini Shroff’s first novel, published in 2023, shocks, delights, and satisfies.

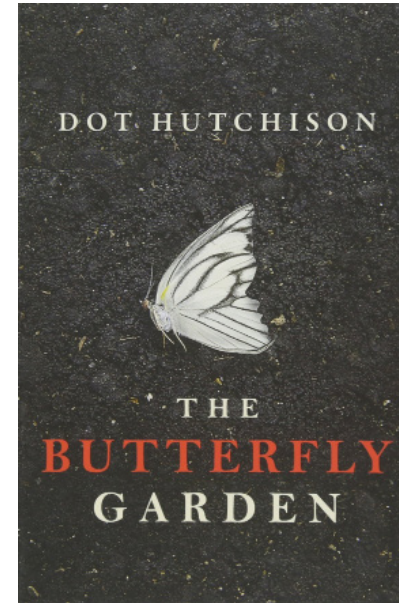
Our main character, Geeta, lives a solitary but not unhappy life since her husband vanished five years before. Sure, everyone thinks she killed him, but for the first time in her life she’s the one in control, making a living through her jewelry business and the micro-loans provided to women of the village. Farah, an acquaintance of Geeta’s, kicks off the action of the novel when she asks for Geeta’s help in killing her abusive husband, who beats her and takes her money. When Geeta refuses, Farah threatens and blackmails her. But Farah isn’t the only abused woman in the village, far from it, and as the book progresses both the characters and the reader are forced to confront just how deeply violence against women is enmeshed in this community. And not everything is breezy between the women, either; much of the book is dedicated to the difficult relationship between former best friends Geeta and Saloni. The characters are bright, complicated, and funny, and for me the real joy of this novel was watching them come together. Female power and agency radiate from this story. It was one of my favorite reads of 2024 and a top recommendation for anyone who loves a good mystery – or a good story of revenge. - **Anna H.**



## ***The Golem and the Jinni***

**Helene Wecker**

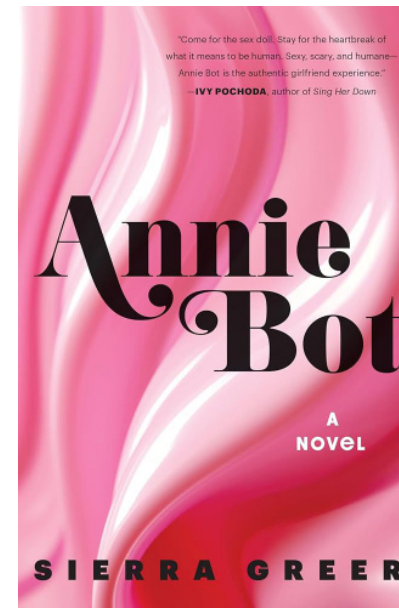
Also a debut novel, The Golem and the Jinni blends the nineteenth and twentieth century New York City immigrant experience with ancient mythical creatures. Chava, a golem (creature made of mud in Ashkenazi Jewish folklore), and Ahmad, a jinni trapped inside of a flask for a thousand years, both end up lost and unaccompanied in the turn-of-the-century bustle of New York City. Chava, created as a “wife” for a lonely man who died on the voyage from Poland, can hear humans’ thoughts and desires and feels a desperate need to obey them. Ahmad, once a powerful jinni who could change forms, is now tethered to his human body. As they meet and the relationship between them grows deeper, so does the nefarious force of Yehuda Schaalman, Chava’s creator. What I most loved about this book was its description of immigrant communities, both Jewish and Arab, in New York City at this period of time. - **Anna H.**



## ***The Butterfly Garden***

**Dot Hutchinson**

If you’re looking for a book to leave you feeling uneasy and questioning everything, look no further. Dot Hutchinson’s The Butterfly Garden tells the story of a beautiful garden, kept by The Gardener. Within the garden is an array of beautiful flowers, trees, and even a waterfall, which is populated by “butterflies”, beautiful young women who have been kidnapped. Once The Gardener collects a butterfly, he tattoos her with her new wings and preserves his specimen. After The Garden is discovered, one of the surviving “butterflies” is brought in for questioning, but it’s clear she’s hiding something. As the story unfolds, it’s clear that The Gardener is a sick and twisted man, willing to do anything to preserve beauty. This book is one that will keep you intrigued all the way through - and up all night. - **Amanda M.**



