

STYLE


THE SUNDAY TIMES

14 JANUARY 2018



**DOLLY
ALDERTON'S
DATING
CHRONICLES**

THE GREATEST
MILLENNIAL
LOVE STORY
EVER?

I'm
nutty about
Herbal Essences
BIO: RENEW



MADE WITH
NO PARABENS
NO COLOURANTS
NO GLUTEN
NO PARAFFIN

Let life in

LORRAINE CANDY



Editor-in-chief

Say hello to **'CULTANUARY'** It'll beat the winter blues

EDITOR'S BUYS



Yellow feels like the right bright for January
Crepe dress, £495; McQ
Alexander McQueen;
net-a-porter.com



A cable-knit for cosy nights in
Fair-Isle sweater,
£130; jcrew.com



Avoid a dry January
Lancôme Absolue Precious
Cells Rose Drop Night
Peeling Concentrate, £85,
from January 31

Tomorrow is supposed to be the gloomiest day of the year. Blue Monday, seemingly calculated with the same wobbly logic I apply to the price-per-wear equation for expensive buys, is billed as our saddest day. This is due to a combination of dark skies, post-Christmas comedown and loss of motivation for the year ahead.

I'm not sure giving a day a name is that helpful to anyone who suffers from the "mean reds" (as Holly Golightly, in *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, labelled depression), but January always feels like the longest of months for those of us prone to a more anxious mindset.

So, what to do about this down-in-the-dumps month? Well, our Style Fit special (on page 27) will guide you to a happier perspective, while Dolly Alderton's poignant and beautifully written love memoir (on page 14) will make you laugh. The video of Dolly reading her teenage diaries on Style Play (thesundaytimes.co.uk/stylplay) is a gem too.

But there are also some great cultural things to look forward to sampling this month. *The Post* is out on Friday, directed by Steven Spielberg and starring Tom Hanks and Meryl Streep. The film is already being tipped for an Oscar frenzy. It's magnificent. *McMafia* gets ever more gripping on BBC1 tonight, and *Silent Witness* continues tomorrow. I've booked tickets to see the new play *My Mum's a T**** with my two teenage daughters, for no better reason than they will finally have to put me on their social media, standing next to the sign outside the Royal Court.

I'll also be checking out 2018's first Uniqlo Tate Late at Tate Modern (January 26), which is a joyous party filled with music, art, film and workshops.

And I'll be listening to our astrologer Shelley von Strunckel's new podcast, *Champagne Mystic*, asking if karma really exists, and if it does, how you make it work for you.

Enjoy the issue, and make sure you follow Style on Instagram (@thestyle) and Facebook (@sundaytimesstyle) for some more cultural pick-me-ups.

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Cover
illustration
Fi Grew

THE JOAN OF ARCTIC



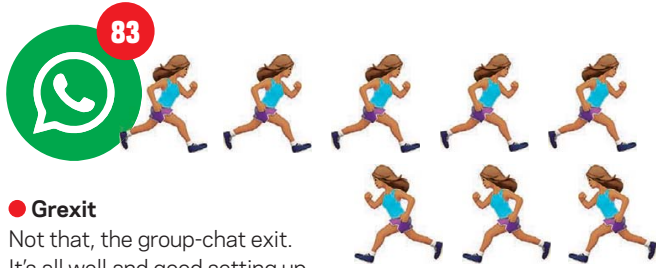
SOREL

SOREL.COM

STYLE

By Louisa McGillicuddy

Barometer



● Grexit

Not that, the group-chat exit. It's all well and good setting up Team Running!! :) on December 31, but now it's time to deal with the administrative fallout. Swipe exit and walk awaaaay



● Woke memes

Inclusivity comes to internet comedy. See: Woke Charlotte on @everyoutfitsatc and queer meme accounts @garbagecanaesthetic and @xenaworrierprincess



● Calpurnia

The musical side hustle of Finn Wolfhard, aka Mike from Stranger Things. Currently recording their EP. Cuter than cute



● Her Body and Other Parties

For the Cat Person-shaped hole in your life, keep this debut collection of short stories in your handbag. Part of this year's wave of sci-fi feminism



● CBD-spiked cocktails

According to Goop, cannabidiol oil is the latest ingredient for the mojito mix. Happy hour starts at 4.20



HEATING UP

COOLING DOWN



● Watermelon jerky

Dehydrated slices of melon that taste like leathery tongue. Y tho?



● Bathleisure

Towel-clad bathroom chic. Started with Rita Ora at the MTV EMAs, then Rihanna, now everywhere. Not for us mere mortals

● Shellac attack

The state of heightened anxiety when your nails grow out 2-3 weeks after NYE. Dreading the gap already



● Farewell, millennial pink

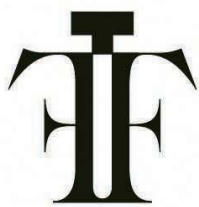
You have only one season left to wear it, team



● LinkedIn lizards

Hearing rumours that millennial flirtation has descended to the LinkedIn DMs? People, did we learn nothing in 2017?

GETTY, REX, @GIMMIEHO, @CALPURNIAOFFICIAL, SAKARA, @EVERYOUTFITSATC



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Monday 5th - Sunday 11th March 2018

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SARAH JOSSEL



...is the #Beauty**BOSS**

I've found a new BFF. That's best foundation forever.

In fact, I've found three utterly brilliant, brand-new products. Let's start with the BFF, Nars Natural Radiant Longwear Foundation (£35), which comes in 33 shades. The serum-based formula manages somehow to be both weightless and creamy, yet covers everything; and if, like me, you've got no time to faff with make-up touch-ups throughout the day, this one has serious staying power. There are a few house rules: only use a little bit (one or two pumps), and start at the centre of the face. According to Andrew Gallimore, Nars UK make-up artist ambassador, "That's where we tend to have the most to cover up."

Next is Tom Ford Lip Slick in Red Nectar (£40). My pout is parched at the moment, so I'm avoiding matte, opaque colours at all costs. This looks like a perfume roller, but once applied delivers the most delightful juicy tint. The cooling ball glides over seamlessly, leaving a pop of hi-shine colour (no sticky gloss here). The jojoba and coconut oil helps with hydration. Use it once and you'll never go back.

Finally, Dr Barbara Sturm Molecular Cosmetics Glow Drops (£105). I used to believe that my most radiant skin was reserved for the summer months, but this instant pick-me-up has changed everything. It transforms my otherwise chalky, sandpaper skin into a more glowing, healthier version. Some like to add a few drops into their usual foundation for an extra-glowy dimension. Personally, I prefer to whack on a whole coat pre-make-up for amped-up luminosity. Winter skin — sorted.

Best friends forever Nars Natural Radiant Longwear Foundation, £35; Tom Ford Lip Slick in Red Nectar, £40; harveynichols.com. Dr Barbara Sturm Molecular Cosmetics Glow Drops, £105 for 30ml; net-a-porter.com



SARAH'S SECRETS

CAUDALIE PREMIER CRU LA CREME RICHE, £90

I expected to find a thick, cloying cream in this pleasingly heavy pot, but it's refreshingly light for a formula that has the word "rich" in its name. It contains hyaluronic acid, peptides and oils, and it was a godsend while I was in India this winter — quenching my thirsty skin and working on sunspots.



YU-BE FOAMING SKIN POLISH, £15; AMAZON.CO.UK

This tube may look unimpressive, but I defy you not to be wowed. We're all familiar with the winter-skin clichés (dry, wind-chapped, bumpy, rough), and this formula sorts them all. From Japan, it's infused with ginger root and rice bran designed to refine and retexture legs and arms — and anywhere else that needs it.



Tweet or Instagram me your beauty questions @SARAHJOSSEL



CRAIG GREEN

A/W Collection 2017
Set_01. Grey

craig-green.com

MRS MILLS

Answers your QUESTIONS

HAMSTER TRAGEDY

My best friend of more than 20 years has stopped talking to me because I laughed at her without meaning to. She was cleaning out her daughter's hamster cage and, as she always did, picked up the animal. For some reason it bit her. In her surprise, she flung it across the kitchen. It hit the wall and fell to the floor, stunned, where the cat leapt on it. To drive the cat off, she grabbed a saucepan and threw it at the wall, thinking the noise would frighten the cat away. It did. The cat ran outside, but the saucepan came off the wall straight down onto the hamster and killed it. She told me all this in such a flat, tragic tone that I started laughing from the moment she said, "It bit me." I found it funnier and funnier as she went on, until I was in tears of helpless laughter. She said, "Well!" and stomped off, which made me howl even more, but now she won't pick up when I ring and ignores my texts. What can I do?

PL, Birmingham

Take her another hamster and say you're sorry, but buy it a little crash helmet, too.

THERE'S A DR IN THE STREET

A frenemy of mine has developed a colossal ego over a PhD she has almost completed. Her Christmas cards were laughably pompous, and her notes for the milkman are practically in iambic pentameter. Any tips on bringing her down a peg?

GD, Cardiff

Keep sending people round to talk to her about their ailments and injuries. She will have to keep on explaining she is "not that kind of doctor" and will quickly come to realise how useless a PhD is.

WIFE ON TOP

My wife and I have been happily married for years, but recently something is proving unsettling.



We have started to play dominoes, but my wife thrashes me. I don't know how this is happening as I have an honours degree in physics and my wife has four O-levels. Is she cheating?

JAF, Alderley Edge, Cheshire

I doubt she is cheating. It is more likely that she can no longer be bothered to hide the fact that she has far more native intelligence than you.

NOISE ANNOYS

I recently bought a leaf clearer that can either suck or blow. When my neighbour saw me using it, she asked if I could nip round when her husband was out for a quick blow round the back of her summer house, where there is an accumulation of leaves. I questioned why it needed to be when her husband was out, and she said it was because he doesn't approve of the machines as they make so much noise. I pointed out that sucking would be more efficient, as blowing would pile up the debris, but she insisted that's what she wanted. Am I missing something?

KM, Malton, North Yorkshire

It is probably so she can pretend to her husband she has piled up the leaves herself, whereas if they have all vanished, he might get suspicious. The neighbourly thing to do would be to hop over the fence and oblige her.

Follow Mrs Mills on Twitter
@MRSMILLSST

Send problems to: Mrs Mills, The Sunday Times, 1 London Bridge Street, London SE1 9GF, or mrs.mills@sunday-times.co.uk. No correspondence can be entered into

THE WAY WE LIVE NOW

SECOND-HAND STUFF USED, JUNK, OBSOLETE, ANTIQUATED, OUT-OF-DATE, PASSE, STALE, OUTMODED, DISCARDED, MOTH-EATEN, UNFASHIONABLE, HAS-BEEN, BROKEN, USELESS, TAT, SMELLY, DISGUSTING, FROM THE CHARITY SHOP, OFF A SKIP, RUBBISH — ALL THESE WORDS AND PHRASES HAVE BEEN REPLACED BY "VINTAGE". DON'T BE FOOLED.

Let's
play



CHAMPAGNE
Lanson
DEPUIS
1760

Crafted with care. Best enjoyed the same way.

drinkaware.co.uk
for the facts

SCARLETT CURTIS



The gen Z hit list

SELF-HELP 2.0

The first time I watched Brené Brown's TED talk *The Power of Vulnerability*, I sobbed my eyes out. Then I watched it again, sobbed a second time, and immediately sent it to my mum. I'd watched countless TED talks, seminars and lectures in an attempt to shift my brain out of its current fog, but nothing had ever quite hit the spot — until this. The 20-minute clip of Brown's lecture on the freedom of being able to admit that everything isn't always OK now has had 32m views and is a core piece in a new movement of powerful digital self-help.

In much the same way that dating apps have evolved from sleazy and slimy to a genuine tool to find love, self-help has come a long way from the shameful back aisle in a bookshop that a pyjama-wearing romcom heroine might retreat to post break-up. Professor Brown is just one of a group of American women forming an emerging pack I like to refer to as "the new Oprahs" (NOs).

Finding your own personal NO is a little like finding a good masseuse or the perfect sausage roll: the first three you try won't work at all, but finally you'll find something that hits the spot and you'll never look back. It's also important to note that what works for your friends won't always work for you. I have been emailed countless TED talks and podcast episodes and, after being promised that "this will change your life", have been disappointed to find nothing but an annoying middle-aged woman telling me about the power of breath.

All of these women, whether they're therapists, businesswomen or spiritual healers, have very specific voices, styles and messages, and while 90% of it might fly over your head, it only takes one bit of cleverly worded advice at precisely the right moment in your life to spark something genuine.

NONE OF THESE ADVICE-GIVERS IS A REPLACEMENT FOR THERAPY, BUT THEY CAN PROVIDE COMFORT AND REFLECTION



From top Iyanla Vanzant with Oprah Winfrey; Oprah's SuperSoul Conversations podcast; and Brené Brown's TED talk

The NOs represent a democratisation of the kind of detailed, intelligent and thorough therapy and community that would previously have been reserved for those able to take three months off and spend thousands of pounds on rehab. None of these advice-givers is a replacement for therapy, and as someone who has done a lot of it myself, I can promise you that. But what they can provide is comfort, reflection, companionship and stories.

They can make you feel less lonely just by telling you that the way your brain experiences this world isn't anything to be ashamed of — in fact, it might even be something to be proud of. If it's halfway through January and your resolutions are already out the window, along with your sanity, this week's hit list might just help you to find the perfect sausage roll for your soul.

THE NEW OPRAHS TO FOLLOW If Brown doesn't work for you, I can recommend googling the life coach Martha Beck, life transformer Byron Katie, feminist food expert Geneen Roth and spiritual teacher Iyanla Vanzant. Each of these women's websites features sprawling, intricate and powerful methods for letting go of fear and shame, and finding one's "true self".

