

AMERICANA

SUMMER 2012 CULTURE



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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

In his book *The Metaphysical Club*, author Louis Menand describes ideas as being tools that are created to deal with the world around us. It's in our nature to come up with ways to treat life's situations – whether it has been done before is of no importance – it's how we can do it better, or produce it in a new and innovative way that matters.

And that is what I've done.

Frustrated with not being able to find the right home for my voice, I decided to start a magazine. For me, doing so only made sense because I had spent years searching for a place that incorporated different cultures, different perspectives, and yes, different ideas. I was born in Kenya to two lovely parents who once married, decided to spend their lives traveling the world in search of adventure. I lived in Swaziland as a young curious girl, climbing tree's, going to game reserves, and meeting international dignitaries at political events, where my mother would often shuffle me into the hands of a caretaker -- telling me to "behave" while kissing me on the forehead before shimmying down the stairs in a perfect little dress, to meet my father.

Our family moved back to Kenya, where we lived in Nairobi -- a city filled with constant development and international culture. I attended an American private school, met classmates from Australia, China, Belize and Canada; I watched a hippo struggle at the bottom of an empty swimming pool, ate roasted maize (corn) from street side vendors as I walked home from school, and camped in the cold lowlands of Mt. Kenya with my 6th grade class. I suffered no shortage of different ideas while in Kenya, for the world that I lived in employed me to view myself as one single ingredient in a serious melting pot. We moved to the United States and my world instantly changed -- from freedom of speech, to every size coffee imaginable, Mariah Carey (sans Nick) and P. Diddy videos, to co-ed college dorms and Target. My life consisted on, and thrived off of different eral perspectives. If I wasn't giving my own -- I was searching for one. That search lead me to England, Belgium, France and Canada. I collected experiences far greater than I could have ever dreamed, dedicated my heart to art and fashion, and lived a life based on one goal: to share my voice.

And it seems that I wasn't alone. In building this issue, I began to find men and women -- just like me -- looking for a home to share their voice. Be it photographers, writers, or stylists; models, graphic designers, or artists -- I found them all, and together we railed behind this one idea. An idea that birthed itself out of constant disappointment and regret emails, I could have never imagined that I would be sitting here writing an Editor's Letter.

But that is America -- land of opportunity where one can do anything they please, from concept to execution -- the ideas are limitless. We simply believe that where there is a will, there is a way, and my Americana is void of the word no. Ideas are to be nurtured, so much so that we drop out of grad school, break up with our boyfriends, sell everything we have, and buy that one way ticket to the big city (I'm not necessarily advocating this behavior, though I am guilty of having done each).



Photograph by Ryan Paul

Our inaugural issue is flagrant with the independence and the ideas of Americana. We do not define it for it cannot be, nor do we stick to one perspective for there are far too many. The voices of Americana are skeptical and positive, weary and imaginative, wrapped in the past, living in the present and thoughtless of the future. For artist Erin Sayer, her Americana "begins with Woody Guthrie, grows into Muddy Waters, and becomes Etta James". Our resident Fashion Director William Temple depicts Americana with clothing that exudes delicate silhouettes, warm tones, and versatility. Not one article in this issue is the same, yet we can all agree that Americana, much like ideas is subjective, which is entirely what BGF is all about.

We are not a complicated magazine, we simply want more art and more fashion, but with a cultural perspective that embodies all -- locally, nationally and internationally.

Welcome to the issue.

Joan Erakit



photograph by Benjamin Rosser

Beth Lizardo

Writer
Northampton, MA
Previous Contributions – National Geographic Traveler Magazine

My Americana:

Two words: Americana fashion. Give me a vintage t-shirt, a flannel button down, a pair of Levi's and some awesome cowboy boots and I'm good to go. I'm not generally one to stay on top of the latest fashion trends (I leave that to my girl Joan), but I am so happy that Americana clothing is in right now. I own a pair of red cowboys boots that I bought in Colorado a few years back, and I often feel that I am inappropriately attached to these boots. (When I say inappropriate I mean that if my apartment were about to burn down I can't promise that I wouldn't grab the boots before rolling myself out the door.) I remember the day I bought the boots in a store that smelled overwhelmingly of leather. "They take a while to break in," the man in the boot store told me as I slipped my feet into the narrow red shells. "So that means I should start wearing them immediately?" I asked, already poised to walk out the door. Outside it was snowing and the ground was an unforgiving sheet of ice (I was in Colorado on a ski trip, after all), but I was determined to start breaking them in. So I wore them. And I fell. Hard. But it was worth it.



My Americana:

For me, Americana is tied to summertime - picnics, backyard parties, block parties, sneakers, ice cream trucks... They're often the things that made me most happy when spending time with others while I was a kid, but I still enjoy as an adult. Americana is nostalgia. It's the sweet and simple things in life that bring happiness to everyone.

Amy Gee

Photographer
Minneapolis, MN
Previous Contributions: Vita.MN, MNFashion



Marina Moua

Make-up Artist & Hairstylist
Minneapolis, MN

My Americana:

Americana is a culture that lives in a lot of American music and has influenced a classic look into fashion. Americana music to me is rock and roll, which you didn't hear too much in other countries. I was born in France, where there was not much of rock and roll history. When I was ten years old my family moved to the United States. I was one of those kids who in elementary and middle school had to learn about American culture. I remember learning about Buddy Holly in my E.S.L. class as part of this lesson on culture. We watched a movie on Buddy Holly in class that stayed with me forever. I believe it was "The Buddy Holly Story." I was intrigued by the style and fashion that are now embodied by young adults. Those Buddy Holly eyeglasses were such an epic fashion statement, now worn by so many different personalities.

His glasses were actually imported from Mexico City, but they sure made it to be a classic trend in the United States. Even my husband owns a few pair of Ray Ban Wayfarers that look similar to Buddy Holly's. Ray Ban is also an American brand that became part of the Americana culture. They were created for the U.S. Army Air Corp. in 1937 to protect aviators' eyes. Musicians who were inspired and influenced by Buddy Holly later wore Ray Bans -- Americana is a classic trend that is reflected onto our culture, music and fashion! It's something that I still see everyday on fashion and music!



Erin Sayer

Painter
Minneapolis, MN
Owner of Cult Status Gallery

My Americana:

Music is central to Americana and my work. I believe the term begins with Woody Guthrie, grows into Muddy Waters and becomes Etta James. One can't even think about Americana without hearing Bob Dylan growl "Highway 61". My subjects -- mostly musicians -- inspire me. They encourage me to delve deeper into their short lives, their triumphs, and what they mean to America's collective rhetoric. (as seen on page)



Andy Sturdevant

Arts Writer
 Minneapolis, MN
 Previous Contributions –
 MinnPost, MNartists,
 Mpls./St. Paul Magazine,
 CityPages, Paper Darts

My Americana:

“Americana” to me most often means that someone is trying to sell you cigarettes, pants, liquor, commemorative plates, gold coins, button-up shirts, boots, soup mixes, meat products, computer accessories, guitars, bass guitars, men’s underwear, chewing gum, most types of tobacco, lottery tickets, guitar strings, trucks with extended cabs, rodeo tickets, compact discs, MP3 downloads, bathing suits, kitchen appliances, soap, tires, sportswear, outdoor equipment, cars, styling products, cat food or bras.



Photographed by Phillip Ortmann

Nicole Rodriguez

Arts writer & Independent exhibition curator
 Berlin, Germany
 Previous Contributions – Sugerhigh’s Berlin
 Art Journal, ArtSlant

My Americana

Between the countless cold root beers I’d find nestled in my lunch-box on hot afternoons, the matching beaded Native American moccasins my sister and I received for Christmas one year, the flans that were traded for apple pies on Thanksgiving, and the iconic meatloaf that my Midwestern mother found her duty to make us eat, Americana has always stood out somewhat oddly in my life, despite my emotional attachment to it. In many ways it’s stood in the way of my

full integration into my home. It always threatened the clearly defined sense of being that I so much desired growing up in Puerto Rico during the 90s. But this heterogeneity of culture has taught me to mediate and negotiate identities, to even be more than one person when necessary. I’ve learned to hold the trinkets of two cultures, each just as dearly as the other, despite conflicting ideas of where to place them.