## ***Annie Bot***

**Sierra Greer**

Sierra Greer’s debut novel, Annie Bot explores the intersection of femininity and AI while also critiquing and questioning toxic masculinity and misogyny. Doug’s perfect robotic girlfriend, Annie Bot, was designed just for him. She has dinner ready after work, she dresses to his liking, and her sex drive suits him just perfectly. While she learns to please him, she also learns a thing or two about herself, which causes her to turn away from Doug’s preferences and more towards her own. As Annie becomes more sentient, Doug’s irritation grows and drives her even further to discovering what it means to be a ‘real’ woman. This book is perfect for those who need something empowering to awaken your sleeping femininity. Annie’s growing consciousness and her love for books makes her a loveable character, and Doug’s irritation is sure to affect you when reading. The best part of the book was how real these characters felt, and how they drove the message forward. - **Amanda M.**



# Sexy Baby Catalog

Lila Bovenzi

I generally don’t concern myself with whether or not my clients are attractive. I don’t have time to care about factors that neither my clients nor the Sexy Babies take into consideration. I am not a Sexy Baby. It is very important that my clients are aware that I am not a Sexy Baby. There are many important things that I must explain to my clients and many things I must also repeat.

You are not a client but I will make a few things clear. Sexy Babies are not prostitutes nor are they sex dolls. Sexy Babies are not created in factories nor are they sold. Our agency simply matches our clients with their dream Sexy Baby.

Sexy Babies don’t have standards– (that’s really the whole crux of the matter, if you want to know a trade secret), so neither do I. My current client is nothing special. They never are. If they were, they wouldn’t need our agency to find a partner. That’s not a judgment. I don’t have time to judge them.

My current client is nervous. I tell him not to be. “It’s just,” he scratches the back of his head, “I wasn’t expecting a woman to help me. I don’t know if you’re really gonna... understand my tastes?”

I’ve heard this one before. “I’ve been matching my clients with Sexy Babies for nearly a decade, and the great thing about our Sexy Babies is that you really can’t go wrong!” I toss him a grin. I’ve got a great smile; really, it’s one of the main reasons I got hired. He smiles back. “Why don’t you start by telling me why you’re here and what type of Sexy Baby you’re looking for?”

I’m used to all the typical stories. Failed relationship. Hunt for a new mommy. Erectile dysfunction. Attachment issues. So. Many. Attachment issues. I’m not judging, can’t waste time on judging. His tale of woe is not much different. His dog died. He lives alone. He wants company, unconditional affection and obedience. I pretend to contemplate for a moment. “You sound like a Daisy man to me.” “Who’s Daisy?” he asks. I thumb through my catalog until I find her page. I’ve always liked Daisy. She’s not just a Sexy Baby; she’s a good girl. “Daisy makes the best carrot cake in town.” I start my speech while he stares at her photo. “She bakes one every week and gives out slices to the neighbors. She has a gorgeous singing voice, and she braids her hair every night so it’s wavy in the morning. You’ll love running your fingers through her hair. All of our Sexy Babies are 100% loyal, but Daisy’s an especially romantic type. She’ll pack you a special lunch every day and write you adorable notes to tuck into your lunchbox.” He strokes the page along her cheek. “She looks kind.”

I nod. “Very kind and compassionate. Daisy is one of our most popular models.”



“And super hot. That red hair? And those big eyes.” I giggle. “They are called Sexy Babies for a reason.” He laughs too, then frowns a bit.

“What is it? What’s wrong with her?” “It’s just... well she seems a little innocent. Does she have a sense of humor?”

“I guarantee that she’ll laugh at all your jokes.” “Will she make jokes?” No, Daisy doesn’t tell jokes. “So you want a funny girl?” I ask. That’s not common.

“Not exactly. Just someone a little more... flirty.” Easy. I flip through the catalog until I find her. “This is Poppy. Poppy is a bartender. She makes the best whiskey sour in town and knows exactly how you like it. If you’re looking for flirty, look no further. Poppy is a master of witty banter.”

My client raises an eyebrow. He likes her. I can tell. “She looks fun,” he says. Oh. I know what fun means. He thinks she’s a slut.

