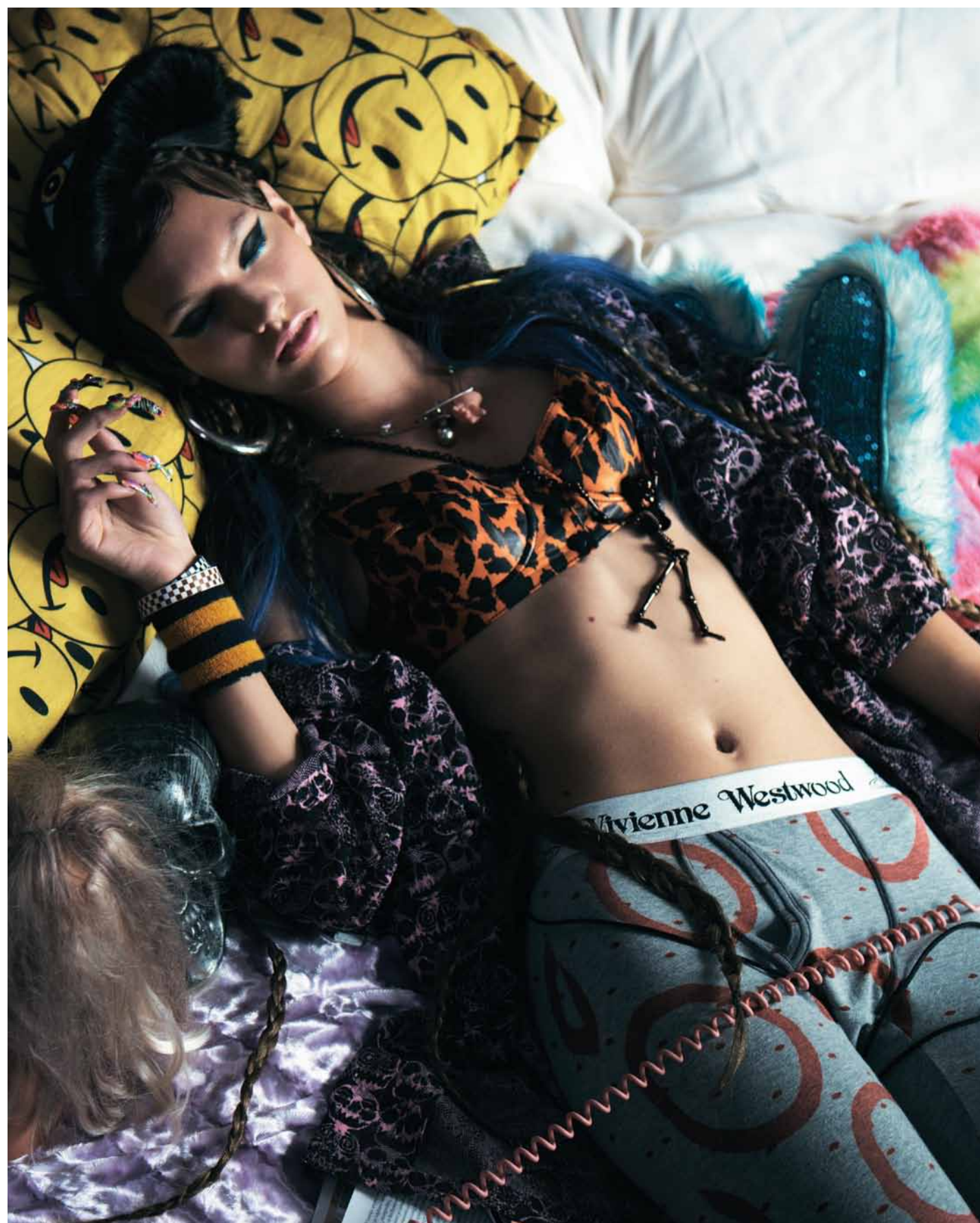


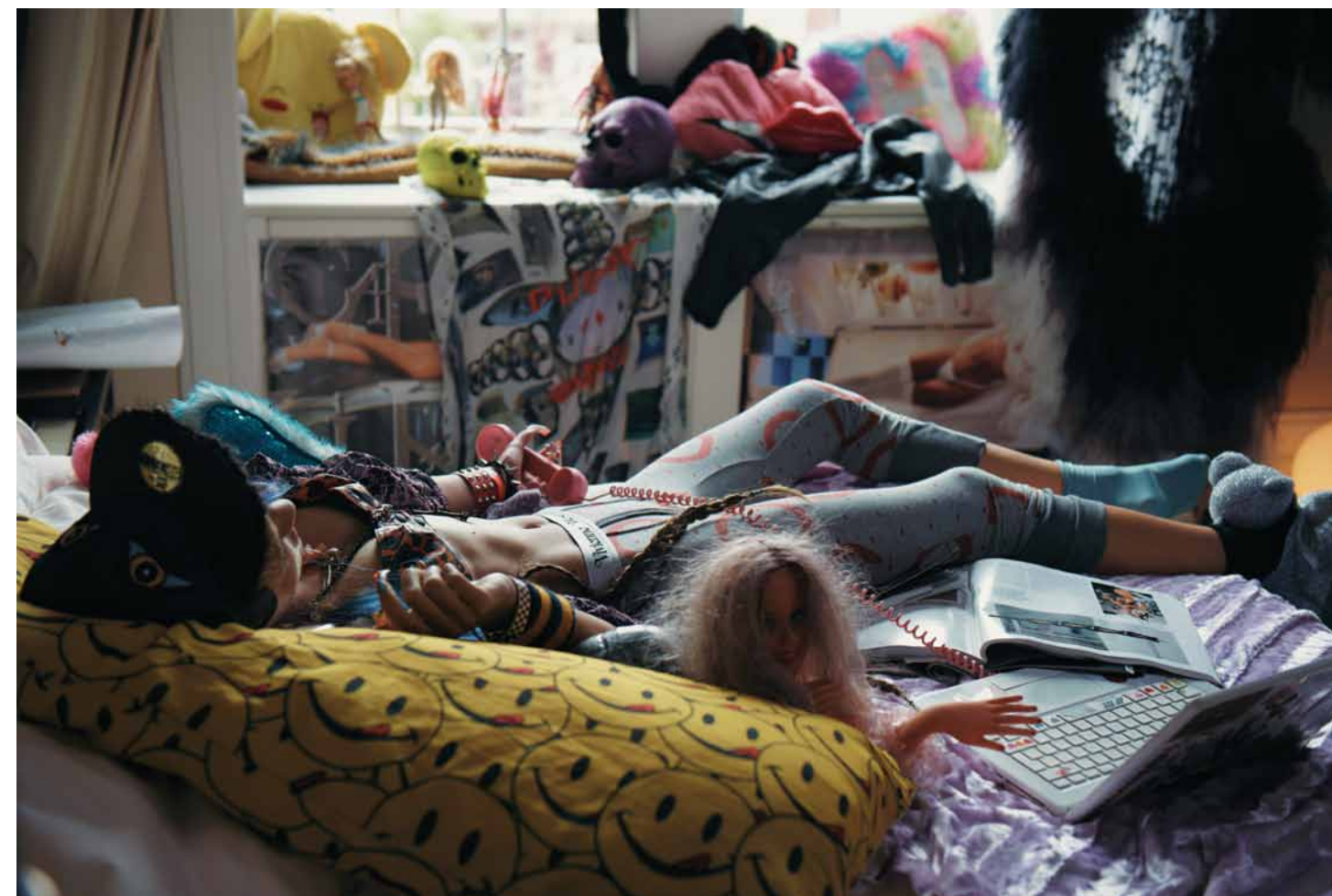
# SEE ME. FEED ME. LOVE ME. LEAVE ME.

ARTIST STEWART UOO ENVISIONS AGING IN FOUR STAGES



PHOTOGRAPHER JOHAN SANDBERG FASHION EDITOR SABINA SCHREDER

TEXT BY RIAN HART LAYOUT IRINA COCIMAROV



Jacket and bustier by **JEREMY SCOTT**. Long underwear and necklace by **VIVIENNE WESTWOOD**. Backpack by **CHLOE SEVIGNY** for **OPENING CEREMONY**. Hat by **JEREMY SCOTT** for **NEW ERA**. Acrylic nails by **STEWART UOO**. Bracelets, pins, and earrings stylist's own. In the background *Cut Throat Scarf*, 2013 Silk Edition of 50 by **EMILY SUNDBLAD** and **MARIE KARLBERG**.

