

VOGUE

AUG

THE AGE ISSUE

FALL
LOOKS
FOR
EVERYONE

WITH A LITTLE HELP
FROM DAFT PUNK

THE FACELIFT
OF THE
FUTURE

PLUS

SUPERCHARGE
YOUR SKIN CREAM

HOW TO KEEP
FROM SHRINKING

REINVENTIONS

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LINDSEY VONN
RACES AHEAD

THE PERFECT
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LESS FLASH,
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THE GIRLS,

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EDITOR: SARAH BROWN

RETHINKING THE FACELIFT

IS TRADITIONAL
SURGERY PASSÉ?
SANDRA BALLENTINE
ON THE NEW OPTIONS
THAT HAVE PEOPLE
WONDERING: DID SHE
OR DIDN'T SHE?

WITHOUT A TRACE

THE LATEST COSMETIC INNOVATIONS SEEK TO RESTORE YOUTHFUL
CONTOURS, SEAMLESSLY. PHOTOGRAPHED BY GRANT CORNETT.

Back in my fresh-faced 30s, there were a few things I thought I'd never have to do: lie about my age, have a facelift, or talk to strange men on Skype. Fast-forward to my 40s, and I'm at my desk anxiously awaiting an on-line consultation with Chia Chi Kao, M.D., one of plastic surgery's ascending stars. With high-profile clients

scattered around the globe (Tahiti, Saudi Arabia, Singapore—oh, the sun damage), the Santa Monica-based surgeon is a virtual-office visit veteran. I, on the other hand, am a self-conscious wreck. What should I wear? Is concealer out of the question? Why did I have that third glass of Cabernet last night? Not that he'd make any decisions over the Internet, but what if he thinks I need . . . work?

Kao belongs to an elite corps of doctors (a handful that includes top surgeons like Sherrell Aston, Trevor Born, and Jason Diamond) who are pushing the facelift forward, doing highly customized work that, well, doesn't look like work. While most traditional lifts rely on one big pull to iron out lines and hoist everything skyward (which can result in that terrifyingly tight, unnatural look that you can *beauty* >124

spot across the room at certain Manhattan restaurants), the new thinking focuses on putting things back to where they used to be by tightening the deep tissue vertically while plumping up the skin with the patient's own fat. It's more about restoring, rebuilding, shaping, and draping, rather than cutting, pulling, and sewing. And thanks to painstaking incision placement—in Kao's case, tiny micro-incisions in the scalp above the hairline—it's practically undetectable. Those in the know are talking about it as the next big thing—the face-lift of the future. (The procedure ranges from \$20,000 to \$40,000, depending on the surgeon and individual needs.)

Fat grafting—a key component that makes this procedure so notable—has been around for decades, but its application here is new: Doctors like Kao spin patients' fat in a centrifuge or "roll" it on a fabric-like material called Telfa to refine it into a powerful, stem cell-packed substance. A kind of superfat, as it were. This superfat gets injected back into the face mid-lift to help replace volume, to shape and support soft tissue, and, doctors hope, to stimulate the production of new growth cells. The jury is still out on whether the fat works on a regenerative level, but there's little doubt that it's effective from

an aesthetic standpoint. "We know we are getting better results," says Aston.

Usually, looking at surgical before-and-after photos makes me queasy, but Kao's floored me. So did Diamond's. And Born's. And Aston's, for that matter. Fanned out in front of me was an array of women in their 40s, 50s, and 60s who simply looked like way-better versions of their former selves—fresher, younger, natural. But it was a chat with Jenna Roberson, a

"I HAVE FRIENDS WHO STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT I DID. THEY THINK I CHANGED MY HAIR OR WENT ON A CLEANSE"

41-year-old actor and mother of two in Los Angeles who recently underwent Kao's superfat makeover, that made me book that Internet appointment. "I have friends who still don't know what I did," she says, laughing. "They think I changed my hair or went on a cleanse. The surgery took those five or six tough baby-bearing years off my face—all the sleepless nights, the worrying, they're gone."

As Kao peered at my digital image, his screen-side manner was reassuring.