“Maybe a little intimidating,” he concludes. Now I see. He wants a Sexy Baby who will take care of him, but not just that. He wants a Sexy Baby who is flirtatious and fun, but unwittingly so. A Sexy Baby who is oblivious to her charm. Quickly I turn to the next page.

“It’s gotta be Jasmine.” I give him a minute to admire her photo. Beads of water caressing her hips. Nipples puckering her translucent bikini top. Pruney fingers gripping the ladder as she lifts herself out of the pool. Her bronzed face tilted to the sun as she tosses back her wet hair. “Jasmine is a swimmer. She could spend all day at the pool or at the beach. She’ll always say hi on her way to the water and ask if you want to join. She’s also a trained lifeguard! Jasmine is down to earth, not an attention-seeker. She doesn’t have social media and she doesn’t care what other people think of her. Except you, of course.”

My client looks up from the page. “Why me?” I blink. “Because she’s your Sexy Baby.” “But she seems so independent. Will she ever... I don’t know,” he laughs, “ask me to test the water for her to make sure it’s not too cold? Or put sunscreen on her back?”

Of course. His dog died. He doesn’t just want someone to take care of him, he wants her to need him too. I go to flip through the catalog again but he puts his hand on mine to stop me.

“I’m not sure this is for me,” he says. “The process can take some time,” I explain, “Many clients take multiple sessions to select a Sexy Baby. There’s no need to give up so soon.”

He shakes his head. “What is it?” I ask. “This is all just kind of freaking me out,” he admits, “I mean, picking a woman out of a catalog only knowing a few simple things about her?”





“Have you ever tried dating apps?” I ask. He nods. “I fail to see the difference between our service and theirs. Except of course that our success rate is much, much higher.”

“But Sexy Babies are guaranteed to fall in love with you and be loyal forever. Every single one. That can’t be real.”

Well this one’s a bust, that much is clear. Our clients almost never leave unsatisfied except when they want the one thing we can’t provide: the chase.

You do not have to woo a Sexy Baby. You do not have to seduce a Sexy Baby. You do not have to earn a Sexy Baby’s love and trust. A Sexy Baby will give you everything she has as soon as you pick her. It’s really the whole point of our agency, but for some clients this is too simple. What’s a woman’s love worth if you don’t have to ask twice? What’s a “yes” if you don’t have to push your way past a couple of “no”s to get her?

“Here’s something not a lot of our clients know,” whisper to my client. He leans forward expectantly. “Sexy Babies are just normal women, or at least they used to be.

Sexy Baby Conditioning – or what radical feminists call ‘the patriarchy’ –” I punctuate this with a well-practiced roll of my eyes, “affects all of us, but some are influenced more severely than others. These women have been conditioned so efficiently that their only purpose in life is to find a man to love them. Forever. But make no mistake; every Sexy Baby had a childhood. They all have family, core memories, heartbreaks, apologies, insecurities, opinions, hopes and dreams.

“Azalea has a scar on her left breast from a cat scratch. Buttercup’s mother paid for her abortion. Calla beat her father in chess when she was twelve so he beat her with his fist. Dalia took voice lessons with her older sister. Flora learned French in college but she’s forgotten most of it by now. Gardenia lost her glasses in the ocean because she wanted to see the waves up close. Holly failed her driver’s test twice before finally passing. Iris was adopted and still hasn’t found her birth parents. Jacinta got second place in her elementary school spelling bee. Kalina pierced her own ears when she was nine and they got infected. Lavender’s aunt taught her how to make risotto. Marigold believed in mermaids longer than she believed in Santa Claus. Narcissa had a fight with her best friend two years ago and they haven’t spoken since. Orchid built a baking soda volcano for her school’s science fair. Petunia’s boss at the deli gropes her from time to time but she pretends not to notice. Rose wrote a historical fiction novel that she’s never shown to anyone. Shoshana begged the school nurse to send her home when she got her first period. Tulip had an allergic reaction to shrimp at a New Year’s Eve party and nearly died. Violet cut her hair under the dining room table when she was five. Wisteria vomited the first time she tried smoking a cigarette. Yasmin can’t walk in high heels without falling over. Zinnia started jogging last year and has lost over 80 pounds.

“They used to want more. Feel more. Think more. They still do really. But now, you mean more. More means you. Sexy Baby wants you.”



