



BEAUTY SCHOOL BIMBO

Katherine Gross

I WAS 32 YEARS OLD WHEN I DECIDED TO GO to beauty school. I had spent years giving my friends makeovers—a haircut here, a newly made-up face there—and my skills had me at those same friends' weddings later on, to prep their faces for the big day. I was also interested in skincare and beauty products—always looking for a miracle serum or the perfect shade of lipstick. I would spend hours at the library reading fashion magazines. I worshipped beauty, and so, at a crossroads in my professional life, beauty school seemed like a natural choice.

This happened to also be at a time when I had trouble trusting my instincts. I was a stranger to my own inner voice. I routinely ignored it and, to me, it was as though I didn't have one to begin with: that was how