Selected images from TheBrownGirlFiles blog, a weekly updated space featuring collection reviews, art summaries, team shenanigans and much more. Ever wonder what life is like inside BGF? Check us out at: thebrowngirlfiles.tumblr.com



The Best DJs in town, a wealth of personal style, and fashion photographers? You must be referring to Last Night Famous. With the support and partnership of Honey Bar in Minneapolis's NorthEast neighborhood, we threw down with tasty cocktails and dance mixes that kept the energy moving all night.



The DJs included So Gold (WvN), Ken Hanningan (Anthem Heart) and Soviet Panda (TooMuchLove), with stylish portraits by the talented Amy Gee and Brad Ogbonna. Don't miss our parties, because they'll probably end up on this page.

SUMMER JAUNTS

By Amina Harper

We share a selection of our favorite places for you to discover of the next couple of months. The Midwest knows no bounds when it comes to undiscovered luxury, established boutiques, and the best place to buy that bouquet.

Maiden Rock Inn: I have always had this girlish fantasy that one day I will get married to an amazing guy who makes pastries from scratch, freestyle raps, and who fights vampire dragon spiders with the power of wizard magic and a samurai sword (I said FANTASY for a reason). And this guy, while being a pastry chef who moonlights as a dragon fighting wizard rapper or whatever, will take me on a honeymoon to a quiet, adorable inn far away from the hustle and bustle of city life. Now, while the vast majority of what I just said is clearly unrealistic (and mostly untrue) the last part about the adorable inn was said with complete and total honesty. While on location in Maiden's Rock for this very issue we spent an inordinate amount of time at the Maiden Rock Inn, and as soon as we got in we were nothing but wide eyes and splendor. As adults we forget the feelings of overwhelming enchantment and wonder at things we only dreamed about but never thought would become a part of our daily experiences; as we grow up such feelings sometimes are lost with tragic silence as they risk slaughter at the hands of the real world. But sometimes, like all magic, it finds its way to you again as if it had never gone, taking you back to that ephemeral world of dreams sprinkled in sugar and fairy dust. I found myself enchanted by the charming details of the inn's rooms and the elements of its history still left within. Every room was different like its own little universe unlocked by bubbling glee. Going to Maiden's Rock Inn was like being whisked away to a small romantic castle

run by its very own benevolent king and queen who made us oatmeal raisin cookies and also made us feel welcomed and loved. Needless to say, leaving was a little hard. We were sent off with plenty of hugs and well wishes and Mobetta, the inn's trusty guardian, protectively accompanied us back to our cars. It all felt like a beautiful dream and, for me, waking up was a little sad. But the greatest thing of all is when fantasy becomes reality and when dreams can be realized once again.

b. (a resale shop): The first time I went into b. (a resale shop) it was a cloudy, chilly day and I was waiting for an appointment. I wasn't expecting to find anything that I could love, but I liked how everything was color coded in a ROYGBV descending order (I LOVE rainbows) so I gave it a shot. Shopping for me is like going on a top secret mission; I never talk about what I'm looking for because it's too hard for me to explain, but I'm always looking for something very specific and nothing less will do. On this day I wasn't looking for anything in particular but I had this feeling that somewhere in the rack was an article of clothing that I needed despite have no idea what it could be. I sifted through the rack over and over almost obsessively; until I found an olive green sweater which didn't seem like something I would wear until I pulled it out and noticed that it was military style with two rows of buttons down the front, one on both shoulders and one on both sleeves. I held my breath in the realization that not only did I love this sweater at first sight, but that I had nothing like it in my then current wardrobe. All of this was lamented by the fact that it was only \$8.00. So naturally the olive green military style sweater came home with me and we lived happily ever after...until my dog ate one of the buttons.

Petersen's Flowers: Summer is coming and that means flowers. Lot and lots of beautiful and fragrant flowers in a multitude of pastel opaque colors and with satin like petals that are gentle to the touch. Every occasion can be made more personable with flowers and it's nearly impossible to through a rock in Minneapolis without hitting a flower shop, but in my opinion there's a cute little house on 38th Street that I think you should give a try. My main reason for loving Petersen's Flowers is because it is a part of my neighborhood and I like to think that my little south Minneapolis neighborhood has everything I need including an adorable little flower shop with a kind and open staff. There is something extremely comforting about knowing that if you need something that it is a hop, skip, and a jump away and that when you get there you will be assisted in a compassionate manner by someone who is a part of your community.

DYNAMIC DUO

By Tera Peterson

The Twin Cities can best be defined as a gem placed in the humble Midwest. Within the metro area, one finds some of most brilliant individuals -- bursting with undeniable talents. These two notables both impress, and inspire.



"There is so much in the world that is beautiful and heartbreaking and heartbreakingly beautiful."
– Marisa Carr

Marisa is a dynamic woman with the trades of a true artist. At the age of 24, her professional roles as a musician, performer, and poet keep the Minneapolis urbanites entertained and asking for more. She is simply inspired by everything. "I think of art as participating in a conversation and since I am one of those terrible people who always has something to say about everything, I am inspired most of the time." Beyond cultivating her craft, Marisa enjoys cooking, reading, sewing, painting, and traveling. Most importantly she appreciates recharging her batteries by spending quality time with her comfort and love, piano. I believe it is safe to say she is a woman many of us strive to emulate. Within the next few years, Marisa would like to ideally be recognized as a well established, regularly performing artist. But even now... "I am so in love with life."



"If you are really passionate about what you do and understand your work, you can easily build with others and feel like you are part of something bigger."
– Tommy Ellis

A man of observation, a man named Tommy. The two certainly go hand in hand. If Tommy Ellis is not listing to records, DJing, or on his skateboard, he is devoting time to his number one craft; photography. At 23-years-old, he is very much in touch with the environment. "Both in a photographic and general sense, I am analytical about my surroundings. The smallest things spark my interest, and in return they trigger creative ideas." Tommy's goals ultimately lie in the present. "I cannot see past 30. It is a black abyss. Hopefully I will be able to support myself on photography and design, working my way up to exhibitions and travel." The one thing that is certain about Tommy's future is that he will be wearing the one thing he cannot live without – a quality pair of denim that fits right. What a lovely man he is-someone that takes beautiful photographs and appreciates fashion.

One Idea, Three Ways The American Perspective Debunked & Explained.

By Joan Erakit

Lauren Miller

Graduate Student & Assistant
Professor, Purdue University
Lafayette, IN

I find Americana to be at it's truest essence when:

it confronts tragedies as well as celebratory aspects of American culture. When it strives to acknowledge all dimensions of the American spirit, heartbreaking as well as joyous, rather than attempting to rewrite the past or present in order to make America seem perfect. Like human beings, America still retains her beauty despite imperfections, but is all the more striking when she strives to address them with authenticity and an earnestness.

And,...the quality of Americana life can be misguided to an outsider when:

they base their notions of America(na) on Spring Break vacationers, bourgeois tourists, and media representations fed to them by cultural media. America encompasses the have's, have-not's, and those who are somewhere in between. Although globalization has linked more of the earth's children together, the privilege of media representation and travel that are granted to some populations and not others can lead to some faulty conclusions.

Because,...the basis of American values are perhaps rooted:

in self-awareness. Sometimes this serves as a stumbling block. Other times it encourages America forward.

