



Well, first stop, we got our summer bods on. Can't go anywhere before a two-minute plank is complete! We then stormed Coachella Valley and, after getting a super strong all-day workout under an unrelenting glorious desert sun, we joined forces with Sivy Denim and The Impossible Project to throw *Virgin Sacrifices*, where we sacrificed virgins, duh, and also threw the party of the year—think Lindsay Lohan, life-affirming barbecue by Kelis, embraces 'twixt the biceps of our Versace model host Nolan Funk and Riley Keough, with slightly smaller arms, though a similar bergamot scent. Redbull and Diabolo helped keep our eyes on the prize (*fun*, of course), and Tiger Beer and Tito's Vodka kept us, well, having even more fun, while 138 Water kept our vital organs vital. When the desert wind sooted our white virginal smocks, we traded them in for a Le Void T-shirt, designed by the

one and only Louis-Marie de Castelbajac. Oh and we got off our faces to performances by music acts Soko and The Wow, with DJ licks 'til dawn when the 'po finally stopped serving up shots and pulled the plug.

Other Coachella festivities which delighted in our presence included Jeremy Scott's annual Adidas party at Frank Sinatra's old but fab getaway, Alexander Wang's black box party in collab with H&M, and several poolside hangs like Opening Ceremony and Teva's and Stylebop's.

Glowing golden and a handful of bedpost notches notched, we could then float on air over to Zoey Deschanel and Tommy Hilfiger's poolside bash back in Hollywood. The crowd and conversations were as delectably cute as the "To Tommy, From Zoey" capsule collection of frocks.





We increase our plank to two point five minutes before we hop coasts to New York to toast *Flaunt* #134: *The Sharks Issue* with cover beauty Elizabeth Olsen and fashion gem Thomas Wylde at Buddakan in Chelsea. (King crab hot pot and kung pao monkfish, anyone?) Dita Von Teese showed up and snapped a few selfies with our boy Dev Hynes (who is also somewhere in this very issue, slaying the fundamental definition of #meandbae with girlfriend Samantha Urbani).

While we were in the neighborhood we paired up with non-profit arts stalwart the Kitchen Gallery for their Spring Gala honoring our very own *The Sharks Issue* cover artist Robert Longo. John Turturo and Cindy Sherman stayed up late for the after-party at Cipriani—featuring DJ sets by Holy Ghost! and our dear Nicolas Jaar, who made sure to massage in a little Fleetwood Mac—because even the art crowd likes groovy bass, and even the art crowd only loves you when you're playing. Then, cheeks all red carpet a-glow, we fueled

up the jet and lit to Bratislava to toast Robert Wilson: Videoportraits at the Slovak National Gallery with our friends Pavleye Art & Culture. We delighted in very legal foie gras and a bowl of laughs.

Back to North Highland (whoduthunkit the new hip strip) to toast a handful of openings with neighbors Kohn Gallery and their Mark Ryden unveil, French cool kids brand Iro in Beverly Hills, while Aesop and MOCA ushered in the Aussie skincare brand's new DTLA digs. We saw more of our beautiful friends at MOCA at the FriendsWithYou book launch later that weekend. Then more champagne glasses clinked for Perry Ellis' new creative director Michael Maccari. And finally, livers tested, cocktails and sumptuous Cali-cuisine near the ocean at PROJECT's dinner for Todd Snyder in celebration of their pop-up with retail darling Unionmade.

Plank time back down to two minutes, but we're getting stronger, in preparation for our biggest celebration of all: 15 years, bitches.