



Hi bean sprouts!

Welcome to the first 2015 issue of the A+Bee! We are so excited to start the year off collaborating with and celebrating all of you perfect humans. Thank you for all your contributions, feedback and general merriment in 2014. Our resolution for 2015 is to continue to love the shit out of you.

Tarot for the Fortnight

by: Beth



My good lady Emma drew this one for you, it's the Daughter of Wands. Be curious, be passionate, be unafraid. Listen to your gut, then ACT.

Start a project, start a fire. Approach your new year's resolution with relish, there's no reason you can't do this thing. Believe in yourself, be superhuman, be human, be 100% yourself, be proud, be excited.

Bend it Like Bechdel

Bechdel Test-Passing
Conversations on Non-Bechdel
Test-Passing Movies

NOW SHOWING: Jack Reacher

Chelsey: two women are already dead

Grace: they had a good run

Grace: FOR FUCK'S SAKE

AH

AHHHHH

I hate this movie

Chelsey: PUPPY!

Chelsey: oh she is for sure gonna die

Grace: how is it possible for a movie to simultaneously have too much and not enough going on

Chelsey: this makes no sense

Grace: i can't believe this is real

Member of the Month: Juliet!

January's Member of the Month is Juliet, who you might remember won the Carmilla Fan Fiction contest! Juliet has been a consistent Bee commenter from the beginning and we are so glad to have her around!



What is your Autostraddle username: juliet

What movie is in your Top 5 that is probably not in anyone else's? Sky High. It came out in 2005 and it's about teenagers at a superhero high school. It's cheesy and ridiculous and I can probably quote 90% of it from memory.

If you had to hang a life size oil painting of someone above your bed, who would it be? Ooh, hmm. Probably Claudia Donovan from Warehouse 13 circa the end of season three/halfway through season four. She'd scare away the monsters under my bed with her badassery.

What's something you always have in your fridge? Leftovers. No matter how much food we make, there seems to be twice that amount the next day. It's a bit of a miracle, really.

What's your favorite bad joke? Personally I absolutely adore terrible puns. But kleptomaniacs do not understand puns because they always take things literally.

What's your favorite thing about Autostraddle? Definitely the community. You took a little baby dyke like me and made me feel like I was a part of something, and I am much the better for it.



Dear Sour

by Brittani

Q: I am very busy lately, so I try to get my daily cry over with whenever I'm driving somewhere alone. This is great because I can play music loudly and also cry without anyone really seeing me besides people driving by and maybe the occasional pedestrian, but now we've finally gotten some rainy weather here in good old Southern California, and I've been feeling like sometimes I am endangering both myself and others, what with crying, loud music, only being an okay driver, and also the rain. I feel like shower-crying is classic, but I often shower at the community pool after my morning swim so I can't really cry then, as I'm usually surrounded by nice elderly women. How can I fit it all in? Do you have any crying locales you prefer? What do I do?

A: The only place to really do a cry justice is to be in your bed, on top of the covers, fully clothed, with the lights on. Only then will you feel like, "Oh right. The cry owns this moment. I didn't have time to prep or get comfortable or even hide from myself in the dark." Showers are for after crying. They're a quicker reset button than naps so try not to sully the sanctity of showers. There's something about getting in touch with a natural element while wasting it that really centers people.



You Have To Work For This

Write this URL out and experience the joy. It's worth it, promise.

<https://dalanel.files.wordpress.com/2013/11/funny-gif-squirrel-stuffed-animal.gif>

CHOOSE YOUR OWN GAY-DVENTURE

You smile sheepishly, embarrassed at how easily this woman convinced you to stray from the path.

"Sure, let's check out the garden."

The tour guide smirks and abruptly turns, heading toward the O'Keeffe Rooftop Garden and continuing to address the tour group with a myriad of dildo-related facts before throwing open the French doors and gesturing for you to follow her outside.

After what you've seen of the museum so far, you're not at all surprised to find that most of the flowers are more than a little genital-esque, but that doesn't stop you from blushing. You didn't realize flowers could be so... graphic. Even so, it smells incredible out here, and the sunshine is so perfectly warm that you can't help but stretch like some kind of vagina-intoxicated cat. You could get used to this.

Up ahead, you hear the guide thanking her tour group and directing them toward the gift shop. You amble toward her.

"This garden is beautiful-" but before you can finish your sentence, a fat calico kitten darts out of the gift shop and disappears into the dense foliage.

"Miss Kitty Fantastico! Not again!" the guide shouts.

Do you:

☆Go after the cat! Be a hero!

☆Stick with the guide. It sounds like this happens a lot, and you didn't come this far to miss your interview over a cat.

Cast your vote in the comments!

HAPPY 2015 BY HANNAH TREES

'Twas the night before New Year's, when all through the house

Not a creature was sober, not even a mouse;
The streamers were hung from the ceiling with care,
In preparation for guests who soon would be there;
The champagne was nestled all snug on its ice;
While countdowns and make-outs began to seem nice;
And bae in her bow tie, and I in my vest,
Had just begun pre-gaming the long winter's fest,
When out on the street there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the couch to see what was the matter.
Away to the side door I drunkenly tripped,
Stepped out in the snow and tried not to slip.

The moon on the trash heaps and gutters of slush
Made me pause, the wind whipping, my face growing flush,
When what to my wondering eyes did appear,
But a huge group of queermos all carrying beer,
With a swaggering leader, her style all the rage,
I knew in a moment she must be Ellen Page.
Flyer than eagles her wingwomen they came,
And she whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
"Hey, Kristen! now, Portia! now Ellen and Vixen!
On, Laverne! on, Riese! on, Samira and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! to the end of the hall!
Now drink away! sing away! dance away all!"
So up to the porch the roller girls they flew
With bags full of whiskey, and rainbow cake too—
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Into the house Ellen Page came with a bound.
In her best Tomboy snapback, her cheeks all aglow,
her clothes were all dusted with glitter and snow;
She flipped up the collar of her frayed denim vest,
And her Canadian flannel out-gayed all the rest.
Her eyes—how they smoldered! her smirk was so dreamy!
The holes in her jeans made us all a bit steamy!
Her eyeliner game was as always mad strong,
And her skinny tie proved that she could do no wrong;
With effortless cool, she opened a beer with her teeth
when I noticed the mistletoe she was dancing beneath;
I sidled up towards her, with no ounce of stealth,
And I blushed when she smiled, in spite of myself;
A wink of her eye and a touch of her hand
were all that it took; I could barely stand;
She spoke not a word, but started dancing with me,
Robyn playing in the background, as gay as could be.
And laying her hand on the side of my face,
she kissed me, then turned with queerest of grace;
She slipped on her blazer, gave her posse a call,
And away they all ran to Times Square and the ball.
And I heard her exclaim, as she danced out of sight—
"Happy New Year to all, and to all a gay night!"