What kind of music do you identify with Americana:

Right now? Yasiin Bey (artist formerly known as Mos Def). He speaks truth to power. Consistently.

Presidential candidate with the most "Americana" voice: For me, the President is symbolic more than anything. President Obama represents, most closely, what I conceptualize as Americana at its truest essence.

What books would you suggest on the subject:

I highly suggest reading Monica L. Miller's recent publication *Slaves to Fashion: Black Dandyism and the Styling of Black Diasporic Identity* for a fascinating glimpse into how style has been of historical importance in providing a means of both liberation and oppression. It speaks to aspects of American identity and history. Another recent favorite of mine that illuminates what I perceive to be Americana is Paul Beatty's *The White Boy*

Shuffle. It is satirical and I promise it'll make you laugh and cry-at the same time.

The Americana drink:

Gather had this divine cocktail, the Lavender Lemonade, this past summer that I anticipate enjoying again in Summer 2012. It contained Prairie Organic Vodka, house-made lemonade and lavender. It was noticeably different, colorful, and, depending on one's taste, had either a tangy quality or sweetness about it. Just like America.

Ibi Ibrahim

Artist
Washington D.C.

I find Americana to be at its truest essence when:

I once was on the bus heading home, and I saw a father nurturing his little baby. The baby was around 3 years old, he wouldn't stop kissing, and hugging his father. They were laughing, smiling and they made the entire bus passengers watch and enjoy. The father was White; the baby was Black. That's when Americana is at its truest essence.

And,...the quality of Americana life can be misguided to an outsider when:

you watch Fox News or listen to Rush Limbaugh because it represents only an aspect of the society – whether it's the majority or the minority, that's not the point – in Americana everyone will find the right cultural aspect, the right environment, the right streets, the right bar, and the right hair stylist. You call the shot, Americana got it.

Because,...the basis of American values are perhaps rooted:

in individualism, Freedom of Speech and watching Oprah Winfrey.

What kind of music do you identify with Americana:

World music certainly - Amanda Lear, Cat Stevens, Dalida and Asmahan. I would also say Max Richter since he has been my obsession for 9 months now. Bon Iver makes me want to fall in love. He's truly wonderful. Obviously Madonna. Since we mentioned the queen of pop, can we all agree that Gaga needs to take a long vacation, particularly from Twitter?

Presidential candidates with the most "Americana" voice:

Ron Paul if I must pick. I like how hard he tries to connect with the

young generation. He makes me happy with all his tweets, and Facebook updates. I'd love to get an iPad and sit next to him, play games or watch a film. Also, I feel he would like hearing about Yemen. I wouldn't pick Obama. His administration bombed innocent civilians in my country. #ObamaFail

What books would you suggest on the subject:

Shanghai Girl: I skipped dinner so I can finish it – wouldn't let it off my hand. I took it inside the bathroom. Also, Orientalism. I just got my hand on a 1979 Edition. It's one of my favorite books – even though it's really complicated to read.

The Americana drink:

Alcohol is #haram. Just water, all day long baby.

Helga Aradottir

Icelandic beauty & Design
Management Graduate
Paris, France

I find Americana to be at its truest essence when:

it's mixed and matched.

And,the quality of Americana life can be misguided to an outsider when:

reading a magazine.

Because,...the basis of American values are perhaps rooted:

in a complex potpourri of influences.

What kind of music do you identify with Americana:

The haunting yet comforting sounds of Sam Amidon.

Presidential candidate with the most "Americana" voice:

Oh, Obama.

What books would you suggest on the subject:

On Americana? Maybe it's not on the subject but the author Toni Morrison comes straight to mind. It's her captivating descriptions of surroundings and characters.

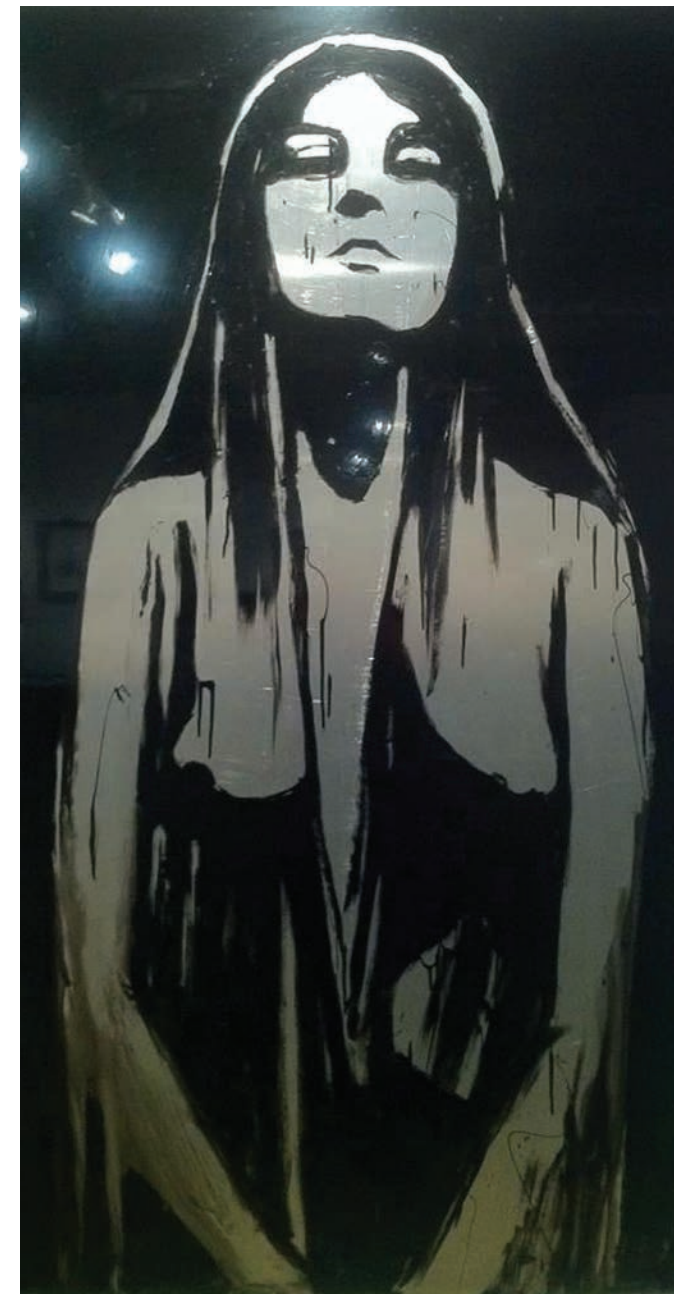
The Americana drink:

Once a gentleman told me that Bourbon Old Fashion was his favorite. I agree with that. It has a nice amber color to it.



AMERICANA AND OTHER ARTISTIC PLEASANTRIES

By Erin Sayer



My Americana, one that is void of negativity and only contains Pinterest pins and puppies, is based upon the feigned images of 'legendary' souls only alive in a scorned American populace's imagination. Images in which people forget the bad and only think of the sweet, the uncomplicated, the just, the fair, and the healthy. All of our lives have so much stress and strife and manufactured food; we are addicted to sugar coated dreams and layer-cake stories. Give me candy, forget the meat (and salad).

My Americana shudders at the thought of pink slime, cancer and global warming. It pretends racism, sexism and poverty do not exist. People living in a quirky perfect environment created on Facebook, Twitter, and Drawsome are my Americana's citizens.

My Americana remembers Elvis and Marilyn at their best; sans drug overdoses and those 10 years of obesity. It shows idolatry at its finest, all of us struggling for unattainable goals of riches, beauty and power -- they are but fleeting moments in a life lived. Think Route 66 in its heyday, the Vegas Strip circa 1953, Coney Island in 1920.