His analysis, however, was painfully forthright. "I see some hooding in your upper eyelid, a bit of hollowness in your lower-lid area. Your cheek pad is descending. And your medial brow—the spot between your eyebrows—has fallen slightly, which makes you look a little worried." Of course I look worried, I said. I'm being inspected like a month-old muskmelon. In four to six hours—a little longer than a standard facelift—Kao could erase ten years from my face, he said, and no one need be the wiser. (Unless they saw me during the two-week black-and-blue "recovery" period—miracle or not, this is still surgery.) He'd harvest 150 cc of fat from one of my problem areas to make me a dose of Super Sandra Fat, some of which he'd inject in my under-eye hollows. And for good measure, I'd receive a Plasma Cell Infusion, a cocktail of proteins and cells derived from my blood—Kao's version of PRP, or platelet-rich plasma, which proponents believe speeds healing thanks to its high concentration of growth factors—that would be micro-needled into my skin. If I did it in the next year, I might be able to avoid a bigger procedure later—when everything's really in free fall. Intrigued, I told him I'd see him again soon. Maybe even in person. □ *beauty >126*

HAIR

HAPPY, SHINY

Tracing the trajectory of organic hair-care line Phylia de M. is akin to drawing a loop diagram of Rapunzel-like beauty and style insiders. Tracey Cunningham (Gwyneth's colorist), who stocks the regenerative range at her Beverly Hills salon, Mèche, was introduced to it by the actress Kidada Jones, who helped launch the brand with founder Kazu Namise last year. Jet-setting Lady Kinvara Balfour—style consultant and niece of the Duke of Norfolk—discovered the products during a recent stint in Los Angeles and shared her find with pal Poppy Delevingne. Back in London, colorist Josh Wood was so impressed with Balfour's noticeably thicker head of hair, he insisted everyone at his Atelier have a look. Now Kylie Minogue is a devotee, too.

The 3 Step regimen—Clean, Condition, and Connect, the hero leave-in treatment—has been hailed as nothing short of transformative: "I have new hair literally sprouting out of my head," says Balfour, who's since signed on as brand ambassador. The secret lies in the blend of nourishing aloe, reparative tannic acid, and detoxifying fulvic acid developed by Namise's godfather, Japanese oncologist Dick Miyayama, M.D., and formulated on his organic farm in Monterrey, Mexico. "Age, stress, and environmental factors affect the capillaries along the scalp," says Namise. "Phylia works to restore healthy nerve-to-follicle connections, encourage cell renewal, and allow keratin to be carried out into the hair again." New additions debuting this summer include Fulphyl, a drinkable supplement containing pure fulvic acid, and a superserum called Re-Connect. —RACHEL MARLOWE

MIRACLE GROW

TOP, FROM FAR LEFT: KAZU NAMISE, IN CHLOÉ, AND KINVARA



FULLY CHARGED
FEI FEI SUN, IN A
RODARTE SWEATER.
PHOTOGRAPHED
BY SHARIF HAMZA.
FASHION EDITOR:
SARA MOONVES.



SUPERSKIN

WHAT IF YOU COULD MAKE YOUR FAVORITE CREAM
WORK EVEN HARDER—AND GO EVEN DEEPER?
LAURA REGENSDORF ON THE NEW POWER TOOLS.

Retinol, DNA-repair enzymes, collagen-boosting peptides. These are just a few of the It ingredients in the latest high-powered creams. They sound good on paper; they feel silky on a fingertip. But when it comes to making a difference, experts say *penetration* is what really counts: “To get results, you must get your ingredients delivered to your target,” explains Manhattan dermatologist Dennis Gross, M.D. Which is easier said than done. While products like sunscreen work their magic on the surface, in order to effect change, antiaging molecules must

travel to the deeper, harder-to-reach layers of the skin.

And the skin is a fortress. The outermost layer is built to hold water in and to keep toxins out—good news for the immune system, bad news for active ingredients. While scientists at the top skin-care companies have found ways to scale down bulky molecules (like hyaluronic acid and collagen) into smaller packages, or dress others (like plant stem cells) in clever chemical “disguises” that slip past the skin’s top layers, a new spate of high-tech devices has come along, too, which seek to literally push your favorite products deeper into the skin. Think of them as superchargers.

ELECTRIC YOUTH

French skin-care company Talika has equipped its sleek white Cream Booster with a microcurrent, helping to propel ingredients past the skin barrier, while light therapy inspired by NASA research stimulates collagen and elastin, and subtle vibrations increase circulation. Also in microcurrent territory: Biobliss, a Providence-based biotech company, has created patches for the forehead and crow’s-feet embedded with tiny batteries and infused with hyaluronic acid, plant extracts, and vitamins C and B₃. Worn for about 30 minutes once a week, the geometric gray stick-ons channel *TRON* and emit a faint tingle. (The dog might give you a quizzical look; mine did.)