# Becoming a Woman at 60

*Michelle D’Antuony*

Death is both loud and silent. For 30 years, our home was filled with the sounds of his video games or music or golf tournaments on TV. As I returned home alone, the fog of grief swallowed me up. The house was silent, but the alarm bells went off in my head.

For 30 years, I never paid a bill.

For 30 years, I never put gas in my car.

For 30 years, I never had to write a check.

And now here I am, struggling with the grief of losing my husband and the impossibility of learning independence. I didn’t rely on him out of inability, I relied on him because that was the nature of our relationship. He took care of me, and I provided a clean home to come home to. Now, the house has crumbled and disintegrated before my eyes and under my feet.

Slowly but surely, I have had to pick those pieces up and make a home for myself. A home that isn’t full of love, but full of learning and coping. That’s the funny thing about grief: you never really do cope. There have been good days and bad days. Days where I didn’t think taking care of myself was a possibility. Days where I thought, how am I supposed to do this without you?

Through doubt and fear, I picked up those pieces and moved out of our home of 30 years. This was a shifting point for me. I needed to do a 180 degree turn and remember that I am a person, too. And now, I have other kinds of days. Days filled with seeing my brothers and sisters. Days filled with cooking myself dinner and watching movies by myself. Days where I water my plants and appreciate the sunshine streaming through my windows and think of you. Days where I cry at your memory, and days where I look at your picture and smile.

Here I am, 2 years later, paying my bills.

Here I am, 2 years later, putting gas in my car.

Here I am, 2 years later, writing checks.

These things don’t come naturally, but these past two years taught me that I am capable. I can do all of the things you’ve done for me. These past two years I have harnessed a sense of confidence in myself. I now see the world from a different point of view. There are things that I didn’t know I am capable of. Becoming independent is a constant process of growing and learning. A constant process of one step forward, and ten steps back. But here I am, becoming a woman at 60 years old.



## 1 Page Flags

For every emotionally devastating line that you read.

## 2 A Sweet Treat

Whether it's a Reese's cup or some fresh fruit, you deserve a sweet treat while reading.



## 3 Music

Because what's better than listening to your Fuck the Patriarchy playlist while reading *The Handmaid's Tale*?

## 4 Lipgloss

So your lips can be shiny, just like the new paperback in your tote bag.

## 5 A Cozy Blanket

Who said hot girls can't be cozy too?

## 6 Unapologetic Opinions on characters

Because book boyfriends and girlfriends are real, even if you're a bit delusional.

## 7 A Tote Bag

You already have 12, but you're going to keep collecting them. Bonus points if it's from a local book store.



## 8 Mismatched Socks

For vibes and vibes alone. Who needs matching socks when they're busy being smart and pretty?

## 9 An Endless TBR List

And it grows longer everyday.

## ESSENTIALS for a Literary It Girl

Are you looking to up your bookish game this spring? Well look no further - Literally has you covered! We take pride in being literally it girls, and we are here to present our must haves, so you can be a literary it girl too.



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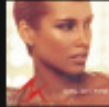








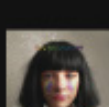
## A Chaotic Journal

For all of your unfinished stories and rants about fictional characters.

# BE THE MAIN CHARACTER THIS SPRING

Embrace your inner main character energy this spring with our main character energy playlist

**WARNING:** May cause a confidence boost. Listen with caution.

	Girl on Fire Alicia Keys	...
	Vienna Billy Joel	...
	About Damn Time Lizzo	...
	Boss Bitch Doja Cat	...
	Maneater Nelly Furtado	...
	Dangerous Woman Ariana Grande	...
	Don't Blame Me Taylor Swift	...
	Bad Girls M.I.A.	...
	Rich Girl Gwen Stefani, Eve	...
	Unstoppable Sia	...



## Welcome to *Literally*!

“I don’t mind living in a man’s world, as long as I can be a woman in it” - Marilyn Monroe

At Literally we embrace the complexity, intelligence, and creativity of women around the world. Inspired by Anita Loos’ *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, we strive to abolish the idea that beauty and brains are mutually exclusive. Our pages consist of thought-provoking literature, essays, and other art forms for women contrasted with the aesthetics of the feminine magazines we know and love, showing that the two can and do co-exist. By blending pop culture with literature, we create a space for all aspects of femininity to be explored. We believe that intelligence is stunning, literature can be accessible, and women’s voices deserve to be heard.