My Americana is devolving. Granted, reading comment boards stuffed with drivel from the lowest common denominator isn't the best gauge of America's state of consciousness, but they do show glaringly the uneducated opinion of about, oh 60% of this country, maybe more. Of course whenever someone turns 35 they automatically have to start 'harrumphing' the younger generations -- but you have got to be kidding me with America's fascination of Jersey Shore, reality TV, consumerism, the Kardashians, and how puffy Ashley Judd's face looks. That, I just find appalling. This hearkens quite insidiously of Brave New World, in which the public is saturated with 'un-information' -- they are distracted and don't worry about real issues, such as overthrowing a totalitarian government.

The Occupy movement has become part of the lexicon now, though not having originated here. My Americana is increasingly global, which I find positive. I have faith that young Americans will begin to see the profound idiocy our nation has been coping with for far too long, because now our eyes are looking through tiny windows into what's happening globally through the internet and social media. We see that our little bubble over here in North America has an impact on others living 'not in America'. While we type away ranting about Americana, 'they' are going arthritic at 25 so we will have the equipment to type away

The term 'Americana' is so broad it needs context before discussion; encompassing anything ideated in America in the past 100 years, including things that are mass produced in other countries. Americana is continuously evolving; elders wax nostalgic while Gen Zers rage against the machine.

First, we have Ansel Adams and Norman Rockwell; Bob Dylan's "Highway 61"; Jack Kerouac's On the Road and Andy Warhol's use of mass production as art. You have Edwardians coupled with 60s GoGo girls, Heavy Metal vs. Folk. Americana is about contrasts: using opposites to prove a point.



on the internet ranting about Americana. We see this now, and hopefully the insane consumerism, pollution, injustice and plain old ridiculousness of my America will abate.

Americana in this context is simple, constituting the efforts of hundreds of creative individuals, from actors, to musicians, to artists. I could sit here and brainstorm and list them all off, but I am a visual person, so I compiled a set of photos that, in my opinion, engender the genre quite beautifully.

Music is central to Americana and my work. I believe the term begins with Woody Guthrie, grows into Muddy Waters and becomes Etta James. One can't even think about Americana without hearing Bob Dylan growl "Highway 61". My subjects -- mostly musicians -- inspire me. They encourage me to delve deeper into their short lives, their triumphs, and what they mean to America's collective rhetoric.

Considering my work in relation to the genre, I deny concept and focus on pure aesthetics, using pop as my primary language. I utilize composition and contrast over deep meaning, immortalizing not only subjects, but also the iconic images they were appropriated from. My materials also speak of my influences growing up in a modern oil-paint-free art room. The surfaces are mainly recycled metal, referencing our environmental problems, and the paint is spray paint and sign paint. I rely either on my skills as a photographer, my friends who are photographers, Google search for imagery, and Photoshop for editing.

What is Americana's future? Will it retain resiliency or will it become a joke, as TV has? Will anyone care 50 years from now who Marlon Brando was? Now we are a country full of young people who think Titanic was just a movie, and Martin Luther King Jr. is just a day off of school. Are we doomed to repeat the civil, women's and gay rights movements repeatedly, while sitting around and worshipping stars with huge lips? Please say no; tell me it'll be alright. Maybe I'll believe you. *B.F.*



Behind The Scenes

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“Paris in the 30s. New York in the 80s. Berlin now.”

A day in the life of: Nicole Rodriguez, Berlin-based writer and arts manager

Amidst the underground glam, the late nights, the graffiti and the expats, Berlin now is my home. Like so many before me, I landed in this city with a liberal art's degree in Art History, enough books to build a fort, and an inordinate amount of shoes, without any true intention of staying.

Berlin is that kind of city — the kind of place that leaves you a bit confused about your relationship with it, the kind that makes you draw a line in the sand and choose to either be its undying ally or mortal enemy. You're either happily and wholeheartedly immersed or you recoil, dabble as a part-time something or other and eventually flee — running. It's not for everyone. Waking up to a sunny spring day nearly two years later during Berlin's "Gallery Weekend," the city clearly had different plans for me.

7:15 a.m. My iPhone alarm sends a rude reminder that it's time to start my day, but the sun has already been pouring through my bedroom windows for nearly two hours. We're far enough north that in the summer the birds will start singing well before 4 and dusk lingers until nearly 11. I gaze at the old Church across the street from my third story apartment in Neukölln, Berlin's latest district to fall victim to the city's ever-quickenning strides towards "trendification." I roll out of bed, put water on the boil and skim my mails. Have to be out the door in 30 minutes.

1:15 p.m. Leaving class with a head full of new Deutsch, I arrive at Hamburger Bahnhof, a train-station cum museum-institution, to review the latest installation of New York based artist Anthony McCall for the May issue of Sugarhigh's Berlin Art Journal. I sit in the darkened smoky exhibition hall and stare at enormous light sculptures for about 30 minutes while taking notes, and watch a seven-year-old girl running through the installation, playfully grabbing at the light projections. I buy a catalog and a Susan Sontag book at the museum bookstore on my way out — one of my favorite art bookstores in the city.

8:30 p.m. Finnish artist Marjatta Oja's first Berlin solo show opens at Galerie Suvi Lehtinen, a small Mitte gallery that will be picking up and moving to Stockholm this fall. Oja is the first Finnish artist to utilize video projection as a medium for what she calls her "situational sculpture" — a mix of screen, video projection, and photography, stitched together with film theory and found sculpture. She's a little blond thing of 50 with an alternative haircut and a sunny disposition. I arrange to interview her for early the next afternoon.

8:00 a.m. On the U8 U-Bahn line, heading towards Mitte, the epicenter of the culture scene, I do a little reading of Finnish art critic and curator Mikka Hannula's Tell it Like It Is — Contemporary Photography and the Lure of the Real; research for an upcoming interview between him and artist Elisabeth Mladenov I'll be mediating. I probably should be reviewing my German vocab instead.

2:30 p.m. Back in Neukölln, I sit down at my desk in my home studio to review pictures taken at last night's opening of the 7th Berlin Biennale, curated by artist Artur Zmijewski and curator Joanna Warsza, themed "Occupy Biennale" — a frankly disjunctive and irritating mix of high-brow arties and grunge political protesters, struggling for a unique and common language. Hammocks sway in the main hall of KW Institute for Contemporary Art above a circle of protesters, flanked by cardboard and graffiti signs with slogans like "Power to the people!" and "We are not anti system the system is anti us."

9:45 p.m. Pietro Zambello, a dancer with the Staatballet company, accompanies me to the urban fine art gallery Circleculture for the tail end of their Berlin Gallery Weekend group show and Gestalten book launch of Berlin graffiti icon XOOOOX.

9:10 a.m. I arrive in Mitte for my morning German course, ten minutes late as per usual. It's a strange mix of expats, ranging from the trust fund New Yorkers and Saudis on vacation to Japanese girls hoping to be fluent by summer's end to enroll in German grad school. They all coalesce under the pretext of learning the difference between das and dass. I grab a coffee and a croissant from across the street and run into class.

3:30 p.m. Back in Mitte already, paying for a second-hand leather couch and lounge chair in perfect condition that the craigslist gods have bestowed to me for just 50 bucks (read: Euros). The graphic design duo from Chicago selling it decided to leave Berlin after less than a year for what they describe as "a more economical life on the road." Never learned exactly what they meant by that.

10:30 p.m. We make a brief appearance at Olivia Steele's studio "Atelier Paradis" at Alte Münze — the former GDR mint — since reclaimed as the recurring home of, among other temporary installations, the Michelin Star pop-up concept-restaurant Pret a Diner. Circleculture's director, Johann Haehling von Lanzenauer, is hosting an official after party tonight.

10:30 a.m. Between lectures, I scramble together a re-pitch to my editor for an upcoming piece and secure another interview. My boyfriend texts me that on his morning commute he saw a 20-something girl wearing rainbow-leopard-skin leggings with half her head shaved, carrying a stuffed tiger as big as she was.