PODCASTS FOR THE SOUL If you prefer to ingest your advice audibly, there are plenty of guru options on the market. The original Oprah's SuperSoul Conversations is a brilliant starter pack for an army of people on a mission to help change people's lives. Cheryl Strayed's advice podcast *Dear Sugars* is also a lovely listen.

FRAZZLED CAFE Ruby Wax's Frazzled Cafes take place across the country every week and provide a safe, anonymous and intensely non-judgmental space for anyone feeling a little bit lost, burnt out or "frazzled". You can visit the website to find a cafe near you and join Ruby's incredible movement (frazzledcafe.org). ■

How to wear **CHECKS**



*They are here to stay, with the new resort collections bringing colourful options to refresh your work or weekend style, says **Jane McFarland***



If you're experiencing a sense of déjà vu, it's perfectly valid — I waxed lyrical about the virtue of checks only four months ago. But it's excellent news if you've already invested, as checks, in different colours, silhouettes and forms, are still going strong for both resort and SS18. What exactly is resort? It's the collection that lands in stores after Christmas, filling the gap between autumn/winter (from September) and spring/summer (from March). Originally it was intended as pieces to take away on holiday, but today designers create clothes with long-term appeal to bridge winter and summer. The items stay on shop floors the longest, without going into sale for at least six months, so it's big business for retailers and brands. "These collections are no longer just transitional wardrobe-fillers, the focus now is on trend-led pieces," says Lisa Aiken, retail fashion director at Net-a-porter.

Paul Smith's fuss-free drop-shoulder coat is the perfect example. There's nothing like a fresh burst of colour to blow away any lingering cobwebs, and I've emphasised the coat's tangerine accents with paintbox-bright winter layers from Arket and H&M. With washed denim and throw-on-and-go loafers, for (lazy) me, it's the perfect weekend look that conveys a commitment to style with minimal effort. For something more office-appropriate, consider Isabel Marant, a master of both bohemian *flou* and Parisian tailoring. Flecked with green, navy and orange thread, the oversized tweed blazer and cropped kick-flare trousers aren't run-of-the-mill workwear — in fact, they're the perfect antidote to dark, late nights in the office. I've paired them with a white shirt, but a simple T-shirt — grey marl or black — or a slim-fit rollneck would work just as well. ■

Tweet or Instagram me your fashion questions
[@JANE_MCFARLAND](#)



Wardrobe **Mistress**

Orange merino rollneck, £45, Arket. Blue V-neck jumper, £40, H&M. Wool check cocoon coat, £775; paulsmith.com. Blue jeans, £140, Raey; matchesfashion.com. Navy velvet loafers, £525; jimmychoo.com. Navy leather bag, £390; eudonchoi.com



THE **PERFECT** WEEKEND LOOK CONVEYS A **COMMITMENT TO STYLE** WITH MINIMAL EFFORT



Opposite White shirt, £49, Arket. Tweed blazer, £740, and matching trousers, £435, Isabel Marant; net-a-porter.com. Black leather boots, £169; kurtgeiger.com. Leather tote, £560, Sophie Hulme. Gold earrings, £145, Eshvi





EVERYTHING
I KNOW
ABOUT

LOVE

Photographs **Ester Grass Vergara** Styling **Michelle Duguid**

Dolly Alderton was this magazine's dating columnist for two years, a reborn *Bridget Jones* for the single millennial.

There were trysts with conspiracy theorists, gurus and dog-walkers; blind dates with bankers, holiday romances with waiters, nights of passion with Frenchmen and a mild case of RSI from excessive Tinder swiping. Nearly 100 dates later, she found that the greatest love of her life wasn't any of the men, but the female friendships that sustained her through her twenties. Here, we have an exclusive extract from her poignant debut memoir



There's a whole lot of stuff I don't know about love. First and foremost, I don't know what a relationship feels like for longer than a couple of years. Sometimes I hear married people refer to a "phase" of their relationship as being a period that lasted longer than my longest ever relationship. I have friends who describe their relationship as if it is the third person in their partnership — a living thing that twists and morphs and moves and grows the longer they're together, an organism that changes just as much as two humans who spend a life together change. I don't know what it is to nurture that third being. I don't know what long-term love feels or looks like from the inside.

Nearly everything I know about love, I've learnt from my long-term friendships with women. Particularly the ones I have lived with at one point or another. I know what it is to know every tiny detail about a person and revel in that knowledge as if it were an academic subject. When it comes to the girls I've built homes with, I'm like the woman who can predict what her husband will order at every restaurant. I know that India doesn't drink tea, that AJ's favourite sandwich is cheese and celery, that pastry gives Belle heartburn, and that Farly likes her toast cold so the butter spreads but doesn't melt. AJ needs eight hours' sleep to function, Farly seven, Belle about six and India can power through the day on a Thatcherite four or five.

I know what it is to enthusiastically strap on an oxygen tank and dive deep into a person's eccentricities and fallibilities and enjoy every fascinating moment of discovery. Like the fact that Farly has always slept in a skirt for as long as I've known her. Why does she do that? What's the point of it? Or that Belle rips off her flesh-coloured tights on a Friday night when she gets home from the office — is it a mark of her quiet rage against the corporate system or just a ritual she has grown fond of?

I know what it's like to weather a bad experience and then turn it into shared mythology. Like the couple who theatrically tell the story of their luggage getting lost on their last holiday, speaking a line each, we do the same with our own microdisasters. Like the time India, Belle and I moved house and everything that could possibly go wrong went wrong. The reality was lost keys and borrowing money from friends and sleeping on sofas and putting stuff

into storage. The story is a great one.

I know what it is to love someone and accept that you can't change certain things about them: Lauren is a grammar pedant, Belle is messy, Sabrina's texts are incessant, AJ will never reply to me, Farly will always be moody when tired or hungry. And I know how liberating it feels to be loved and accepted with all my flaws in return (I'm always late, my phone is never charged, I'm oversensitive, I obsess over things, I let the bin overflow).

I know what it is to hear someone you love tell a story you've heard about five-thousand times to an enraptured audience. I know what it's like for that person (Lauren) to embellish it more flamboyantly each time, like an anecdotal Fabergé egg ("It happened at 11pm", becomes "So this was about 4am"; "I was sitting on a plastic chair" becomes "and I'm on this sort of chaise longue hand-crafted from glass"). I know what it's like to love someone so much that this doesn't really annoy you at all; to let them sing this well-rehearsed tune and maybe even come in with the supportive high hat to boost the story's pace when it needs it.

I know what a crisis point in a relationship feels like. When you think: we either confront this thing and try to fix it, or we go our separate ways. I know what it is to agree to meet in a bar at the Southbank and begin bristly, then end, three hours later, weeping in each other's arms and promising to never make the same mistakes again. (People only ever meet at the Southbank to reconcile or break up — I've done some of my finest dumping and being dumped in the National Theatre bar.)

I know what it is to feel like you've always got a lighthouse — to guide you back to dry land; to feel the warmth of its beam as it squeezes your hand standing next to you at a funeral of someone you loved. Or to follow its flash across a crowded room at a terrible party where your ex-boyfriend and his new wife turned up unexpectedly, the flash that says, "Let's get chips and the night bus home."

I know that love can be loud and jubilant. It can be dancing in the swampy mud and the pouring rain at a festival, and shouting, "You are f***** amazing" over the band. It's introducing them to your colleagues at a work event and basking in pride as they make people laugh and make you look lovable just by dint of being loved by them. It's laughing until you wheeze. It's waking up in a country neither of you have been in before. It's walking along the street together on a Saturday night and feeling like an entire city is just yours. It's a big, beautiful, ebullient force of nature.

And I also know that love is a pretty quiet thing. It's lying on the sofa together drinking coffee, talking about where you're going to go that morning to drink more coffee. It's folding down pages of books you think they'd find interesting. It's hanging up their laundry when they leave the house having moronically forgotten to take it out of the washing machine. It's saying, "You're safer here than in a car, you're more likely to die in one of your Fitness First BodyPump classes than in the next hour," as they hyperventilate on a flight to Dublin. It's the texts: "Hope today goes well", "How did today go?", "Thinking of you today", and "Bought loo roll".

I know that love happens under the splendour of fireworks and sunsets, but it also happens when you're lying on blow-up airbeds in a childhood bedroom, sitting in A&E or in the queue for a passport or in a traffic jam. Love is a quiet, reassuring, relaxing, pottering, pedantic, harmonious hum of a thing; something you can easily forget is there, even though its palms are outstretched beneath you in case you fall.

DOLLY'S DIARIES

OCTOBER 2002

I am 14 years old. I wear a kilt skirt from Miss Selfridge, a pair of black Dr Martens and a neon-orange crop top. The boy is Betzalel, an acquaintance of my schoolfriend Natalie. She knows I want a boyfriend, so she suggests setting Betz and me up on MSN Messenger. Betz and I are basically going out, after a month of messaging each other every day after school. He thinks everyone his age is immature, as do I, and he's tall for his age, as am I. We chew the fat of these shared experiences constantly.

We agree to meet in Costa at Brent Cross shopping centre. I ask Farly to come, so I am not on my own. Betz arrives and he looks nothing like the photo he has sent me. We wave at each other across the table. Farly does all the talking, while Betz and I stare at the floor, embarrassed, silent. Betz has a shopping bag — he tells us he's just bought Toy Story 2 on video. I tell him that's babyish. He says my skirt makes me look like a Scottish man. The date lasts 12 minutes.

DECEMBER 2006

Graysen is the first person my age I have ever met who chooses not to be on Facebook. I think he is Sartre.

We meet under a giant Christmas tree and he takes me to a martini bar because he remembers I said it was my favourite drink (at this point I am still in the "training myself to like martinis" phase). He shows me a set of keys — his boss has given him a hotel room for the night. He never explains why.

We arrive at a dingy hotel, a converted suburban home on a main road in Ealing. I don't want to sleep with him because I want to get to know him better, so we spend all night lying in the bed, staring at the off-white ceiling and talking about our 18 years so far. He is the son of a very old man who was "the last of the colonisers" — he discovered a rare type of fish on his travels, wrote a book about it and has lived off the money ever since. I am agog with wonder.

Early the next morning, Graysen kisses me, says goodbye and leaves a peach pastry on the bedside table. That's the last time we ever see each other. I will spend the following five



PREVIOUS PAGE: BRA, £55; LES GIRLS LES BOYS, JEANS, £378; ISA ARFEN, PINK DRESS, £620; TIBI, ABOVE: NUDE BRA, £50; LES GIRLS LES BOYS, BLUE TOP, £528; ISA ARFEN, CREAM BOMBER JACKET, POA; BERLUTI, CREAM COAT, £685; REJINA PYO, DISC EARRINGS, £190; WISHO



Style Relationships

(Aside: when I asked Martin what he was jotting down, he said he was writing a book, but he was particularly vague when I asked what it was about, other than saying it was non-fiction. I also noticed that he wrote a couple of things down when I was talking. He took the notebook with him when he went to the loo and was in there for quite a long time. I decided either: A) his bowels had a bad reaction to caffeine; B) he was writing something embarrassing and didn't want me to read it; or C) he was writing a book about all the women he'd dated in England and I was up next. I have always thought it was option C, and to this day am still waiting to see a book called *Green and Pleasant Slags: My Time with Englishwomen* on the shelves at Waterstone's, with an embarrassing paragraph about me in it.)

After our coffees, we sit outside the cafe on a bench and he quotes Hemingway, which I think is a little overkill, but I am enjoying the fanciful tone of the date, so I go along with it. He takes me by the hand and leads me down the steps to the canal. We walk a little until we stand under the nearest bridge, then he unbuttons his coat, pulls me in and wraps it round me. He kisses my head, my cheeks, my neck and my lips. We kiss for half an hour. The time is 11am.

Extracted from Everything I Know About Love by Dolly Alderton (Fig Tree £12.99), published on February 1

years wondering if Graysen was just an actor looking for a gullible audience and an escape from himself for a night.

Then, years later, I will fall for a biology PhD student who will become the great love of my life. One Sunday night, I will be lying on his bed in his jumper, and he will get out a book to read before we sleep about a man who discovered a fish. I will grab it off him and look at the inside cover to see a photograph of a man with the same face and surname as Graysen. The boyfriend will ask why I am laughing. "Because it was all real," I will say. "And it was so ridiculous."

APRIL 2014

Martin sits at the bar of Caravan King's Cross. He is writing in a notebook as I arrive, which I think adds a nice touch of theatre to the whole nomadic, lost-soul agenda he pushes, with his whimsical Instagram account that I've already stalked. "What you writing?" I ask, over his shoulder. He turns, looks at me and smiles. "None of your business," he replies and kisses me on both cheeks. It is already extremely flirty, and we haven't even had a coffee. I think it's because he is American.

MILLENNIAL MILESTONES

As imagined by Style's Dolly Alderton

HEN PARTIES

Hello any woman Emily has known for the past 28 years!

I hope you're well and excited about next weekend's festivities. We thought it would be useful for all you ladies to know what the shape of the day looks like.

8am Saturday will begin promptly at 8am. Please join us in the Tower of London for a Tudor cooking course. We will be making stuffed roast venison with stewed pears. This will be breakfast at 9am, along with a generous pint of mead.

10am We will make our way north to Kentish Town sports centre, where we will be playing a game of dildo football. It's very simple — we split into two teams and play a friendly game, but all while wearing big, black strap-ons. (Please, if you haven't already, send us a sentence of your favourite memory of you and Emily — we will write these in Tipp-Ex on her strap-on so she can keep it for ever.)

12pm sharp We will change into our first fancy-dress outfits (disco meets Kenan & Kel), leave the sports centre and head to Emily's favourite pub that she went to twice 10 years ago.