NEW WAVES

Ultrasound is at work in the JeNu Active-Youth Skincare System, a minimalist brushed-metal handpiece that “looks like an Apple device,” notes New York dermatologist Julie Karen, M.D. The waves gently “jostle” microspheres in the accompanying eye and lip serums, which in turn open up temporary channels in the skin barrier for vitamin A, hyaluronic acid, and peptides to pass through. Clarisonic’s Opal Sonic Infusion System—a BlackBerry-size tool with a silicone tip dimpled to hold a dab of eye serum—simulates light finger-tapping, at hummingbird speed. Each 30-second session yields hydrated, almost pillowy skin; a study published this year in the *Journal of the American Academy of Dermatology* also found an increase in elasticity.

PREP & PRIME

Exfoliation plays a part, too: Manhattan dermatologist Anne Chapas, M.D., often performs microdermabrasion before chemical peels to “remove dirt, debris, or dry skin,” she says, “so whatever we’re putting on will penetrate more evenly.” Olay’s new Pro-X Microdermabrasion + Advanced Cleansing System polishes skin—and primes it for subsequent product permeation.

And for those who really want to turn it up a notch: Dermatologists like Ellen Marmur, M.D., offer Clear + Brilliant Perm  a, an in-office treatment combining a fractional laser with a SkinCeuticals antioxidant infusion. The result: up to seventeen times the level of absorption. How’s that for amped-up? □

MRS. FIX-IT

YOU'RE NEVER TOO OLD FOR PERFECT TEETH. AT 43, PLUM SYKES TESTS HER METTLE AND FACES BRACES.

I never thought I would compare myself to a horse in *Vogue*, but there is a moment for everything in fashion. A year ago I fitted my hunter Fred with a Cheltenham gag, a severe bit enabling me to stop the enormous beast at the flick of a wrist. This past January, when I had fixed braces installed on my own teeth—the ones with brackets on every single tooth, and twisted wires from back molar to back molar, top and bottom—I experienced the agonizing sensation of constant pressure in my mouth as poor Fred must have done when getting used to his new tack.

First, a brief history of my complicated teeth: In the early 1980s, aged thirteen, I had “train tracks” to correct my goofy teeth. Six were removed, and by fifteen, braces gone, I had straight teeth. By seventeen, they were on the move, veering toward an aesthetic I can only describe as British Wonky. I was sad, as I had looked rather pretty for a couple of years and smiled a lot more than before. But this being England, crooked teeth were not considered a tragedy worth worrying about. I hid them when I smiled, got on with life—but occasionally dabbled with the idea of having another go at straightening them. Worried I would seem vain, I never did.

But this past winter, Dr. Nee, my Harley Street dentist, told me that my maxillary central incisors—the two top teeth closest to the center of the lips—were so crooked that I would “probably lose them.” If I did, I would not be able to have implants, as implants work best when inserted straight. Facing a future of false teeth—*quelle horreur*—I decided to revisit my teenage vanity.

A trip to Dr. Hunter, a straight-toothed orthodontist on Wimpole Street who was himself wearing Invisalign (the plastic removable braces now used for less complicated circumstances than mine), confirmed that I was a “very



SUPER-SMILE

ANNE V. TRIES ON BRACES—AND AN OSCAR DE LA RENTA JACKET. BRACES, MARC LOWENBERG, D.D.S., LOWENBERG, LITUCHY & KANTOR.

difficult case.” Fixed braces top and bottom were the only solution. He told me this while gleefully wobbling that loose top front tooth with a probe. He said he’d use clear brackets. “You’ll barely be able to see them,” he insisted. When he told me more than half his patients were adults, I felt reassured.

A few weeks later, I tried to relax in Dr. Hunter’s chair while he cemented brackets to my bottom teeth. (He would do each row of teeth at separate appointments.) The procedure was painless but awkward. As I lay there, a note on my X-ray caught my eye. It read: PLUM SYKES. FINISH DATE: JUNE 2014. The reality hit me that, at the age of 43, I would be in braces for a minimum of eighteen months. I would be nearly 45 by the time they came off. (When I started writing for *Vogue* in 1997, aged 27, the idea of being 45 one day never occurred to me. It would have been too grim to contemplate. I thought middle-aged women were the most boring and unglamorous

people I had ever met. And now I was one of them! Alas, alas, alas.) When Dr. Hunter had finished, I got up from the chair and looked in the mirror.

Uggghhhh! I screamed silently to myself. A woman resembling Jaws from *Moonraker* was reflected back at me. My bottom teeth were covered with solid metal brackets. My God! Dr. Hunter had forgotten to use the clear ones!