6:20 p.m. I make my way to the posh Charlottenburg district in the West to run in and out of two more exhibitions: Alejandro Cesarco at Tanya Leighton and Dominique Gonzalez-Foerster at Esther Schipper.

1:50 a.m. Finally home in Neukölln, I sit down to skim the Marjatta Oja catalogs I had picked up at the exhibition and prepare an outline for tomorrow's interview. I settle into a warm bath to decompress with a Houellebecq



Title: Nicole at Alte Münze
 Year: 2012
 Photo: Pietro Zambello



Title: Pietro
 Year: 2012
 Photo: Nicole Rodriguez

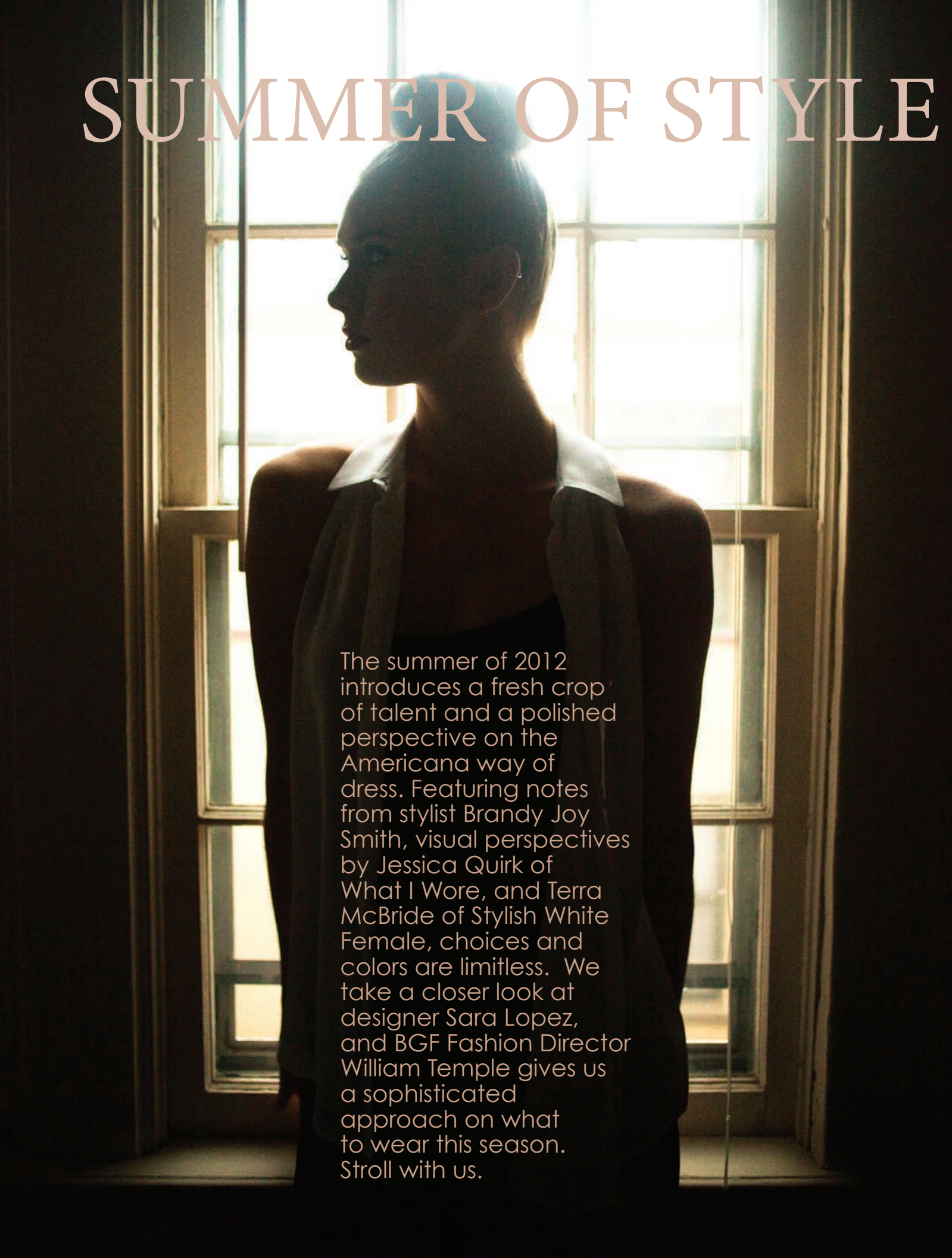


Title: Occupy Biennale
 Year: 2012
 Location: KW Contemporary Art Institute
 Exhibition: 7th Berlin Biennale
 Photo: Nicole Rodriguez



Title: Christa Joo Hyun D'Angelo & Happy
 Year: 2012
 Location: Galerie Suvi Lehtinen
 Photo: Nicole Rodriguez

SUMMER OF STYLE



The summer of 2012 introduces a fresh crop of talent and a polished perspective on the Americana way of dress. Featuring notes from stylist Brandy Joy Smith, visual perspectives by Jessica Quirk of What I Wore, and Terra McBride of Stylish White Female, choices and colors are limitless. We take a closer look at designer Sara Lopez, and BGF Fashion Director William Temple gives us a sophisticated approach on what to wear this season. Stroll with us.

BGF // MEMO

WORDS WITH FRIENDS: FASHION DIRECTOR, WILLIAM TEMPLE

Photograph by Kevin O'Meara

Restaurant/Cafe during NYFW:

That depends greatly on time of day and where you are in the city. For a show at Milk Studios I usually swing over to The Chelsea market and grab a sandwich. If I'm up at Lincoln Center, it's coffee and a juice from the Starbucks at the Empire Hotel. For a late night dinner nothing beats The Meatball Shop or La Esquina.

Most memorable Mpls/St. Paul Fashion Week Designer:

Unfortunately I missed her show but the photos I've seen from Sara Lopez and her show at Twelve really blew me away; her draping and silhouettes were sexy without being overt. The neutral palette really played up the exquisite attention to detail.

Summer shop list:

Two water friendly pair of shorts, a new pair of Vans, and the new Randolph Engineering by Michael Bastian aviators.

Daily Uniform: For a workday I'll take a suit that fits really well, a Lanvin dress shirt, a great pair of Italian shoes, a simple tie, and my WANT les essentials de la vie laptop/briefcase. A summer day off requires a water friendly pair of shorts (board shorts need not apply), a t-shirt or homemade tank, vans (no socks) and Filson tote.

Summer event you wont miss: Independence Day

Hardest part about working w/ BGF:

curbing my self-imposed need to know everything.

Labels women should covet this summer:

Pas de Calais, Helmut Lang, Rag and Bone, Nicholas K

Local Boutique:

For men, BlackBlue is my favorite, and I think every woman needs to check out the terrific boutiques on 50th and France.

Please don't wear:

Guys: cargo shorts, flip-flops, and graphic tees. Ladies keep the workout gear in the yoga studio -- and if I could go a day without seeing the words "Love Pink," I may die a happy man.



THE PERFECTIONIST, WARDROBE STYLIST BRANDY JOY SMITH

BY JOAN ERAKIT

The peculiar business of styling has been made into somewhat of a curious show as the number of people within its respected profession escalates at an alarming rate. It seems that nowadays just about anyone with a dream and a pair of heels can be a stylist. They come in all shapes, sizes, and sexes – claiming all sorts of creative abilities, trend forecasts, and personal shopping options. Recipients of their solicitations are either bewildered or confused, for it can sometimes feel like browsing through Etsy.