12.30pm Lunch (included in the money you've already transferred) will be a delicious mezze sharing platter, entitling you to one falafel, three olives and half a flatbread each, and a glass of prosecco. If you don't drink prosecco or any type of fizzy wine, you're advised to organise your own alcohol for the entire day.

2pm After lunch we thought it would be fun to play a game of "How close are we actually?" We will form a circle and Emily will go round and answer questions about us. If she gets more than one wrong, you will be evicted from the hen do and asked to make your way home. Not only do we think this will raise the stakes of the day, we need to get the group down from 35 to 30 for the dinner venue later, as 30 is its capacity. This seems like the only fair option.

3pm We are superexcited to have had chocolate moulds made of a variety of male anuses by the artisan chocolate company Sucre et Crème (huge thanks to bridesmaid Linda for organising this). It will be Emily's job to guess which anus belongs to her fiancé.

4pm We think this will be a good time to change into our second fancy-dress outfits — "My Favourite Emily". I've had a lot of concerned emails over the past few weeks from people about what they should come as and, honestly, we can't stress enough: this is meant to be fun. So don't worry too much about it. Lacrosse Emily, gap-year Emily and unemployed fat Emily all work great! Someone mentioned the Priory Emily and this is the only idea we're not sure about — bear in mind, we've got mums and grannies here for this portion of the day.

5pm Before everyone gets too tipsy to remember anything, we want to present Emily with her Tampon Tree. I hope you all got the email about saving a used tampon and bringing it in an envelope. We'll have a fig tree to present to Emily decorated with all our tampons to symbolise how we will always be connected by womanhood and friendship. We think it will be a really special moment for her.

6pm We say goodbye to the grannies and the mums and order them an Uber.

6.30pm We head to Ribs'N'Bibs in Stockwell.

7.15pm Arrive at restaurant and immediately change into our going-out clothes. (Heels, please!! Want to make it as glam as possible for Emily.)

7.30pm Starters.

8.30pm Surprise performance by a nude cast of the Blue Man Group. Emily was keen to stress that she didn't want an embarrassing

stripper, so we thought this was a good compromise. (NB Bridesmaids, remember to bring change of clothes for Emily, because she will be covered in paint.)

9pm Main courses.

10pm Puddings and a DIY millinery crash course. We have world-famous hatter Madame Meringue arriving, who has agreed to teach us all how to make disposable fascinators from our leftover puddings. You can watch her amazing banoffee-pie beret tutorials here for a sense of what we're in for.

11pm Walk to Fluid club in Vauxhall where we have reserved a chair (no tables left).

4am Club closes.

And that's that!

All that's left to say is, Emily wanted us to let you all know that unfortunately an invitation to the hen do *does not guarantee* an invitation to the wedding. It's going to be a small(ish) affair and they can't accommodate everyone, but she still hopes you'll be there to celebrate her last days as an unmarried gal.

Anyone found talking to Emily about the wedding or angling for an invitation will be immediately removed from the hen do — this is meant to be a fun day for her, not another day of logistical wedmin.

Thank you everyone for transferring £378.23 — this covers the entire cost of the day other than transport, main courses at the restaurant, drinks at the restaurant and drinks at the club. We're yet to receive money from the following girls:

EMILY BAKER
JENNIFER THOMAS
SARAH CARMICHAEL
CHARLOTTE FOSTER

If those girls don't transfer the money by 11pm tonight, they unfortunately won't be able to attend and everyone will have to cover the cost of their places.

Let's get ready to roost!!

The Bridesmaids xxx

Style **Relationships**



WEDDINGS

Dear Dolly Something Alderton,

Congratulations! You have won a place to the wedding of Jack Harvey-Jones and Emily White. Well done for getting this far — you got down to the last two for the final invite to the actual wedding, as well as the reception, along with Emily's cousin Rose. We chose you in the end because you're loud and drink quite a lot, which we thought would liven up the table of Jack's introverted friends from LSE.

Mr and Mrs Keith White formally request the pleasure of your company at the marriage of their daughter in the Vale of Nowhere. (We know it sounds a bit mental saying "Mr and Mrs Keith White", but Jack's posh parents have insisted that's what we write and they are paying for the welcome booze, so we can't be bothered to fight them on it.)

You are cordially invited to watch Emily's father give her away and be enthusiastically received by another man like he's selling a second-hand car. When Emily's rad-fem friends question her on this, she will lie and say the church said we had to and it wasn't our choice, and we'd appreciate it if you could give this same party line.

Now, please, we beg of you, no presents, just your presence! OK, well if you *absolutely insist* then you can choose a little token gift from our registry at Liberty, where you will have the privilege of ordering something banal (the £50 salad mixer) or decadent (the giant porcelain rabbit figurine wearing a top hat). Really, your choice. Or donate to a charity if you want, not bothered which one, we just thought it would be good to suggest it. (Someone buy the chesterfield sofa for our living room, please!!)

We are aware, Dolly Something Alderton, you are single with an income of £30,000 at best, while we have joint annual earnings of £230,000. We also understand that we live in a £700,000 flat in Battersea, the deposit on which was paid in its entirety by our parents, while you struggle to scrape together £668 every month to pay your rent, so by this logic we thought it would make sense for you to be the one to give us expensive presents to adorn our already fully furnished home.

Onto the booze! Every guest will receive a glass of champagne/ unidentified fizzy white wine in a champagne flute on arrival. Then there's a cash bar, I'm afraid. We tried to make the £75,000 wedding budget stretch to booze for 120 people, but sadly it didn't quite cut it. Bloody weddings!

Attached are the details of an extremely overpriced B&B that comes highly recommended by all of us; it's where we've had many a lovely Sunday lunch. No pressure to stay there, though, you can stay wherever you like in the rural and remote village where we're getting married.

Enjoy it and book fast!

So, see you there. Oh, and by the way, every person you know has been given a plus-one because they're all in relationships. And no, we don't know half of their partners, but we thought it would be nice for them to have someone there, you know, because people in relationships like being together. Sadly, you are not granted this kind of support and you have to come on your own. Sorry, it's a numbers thing.

Dress code Morning dress, whatever that means. Absolutely no lounge suits — no tie, no entry. It's our special day, not a cricket dinner.

Getting there The church and venue are utterly picturesque, so



ideally we'd like no cars on the day, as we don't want to ruin the photos or the calm atmosphere. We recommend getting a train from London — the nearest station to the Vale of Nowhere is 22 miles away. There is a local taxi company to get you to the church, but please ring in advance as they are only in possession of three vehicles.

Other formalities We want the vibe of the wedding to be relaxed, so we do encourage some super-fun confetti-throwing outside the church. *Please do not bring your own confetti.* There will be a Tupperware container of confetti handed out by Alison, mother of the bride, who has been air-drying delphinium petals one by one for four years for this occasion. Paper confetti will cause distress to the local wildlife, and the reception venue has said if there are any pieces of paper confetti

BOMBER JACKET: POA; BERLUTI; PEACH SHORT-SLEEVED JACKET: £925; SIMONE ROCHA. HAIR: TERRI CAPON AT STELLA CREATIVE. ARTISTS USING ORIBE. MAKE-UP: JO FROST AT CLM USING LIZ EARLE. NAILS: EMMA WELSH AT FRANK AGENCY USING NAILS INC. MODELS: BELLA BROCKMAN TILBURY AT IMG MODELS; MADELINE HULME AT STORM MANAGEMENT; AND CALLUM WARD AT PREMIER MODELS. SET DESIGN: JEMIMA HETHERINGTON

found in the grounds, the reception will be immediately cancelled, the catering staff will be ordered to leave and the evening won't go ahead.

Please write your favourite song on the RSVP and our DJ will try his best to play it, but only if it's I'm Gonna Be (500 Miles) by the Proclaimers or Umbrella by Rihanna.

We have a hashtag for Instagram pictures on the day, which is "jemily2016". We wanted to have "jemily", but sadly that's the brand name of a personal lubricant, as we discovered when we searched the hashtag, so "jemily2016" will have to do.

Kids welcome!

If you can't make it, don't worry, as we're going to do another casual reception party in the city next month, for our less close but highly Instagrammable London friends.

Then, the following month, we're going to do another ceremony and party in Austria, where a lot of Jack's family come from. Then we are going to do a blessing in Ibiza, along with a group holiday, which you'll all be invited to.

Basically, our wedding is going to be like a band on tour for the next year, so just find one of the dates that suits and book a ticket to come along.

All our love and can't wait to see you guys there!

Jack and Emily xxx

PS Sorry about the heart-shaped sequins that have fallen out of the envelope and gone all over your carpet you only just hoovered today.

BABY SHOWERS

Good morning to Karen's fertile and barren friends!!

I thought I'd send over the plan for the completely unnecessary, mawkish and expensive non-tradition borrowed from America that is our friend Karen's baby shower! Karen thinks it's always good to demand money and time from people to celebrate her own personal life choices, and we felt you hadn't given her quite enough in recent history, what with the £1,500 hen do in Ibiza, wedding in Mallorca with a strict dress code and a gift registry at Selfridges.

When you arrive at my flat (Karen's BFF) in Belsize Park, I would like you to take in its size, layout and period features, because that will make up a large portion of the afternoon's conversation. I'll talk at length and with boastful authority about getting my kitchen redone, making every renter in the room feel

like a piece of s***, and I'd appreciate it if none of you pointed out that my dad paid for the flat in full. That's right, not even a mortgage!

Please take your shoes off at the door.

We will begin the embarrassing, time-consuming and infantile games promptly at 14.00. The first is a round of "pin the vomit on the baby". The second is "guess the poo". (We'll melt different brands of chocolate into nappies and mummy-to-be will have to guess which bar is in which nappy!) We'll then go on to baby charades, in which we will all have to act out a different stage of parenting, for example falling out with your overbearing mother because you won't have your child christened, and fighting with your partner about whether it's too mollycoddling to claim there is a hamster afterlife.

We'll round off three hours later with a game of "pass the breast pump". I've had some worried emails about this so let me clear something up now: you do not have to be actively lactating to enjoy this game. Karen has made it very clear to me that non-mothers are only marginally less welcome than those guests who are also pregnant or have had children. We'll pass the breast pump round and whoever has it when the music stops attaches it to their tit for a bit of a laugh. It's supposed to be fun!

There will be one bottle of warm welcome prosecco to be shared between 25 guests; other than that it's a dry event. Instead, you can binge on the predictable afternoon tea, in which everything will be in miniature. The gifts will be opened at 17.00 (registry attached).

We will watch Karen open every single present like a five-year-old at a birthday tea party, and she'll explain what every present does. This will be not only tedious, but also completely horrifying for those of us who haven't given birth and don't yet know the specifics of nipple creams, post-birth nappies for mum, placenta broth and fishing for poo in a water-birth pool. There will be a trained PTSD therapist on site for the childless women, as well as a manicurist for everyone else.

The big event of the day will happen at 19.00 — the gender-reveal cake. Karen and her husband, Josh, do not know the gender of their baby, and instead have asked the doctor to direct the information straight to an artisanal bakery in Hackney. All the team at Bake'nBites have been working exceptionally hard to produce a four-tier creation covered in salted-caramel icing, Karen's favourite. When she slices into the cake, the colour of the sponge will reveal the sex: pink for a girl, blue for a boy, or green for a bit of both. It will be a special (not to mention delicious!) moment for all of us.

We're hoping for an expensive and boring day full of love and laughs, preparing our best friend for motherhood, hopefully while making all her friends without children feel alienated and all her friends with children feel inadequate.

See you then!!

Love,

Natalia XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Extracted from Everything I Know About Love by Dolly Alderton (Fig Tree £12.99), published on February 1



CHASING GIANNI'S

LAST YEAR WAS THE 20TH ANNIVERSARY OF GIANNI VERSACE'S MURDER, and his sister, the designer Donatella, faced up to the ghost of her brother. For the first time since his death, she delved into Gianni's vast archives — a 10,000 sq ft storage facility near Milan — for her SS18 collection. She turned to his favourite supermodels, including Cindy Crawford and Naomi Campbell, to help pay homage to his extraordinary legacy. Arm in arm, draped in golden chain-mail gowns, they joined her on the catwalk to mark the end of the collection. The crowds and critics loved it. Finally, she said, enough time had passed for her to pay tribute to her big brother.

In one of the most shocking celebrity murders in American history, on July 15, 1997, Gianni became the fifth victim of the 27-year-old serial killer Andrew Cunanan, a man who preyed on gay men at a time when most were still closeted. Cunanan spent nine days in hiding before taking his own life, leaving no hint about his motive for murdering Versace.

That enduring mystery is why the case still encourages conspiracy theorists, and the retelling of these and other murky details is the focus of the upcoming FX production *The Assassination of Gianni Versace: American Crime Story*, starring Ricky Martin, Penelope Cruz, Darren Criss and Edgar Ramirez, which premieres in America on Wednesday. Not everyone in the Versace orbit is looking forward to the nine-episode series. The family did not collaborate in its development, and their lawyers are now standing by in case any aspect of the show is defamatory to Gianni's legacy, his surviving family or the reputation of the Versace fashion house. Neither Donatella nor Santo, the late designer's elder brother, will talk about the series, the murder or their relationship with Antonio D'Amico, Gianni's

IT'S FASHION'S MOST NOTORIOUS CRIME — NOW, AS A NEW TV SERIES REIMAGINING THE ASSASSINATION OF GIANNI VERSACE COMES TO SCREENS 21 YEARS LATER, THE INVESTIGATIVE REPORTER **BARBIE LATZA NADEAU** HEADS TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME TO UNCOVER EXCLUSIVE NEW TRUTHS

GHO



Above Gianni and Donatella Versace on the catwalk in New York in 1996. **Left** Naomi Campbell and Kate Moss in Versace in 1999. **Top left** The pool at Gianni's house, Casa Casuarina, in Florida



boyfriend at the time of his death, who has not spoken to them for years.

