

ELLE

MILA + JUSTIN AND THE SECRETS OF SEXUAL ATTRACTION

SEXY DRESSES,
MODERN DENIM,
ACCESSORIES THAT GO WITH
EVERYTHING,
PERFECT 5-MINUTE
HAIR,
THE NEW ANTI-AGING PILL

&

HOW TO STOP BEING ANGRY
Hint: It's not HIM, it's YOU

AUGUST 2011 ELLE.COM

BRANDED!

Because of my role here at ELLE, I'm often asked by readers, reporters, friends, and the most tenuous of acquaintances what I wear/use/am lusting after from our great big marketplace. Everything from fashion and accessories to books, movies, and anti-aging products to, as one woman inquired, shrinks. ("You must know a lot of 'em, right?" Did she mean personally? Or from the stories we run in the magazine?) I have to hide my impulse to say "All of it! I want it all!" Every single look from **Céline**; the new **iPad** (though my "old" one does everything I could possibly want); and tickets to **The Book of Mormon** and **Kanye West** and **Mary J. Blige** (if you haven't seen her live, you must, you *must*) at the **Essence Music Festival** in New Orleans, a show to which I'd be happy to drive in my seven-year-old **Audi Allroad**.

Dig down and it's a pretty interesting question: Surrounded by so much to consume, the daily choices we make not only about what to buy but how to live reveal who we are. For this, our editors' picks issue (picking is what editors do every month, really: tell you what we love or what we think is important/interesting/entertaining), I'm wondering what my stuff says about me. Right now I'm on a plane (**United**, though it still has the **Continental** logo), writing on my **MacBook** (I see as I type the **Tiffany** wedding band on my left hand; two **Reinstein/Ross** bands on my right, each representing one of my children), returning from the opening of the **ELLE Spa** at the fab **Eden Roc** hotel in Miami Beach (the first of its kind), an event to which I wore a gray **Calvin Klein** dress, **Cartier** earrings, **Elie Tahari** sandals, and two **Tod's** bracelets. Today I'm in **J Brand** jeans, a white **Theory** tank top, a black **J.Crew** cashmere cardigan, and ancient **Calvin Klein** sandals (through which peeks my ELLE-beauty-editor-approved **Essie** pedicure). It's only 10 A.M., and already I've put on my **Napoleon Perdis** foundation on top of **Dr. Macrene** 37 Extreme Actives anti-aging cream, **Dr. Dennis Gross Skincare** Alpha Beta, and **Dr. Brandt** Time Arrest Crème, over a layer of **Neutrogena** Ultimate Sport Sunblock Lotion SPF 70+. I'm wearing **Bobbi Brown** pink lipstick, **M.A.C** False Lashes mascara, **Chanel** eye shadow, **Estée Lauder Aliage** perfume—a fragrance that elicits compliments from friends and strangers alike—**Sonia Kashuk** concealer, **Bobbi Brown** Beach body lotion, and **Bausch + Lomb** contacts, all hidden under **Tom Ford** sunglasses. (On reflection, probably more coverage than I needed for a plane ride!) I dragged my **Louis Vuitton** rolling travel bag and **Céline** carryall onto the **Boeing 737** instead of checking them because traffic at the Lincoln Tunnel will be insane (even with the **E-ZPass**), and I don't want to waste a minute at Newark waiting for baggage. I also brought along my own **Starbucks** tall drip and the latest thriller from **Lee Child**, in case I finish this letter and a few pieces from this week's **New Yorker**. As I was frantically packing to leave this morning, the TV tuned to **ESPN**, Soraya Fays from the great Miami boutique **The Webster** did me a huge favor and came to my room with dresses and shoes she'd pulled from the store; in five minutes I became the proud owner of a navy **Maison Martin Margiela** dress and black **Lanvin** skirt. I'm looking forward to getting home and seeing the excitement on my kids' faces when I give them the **Miami Heat** T-shirts I picked up



for them, which we'll put into rotation with the **Yankees** and **St. Louis Cardinals** gear filling up our apartment on **West End Avenue** in **Manhattan**. With resort in full swing, I also find myself making mental preorders at **Derek Lam**, **Jason Wu**, **Carolina Herrera**, and **Calvin Klein**, but we've only seen about a quarter of the shows, so the list will grow, even as my income remains the same.

This simple accounting shocks me. I'm usually not aware of the many acquisitions I live among, and while I do know that my family, my work, and swimming give me the most pleasure, I also know that I get a thrill from my things. The delight in my stuff doesn't make me an unkind or even ungenerous person, I don't think, though it's a constant task for all of us to balance our personal consumption against the needs of others, because for most people on earth life actually is nasty, brutish, and short—don't most of us feel a duty to help alleviate that?

All this said, the editors' picks I like the most are the ones we get to make every issue: for instance, our choice to put the first *ever* man on our cover, Justin Timberlake, who's clutching a gorgeous Mila Kunis, his costar in the summer comedy **Friends With Benefits**. Why JT for this momentous occasion? Because he's a modern renaissance man—and we always fall for a good dancer. Writer Holly Millea puts the couple through a sort of Newlywed Game/How Well Do You Know Your Costar? pop quiz, uncovering between them that ineffable quality that sends us into movie theaters in the first place: chemistry.