A stylist is a fashion professional's most valuable asset. When it comes to styling, it can be said that once found - never returned - the very best are few and far between. Brandy Joy Smith is a New York-based wardrobe stylist and fashion contributor whose talent does not go unnoticed. Her meticulous attitude towards fashion, and a resume that spans Los Angeles, Austin, Paris, and San Francisco, are just a few characteristics of why her work can be rendered flawless. At the young age of 28, Smith hits the pavement everyday ready to take any stylistic task with the same polished attitude that she does with her personal look. From that gorgeous straight hair to a uniform bathed in black, Smith is partial to everything sleek, tailored, and well fitted.

With clients ranging from Elle, to Real Simple, Playboy, Nike, and Sony Urban, Smith's work has allowed her diversity on projects varied in concept and market. A versatile experience that gives room for travel, education, and influence, Smith stands out from the rest in a profession that cannot be taken lightly. From hours of cataloguing looks, to pulling for shoots at all hours of the day, making last minute arrangements at the direction of a client, to possessing an attention to detail on the verge of crazy, she co-creates beautiful imagery with an unmistakable passion. Truly, a fashion professional's dream.

Summer staples: High waisted bathing suit

Summer splurge: Vacation out of the country and a nice pair of shades

Three magazines on your coffee table: Paper Magazine, Elle, and Flaunt

Keys to an organized closet: Since most of my closet is black, I organize by sleeve length

Rules of professionalism: Always have a smile on your face; never say not to a client – I will make the impossible happen. You have to make it work.



(In photographs: Hello Goodbye custom leather clutch, Marc by Marc Jacobs zipper earrings, Madewell leather booties)



THE CURATED AMERICANA CLOSET

Words by Tera Peterson

Americana style is a reflection of change, opportunity, and individuality. Dress is a tool designed to communicate values and personality. Style is constantly evolving, however fashion is a consistent representation of society's aesthetic ideals. Throughout the diverse decades, Americana style has upheld a presence that its residents understand and can relate to. In the effort to define Americana coupled with personal style, BGF collaborated with two national fashion bloggers, Terra McBride of Stylish White Female and Jessica Quirk of What I Wore. Each fashion advocate developed an outfit that best reflects their ideal Americana style.



Terra McBride's pick for quintessential American wear is denim. "Jeans are as American as baseball and apple pie." They are a staple in everyone's wardrobe and can easily be dressed up or down for almost any occasion. Most importantly, the photo features the statement that all fashionistas will be rocking this summer – colored denim.



The outfit choice by Jessica Quirk reflects the 1960's and the fashion icon, Jackie Kennedy. Mrs. Kennedy loved wearing bright colors and always completed her daywear with black, oversized sunglasses. She is the true example of classic and classy style.

"O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave," America is the epitome of fashionablewomen who seek opportunity through their versatile wardrobes.

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Photography by Bjorn Hunstad

IT DESIGNER, SARA LOPEZ

Careful, fiercely talented, and poignant about re-inventing the old, are just a few ways of describing designer Sara Lopez. A newly minted graduate with an impressive list of experience (Eli Saab to name one), the young style setter exudes what it means to be a true minimalist. Her work explores shapes, size, and movement – often taking

apart what is expected, and creating something brand new (men's trousers turned into jumpsuits, dresses, and coats). Her senior collection wowed with a professionalism unlike any other. Well tailored, cohesive, and full of story – a true depiction of her own character – Sara Lopez remains a name hard to forget. And we wouldn't want to anyway.



SMALL TOWN LIVING



Model Ana Cristina basks
in the light and fluttery
silhouettes of summer

Photographed by Amy Gee
Styled by William Temple and
Directed by Joan Erakit







THE AMERICANA EXPERIENCE

by Beth Lizardo



My favorite story about my father took place when he was eighteen. It was his first time in America. He was just off the plane from the Philippines, on his way to the university that had wooed him to the Midwest with a tennis scholarship. At one point, the host from the university turned to my father and asked him if

there was any food he wanted to buy before he



was dropped off at his dorm. My father piped up without hesitation. "I want to buy Sugar Pops," he said.

Sugar Pops, the Kellogg's cereal now known as Corn Pops, was the ultimate American food for my father, who had never eaten cereal in the Philippines but had heard of it by way of the American movies and TV shows he watched as a kid. "I thought Sugar Pops were good for you," he told me, years later, when I was complaining about not being allowed to eat Cinnamon Toast Crunch for breakfast. (We were a Grape-Nuts and Cheerios household.) "But that cereal ruined my teeth."

During a recent spell of web browsing, I came across the original Kellogg's Sugar Pops commercial from 1972. The commercial, which marketed Sugar Pops as "a real western style breakfast," took place in a cornfield and featured a cowboy vigorously whipping ears of corn until

they exploded into puffs of cereal. The narrator of the commercial had a strong voice with a slight southern twang and the sort of amiable, self-assured tone that could convince you of anything. No wonder my father thought the stuff was good for him. I remember being struck by the distinctly American feel of the commercial. The emphasis was as much on the cowboy and the cornfield as it was on the actual cereal, which seemed to imply—as all good advertising does for its subject matter—that you were not just buying a cereal but an authentic American experience. It was this experience that I think my father was after.

It is interesting to think about the extent to which a food item, object, or piece of clothing can communicate the history or essence of a place. It is even more interesting to think about these things in the context of your own country. Born and raised in America, I spent a lot of my teens and early twenties trying to distance myself from the stereotype of the sweatpants-wearing, Super-Size-Me American with

a flavored coffee in one hand and a Bud Light in the other. My parents and I traveled a lot when I was growing up, and this early exposure to other cultures, coupled with a biracial background, stoked in me a taste for the exotic. I spent a semester in Spain and never wanted to come back. Then, for a time, I thought I would go live in Asia. But time passed, my perspective shifted, and I became more interested in the only place that I had (n)ever really called home.

One particularly powerful moment took place during my final year of college. I was taking a class on the American Puritans, and one of our texts was an anthology of famous American sermons from which our professor often read out loud. One day toward the end of class, she opened the anthology and began to read "I've Been to the Mountaintop"—the speech delivered by Martin Luther King, Jr. the night before he was assassinated. As she read, we all fell silent in a

way that we never had when she read the other sermons in the book. Halfway through, she began to cry, but she kept on reading, and by the end we were all in tears. That, for me, was an American experience.

Five years have passed since that day in college, and I am still living in the States. The small city in Western Massachusetts where I spend my days is very much steeped in its own breed of Americana. There are mountains and cornfields and farms and farmer's markets. We have a used bookstore that resides in a 19th century gristmill. The houses have woodstoves and porches and yards where people grill in the summer. Leaning against a building on the corner of the street is a boy with a guitar and the voice of Bob Dylan. We collect old maps of America. We buy used records for our record players and drink locally brewed beer. We walk our dogs by the river. We camp. We hike up mountains and look back down at what we've left behind. **B.F.**