The death of Gianni Versace is one that intrigues any crime writer and was one of the first stories I followed after I moved to Rome in the mid-1990s. Over the past six weeks, I have travelled between Miami and Rome to meet those who were there at the time of the murder to retrace what happened that morning.

What is certain, according to those who were there at the time, is that that Tuesday began as a highly unusual day at Casa Casuarina, Gianni's beautiful villa at 1116 Ocean Drive, in the South Beach neighbourhood of Miami Beach. Normally, Gianni, 50, came downstairs from his ocean-view bedroom suite with D'Amico, his 38-year-old partner of nearly 15 years. The two would then share breakfast on the patio

beside the pool — with its 24ct gold mosaics, designed in Italy and shipped over — while they perused the morning newspapers. Then they often left the villa together for a walk, hand in hand, along the beach.

But on the morning Gianni was murdered by Cunanan, he descended earlier than usual — and alone — remembers Charles Podesta, the designer's trusted major-domo, when I spoke to him in December. Having not spoken to any members of the press in all these years, he was introduced to me by Arthur Furia, a lawyer and Versace confidant.

Podesta, who still wears his vintage Versace clothing, remembers his boss in glowing terms. "He was '*un signore*,'" he says, using the Italian word for gentleman. He shared an uncommon intimacy with his boss, recalling how hard it was at times to remember he was

Style Report

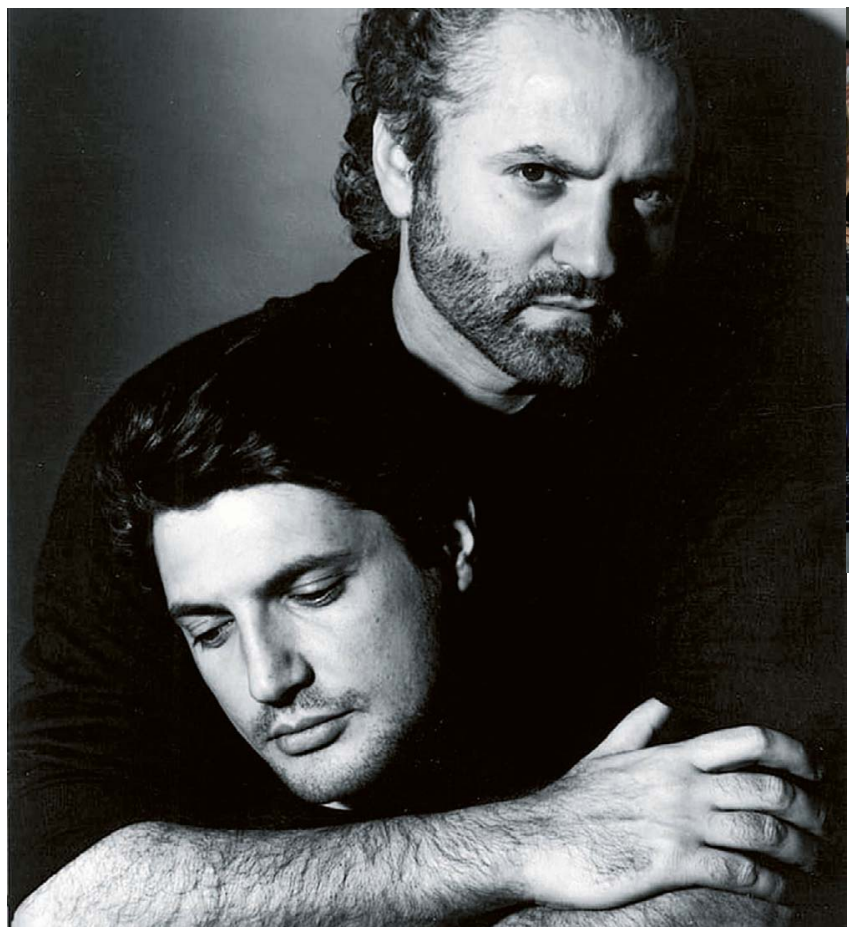
the employee. "Sometimes I had to stop myself from pulling up a chair and sitting down," he tells me. "He made everyone feel so at ease."

Podesta's voice is on the infamous call to 911 reporting the murder that day, the only public soundtrack from the event. He can be heard running across the marble floors to check if Gianni was still breathing. "A man's been shot. Please, immediately, please," Podesta can be heard saying. The operator then asked for more details about who or why. "I don't know, he was walking in front of his home. It's Gianni Versace."

Many have written that Cunanan had staked out the designer at his Miami mansion and knew exactly when he would be leaving his villa alone. But the truth is, according to those who were in the house when the murder took place, it was actually luck that Cunanan found Gianni alone on his steps at that hour of the morning.

THE DESIGNER HAD ARRIVED IN MIAMI ONLY a few days before he was killed, having just returned from the Versace Couture show he orchestrated at the Ritz in Paris. In the days before the murder, battling jet lag and general exhaustion after the show, he and D'Amico hadn't established much of a routine at all and certainly not one that would guide a serial killer's precision planning. The couple had only left the villa a few times together since arriving, and had not been out to buy newspapers or magazines at all, recalls D'Amico, who says he hates discussing the day his "world ended". I reach D'Amico by phone in Italy, after chasing him down through a mutual friend from the southern Italian city of Brindisi, in Puglia, where he is from. I had met him briefly at a party two years earlier in Puglia and, at the time, he said he had no interest in talking to journalists, be they friends of friends or not.

D'Amico worries that the American Crime Story series will reawaken tensions between him and the Versace family — there were problems over money and properties left to D'Amico in Gianni's will, at a time when same-sex couples had not been granted de facto rights in the United States. He calls photos he has seen of the production ridiculous. "Nothing good will come out of this series," he tells me when we speak. "It will only open old wounds and cause more pain." Ricky Martin, who plays D'Amico in the series, told one

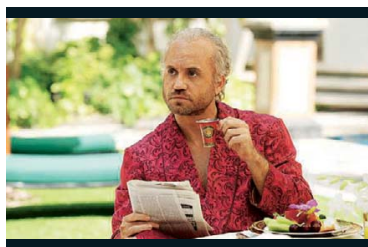


IT WAS A
STRANGE NOISE,
SEVERAL LOUD
POPS ONE AFTER
ANOTHER

magazine that he reached out to Gianni's lover after the filming to assure him that he will be pleased with the outcome, but D'Amico said he will judge that for himself. From what he has seen so far, even the basic depiction of the murder is a stretch.

For example, Podesta says he and the villa's head chef were in the service kitchen near the back of the villa preparing breakfast when the designer appeared alone, which Podesta remembers finding peculiar. "I remember the smells in the kitchen that morning and Signore Gianni suddenly appearing without Antonio," Podesta told me. "He stopped by the kitchen to say he wasn't eating first, as usual, and that instead he was going to the corner for some magazines. I said simply, 'We are here for you, Signore', and then he was gone."

Gianni did not need to go to the News Cafe at all that morning, and why he did remains just one mystery among many. His service staff always saw to the delivery of the Italian newspapers, which arrived the day after they were published in Italy, in time for breakfast. In fact, one of his staff was returning to the villa with the morning papers in hand when he met Gianni on his own, and offered to run back to get the



Above Edgar Ramirez as Gianni Versace.

Top, from left Gianni Versace and Antonio D'Amico. The original supers with Donatella at Versace SS18 last September. Carla Bruni and Naomi Campbell with Gianni in 1992



magazines for him. The designer declined and instead went to the News Cafe to pick up five glossies himself.

Gianni was up early that day because of an evening fashion event to be held in Rome, which is six hours ahead of Miami. He had only decided not to attend the event himself at the last minute, opting to fly home with D'Amico after the Paris couture show. The designer was easily tired, having battled inner-ear cancer during the previous years — it was during that illness in 1996 that Donatella first helmed the fashion house, which proved to be practice for what would happen after his death.

Donna sotto le Stelle (Woman under the Stars) would be showcasing Italy's biggest names in fashion in a televised broadcast from the Spanish Steps in Rome at dusk; Naomi Campbell was due to open the show. Gianni had already spoken several times to Donatella, who was shepherding the Versace collection for the event. He clearly trusted his little sister, yet he was obsessive when it came to even the most minute details. The last time Donatella spoke to him was earlier that morning.

IT WAS JUST BEFORE 9AM that D'Amico and Podesta heard the popping sound of what they thought were fireworks in the front of the house. "It was a strange noise, several loud pops one after another," Podesta says, describing how everyone ran to the front of the villa to see what was happening. Podesta's heart sank when he heard Alberta, a staff member, scream. "I knew something had happened, I stopped at the statue in the courtyard and turned around to run back to call 911." Podesta cannot tell the story without tears, and recalls how he got into his own car and chased the ambulance to the hospital. He recalls watching the doctor tell those from Gianni's inner circle who had gathered in the emergency-room waiting room that the designer was dead. "I could see his mouth moving, but I couldn't understand what he said."

D'Amico remembers even less. He reached the front steps, saw Gianni's bleeding body and blacked out. He says someone pulled him away. He did not, as the American Crime Story series shows in its trailer, hold his dying lover in his arms. "That's not how it happened at all," he says. "I did not have Gianni's blood all over me."

The hours that followed were a blur, as the staff and friends waited until Donatella and Santo arrived on a private jet from Rome, heading straight to the morgue with Furia, the lawyer, who was also an important

figure in Miami's Italian-American community. Furia was the critical liaison for the Versace family in Miami after the murder, arranging a private landing at Miami International Airport for them, then whisking them to the morgue to identify the body and into Casa Casuarina through a back door the press had not yet discovered.

I meet Furia in his downtown Miami high-rise, where he sifts through news clippings and the hardcover book from the funeral service in Milan that included photos and quotes from guests including Diana, Princess of Wales and Elton John. "They just wanted to leave, they wanted the body cremated, so they could head straight back to Italy for the funeral," Furia tells me, explaining that he had arranged for the state attorney to be at the villa to explain to Donatella and Santo how Cunanan was wanted in three other states and that justice may have to be served "in order of the murders".

Podesta stayed on to manage the Versace villa until it was sold — he wanted to make sure that even in the circumstances as tragic as his patron's death, the house would look just as magnificent as it would if Gianni were alive. He created the "Versace experience" for any guests who came to the house. "He was quiet and shy, very subdued and elegant," he says of his former boss. "It was only in his designs the other side came out. There will never be anyone like him."

Gianni's inner circle, from Podesta to Furia to the former chefs, remain incredibly close, bound by a loyalty that is hard to explain. They keep the Versace legacy alive in Miami just by being there, even though there is little left in South Beach now that bears the Versace name. The brand's store has been closed for years, and even Casa Casuarina, now owned by a private hotel company, is a rusting shell of its former self. Most of the expensive decor that Gianni brought from Italy has been replaced by plastic replicas that have not worn well. The Versace Medusa brocade on the plant pots outside the house are cracked, and the once-private areas of the villa have given way to £900-a-night suites and a restaurant called Gianni's that sells a £25 jumbo-shrimp cocktail and £150 Chinese caviar.

Whatever the family ultimately thinks of the American Crime Story series, one thing is sure: it will help to keep the ghost of Gianni Versace alive even longer. ■

The Assassination of Gianni Versace: American Crime Story will be shown on BBC2 later this year



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Can you exercise your way to a happier place? **Fleur Britten** reports on the fitness strategies for better mental health

GO LOW INTENSITY FOR A HAPPY HIGH

Imagine a workout that conditions your mind as much as your body, which delivers the benefits of meditation without actually having to meditate. Or what about a workout that busts fat without you having to bust a gut? Well, imagine no more, because there is a new workout that leaves you happy and calm — as opposed to nauseous and in need of a nap — yet also properly exercised. It's great news for gym bunnies and phobes alike. And those in need of a healthier mindset.

The cornerstone of the concept is Liss, or low-intensity steady state cardio. The antithesis of Hiit (high-intensity interval training — beast it, quick break, beast it), Liss is about continuous exercise at a slower pace: a power walk, a hike, a swim, a gentle jog or a moderate cycle ride, for 30 to 60 minutes. The key, though, is that you don't stop, so sadly shopping doesn't count. "There's been a pendulum shift, which I've seen all over the world," says Amy Dixon, manager of group fitness at Equinox gyms. "Sport science is changing, and we're realising that overstressing the body is not beneficial and can lead to injury and sickness. And we need to be calming the mind."

Slow fitness does just that. "It's hard to be mindful if you're smashing it," says Lara Milward, a personal trainer and co-founder of Blitz Fitness. "Liss enables longer, deeper breathing — you can be very present in the moment and concentrate on breathing well. It gives people some personal space to press the reset button." Liss also aids "muscular meditation", as your muscles work in a rhythmic, repetitive pattern to create a steady, calm state in body and mind. Unlike the "How hard can you push?" approach, this moderate level of cardio lowers cortisol levels and calms an overstressed adrenal system, telltale signs of which include insomnia and a girth that exercise won't shift. "It's doing less to do more," Dixon says. "Don't forget that when only a little is happening, everything is happening." Regeneration, she says, "is a vital part of a high-performance life".

There are still plenty of fitness gains with Liss. "By moving at the same pace without the stop/starting, your body recognises that you're exercising and will burn fat and provide you with energy," says the Australian fitstagram star Kayla Itsines. Her frequent #Liss posts to her 8.3m followers have been instrumental in popularising the movement. "Training at a lower intensity means that more oxygen is available to your body. As fat needs oxygen in order to be broken down, the more oxygen you can give your body, the more fat you may burn."