## 01.

### LAST NIGHT

I DREAMED OF A POP GOTH QUEEN RISING FROM THE ASHES OF AN UGLY DUCKLING LIKE A FIERY PHOENIX. HER EX-BOIFS WERE SO JEALOUS. HER "NOW" FRIENDS WERE EX-FRIENDS, EXCEPT FOR THE CLOSEST AND DEAREST. HER ENEMIES KNELT BEFORE... NO WAIT... THEY WERE DEAD AND BLOODY.

I DREW A RAT IN A CAGE ON COLD LINE PAPER. I FELL ASLEEP IN CLASS. I SNUCK OUT MY WINDOW, FUCKED THE TAN BOY FROM FOURTH PERIOD. WE GOT HIGH... SORRY DAD... GUESS I'M NOT YOUR LITTLE GIRL ANYMORE.

"WHEN I TURN EIGHTEEN IM GOING TO THROW MYSELF OUT OF A PLANE... LIKE A BABY BIRD, IM GONNA FLY THE COOP OR DIE TRYING." I SAID. "PROMISE ME YOU WONT GROW UP."

"TRUST ME... I'LL DIE BEFORE THAT HAPPENS."

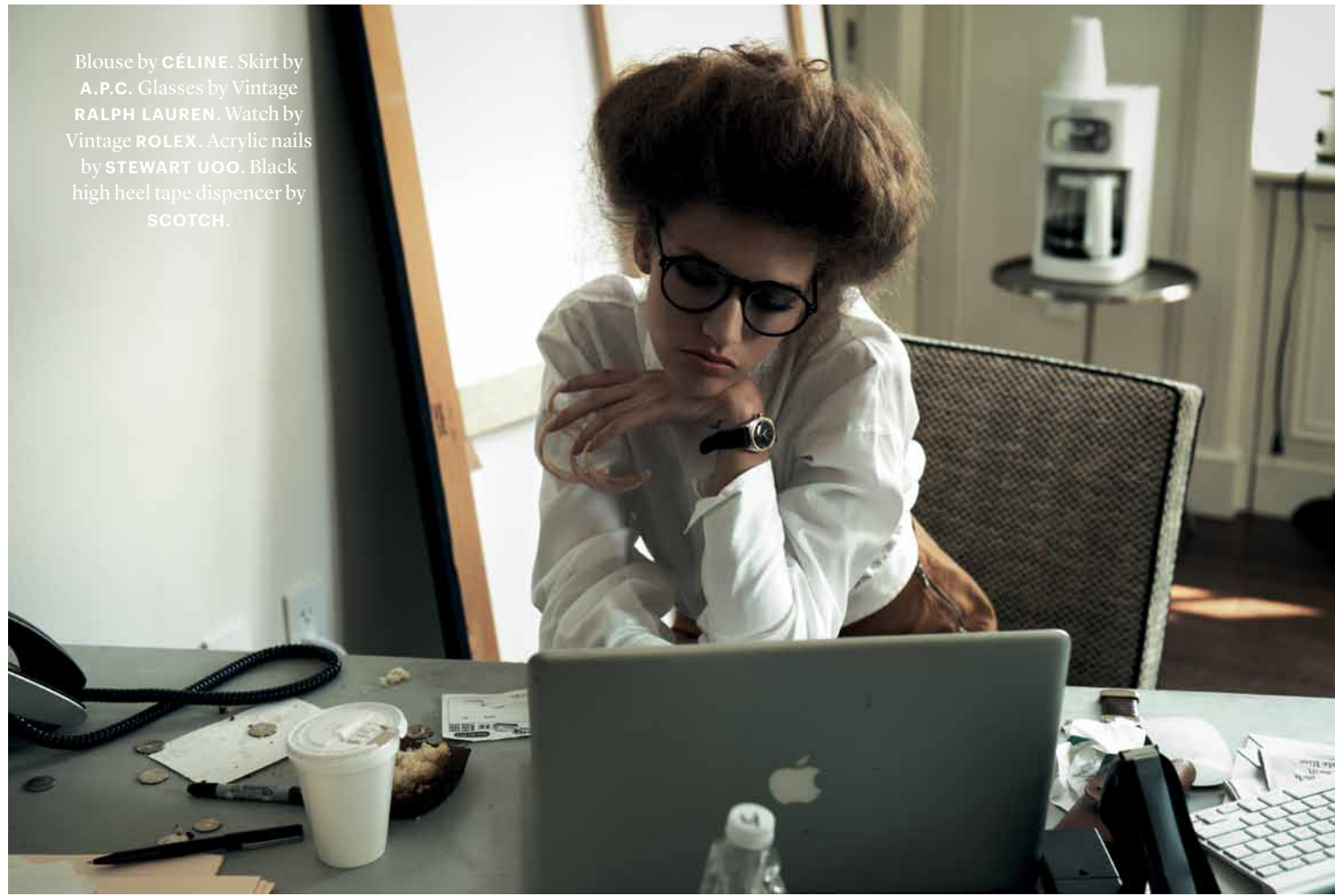
HE SMILED FOR ME.