OF HIM & HER

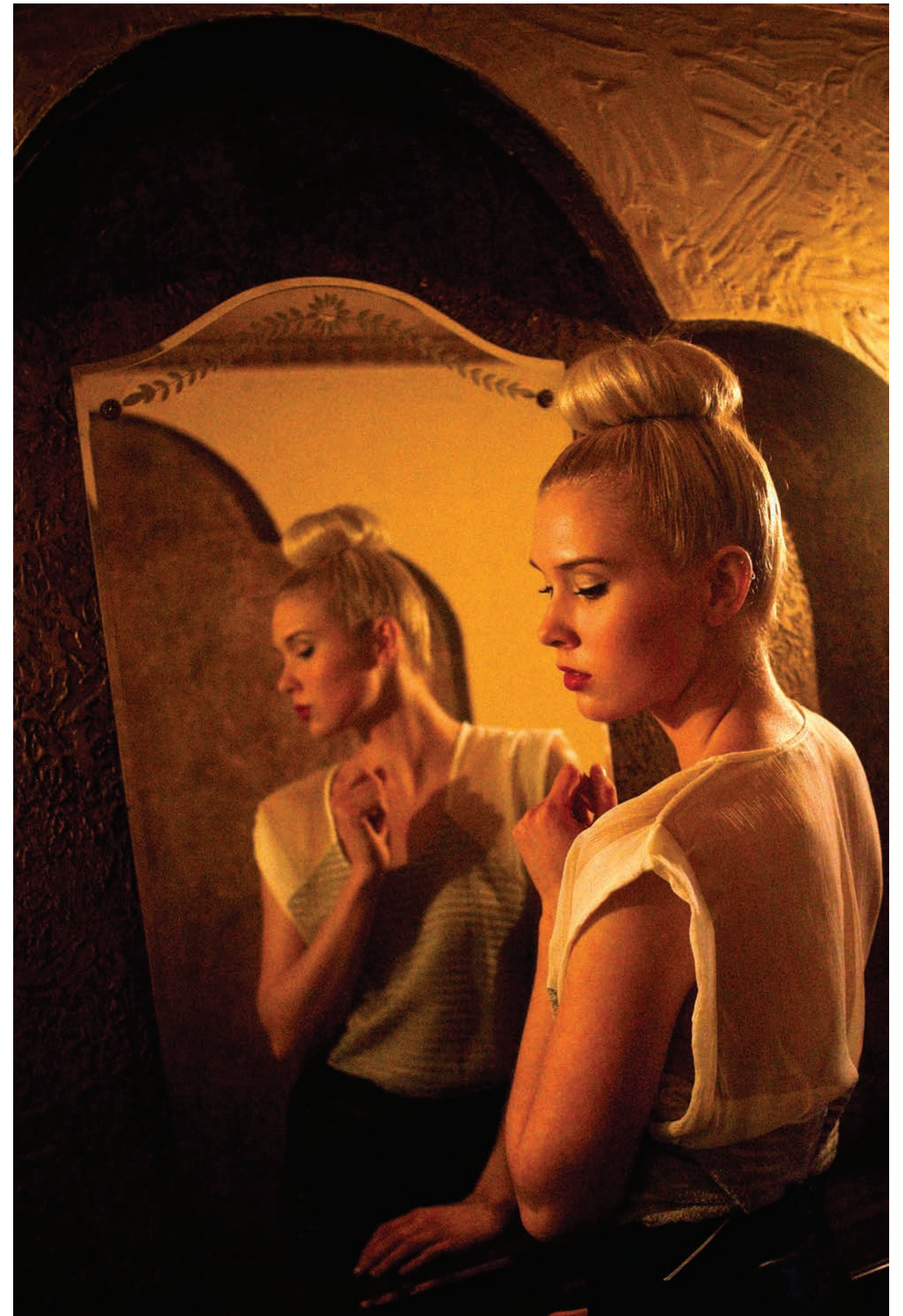
Benjamin Wright and Melissa Bownik express subtle clues and sweet tension — masked in this seasons crisp colors and modern prints — a quiet haven nestled in Minneapolis becomes their home.

Photographed by Amy Gee,
Styled by William Temple,
and Directed by Joan Erakit
& Rommy Ahmed













THE MAN FROM TURKEY STRAW

By Andy Sturdevant

On April 17, 2012, the family of Levon Helm announced via his website that he was "in the final stages of his battle with cancer," and requested that fans and admirers keep him in their prayers. Two days later, Helm – former drummer for the Band and son of a cotton farmer in Turkey Scratch, Arkansas – was dead at seventy-one.

I found out about Helms' death the way I find out about most things, on Facebook. While the outpouring was not as great in volume as when better-known public figures have died in the past, in terms of intensity and apparent depth of feeling, I can't recall anything quite like it. Those that did post something seemed genuinely grieved in a surprisingly personal way. It made the Helm family's April 17 request seem more immediate: this was clearly a man even non-believers would say a prayer for.

This has something to do with the fact that Helm, for many people, was a perfect summation of all things that

*“I found out
about Helms’
death the way
I find out about
most things,
on Facebook.”*

people love about America. He was a decent man; hard-working, self-effacing, and strikingly handsome in a specifically rural, bearded, sharp-featured way, both in his youth and his old age. More than that, he was excellent at what he did, and the brilliance of what he did was built on simplicity. His voice on songs like “The Weight” has a timelessness that sounds like it’s emanating from the deepest parts of the past, and it’s all built upon the deceptively simple, powerful drum tracks he laid beneath these songs while he sang them.

And of course, there was the whole aspect of his playing in a band – not just any band, but a band that was so archetypal in its timelessness they were just called “The Band.” Something about that hard, difficult work of collaboration seems so deeply American. An artist friend commented on a video of the group playing “King Harvest” together, after tagging a handful of other artists he’d worked with over the years: “In many ways I think, through their influence, I’ve gotten that chance thanks to worker friends who, while not making music together, technically, have gotten us all to a place like this.” Fittingly, it’s a song about “unions,” in both the literal and metaphoric senses: Americans banding together to work through tough times.

Thinking about this essay initially, I gravitated first towards Richard Prince, whose Cowboys series of photographs repurposed cigarette advertisements starring the Marlboro Man in the 1980s. You know the Marlboro Man; that rugged, individualist loner riding alone through a tightly art-directed vision of the American west. Prince’s images – close-up photographs of the print advertisements that crop out any logo or brand name – seem to ridicule this idea of “Americana” as inherently fake and unreal. It’s a bogus idea. Prince’s photos seemed to say: this concept of a silent, lonesome cowboy standing for all that makes America great is a lot of hooey. Prince’s photos make one wary of “Americana” imagery. What do these depictions of rugged individualism and can-do hardiness really mean? They mean someone is trying to sell you something. (Probably cigarettes, which will kill you.) After all where’s the only place these types of sun-dappled depictions of American folklore turn up? Advertisements—that’s where. Whenever you see an

image of a lonesome cowboy, or a baseball bat, or an apple pie, or a smiling, lusty youth rolling across a wide-open prairie in the back of a truck trilling songs of companionship thick as trees along all the rivers of America (that’s Whitman), get ready to pull your wallet out. Someone’s trying to sell you something.

Watching this reaction to Helm’s death, I wondered if I might soften my stance a little bit. After all, was Helm’s Band not to some extent manufactured itself? Four of the five members were Canadian after all. The Band’s vision of gutbucket, hardscrabble Republic was no more an accurate reflection of the reality of the late 1960s in America than the Marlboro Man’s. Isn’t it, then, just as false?

I don’t believe so. Or not in the same way precisely. Here is what journalist Nik Cohn, an Irishman, wrote about the group in 1970: “The Band came from nowhere specific and their evocations were indistinct but they were the whole American past and all its space...truck stops, railroads; gold rushes and oil strikes, eternal dreams of wealth; bad debts, hangovers; and movement, always movement – forever that sense of traveling back and forth across the land, trapped by its immensity and infinite change.” For all its grandiloquence, that description does seem to capture some basic idea about the Band and the appeal of the man whose drumming and singing powered it. America is, to some extent, a manufactured idea. Its past does not reach back that far. The narrative tools we do have to describe that past – the tools that Levon Helm and his band used so beautifully and movingly – are incredibly valuable. We, as Americans ourselves, must watch carefully how we let them be used, and how we use them ourselves. *B.F.*

CROSS CULTURAL NOTES

By Joan Erakit

French singer-songwriter Madjo talks candidly about music, fashion, and France's American view.

Lets talk about your music because you're truly a musical wonder -- what influences you because everything about your work is so passionate?