What we're really striving for is — yes, so on trend — the high-low approach. "We need both Hiit and Liss," Dixon says, "but Hiit in small doses and Liss in higher doses." According to Dixon only 20% of your workouts should be high-intensity: "Whether you're an Olympic athlete or my mum, it's the same." Say you work out five times a week, only two sessions should be Hiit. "If it's not carefully controlled, it can lead to injury," she says. Itsines, meanwhile, recommends alter-

Criss Cross jumpsuit, £89; pepperandmayne.com. Bumbag, £35, Fila; urbanoutfitters.com



nate days of Hiit (which you can do with her app, Sweat: Kayla Itsines Fitness) and Liss (she does a 30-minute power-walk at 4mph), each three times a week. If you're new to fitness, Itsines advises one weekly session of Hiit, and then Liss every other day: any more high-intensity will be demotivating. Dixon agrees: "So many people drop out of Hiit."

It's not just January joiners who will appreciate the fact that Liss is easier to stick to because it doesn't feel like a hardship. In her new book, *The Bikini Body Motivation and Habits Guide*, Itsines examines why we don't stick to our fitness regime. Liss, she says, "has more staying power, because anything you have a positive connection to, you can stick with for longer. It's like coffee and chocolate — we love it. We need to find the same thing with exercise."

REGENERATION IS A VITAL PART OF A HIGH-PERFORMANCE LIFE



5 WAYS TO STRESS-FREE FITNESS

FIND A GANG

Peer pressure can be a positive thing. Those who exercise in a group show improved mental and emotional wellbeing. "Humans are naturally tribal, but community is often missing in our lives," says Lara Milward. In her group workouts, the leader is always rotated so there is no winner, and she pairs up participants so that everyone has a buddy. "Camaraderie boosts motivation," she says.

GET OUTSIDE

Green spaces are the antidote to the hazard-heavy urban environment. As well as soothing the senses, nature lends a sense of space and can reduce the feeling of monotony that you get in the gym. What's more, exposure to sunlight increases vitamin D production, which helps increase serotonin levels.

BREATH WORK

Fast, shallow breathing increases anxiety because it activates the flight-or-fight response. Even just a

minute of focused deep breathing (in through the nose for four counts, out through the mouth for four) will help promote calm. Do it while exercising (exhaling on the exertion), or even right now.

STEP AWAY FROM THE SCALES

Weighing yourself has been shown to have a negative impact on mental health, and it's not even that helpful, as muscle weighs more than fat. A better indicator is your body-fat percentage (where 32% and over is obese). Spare yourself the fat callipers and judge how you feel in your clothing.

PLAY JOYFUL MUSIC

Listening to calm, happy tunes while you exercise serves as an effective catalyst for improving your mental state. Dixon recommends a tempo of about 120bpm. "That ability to connect to music is healing," she says. She recommends music that allows you to let go: "It's personal — it might be what you grew up listening to that gets you there." >



**ANXIETY CAN MAKE YOUR BREATHING
SHALLOW AND FAST, BUT THE RHYTHM
OF SWIMMING SETTLES ME DOWN**

SWIMMING YOUR WAY OUT OF ANXIETY



BY VERITY WESTGATE

Every morning before work, I swim 160 lengths of a 25-metre pool — that's 4km — and it takes me 1 hour

8 minutes. That's been my routine for the past eight years. But I'm not off the blocks like the Olympian Adam Peaty — it's about maintaining a low heart rate and consistency. I also run once or twice a week, but it's harder on the body and you're always having to look out for hazards, whereas with swimming it's very easy to be consistent and maintain a rhythm, which I find very calming.

I've had depression since I was 18 — I'm now 33 — and I've experienced suicidal thoughts. More recently, I've suffered from anxiety, too. In 2006, I lost a friend to suicide, so in 2009 I entered the Great North Swim, a mile-long open-water challenge, to remember her and raise money for Mind. Training for that made me realise how much I got out of swimming. Often my head is very busy with negative thoughts and worries, but after 20-40 minutes of swimming, something takes over and I suddenly notice that my brain is much calmer and my worries have disappeared. I then actually find myself problem-solving during my swim. In the pool, my senses feel heightened; the things I can feel are very immediate — the water on my skin, the loud noise of the pool. Somehow that helps me to be more present. I don't get on with mindfulness as a practice in itself, but I find this mindful movement very helpful.

Swimming sets me up for the day. Anxiety can make your breathing shallow and fast, but the rhythm of swimming and being forced to breathe in a certain pattern helps to regulate your breath. It's like brushing your teeth, which makes your teeth clean till the evening. After my swim, I can sit down and not be too fidgety. It settles me down. I really feel it if I haven't swum: my body is twitchy and the anxiety starts to build up. It's hard to focus if you can't sit still.

Mostly that feeling of calm stays with me all day. I also walk for 20 minutes every day as part of my routine for managing my mind.

I do a brisk walk to get my heart rate up. I am a project manager on a clinical research project for a hospital in Oxford and sit for most of the day at work, so I need to get out at lunchtime. If I miss that, it makes me quite grumpy.

When I broke my wrist, when I was knocked off my bike while cycling to the pool, I couldn't swim for five weeks, which was horrific. I was left without my main coping strategy, and it was hard to find a substitute. I was allowed to walk, but it didn't give me enough. Even if I don't feel like swimming, I just do it. It's harder to swim if I'm feeling mentally unwell — I have to make myself, and I also have to be a bit kinder to myself and not swim so far. I also use a cognitive behavioural therapy technique called behavioural activation: if you don't feel like doing anything, you try by starting small. If you don't feel like leaving the house, start by having a shower. For swimming, I'll pack my bag and take myself off to the pool. I'll tell myself that if I don't feel like it after a few lengths, I can get out. But once I'm in, I always want to continue. You have to remember you will feel better — you don't always get the endorphins when you're feeling bad, but you do it in case you do.

I see friends at the pool, but I prefer to swim alone. I don't think I'd get the same effect if I kept stopping for a chat. I swim in the pool all winter, but do more open-water swimming in the summer, which I also find helpful mentally. Connecting to the outdoors, getting fresh air and being surrounded by green spaces, is really beneficial.

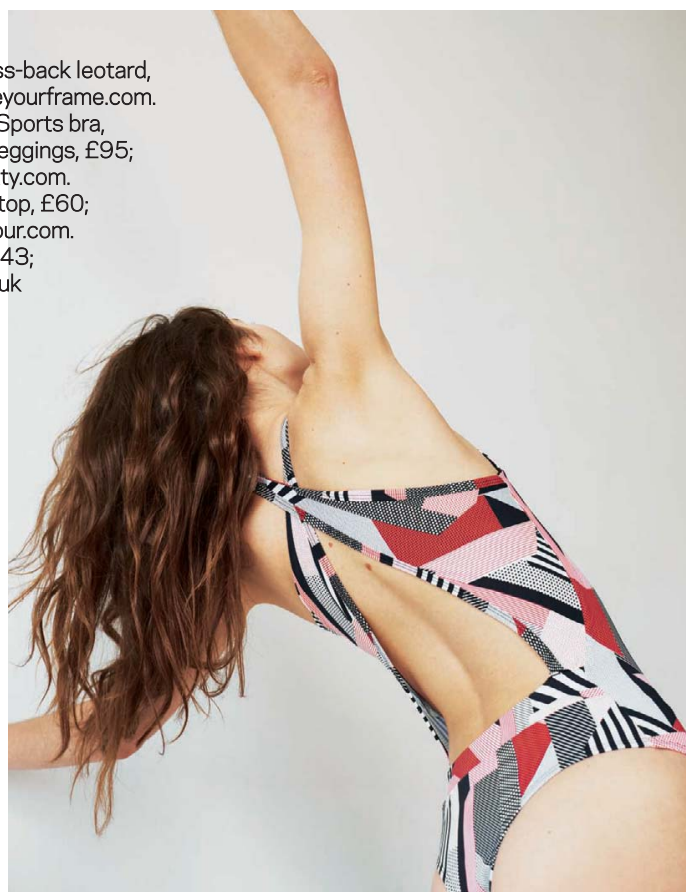
Swimming is a very important part of my toolkit and it has made life a lot more tolerable. It's important to have a range of techniques. For me, that includes antidepressants, help from the medical profession, my husband who goes over and above, my friends, and having a job that is flexible and where they're nice to me. It's all those things added together. I'm not planning another big swim at the moment, but I have a few ideas such as swimming the lengths of Ullswater, Windermere and Coniston Water one after the other. The sense of achievement can be a real bright spot on the horizon. >

Right Cross-back leotard, £69; moveyourframe.com.

Opposite Sports bra, £55, and leggings, £95; sweatybetty.com.

Blue tracktop, £60; underarmour.com.

Trainers, £43; reebok.co.uk





CAN YOU FIND HAPPINESS BY FACING YOUR FITNESS FEAR?

Could your new workout regime do with a dose of fear? According to a new book by the Australian psychologist Brock Bastian, fear could be the secret to lasting contentment. As he writes in *The Other Side of Happiness: Embracing a More Fearless Approach to Living* (out January 25): “When we push ourselves to the edge of what we can handle, we become more connected to the moment and less preoccupied with unnecessary worries. As we transcend ourselves, we find a clarity rarely experienced outside intense meditation.”

But you will have to look beyond the gym to find it. Take the New York-based illustrator Meera Lee Patel. Born with a club foot, Patel, 30, had convinced herself that all physical activity was “out of reach”, sometimes even struggling to get out of bed. “I was living such a small life,” she says. Finally, in 2015, feeling “sick of the limitations” she had placed on herself, she travelled to Iceland to

face many physical challenges she didn’t think she had the strength or endurance for. The trip was of course epiphanic: she climbed mountains and cliffs, swam in open-water pools and hiked for entire days.

Fear, she realised, could be her guide, as she explains in her new book, *My Friend Fear: Finding Magic in the Unknown*. “I have a rule now,” she says. “If I’m saying no to something because I’m scared, then I make myself do it.” (Another rule is to exercise daily.) And the effect of facing her fears? “I feel really happy to be opening my boundaries. I feel more connected to who I want to be. I feel strong.”

Most of us don’t have such reasons for sticking to our perceived limits, but if you’re past your twenties, chances are you’re starting to hunker down into your comfort zone. “The older we get, the less likely we are to push ourselves, because we fear failure, we fear that we’re old and knackered,” says Matt Roberts, whose personal training gyms prepare glossy amateurs for fearsome challenges such as the *Marathon des Sables*. “But your body is designed to be used.”

So how to bring the fear factor into your exercise routine? A decent stretch out of your comfort zone is where you’ll find joy, be that climbing trees, surfing, mountaineering, swinging off a trapeze or going to a headstand workshop (yes, they exist). It’s a virtuous circle. Bastian writes that succeeding in a physical challenge will “prompt us to seek out [more] challenging and therefore toughening experiences, which results in increased toughness and emotional stability, and less vulnerability to anxiety and depression. Risk is important for mental health.”

The cycle can be perpetual. There is no point of arrival at invincibility, only greater conquests ahead. Even Olympic athletes harness their fears. Historically, all negative thought was verboten, but the current wisdom is to face fears head-on — after all, when did a suppressed thought not leak out unbidden? The right amount of fear generates a quick jolt of cortisol, which propels the body into action.

“Fear is good,” Roberts says, “as long as you’re not overstressed. An optimal cortisol level will help you feel charged up.” His clients can have weekly saliva tests to check their cortisol: too high or low and they would physically struggle to confront their fears (in which case, Liss might be called for, see page 28). To prime clients to raise their game, they are pushed to “overload the adrenal system” with heavy weights, intense cardio and so on. “It’s a skill to know how far you can go,” Roberts says. “And anything else becomes relatively straightforward.”

HOW TO DIG DEEP FOR THE BIG CHALLENGE



KIKO MATTHEWS

Imagine capsizing in the middle of the night under a 40ft wave while rowing across an ocean — solo. This is just one of numerous disaster scenarios that 36-year-old Kiko Matthews may face when she sets out to become the fastest woman to row across the Atlantic later this month. “It’s not a nice thought, but it might not happen,” shrugs the former paddleboard instructor.

In 2009, Matthews suffered a brain tumour that resulted in Cushing’s disease. A second tumour was diagnosed last year. During her illnesses, she lost a third of her muscle and suffered from diabetes, osteoporosis, psychosis and memory loss. You would think that would be excuse enough for her to put her feet up and take it easy. Matthews, as you may have guessed, thinks otherwise.

She will start her journey from Gran Canaria, heading to Barbados, with 50 days’ worth of food on board. The solo female world record for the crossing is 56 days: “I’ll either be a record-breaker or very skinny,” she laughs. What’s more, she is going unsupported. “If you know that the support boat is always there, you’re not going to dig deep,” she says. “If you’ve been preparing for a year and a half, pressing the button is the last thing you’ll want to do. You’re going to get over it and keep going.”

The real spur, she says, is the love of a challenge. “I like being out of my comfort zone. It’s an amazing feeling when you’ve achieved something that you had no idea you could.” Her previous challenges have included carrying a wheelchair-bound friend up Snowdon, open-water swimming and the London marathon (as someone who hates running).