HE WAS LYING. ITS OKAY THOUGH.

WE ALL GROW UP SOMEDAY.



Blouse by CÉLINE. Skirt by A.P.C. Glasses by Vintage RALPH LAUREN. Watch by Vintage ROLEX. Acrylic nails by STEWART UOO. Black high heel tape dispenser by SCOTCH.



## 02. CLICK CLICK CLICK...

WE WEREN'T MEANT  
TO LIVE LIKE THIS!  
MY BOSS CALLS ME  
"KITTY" BUT REALLY  
I'M A CAT...

THE SCREENSAVER  
COMES ON...

PICTURE PERFECT  
PARADISE FADES INTO  
PICTURE PERFECT  
PARADISE.

I WANT TO RUN



CLICK CLICK CLICK...

LISTEN UP BOYS AND GIRLS. NEVER MIND  
"FIVE SUREFIRE WAYS TO GET YOUR MAN  
OFF", HERE'S ONE SURE FIRE WAY TO AVOID  
DEMATERIALIZATION!

SEE AND BE SEEN. THATS IT.

THE MORE I'M SEEN, THE MORE I SEEM.

THAT'S LOGIC BITCH. IN MY DREAMS I TALK  
IN SCREAMS.

I THINK I'LL HAVE A SALAD FOR LUNCH.  
SOMETHING LIGHT.

I STAND UP AND WALK THROUGH THE  
ENDLESS GRID OF SLEEPY COLORED CUBICLES.  
I HEAR THE PEOPLE INSIDE. THERE ARE TOO  
MANY FLOORS IN THIS BUILDING.

YA? WELL, GIRL, THERE ARE TOO MANY  
PEOPLE ON EARTH. DEAL WITH IT.