I have a lot of influences, it's a "patchwork" with rock, pop, soul, indie, experimental, for instance The National, Sufjans Stevens, Broken Social Scene, Animal Collective, Here We Go Magic, Fiona Apple, and Nina Simone. I love music and especially american and british music. I admit that I'm bad with french culture because I have more anglo-saxon influences. On my first album, I mix both



For me, for a long time, USA was a myth with its famous movies, your movie stars, Bob Dylan, Joni Mitchell, Ray Charles, and Johnny Cash! It's a big "bagages" (background). I think in europe we admire this facet of your country!

Are you interested in collaborating with any American artists?

The list is long! Can I share my first wish? Johnny Cash -- I know he's dead, but still. My second would be the singer of The National, Matt Berninger. I really love his voice, so deep and with a lot of sadness. Third wish would be (and it's an official call) BON IVER.

When you were writing Trapdoor, what were some of the themes you kept referring to?

When I write, it's important for me to not listen music. I need to find my shelter without influences and scrounger. The main theme was the idea of trip, movement...it's illustrated by totem animals with birds like owls (the song "Le coeur hobo"). Poetry also helps me to find and build my world. I did a "clin d'oeil" to Apollinaire -- I love this poet.

I read recently on one a blog stateside, a writer relating you to Feist -- does that happen a lot?

Even in France, the blogs and media relating me to Feist! It's a beautiful compliment, because she is a beautiful artist! I'm proud of that!

How do we Americans look to the French these days?

Right now we live in difficult times, everywhere in the world... so it's

For readers who are unfamiliar with where you're from -- you come from french and african background -- can you talk a little about your heritage and how it has maybe played out in your music?

It's true that my grandfather is african but I'm a stranger in Africa because my grandfather doesn't want to share his story; it's hard for me to say, but for now I'm not an african girl. I'm just a mix of different origins -- french, african, and swiss. I think it's a lucky to have this background.

How do you feel about America and the state of our music?

I think you have a huge history especially in music. In America, there were movements with slavery and the european migration. The blues was born from that. The rock followed from blues, it's sort of a spiral.

french and english, even if it's easier for me to sing in english because the language is more warm and full. I began singing in english, and I train, practice myself with an american singer, so I have this sonority inside me. French is my maternal language, so it's more close to me, but french is also so hard to sing! It's not as musical.

hard to say. I hate this fucking word "crisis", and this time right now we can hear this word for everything, and for each problem. I think it's the same in America, isn't it? But France and the United States are old friends. French people admire American people and the other way around. In 2004, I said "yes", when Obama won the election. It was huge and it was a beautiful revenge to your history.

What are some of the things you learned as a young adult about America?

You know, America is ambivalent with lots of paradoxes! You can carry a gun, and everything is big and huge. The health system is not fair, but it's a vast country and a young country. So you have a dynamic...it's not shy, it's not cold, it's boiling! And I love that. But I'm french French and I know only of NY, and one city is not an accurate reflection of all of the USA.

Bon Iver, only because you mentioned him before:

I love his work. He's very talented. He makes a connection with soul and rock. His voice is very mixed and I love the way he uses his it. He stacks the voices and it's very intense. The first time I heard Bon Iver I cried, but I think I'm not the only one.

Can we maybe look forward to a Madjo-Bon Iver collab in the future? Possibly even a show here in Mpls./St. Paul?

I would like that! You'd have to organize an the encounter!
So let's get some "first responses"



to a few fun questions. I'll ask something, and you say the first thing that comes to mind -- don't filter it either!

Personal style in Paris: I really, really love vintage, and mix the different styles like American Apparel, old

tee-shirts, African tissue fabric

Twitter: Twitter? What is it? I'm kidding kidding! I don't like it.

SXSW: One day I hope.

Ani DiFranco, Sufjans Stevens, and Madjo collab: The next big thing

Obama vs. Sarkozy: Obama of course.

Atmosphere: Sorry, I don't know this band.

Proust: Please Marcel your sentences are too long!

Montmartre: It's my mountain in Paris.

Dior after Galliano: A little man with no style

McQueen after Alexander: Sad, and I want to wear a dress from him, just one time please!

Pages 40-41

Scarf: Barabba Air Scarf - N'etc.
Jumper: Young Fabulous & Broke
Jumpsuit - Bumbershute
Shoes: Pirelli White Driving
mocs (N''etc)
Sunglasses: Tom Ford Aviators

Pages 52-53

Her:
Top: Helmut Lang Drape Blazer
(Bumbershute)
Dress: Mason Dress with Leather
Bodice (Bumbershute)
Shoes: Dusica Sacks kitten heel in
black (N'Etc)

Him: Jacket: Moods of Norway
Rune Toning Jacket in Grey Plaid
Shirt: Gitman Brother's Blue Marl
Point Collar Shirt
Pant: Moods Of Norway Evenflo
Trouser in Grey Plaid
Tie: Altea Floral Print

Pages 42-43

Slip: Slip Tank, Daftbird - N'etc.
Robe: Lennon Kimono, Natalie
Martin - N'etc.

Page 55

Shirt: Jack Spade End on End
Woven in Black
Tie: Altea Silk Knit

Page 59

Bottom: Anagram Black Slip (N'Etc)

Page 60

Top: Dolan Silk Tee with Animal Print
(N'etc)
Bottom: Anagram Silk jersey leg-
gings (N'etc)

Page 44-45

Top: Silk shirt, A.L.C. -
Bumbershute
Dress: Striped Dress, Demylee -
Bumbershute
Shoes: Vicini Black Sandals
Necklace: Heavy Gold Bead
Necklace - N'etc.

Pages 56-57

Her:
Dress: Thayer "Go Deep" Floral
Dress (N'etc)
Necklace: African Cross w/ Pearls

Him:
Jacket: Jack Spade Nesler Utility
Jacket
Shirt: Creep by Hiroshi Awai
Overdyed Pinpoint Oxford
Shorts: Benson Montauk Print Short

Page 61

Top: Timo Weiland Stripe Baseball
Tee (Bumbershute)
Bottom: Mason Pencil Skirt with
Leather Panel (Bumbershute)

Page 46

Top: Racerback/Chiffon, Philip Lim
Bumbershute
Bottom: Layer skirt, Helmut Lang -
Bumbershute
Necklace: Turquoise Pendant &
Chain - N'etc.
Hand Bag: 3.1 Phillip Lim Mini
Duffle in Neon Yellow
Shoes: Vicini Black Sandals

Page 58

Her:
Top: Kimberly Taylor Cairo Top
(N'etc)
Bottom: Anagram zig-zag Slip
(N'Etc)

Him:
Jacket: Moods of Norway Toning
Jacket in Navy
Shirt: Fred Perry Pin Dot Polo in Light
Smoke
Pant: JW Brine Matthew Trouser
in Khaki
Accessory: Altea Linen
Pocket Square

Pages 62-63

Top: Enza Costa Multi Stripe Tee
(N'Etc)
Bottom: A.L.C. Rainbow Blur Maxi
Dress (Bumbershute)

BGF is a luxury art and fashion magazine that is heavily
edited to present a lifestyle driven by culture.

This issue is inspired by Minnesota, and dedicated
to all the renegades who inhabit its fine capital...
We salute you for walking your own paths – even if alone.

Deepest Appreciation to:

Talent
Ignite Models
Marina Moua
Amy Gee
Beth Lizardo
Andy Sturdevant
Erin Sayer
Nicole Rodriguez

Retail & Business
Bumberschute
N'etc.
MartinPatrick3

Location
Maiden Rock Inn
Rommy Ahmed
Urban Bean Coffee
Muddy Waters

Special Thank You to:

BGF Team
Christina Rimstad
William Temple
Amina Harper
Tera Peterson
Bjorn Hunstad
Erin McGillivray
Charles Odima

Support
Behind The Scenes Boutique
Mirza Nizamuddin
John Brunner
Sunny Chang
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Jessica Cunningham
Matt Hawkins
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