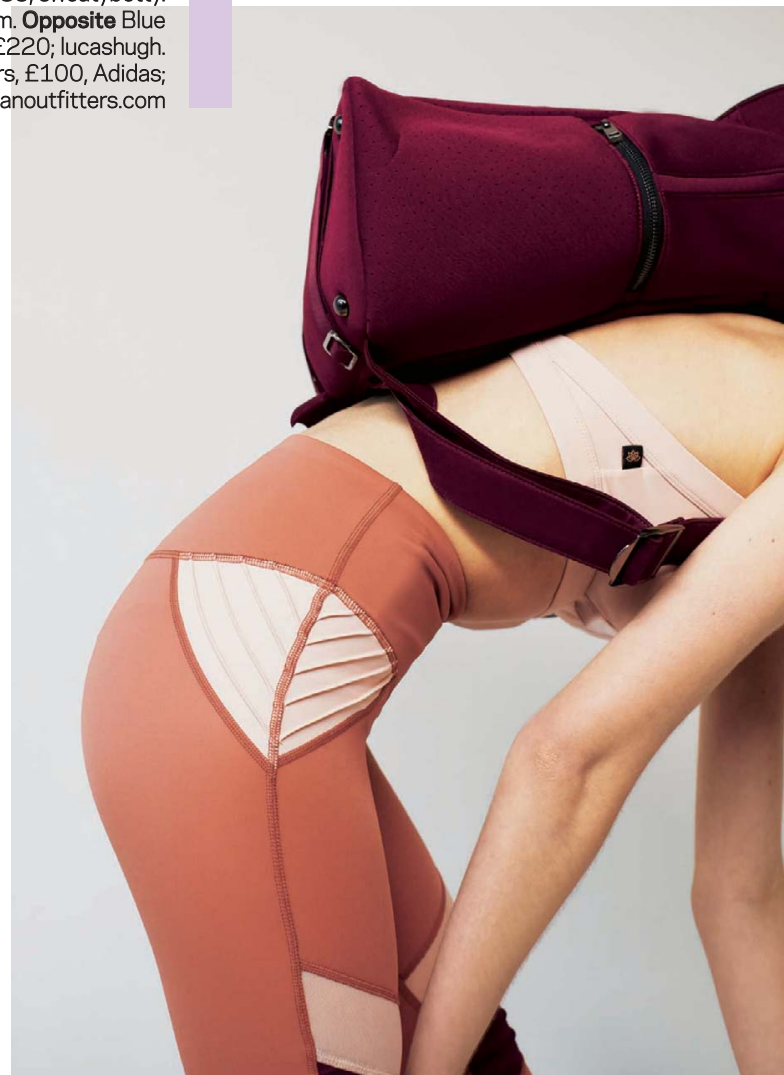
Her apparent fearlessness might seem far removed from the rest of us, but three years ago, when she met the adventurer and Atlantic solo-rowing world-record holder Charlie Pitcher, she said “never” to a solo rowing challenge — hardly surprising given that she had never rowed before. She says she didn’t have the courage to accept his challenge. “But two years later, I’d set up my own paddleboarding business, I’d had more

life experiences, I was more confident. I wanted to row the Atlantic, and I wanted to know the record to beat.” The point is, she says, “your mentality can change over time”.

Right now, Matthews says, “not a massive amount scares me”. So how can the rest of us get the better of our fear? “Fear is something that is anticipated, but when you’re in it, you’re not actually scared, you’re dealing with it,” she says. It’s not that she doesn’t worry, she concedes. “There’s definitely a moment where I’ll think, ‘Oh my God’, but you realise you have to divert all your energy into what’s important. When I was ill, I saw the worry in my mum’s face. I would tell her, ‘Worrying is so irrational — it’s a waste of energy.’”

Controlling your fears comes down to mind training, which she says can be viewed rather like physical training: “You can train yourself to catch the thoughts.” Matthews doesn’t worry about failure: “If we didn’t fail, we’d still be monkeys picking nits from each other. Failure is an opportunity to learn.” Plus she strengthens her resilience by ensuring high energy levels — with good sleeping and eating, and by “being kind, volunteering, smiling and finding a passion”, and of course exercise — and by topping up her “resources”, which she defines as positive experiences, skills, knowledge, friends and contacts. After the Atlantic, her next challenge is to get us lot to row the Atlantic solo so that we too can realise our potential. That, surely, is her Everest. >

Below Pink sports bra, £49, and two-tone leggings, £85, L’urv; activeinstyle.com. Backpack, £85; sweatybetty.com. **Opposite** Blue one-piece, £220; lucashugh.com. Trainers, £100, Adidas; urbanoutfitters.com





**COMBINING SIMPLE POSTURES WITH MINDFULNESS
AND VISUALISATION IMPROVES FLEXIBILITY**

THE NEW ANTI-ANXIETY WORKOUT

A GENTLE HIKE

If we could choose a sunny LA canyon for our hike, we would, but a session at Equinox Kensington's new Elevate class, launching next month, is a happy compromise. A low-impact cardio workout on a variety of treadmill inclines will see you powering up hills and recovering on the flat, all personalised to your own pace. equinox.com

SWEAT AND SOUND THERAPY

We always had a hunch that deep electronic music was good for us, and from March, Frame will be harnessing it in its new class, Hiit'n'Chill. The dance soundtrack has a sound-healing frequency to keep your chakras aligned while you work through plyometrics (jump training) and isometrics (strength training). The high-energy cardio is followed by a sound bath and guided meditation, so you won't leave feeling over-revved. £14; moveyourframe.com

PUNCH IT OUT

It's not news that boxing offers relief from stress and anger, but Third Space has upped its efficacy by combining it with yoga, breath work and meditation. Combat Skills, its new class, where the fight is against stress, is an intense cardio workout with an extended wind-down that includes active stretching, yoga and breathing exercises. Expect to leave happy and empowered. thirdspace.london

EVERYDAY YOGA

Too stressed to meditate? Turned off by Sanskrit? Inner Axis at Triyoga is designed to help yoga refuseniks benefit from the discipline's stress-busting qualities without having to submit wholesale — you can even do it in your work clothes. Combining simple postures with mindfulness, visualisation and qigong moves, it promises to improve flexibility, sleep, mood and anxiety levels. £17; triyoga.co.uk

SLOW-GA

It may be pitched as an antidote to Hiit, but the yoga-based Mobility class at BXR in London, run by the former rugby player Richie Norton, is not going to scrimp on the strength work. Expect a slow-paced, rehabilitative conditioning workout bookended by meditation, breath work and visualisation, leaving you feeling activated but calm. £30 for non-members; bxrlondon.com. Norton is launching the class on Fiit, a new online portal for super-trainers, in spring; fiit.tv

DE-STRESSERCISE

No one should leave a DeRose Method class feeling tired or stressed out. Using breathing techniques, meditation and "ancient-style" yoga with no repetitions, this Brazilian discipline stimulates the parasympathetic nervous system, reducing stress and improving flexibility and strength. *Live online classes from £18; derosekensington.co.uk*

FUN AND GAMES

Children get this: play makes you happy. The team games collective Rabble wants you to have so much fun, you don't realise you're exercising. At 12 UK locations, you can play British Bulldogs, Dodgeball, rounders, Frizbee and more for an hour with a bunch of other fun-seekers. *From £5; joinrabble.com* ■

Right Orange sports bra, £185, and leggings, £280, Fendi; matchesfashion.com.

Opposite Black and white sports bra, £85, and leggings, £130; vaara.com. Red running jacket, £245; shopnokaai.com. Trainers, £160; adidas.co.uk



DAVID KOMA SS18



1 Mesh sneakers, £165, APL; net-a-porter.com. 2 Marble-print water bottle, £35, S'well; harrods.com. 3 Sports shoulder bag, £32, Fiorelli; asos.com. 4 Track jacket, £77, Adidas Originals



2

3

4

MONOCHROME



5



6



7



8



BJORN BORG SS18

GO BLACK AND WHITE WITH YOUR 2018 WORKOUT KIT

5 Chevron leggings, £92; torysport.com. 6 Farrah maillot, £296, Lisa Marie Fernandez; shopbop.com. 7 Vest top, £50; nike.com. 8 High support bra, £20; hm.com



9



10



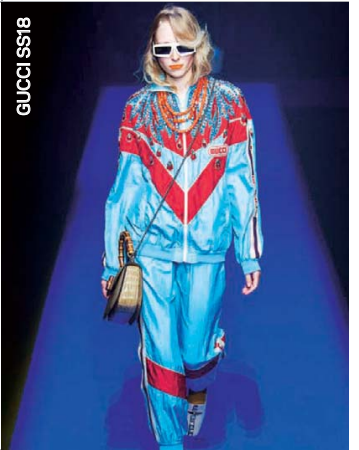
11



12

9 Plattan headphones, £40, Urbanears; amazon.co.uk. **10** Ilona bodysuit, £250; ernestleoty.com. **11** Olympic stretch tank, £150, Heroine Sport; net-a-porter.com. **12** Major League jacket, £181, PE Nation; mytheresa.com

OR BLAZE A TRAIL IN THE SEASON'S HOTTEST COLOURS



GUCCI SS18

COLOUR

13



15



16



14

13 Hooded jacket, £370, Aence; matchesfashion.com. **14** Primeknit trainers, £72, Adidas; schuh.com. **15** Laser leggings, £99, Charli Cohen. **16** Rust sports bra, £55; Indr.uk

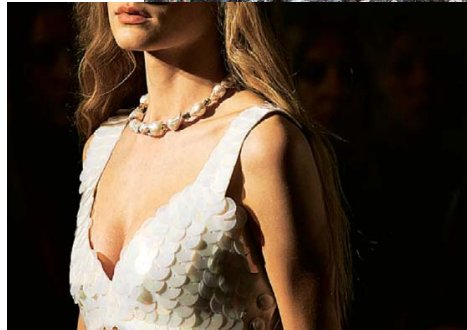


PUMA SS18

CHROMAT SS18

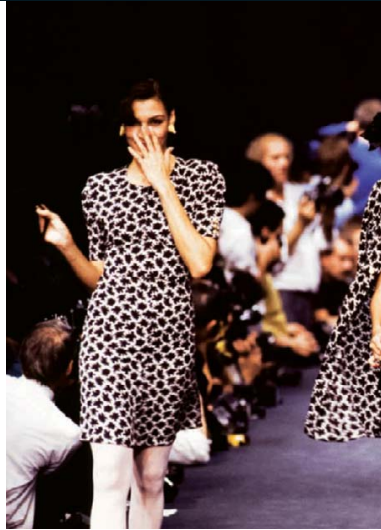


Slogan knitwear and denim make up de Libran's Manifesto collection to mark the label's 50th anniversary



Adwoa Aboah backstage at SS18

THE QUEEN OF KNITS



Rykiel in 1982 with students at the ESMOD school of fashion

*Sonia Rykiel was the woman responsible for reinventing the Paris fashion scene. Now, as the French house celebrates its 50th anniversary, **Alice Cavanagh** meets its critically acclaimed artistic director, Julie de Libran*



Julie de Libran in her Left Bank office in Paris



This year marks the 50th anniversary of the iconoclastic Parisian fashion brand Sonia Rykiel. Coincidentally, it is also half a century since the “*événements*” of May 1968, the student-led rebellion that spread from the Sorbonne on the Left Bank out onto the streets, culminating in violent clashes with police. That same month, a short distance away on Rue de Grenelle, Rykiel opened her first boutique. The protesters were fighting for world peace and equality of the sexes; fast-forward to 2018 and that spirit of rebellion feels just as relevant today.

To mark its 50th anniversary, the brand’s current artistic director, Julie de Libran, has conceived a year-long programme, kicking off with the launch of a capsule collection, Manifesto, made up of brightly coloured knitwear and cropped denim flares. The flame-haired Sonia Rykiel died in 2016, and the limited-edited collection pays homage to her love of wordplay. “Sonia was a really funny woman, and she created this dictionary, the *Dictionnaire Déglingué* — I used words from that and have added some of my own for this collection,” says de Libran, 45, in her office above the St-Germain store.

When de Libran arrived at the house in May 2014, her CV included stints at Versace, Prada and Louis Vuitton (under Marc Jacobs). Since then, she has astutely reinterpreted Rykiel’s unique style to reflect a complete wardrobe for today’s woman, seducing stars including Sofia Coppola and Kirsten Dunst with her line of denim separates, tweed



CALYPSO MAHIEU, COURTESY OF SONIA RYKIEL, GETTY

From left Sonia Rykiel 1988-89 catwalk shows



Rykiel at the Hôtel de Crillon in 1981



Sarah Fraser
backstage at SS18



'TO HAVE
OPTIMISM AND
A SENSE OF
HUMOUR IS SO
IMPORTANT IN
FASHION'

tailoring and sharp suiting in one of Rykiel's favourite fabrics: velvet. Today, de Libran is the embodiment of this new muse, dressed in flared black jeans and a superbly cut navy velvet blazer.

Like Rykiel, de Libran is very much a Left Bank fixture. She lives in the well-heeled 6th arrondissement with her husband and son, aged 11, and walks to her office above the flagship boutique each day. She takes her morning coffee and meetings at the nearby Café de Flore, where a bread-free sandwich named Le Club Rykiel still graces the menu. Though they didn't meet until 2014, Rykiel was always someone of great significance to de Libran. "I mean, when I was asked to come here, I was, like..." she gasps. "It was a dream, because Sonia was a woman I respected so much. Her designs were part of my childhood: my mother wore Rykiel in the 1970s. She had three kids and we lived in the countryside, and she was very active and free in her clothes. I remember how beautiful she looked."

The Left Bank lifestyle has always had a strong literary association — Rykiel rubbed shoulders with free-thinkers and academics alike — and de Libran has made it a priority to honour that tradition. Not long after she arrived, she fitted out the boutique with a library of 40,000 books. "I wanted it to be a place where people could come and spend time and exchange ideas," she says, adding that kids from nearby schools as well as locals often drop by and borrow books. For the anniversary, she has recruited the artist Jaro Varga to cover the Paris shopfront with blank books, inviting fans and passers-by to make their mark on the spines. The same art installation launches at the Rykiel boutique in Mayfair on Tuesday. For de Libran, this is pure Sonia: playful and inclusive, the way fashion should be. "To have optimism and a sense of humour is so important in fashion," says de Libran. "I feel like we're so lucky to be creating beautiful things and I'm so passionate. But we can't take it seriously — it's become such a business, but we have to make it fun."