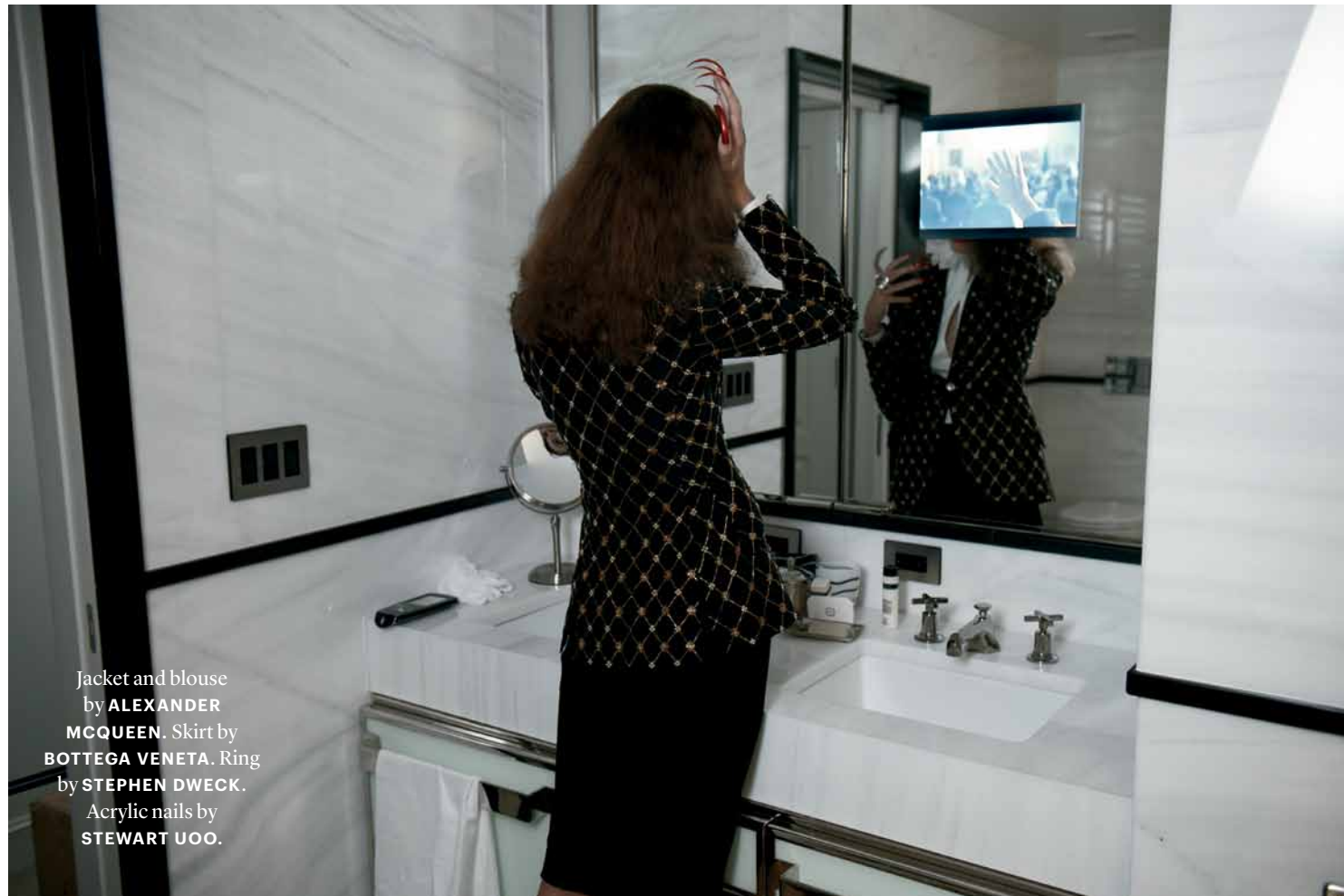
## 03. SMOKE AND MIRRORS, BABY. SMOKE AND FUCKING MIRRORS.



Model **MAGGIE JABLONSKI** at  
**MAJOR MODELS**. Make-up artist  
**YACINE DIALLO** at **ARTLIST**. Hair  
stylist **PASQUALE FERRANTE**  
at **ARTLIST**. Fashion assistants  
**STEPHANIE ECKARDT**, **GIORGIA  
FUZIO**, **DIANA LUNT**. Manicurist  
**YUKO** at **TIM HOWARD**. Photo  
assistants **FRED LAM**, **AARON  
LIPMAN**. Producer **AMANDA  
JONES**. Casting director **ROS  
OKUSANYA**. Special thanks  
to **MARIE KARLBERG**, **MARGARET  
LEE**, **HAYLEY PISATURO**,  
**MARCUS CHANG**, and  
**THE MARK HOTEL**, **NEW YORK**.

Dress and boots by **VERSACE**. Fur  
stole by **MARNI**. Pearl choker by  
**CHANEL**. Pleather eye clutch by  
**KENZO**. Hoop earrings by **SAKS  
FIFTH AVENUE**. Ring by **STEPHEN  
DWECK**. Dreadlock headpiece and  
acrylic nails by **STEWART UOO**.





Jacket and blouse  
by ALEXANDER  
MCQUEEN. Skirt by  
BOTTEGA VENETA. Ring  
by STEPHEN DWECK.  
Acrylic nails by  
STEWART UOO.