Laurie Abraham takes a look at Catherine Hakim's provocative new book, **Erotic Capital**, which posits that women should use that God-given chemistry, er, "sexual capital" at home and at work, and that friends without benefits are no kind of friends at all. Hakim says we girls have to stop wasting our time and natural resources chasing love when something much more important hangs in the balance: power. But what are you going to do with all that power once you have it? Live alone on your private island estate? (Carter Smith and Joe Zee's cover shoot with Justin and Mila suggests that both have sexual capital to spare.)

Fashion always sits at the crossroads of sex and power, and in one season it can give us the femme coquette at **Nina Ricci** and the femme fatale at **Givenchy**. As Irina Aleksander explores in her essay on the fall collections ("American Splendor," page 60), a new kind of "body con" has entered designers' conversation: a more fluid and less exacting silhouette that neither overtly displays nor conceals the body, but rather eases its way around it. Of course, with all this capital floating around—sexual, financial, social, and otherwise—what I've finally gotten square with is that the one resource we have that's not renewable is time. Invest wisely.

Carter Smith

GROUP THERAPIES

The ELLE Beauty Department shares its latest, greatest go-to products, from an old-fashioned breakout fix to a high-tech cleanser

The Editors

DAILY ESSENTIAL

PERSONAL SCENT

BEAUTY SOS

MOST RECOMMENDED

PREPARTY PICKUP

HAIR HERO



EMILY DOUGHERTY
Beauty Director



Thanks to **BOBBI BROWN** SPF 50, I no longer have to smuggle sunscreen in from Asia.



I steal spritzes of my husband's crisp and bright **CHANEL** Allure Homme Sport Cologne Sport.



Histamine-blocking, vasoconstricting, **VISINE-A** can soothe pimples and puffy lids.



To friends in search of skin-care nirvana, I suggest Rx retinol plus **SK-II** LXP Cream.



The rare wearable neon red, **LIME CRIME** Retrofuturist glows brighter than Times Square.



BUMBLE AND BUMBLE Surf Spray doesn't beat ocean H₂O for creating beachy hair, but it comes close.



APRIL LONG
Senior Writer, Features & Beauty



I use **BIOLOGIQUE RECHERCHE** Lotion P50W after cleansing to keep my skin pH in balance.



With notes of rose and wine, **STRANGE INVISIBLE PERFUMES** Essence of IX is intoxicating bliss.



My go-to blah-banisher: A touch of **NARS** Illuminator paired with **ESTÉE LAUDER** Foundation.



Strangers accuse me every time I pull **ultra-glam GUERLAIN Rouge** from Greta out of my purse.



For a crisp cat-eye, nothing beats **URBAN DECAY** 24/7 Waterproof Liquid liner in Perversion.



DAVINES Alchemic System Copper Conditioner gives my blond hair a strawberry tint.



JANNA JOHNSON O'TOOLE
Associate Editor



A balm/lipstick/SPF hybrid, **FRESH** Sugar Plum Lip Treatment gives sheer, instantly prettier color.



The fresh, green scent of **MAISON MARTIN MARGIELA** (untitled) gets better as the day goes on.



DR. DENNIS GROSS Alpha Beta peel is like a magic trick: Swirl on face and—ta-da!—glowy skin.



A no-fail tip for soft, smooth skin? Cleansing with a **CLARISONIC** face brush.



The best kind of math: Volume plus length minus clumps equals **LANCÔME** Définicils mascara.



A few sprays of **PHYTO** Phytovolume Actif on roots gives natural lift perfection.



ASHLEY FODOR
Assistant



Easy coverage plus SPF 15—**LAURA MERCIER** Mineral Pressed Powder does it all.



A rumored favorite of Audrey Hepburn, **KRIGLER** English Promenade 19 has vintage appeal.



Blemish-fighting **SONYA DAKAR** Nano Clarifying Hydrator keeps my skin clear and moisturized.



My between-salon-visit protocol: damage-controlling hair mask **COLORIST CURE**.



Shea-butter-rich **BALENCIAGA PARIS** Perfumed Body Cream is the perfect cocktail-dress prep.



CLAIROL Shimmer Lights Shampoo cuts through brassy tones to keep my highlights buttery.



EMILY HEBERT
ELLE.com Beauty Editor



I opt for **CLARINS** Eyebrow Pencil; the pigment-rich formula is never waxy.



Dabbing on **DIPTYQUE** Eau Duellie Solid Perfume sends me to spicy-vanilla heaven.



GARNIER Skin Renew Anti-Dark Circle Eye Roller erases evidence of a late night.



RENÉE ROULEAU Anti-Cyst Treatment saves me from pricey cortisone shots.



The emerald in **CHANEL** Les 4 Ombres Regard Perlé quad is more unexpected than charcoal.



L'ORÉAL EverSleek Frizz-Taming Crème Serum smooths frustrating flyaways.

All still lifes: Steven Krause; Hebert: Louisa Parkinson; remaining: Jacqueline Bates