Left Shaun Casey
models the 1977
collection

De Libran with Rykiel's daughter Nathalie at the SS18 show



Sonia Rykiel burst onto the Paris fashion scene alongside a new generation of couturiers and ready-to-wear stylists — Yves Saint Laurent, Emmanuelle Khanh and Karl Lagerfeld among them — who shook up the stately haute couture system. Crowned the “queen of knits”, she rightly earned comparisons with Coco Chanel, thanks to her innate understanding of the modern woman’s need for clothes that encouraged movement. Her free and easy, fluid silhouettes came in vibrant colours and stripes, and her tighter than tight “Poor Boy” sweaters defined a new trend of high/low dressing.

Rykiel died just two years into de Libran’s tenure (Rykiel’s daughter, Nathalie, had already sold 80% of the company in 2012 to First Heritage Brands, a subsidiary of the Hong Kong group Fung Capital), though not before she was able to impart some good advice. “I had some very special moments with her, which I think of probably every day,” says de Libran, adding fondly: “I still remember her as that iconic Parisienne, with her hair and her black velvet; so elegant and so delicate in her movements.”

Like Rykiel, de Libran is in tune with the benefits of being a female designer at a womenswear brand. “I want change: for women to be heard and to be part of what’s going on in the world,” she says.

On this topic she seems shy and chooses her words carefully. She’s no firebrand like her predecessor, but she says she has always had a rebellious streak — the right amount of ammunition to carry this storied house into its next chapter. “I feel like people see me as very quiet and sage, but inside, I’m just, like, ‘Boom, boom, boom,’” she says with a smile. “My mother always says, ‘You know, you seem like you’re the quiet one, but you always did exactly what you wanted.’” ■

@juliedelibran. The Jaro Varga pop-up exhibition opens on Tuesday at Sonia Rykiel, 29 Brook Street, London W1



From left Classic Sonia Rykiel from 1988-89 catwalk shows

‘I WANT CHANGE: FOR WOMEN TO BE HEARD AND TO BE PART OF WHAT’S GOING ON IN THE WORLD’





LEON LOVES ROSEMARY

(AND ROSEMARY LOVES LEON)

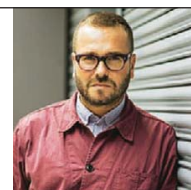


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TOBY WISEMAN



Style **COUNSEL**



So far, 2018 has felt like one long morning after. What's the best way to remedy a year's worth of excess?

Robin, Cirencester

Fortunately for you, Robin, I have dedicated a good portion of my journalistic career to hangover research. This is not because life at work has been a gruelling ultramarathon of boozy Fleet Street lunches — though, admittedly, I have enjoyed the occasional sprint. Rather, in my capacity as editor of a wellbeing magazine, investigation into the body's capacity for exertion, endurance and recovery is a preoccupation. And whether you're talking about a night on the tiles or a session on the track, the physical effects are frequently similar — organ damage notwithstanding.

I also empathise. Like you, I found that the new year was upon me before I could get out of the way. This is not solely the dyspeptic consequence of a gluttonous Christmas. We are working harder than ever before, sleeping less and spinning more plates. Burning the candle at both ends now often means trying to reconcile late-night screen time with pre-work CrossFit sessions. It's this relentless pressure to work hard, play hard and somehow be good to ourselves along the way that inevitably results in the biggest fallout.

In short, what we are dealing with here requires a little more than a Berocca and a bacon sandwich. (Incidentally, these are the very best cure for a mild malaise — it's all about the amino acids.) What does not follow, however, is that you should embark on a so-called detox. To be clear, it is no more possible to detoxify your body than it is to grow a new limb. If you really were suffering from a dangerous accumulation of toxins, the risk posed to your life would be a good deal more serious than could be fixed with a green-juice enema. Thankfully, you already possess a

A BEROCCA
AND A BACON
SANDWICH
ARE THE VERY
BEST CURE
FOR A MILD
MALAISE

Searching for a hangover cure?

Emily Ratajkowski, David Beckham, and Kate Moss scoff a sarnie



highly efficient, in-built toxin eradicator: the liver. So the best way to undo 12 months of damage is to simply invest in the armoury you have — and that means exercise, recuperation, hydration and nutrition.

Of course, I appreciate this is tedious advice. And if you really wanted sober admonishment from a grown-up, then you would have consulted a professional rather than a quack columnist. So it got me thinking about some junior doctors I once knew who would prepare for a long shift after an even longer night by asking nurses to hook them up to a saline drip for a pick-me-up. At the time it shocked me. But now you can pay good money to have just such a treatment, albeit in swankier environs than a frenetic A&E ward. So, for your benefit and mine, Robin, I do.

Having perused the cocktail menu at the Harvey Nichols branch of Reviv, a leading global IV nutrient specialist with its flagship branch in Las Vegas, I decide to opt for the aptly named Royal Flush. This is the full American of treatments: two litres of wellness juice, laced with abundant quantities of vitamins, antioxidants, anti-inflammatories and electrolytes, all delivered over the course of 50 minutes via a cannula inserted in the arm — yours for £349. Surprisingly, yet somehow reassuringly, my therapist is a retired paramedic called Gary, with a Paul Weller haircut. He explains that, unlike an oral supplement, most of which will end up being excreted in your urine, an intravenous infusion means the goodness goes straight into your system. People react in different ways, he says, though it's likely I'll feel a palpable benefit in a day or two. I leave optimistic, but not before Gary shows me on his phone a photo of Boris Becker, a regular client.

Before bed I take a glimpse in the mirror. I look terrible. The morning after, I feel worse. The morning after that, well, I dare say I can sense dangerous hints of salubrity. I could murder a bacon sandwich, though. ■

Toby Wiseman is editor of Men's Health

■ @TOBYWISEMANUK

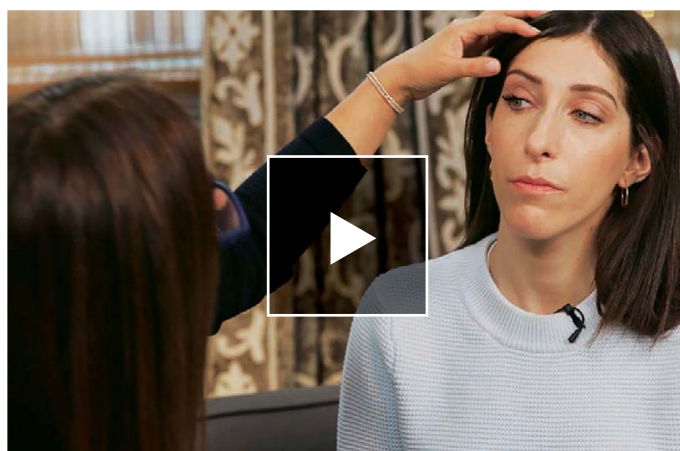
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Game-changing **COLOURS**

In a new range of jewel-tone eye make-up, our columnist finds the most flattering shade for any eye colour

Tom Ford's eye make-up range is called The Eyes of Tom Ford. I mean, you either find this so funny that you can barely breathe, or you don't. Come to think of it, the name also reminds me — not altogether effectively, it must be said — of the martyrdom of Santa Lucia of Syracuse, whose eyes were gouged out and who is sometimes depicted piteously holding them (the eyes) on a plate.

And then there are The Eyes of Laura Mars, in which Faye Dunaway's fashion-photographer eyes are taken over by a serial killer, if I remember correctly. And now — The Eyes of Tom Ford. Thank God the collection is fantastic, because really, one could have a field day. It feels grammatically clunky, as if it has been translated from the French or Italian. It's an American brand, so this is one of those deliberate linguistic affectations that people use to sound more European, like saying, "You like it, yes?" instead of "Do you like it?" The eyes of India, they roll in her head.

Despite the ludicrous name, I love every iota of this collection. The pencils are gorgeous and soft, and come in super-flattering jewel colours. They straddle the line between chic and vulgar perfectly, rather like the entire Tom Ford offering. They're turbo-charged and sexy, but in an expensive, non-naff way. The mascaras are va-va-voom in a tube.

The individual shadows are absolutely beautiful. They come in a variety of textures and finishes, from matte and flat to sparkly and almost 3D. For Christmas, there was a limited-edition eye gloss that you may still be able to get hold of.

They also did my favourite colour ever as a limited edition. It's called Tempête Bleu, and you may get lucky and still be able to track

EVERY
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EMERGENCY

one down. It is divine — mostly blue, sometimes green, sometimes almost violet, crazily flattering on any eye colour, high in sparkle, super-sexy, and not for daytime. It may be sold out by the time you read this, though I remain hopeful, because it looks so full-on in the pan that it might put people off. It shouldn't: it's amazing. It makes any boring black outfit look like black tie. I love make-up that does that — elevates your whole look into the stratosphere, like very good jewellery, except at a fraction of the price. Every make-up bag should have such a shadow, because it's incredibly useful in an emergency.

If it has sold out, despair not and head for Camera Obscura, in the same range, instead. It's purplier, but it has the same chameleon-like properties colour-wise, and the same seriously transformative effect. And if you can't get hold of that either, or if this price point is too expensive, then find a cheaper equivalent. The only rules are a) the colour has to look as if it rubbed off a peacock and b) you have to think, "WTF, I'd never wear that." It will become the most useful shadow in your arsenal, like an instant LBD. ■



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THE
END
IS

DRY



*Has a party season of overstyling left you with dry, frazzled hair? Fear not, **Grace Timothy** explains how to restore its condition*

I BLEACH MY HAIR. I blow-dry it every two days, and curl it with hot tongs once or twice a week. It's not the worst of hair confessions, but it's bad enough that a couple of years ago I had to lop off 10in of thin, ratty-looking ends and start again. I finally let it grow past my jawline last summer and invested in a complex routine of conditioners, leave-in treatments and masks. But other than an oilier scalp and a breakout behind each ear, I'm back to square one. My hair is *dry*.

And it's not just me. According to research by Mintel, 21% of women are concerned about their hair being dry and coarse, increasing to 29% among 16- to 24-year-olds. Why? "All hair types can experience dryness to some degree," says the trichologist Guy Parsons, "but it's usually down to number of factors. Dry hair is basically raised cuticles [the outer, overlapping scales of the hair] and, once raised, damage begins to occur inside the hair. The external surface is continually bombarded by challenges such as hard water, detergent and sulphate-based cleansers, environmental weathering, colouring and UV rays. People are washing their hair more frequently, and using hot tools for a quick fix." Factor in winter and the trend for white-blonde, grey and pastel shades and it's no surprise we're at a high in the dryness stakes.

NOT SURE IF YOUR HAIR IS ACTUALLY DRY?

It's easy to diagnose. "The ends of the hair look dull, flat and lacking in shine, since raised cuticles absorb rather than reflect light," says Parsons. But why, after all those hefty treatment masks, does my hair still look like wool? "Hair is a bit like a sponge, but it can only absorb so much. If you treat it with heavy moisturisers and oils every day, then the surplus moisture will just sit on top." What you need to do is treat your hair according to your specific problem. "Analyse your hair from root to tip," advises Anabel Kingsley, trichologist at Philip Kingsley. "Dry hair with an oily scalp, for example, will require different treatment to hair that's brittle throughout."

WHAT'S YOUR HAIR TYPE?

OILY SCALP WITH DRY ENDS

"Having oily roots and dry ends is a common problem," says Anabel Kingsley. "Ends tend to be parched, as they have been there for longer, so they'll be more weathered. Roots get oily because of the thousands of sebaceous glands, one attached to each hair follicle. If you have fine hair, this combination is especially common as you have more hairs, and therefore more oil glands, per square centimetre of scalp." Don't be tempted to simply wash it more often, though. This will send the oil glands into overdrive. Parsons advises: "Add some lemon juice to your shampoo — the acidity will break down and absorb the oil." Kingsley adds: "Only apply conditioner to the mid-lengths and ends, where moisture is needed most."

TRY MY HAIR DOCTOR SCALP HEALTH COLLECTION, FROM £14; SOOTHING SHAMPOO, £15 (1)

DRY AND BRITTLE

"When your hair is dry from root to tip and prone to breaking, use a conditioning treatment twice a week," Kingsley says. "You can even sleep with it in."

TRY REDKEN ALL SOFT MEGA RECOVERY TISSUE MASK CAP, £12, FROM FEBRUARY 1 (2). DAVINES THE RENAISSANCE CIRCLE EXTREME REPAIR MASK, £8 (3)

AFRO

"The curliness of Afro hair causes it to have less moisture content than the hair of other ethnic groups," says hairstylist Jennie Roberts. "Yet moisture retention is doubly important, because without it, it's difficult to manipulate the hair without breakage. The best thing to do is wash less frequently — once a week for a healthy scalp — and between shampoos, wash with conditioner instead, to revitalise the curls."

TRY CURLY ELLIE NOURISHING CONDITIONER, £14 (4). MOROCCANOIL SMOOTHING MASK, £33 (5)

WHAT IS CAUSING YOUR DRY HAIR?

HEAT

Do you use heat stylers every day? They can seriously deplete

your hair's moisture levels.

"Turn off the dryer when your hair is just dry, and try to limit straighteners to once or twice a week," Kingsley says. "Also, use a heat-protective spray or serum."

TRY KERASTASE NUTRITIVE NECTAR THERMIQUE BLOW-DRY CARE, £22 (6)

SUN

Do you protect your hair from the sun? "UV rays can dry out and degrade your locks in a similar way to bleach," Kingsley says. "Wear a hat or apply a lightweight UV-protective spray before going outside."