I REMEMBER WHEN THIS WAS NEW, PLAYING SHITTY NIGHT CLUBS WITH ONLY HALF A DOZEN PEOPLE. MY BACKING TRACKS PUMPED THROUGH CRAPPY SOUND SYSTEMS. MY NERVES WERE ON FIRE, BUT THERE WAS MAGIC IN THE PANIC.

I SCREAMED. I CRIED. I VOMITED POETRY. THE WORDS COMING OUT MEANT SOMETHING...TO ALL OF US.

THE THREE STORY SPEAKERS NOW BLAST OUT WAVES OF CANDY COATED NOISE. ITS LIKE A SEA OF FLESH OUT THERE. MY HAND CURLS AROUND THE MIC AS IF IT WERE A THROAT. IT FEELS HEAVY, SOLID, LIKE IT REALLY EXISTS.

I WANTED WHAT WE ALL WANT. TO BE HEARD. TO BE SEEN.  
TO EXIST. TO STICK OUT LIKE A DEAD BODY.

SO I DUG DEEPER...

I SANG LOUDER THAN LOUD. LOUDER THAN BLOOD, LOVE, AND DEATH. I MADE THEM LISTEN. I BECAME A VIOLENT TORRENT OF SOUND RIPPING THROUGH EARTH LIKE A KNIFE. I WENT PAST CLOUDS, PAST SUNS, TO SOME UNKNOWN PLACE WHERE STARS ARE BORN.

AS I WALK BACKSTAGE I OVERHEAR A CONVERSATION.

"BUT DON'T YOU THINK SHE IS UNIQUE? LIKE HER LYRICS ARE SO DEEP RIGHT?  
WHAT DO YOU THINK SHE MEANS BY \_\_\_\_\_?"

"I DON'T THINK SHE MEANS ANYTHING BY IT...ITS ALL PLASTIC."

04.  
IM AT THE TOP OF A SKYSCRAPER ON PAINKILLERS, NAKED.



THE WIND TAKES MY WIG OFF THE LEDGE.



IT TWIRLS IN THE NIGHT SKY  
AND FALLS TO THE GRIDDED CITY  
LIGHTS BELOW... AMY I DON'T  
THINK I'M DOING SO GOOD.

YOU SEE, IM GOING THROUGH  
A MESSY BREAK UP WITH  
HOLLYWOOD. WE WERE MADLY  
IN LOVE ONCE... BACK WHEN I  
THOUGHT RAPE WAS NOVEL.  
I'D SMILE AND POSE FOR THE  
CAMERA. I'D LAUGH AND PLAY  
FOR THE CROWD. I'D GIVE. THEY'D  
TAKE. I FELT THE EXHILARATION  
OF EXPLOITATION...

NOW IT JUST HURTS



Hat by **YOHJI YAMAMOTO**. Jacket  
and trousers by **KENZO**. Cape by  
**VIVIENNE WESTWOOD GOLD  
LABEL**. Moon boots by **JEREMY  
SCOTT**. Beaded face necklace and  
rings stylist's own. All other jewelry  
by **STEPHEN DWECK**. Tortoiseshell  
lenses by **NICHOLAS K**. Acrylic nails  
by **STEWART UOO**. Vintage Sterling  
silver ashtray by **HERMÈS**.

DOWN BLOUSE.  
UP SKIRT.  
ANOREXIC FAT ASS.  
I'M A SLUT THAT NEVER  
GETS TO FUCK.  
I'M MRS. LIFESTYLE OF THE RICH  
AND FAMOUS.  
YOU WANNA PIECE OF ME!?

GOODBYE CRUEL WORLD! IM FINALLY GOING  
TO FLY LIKE I ALWAYS DREAMED.

I STARE DOWN AT THE LIGHTS BELOW, EYES  
WIDE, "YOU SEE, THIS IS MY LIFE! IT ALWAYS  
WILL BE! NOTHING ELSE! JUST US, THE  
CAMERAS, AND THOSE WONDERFUL PEOPLE  
OUT THERE IN THE DARK!...

ALL RIGHT, MR. DEVIL, I'M READY FOR MY  
CLOSE-UP."