“You’ll hardly see them,” said Hunter, rather optimistically.

Maybe these *were* the clear brackets, and they just weren’t as clear as I had expected. I was too mortified to ask.

An American friend confirmed later that no, I did not have the clear brackets on. At my next visit, I begged Dr. Hunter to put the clear ones on my top teeth, and he replied, “Yes, as we agreed.” He told me that as clear brackets are slightly weaker than metal ones, he rarely puts clear ones on the bottom. Oh.

A few weeks later, as I bit gingerly on a piece of langoustine at a smart dinner party (chewing is tricky with braces), one of the guests exclaimed, “Plum! You’re *so brave* to have braces.” I felt flattered until she added, “*at your age.*”

People love to comment on my braces and, inadvertently or not, one’s advancing years. Another lady said to me, mystified, “I can’t believe you’ve done this *now*. Why do you care how your teeth look *now*? You’ve got the husband, the children. . . .” I explained the potential false-teeth future; she sort of forgave me.

After six months my teeth have already straightened up significantly. I’m hoping that by the end of next year I will again be enjoying those perfect teeth I had for a couple of years as a teenager. Which brings me back to my horse Fred. He is seventeen years old, which in horse years makes him an old man. His mouth is now soft as a baby’s when I ride him. If his mouth can be corrected this late in life, so can mine. Forty-three—yippee! □ *health* >134

BEAUTY

HEALTH

TALL TALES

IS HEIGHT LOSS INEVITABLE AS WE AGE? JANCEE DUNN SIZES UP THE MATTER.

Ayawning ten inches separate us: My husband is a vertiginous six feet four, while I am a more modest five feet six. The distance between us is just enough that he often has to repeat himself, as I can't hear him from the depths. It's fair to say, I can't afford to lose an inch. So naturally, I was rattled when I came across a disheartening fact—the average woman begins to lose up to a third of an inch for every decade after 40. Will I soon have to compensate by wearing my five-inch Miu Miu around the house?

Not necessarily. A pioneering new study has thrown a twist into the vexing issue of waning height. Experts once thought that beyond genetics, stature was determined in childhood by factors like whether you drank the proverbial glass of milk. But, in one of the biggest projects to date investigating aging, economists from the University of Southern California, Harvard, and Peking University found that lifestyle choices made as an adult have a direct impact on height loss.

Shrinkage takes place mainly in the spine. Vertebral bone density decreases with age, and the gel-like discs between the bones get flatter, so building bone and strengthening the area around it—even by simply standing up straight—is crucial. And muscles, particularly in the abdomen, lose strength, further pulling down posture.

Some shrinkage is inevitable, but it's possible to walk nearly as tall in the future by adopting good habits now.



THE LONG AND SHORT
ALICE ISN'T THE ONLY ONE VULNERABLE TO SHRINKING, BUT THE RIGHT PLAN CAN KEEP YOU AT EYE LEVEL.

EAT TO BUILD BONE

Calcium is essential for bone formation, so aim for 1,000 mg. daily—preferably from foods such as tofu, leafy greens, and fortified soy milk, since calcium supplements aren't absorbed as well as food. Vitamin D supplements, meanwhile, increase retention of calcium (the RDA is 600 IUs). And add more accolades to olive oil: A recently published Spanish study found it protects bones.

DRINK WISELY

Research shows that excessive alcohol tampers with the stomach's ability to absorb calcium and vitamin D. But there's no need to consign yourself to a life of mock-tails. Not only is moderate drinking fine, it can even be beneficial, according to an Oregon State University study; postmenopausal women who unwound with a glass or two of wine a day were less prone to bone loss.

AVOID EXTREME DIETING

The heavier you are, the greater the force of gravity, so maintaining a healthy weight is key to avoiding shrinkage. But

several recent studies show that hard-core diets can, for reasons ranging from inadequate nutrient intake to hormone disruption, cause loss of bone mass in older women. If you are looking to pare your frame, make weight-bearing exercise and extra calcium part of any plan.

SKIP THE SODA

Like cigarettes, soda has been linked to osteoporosis. "Phosphates in soda can impede calcium absorption in your bones," says Claudette Lajam, M.D., an assistant professor of orthopedic surgery at NYU Langone Medical Center. A Tufts study found that a mere three colas per week may be enough to create significant bone loss.

GET IN GEAR

A long-term Israeli study found that people who began exercising, even if they started after 40, lost only half as much height as those who stopped working out in midlife or never hit the gym at all. Try exercises that work against gravity, such as brisk walking, Pilates, or tennis. □