TRY WELLA PROFESSIONALS SUN PROTECTION CREAM FOR COARSE HAIR, £14 (7)

COLOUR

"Permanent colour lifts the hair's protective outer layer, the cuticle, to allow the colouring or bleaching agent to penetrate," Kingsley says. "While the cuticle then closes to a certain degree, it never quite regains its former composition. As such, the hair is left porous and prone to moisture loss." Use an intensive pre-shampoo conditioning treatment two days before colouring and once a week after to help keep dryness at bay. If you have bleached blonde hair, apply twice weekly.

TOP TIP For a less-drying colour process, Aveda's new Full Spectrum Demi+ Colour System is 93% naturally derived demi-permanent colour, with jojoba to condition and moisturise dry hair. From £50.

TRY PHILIP KINGSLEY ELASTICIZER, £31 (8)





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SHELLEY

AQUARIUS

January 20 - February 17

Since late last year, you've been forced to yield to everything from others' needs to long-standing commitments. By midweek you'll have fulfilled those obligations and are free to rethink your own priorities — and discover you've numerous options. Keep things loose until mid-February's Aquarius eclipsed New Moon. **More details from Shelley: 09066 500420***
Year to come, ring: 09016 095250*

PISCES

February 18 - March 19

Life is pretty good, at least for you. It's what to say to those who are struggling — but aren't doing much about it. Being tough doesn't come naturally, but forces certain "champion" complainers to deal with issues themselves, and frees you to focus on dreams close to coming true. **More details from Shelley: 09066 500421***
Year to come, ring: 09016 095251*

ARIES

March 20 - April 19

Standing up to unfair, impractical or ridiculous demands is no problem. But detailed financial or business issues have been complex and, in truth, exhausting. Persist and, unlikely as it seems, within a fortnight they'll be history. Meanwhile, prepare for your next, far more upbeat plan or project. **More details from Shelley: 09066 500410***
Year to come, ring: 09016 095240*

TAURUS

April 20 - May 20

Hopefully you've realised seemingly unwelcome changes in plans, existing or future, are actually breakthroughs — if in disguise. Since there are several such situations, explore everything, including what seems impractical or unrealistic. At minimum, you'll learn something, but these will change your life, in amazing ways. **More details from Shelley: 09066 500411***
Year to come, ring: 09016 095241*

GEMINI

May 21 - June 20

You've an instinctive understanding that even simple arrangements must evolve. However, certain individuals are battling changes that are really about updating plans. Get them talking about this, ideally in the relaxed manner that will encourage everybody, including you, to rethink what's next. **More details from Shelley: 09066 500412***
Year to come, ring: 09016 095242*

What's happening in your stars this week?

Don't make any decisions until you've read this



CAPRICORN

December 21 - January 19

After a bumpy couple of weeks, the Capricorn New Moon on Wednesday brings both insights on past events and, better yet, a fresh take on your future options. Despite being short of facts, move swiftly. Don't worry, you're not trapped and can rethink plans as you proceed. **More details from Shelley: 09066 500419***
Year to come, ring: 09016 095249*

CANCER

June 21 - July 21

Having your prayers answered about recent, rather worrying matters may be thrilling, but this involves unsettling changes or new, and daunting, pursuits. Actually, these have been in the air for ages, so are no surprise. The solution? Forget seeking reassuring advice. Plunge in, and the sooner the better. **More details from Shelley: 09066 500413***
Year to come, ring: 09016 095243*

LEO

July 22 - August 22

Recent battles between your ruler, the Sun, the underhand Pluto and Venus triggered events as informative as they were disillusioning. Forget about restoring existing arrangements. You'd soon regret it. Focus on what must go, even if the future's unclear. The Leo Full Moon on January 31 will deal with all that. **More details from Shelley: 09066 500414***
Year to come, ring: 09016 095244*

VIRGO

August 23 - September 22

Obviously, being disillusioned is no fun. Yet deep down, you sensed certain arrangements or individuals weren't what they seemed. Or, alternatively, times have changed and you must move on. Or both. Challenging as letting go is, over the coming weeks events will reassure you how timely it is. **More details from Shelley: 09066 500415***
Year to come, ring: 09016 095245*

LIBRA

September 23 - October 22

Just when you thought things were in order, sudden events throw everything into disarray. Unsettling as this seems, deep down you've known these arrangements were tentative. Say farewell. And have faith. You may already sense what's next. If not, within weeks all will be abundantly clear. **More details from Shelley: 09066 500416***
Year to come, ring: 09016 095246*

SCORPIO

October 23 - November 21

Recent clashes were unfair and often unsettling, but in reality few a-ctually involved you. Still, if you've taken these to heart, let these dramas go — and now. Why? So you'll be free, in terms of both arrangements and your thinking, to recognise and explore the miraculous developments coming your way. **More details from Shelley: 09066 500417***
Year to come, ring: 09016 095247*

SAGITTARIUS

November 22 - December 20

Peculiar as the past week's events were, they forced you to examine certain business, practical or financial matters with a critical eye. This involves both the actual arrangements and the people involved. Unsettling as the resulting revelations were, they got you thinking about pressing and — potentially thrilling — changes. **More details from Shelley: 09066 500418***
Year to come, ring: 09016 095248*

JASON LLOYD-EVANS



*Are there ghosts and spirits? Is there such a thing as bad vibes? What is karma? Listen to Shelley von Strunckel's brand new **Champagne Mystic** podcast. Download from iTunes or Acast*

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THE HOOKUP

Style's relationship columnists report from the front line of sex, love and everything in between

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THE TRADITIONALIST

EMILY, 34, is straight, single — and looking for marriage, monogamy and kids



It's now mid-January and I've already gone on more dates than I did in the whole of 2017. I'm not messing around: if a man matches me, I message and meet him. I go from "Hello" to "How about a drink?" in roughly 60 seconds.

The trouble is, precisely none of them has been worth writing home about. I have supped with a venture capitalist, a data analyst, a salesman who works in cyber security, a part-time poet, an artisan baker and a bookmaker. I did as the dating experts advised and only ever stuck around for an hour, tops. When I failed to feel the slightest connection with any of them, I shrugged my shoulders and congratulated myself on how much use I was getting out of my manicure.

Ordinarily, I expect nothing from a date. It is impossible to disappoint me. If he strides through the door oozing all the sex appeal of Cat Person, I sit, I smile, I pay for my round, shake his hand and make my excuses.

But when my male best friend promised to hook me up with one of his mates, my spirits rose. He's a sexy man, my MBF — very tall, very funny. And for most of my twenties I was completely la-la about his MBF — not very tall, but even funnier — who never in the least bit fancied me (cry-face emoji). So it was only logical to get my hopes up.

However, my blind date proved to be someone I'd met two years earlier — a roué who has had sex with my MBF, my MBF's ex-girlfriend, my MBF's ex-girlfriend's little sister, in addition to virtually every other person I know but am not actually related to in the county of Norfolk. If he had a spirit animal, it would be a squid. The moment you prise one of his tentacles off you, another clamps on.

I had to stick around for a drink, but even that was too much to take, so I employed that tried-and-tested disaster-date trick (which I had never previously deployed) and had the Millennial call me up to invent an emergency. Which he did, very lackadaisically, by saying, "Blah blah blah — can he hear me? Do I actually have to invent something? — blah blah blah!"

When I got home, I ran myself a scalding hot bath and lay there seething at my MBF, who I set up with my most beautiful, clever and sexy girlfriend when he was ever so briefly single and unhappy about it.

I can only hope he did this as his latest hysterical joke, because the alternative explanation is no good for my ego. (It's quite possible this cheerful lecher was the only one of his acquaintances who wanted to go out with me.)

But never mind, it can't be helped. For my next date, I've been professionally hooked up by a matchmaker. So there.

THE MODERNIST

MEGAN, 27, is bisexual and in a new relationship after two years of swiping right



BB and I are on our way to his parents' house for their annual family party. On the way, we drop into a florist's to grab a bunch of flowers, where I participate in a farcical 20-minute conversation pretending to entertain the notion of buying some rapidly dying plant matter for £70. Eventually, I hear myself say, "What's the cheapest thing I can get?"; a recurring question, even as I near the end of my twenties.

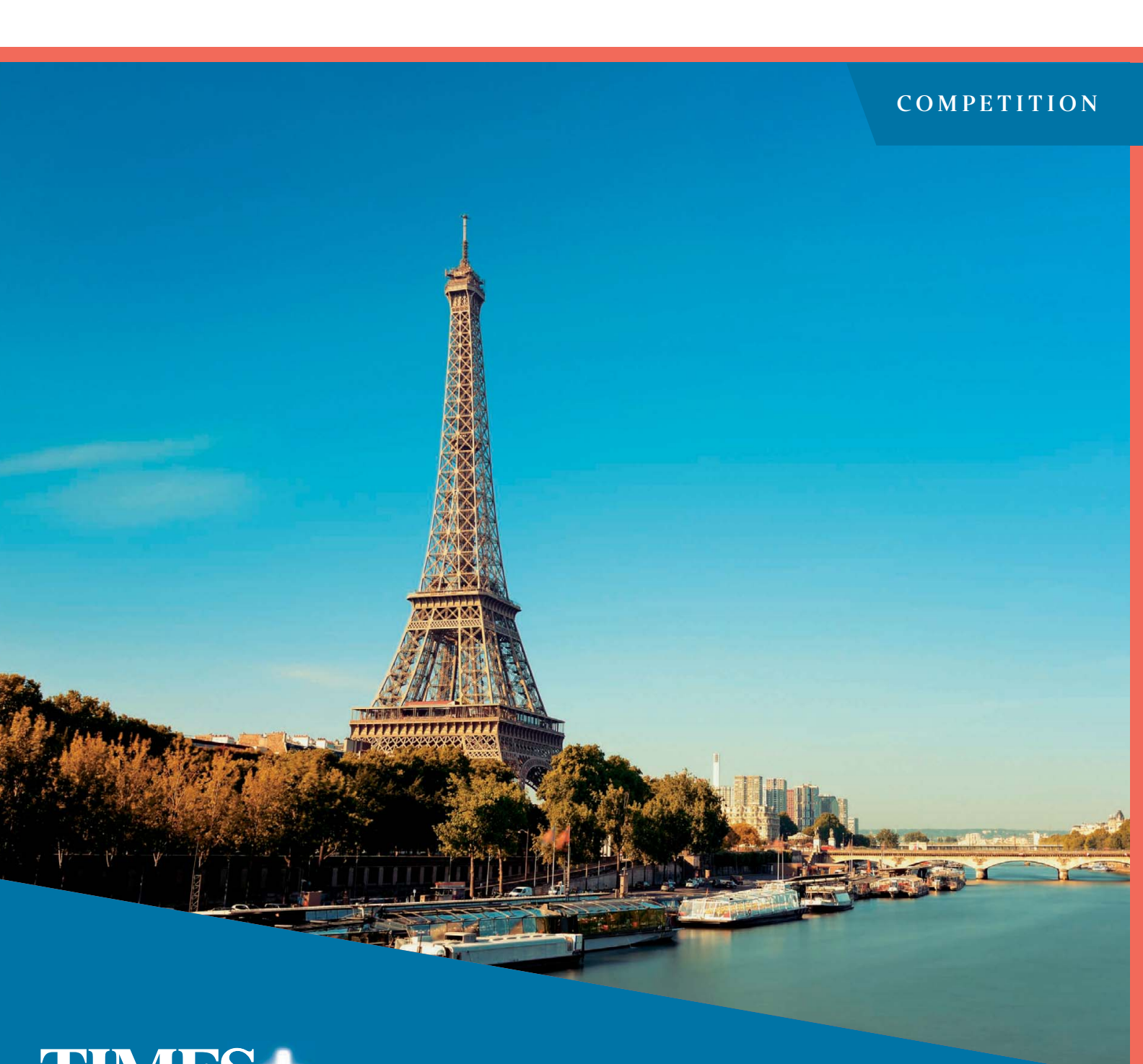
Despite my trepidation and a centuries-old inherited fear of upper-middle-class English people, we have a good day. Although I've been drinking wine for seven straight hours, I manage not to offend anyone or make any Protestant jokes, and I swear only once, accidentally, recoiling in apologetic horror as I did so. On paper, I am not the best parent-pleaser, between being a two-time university dropout and the fact I regularly write publicly about having sex (premarital, copious, sometimes weird). But I'm pleasant enough and nice to their son, which is all most parents really care about.

I'm relieved to see that BB behaves with his parents as he would around any other adults. My biggest bugbear is meeting a partner's parents and witnessing them revert to being a sulky 15-year-old. I spent the entirety of a trip to Niagara Falls, with my Canadian ex and his mother, silently grinding my teeth with irritation as he alternately snapped at and ignored her. There is nothing on earth less attractive to me than a man being rude to his mother, except a man being rude to a waiter.

I've never had any huge "meet the parents" disasters, but my pal George has a story of what sounded like the longest weekend of his life. His boyfriend Sam — from old, Glaswegian, Catholic working-class stock — was having George — a Londoner raised by progressive pomegranates-and-quinoa parents, and who had been out since he was 15 — around to his family for the first time. On the doorstep just before they went in, Sam hissed at him: "I've told my gran you're a girl, she doesn't know I'm gay." George, a not even particularly effeminate looking man, then spent three days with the largely blind grandmother, answering questions in the most soprano voice he could manage and trying to titter convincingly.

Why meeting families of partners feels daunting to me is that I have yet to meet any that are anything like my own. When I go home, my parents often take it as an opportunity to go on the session with me and stay up until 4am chatting about God knows what and smoking indoors. They think they're following my lead, but we're as bad as each other really — I'm comparatively monastic in London. BB will see all this for himself soon — my family, more Shameless than Downton — as he's taking his first trip to Ireland to come and meet them. ■

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