

50 WOMEN
WHO CHANGE
L.A.'S GAME

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Los Angeles

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TO THE
NEW YOU...

SLIPPERY SLOPE

First Your Teeth—
Now What?

FOLLOW THE BOOB

The Life and Times
Of an Implant

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What to Expect
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CHIN UP!

How Guys Are
Getting Hooked

PLUS

You Want
To Do *What*
To My
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PLASTIC SURGERY IN L.A.

THE NAKED TRUTH ABOUT THE

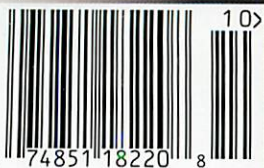
FUTURE OF YOUR FACE AND BODY



A
GREAT
MOVIE
ABOUT
THE
LAPD?

The Writer-
Director Who
Turned **Jake
Gyllenhaal**
Into a Badass

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GOOD LOOKS ARE NO LONGER THE PRIVILEGE OF THE RICH, SAYS FILMMAKER-PHOTOGRAPHER LAUREN GREENFIELD. IT'S AVAILABLE TO ALL OF US—AT A PRICE AS TOLD TO NANCY MILLER

INFINITE QUEST

THE HIDDEN COSTS OF A BEAUTIFUL LIFE



I REMEMBER WHEN I was first starting out. I was shooting in Mexico for about four months. When I came back—I was probably 26—I went to a regular appointment at my dermatologist's, and he offered me Botox. It was like losing my innocence in the Garden of Eden. I realized I had wrinkles—I hadn't thought of it before—but when he offered, I suddenly had something that needed to be addressed. I remember feeling young and thinking, "I'm under 30 and being offered Botox. This is the new aging."

It used to be a genetic lottery. You got what you got. It was "Oh, she's a beautiful woman," and the rest were the funny ones, the brainy ones. Now the idea is, you can have it all if you have enough money. With prices going down for procedures, there's a democratization happening with plastic surgery. It's no longer just for the upper class, so everyone can find the money if they want it. The new American make-

over—our version of the Horatio Alger story—is now physical, and it puts a lot of responsibility on women.

I've never had plastic surgery or thought seriously about getting it, but my relationship with it is I want to photograph it and document it, look at how it plays out in our culture. My work is all about showing what a big deal plastic surgery is. In my film *Beauty CULTURE*

there's a scene of a woman getting a face-lift, and that's the moment when people in the audience gasp. And I'm thinking, What did you think happened? Your face gets cut—there are risks to all of this. Surgeons will tell you it's not a big deal, but it is a big deal.

But if you talk to a lot of women who've had plastic surgery, they will say their lives have gotten better. My sense is that people generally think it's money well spent—unless the surgery is messed up—but if people get the results they were promised, they're pleased because they get the currency that the face and the body really are. When you talk to women about why they get plastic surgery—they're going back to work, they want to get a man—part of the reason is that they want to look younger. The fact

THERE'S MUCH MORE TO POST-OP HEALING THAN CHILLING ON THE SOFA WATCHING TMZ. ISABELLA KORETZ AND KARINA STAVITSKY, CO-OWNERS OF THE PEARL RECOVERY RETREAT AT THE SLS HOTEL, REVEAL THE UGLY TRUTH AS TOLD TO LESLEE KOMAIKO



THIS SUCKS
A post-op patient sips a smoothie at a recovery facility in Santa Monica

BEFORE THE “AFTER”

PEOPLE COME to us because they want time away from the children, the pets, and the chaos that goes on at home. Also when they're home, there's no one to check vital signs or take them to the bathroom. We're not a medical facility, so no special license is required, but we do provide auxiliary medical care. It's as if someone went home and hired a nurse, only more luxurious.

About 60 percent of our patients are local. The rest are from all over the world. We have a lot of patients from Russia—we ourselves are Russian—so we do marketing there. We also get a lot of patients from the Middle East and Mexico, but we're here to accommodate everybody, from L.A. Unified teachers to the royal families of Saudi Arabia.

Our patients get face-lifts, eyebrow lifts, injections. Then there is the body: anything that has to do with breast augmentation, liposuction, or “Mommy Makeovers,” which involve a tummy tuck and

a breast augmentation, reduction, or lift. There's vaginal rejuvenation. That's super-popular. Most patients stay three to five days. It's \$875 a night for a regular room, \$1,100 a night for a suite; weekends cost more. That doesn't include incidentals from the hotel, like movies or extras such as food and certain medical supplies.

All of our rooms are on the third floor in one wing, which we rent from the hotel. Patients arrive through a secret entrance, go up through the back on the service elevator, and are brought to their rooms in a wheelchair. There they are “admitted” to the hotel by a nurse. While they're resting, we give them chicken broth and crackers if they are nauseated. Our chicken broth is by chef José Andres. If patients are completely out of it, the nurse feeds them.

\$10.4

BILLION WAS SPENT ON COSMETIC PROCEDURES IN THE UNITED STATES LAST YEAR.

A lot of doctors have a protocol we need to follow, even for things like applying ice. Icing is huge. For a nose job, for instance, ice has to go on the area 20 minutes on, 20 minutes off, for the first 24 hours. The nurse does this, even in the middle of the night. The results are a lot quicker and better. Some doctors specify crushed ice; some want cubes. If a patient has had a face-lift—of course it depends on what kind; there are a million different ones—the doctor's orders might be to apply a two-inch-thick layer of Aquaphor Healing Ointment every hour.

Each patient is different: Some need that additional step of security, of being told every ten minutes they're doing OK. Some people just want to be left alone. Some just want the medical attention. Others just want to be pampered and brought their fancy food and have someone make appointments to get their hair done or a spa treatment. We'll help patients get up and walk them to the bathroom, make sure they don't fall off the toilet. We will wipe them. We'll take them to the shower, wash their hair in a special sink, help them brush their teeth. We'll change their underwear, their pads. There is nothing too gross—we do the whole nine yards.



is, if you look at the research, beauty does have real benefits in terms of finding a wealthier mate or getting a job. In the old days, when a woman said she wanted to have plastic surgery, people thought she was narcissistic or obsessive or a borderline hysteric. It was like a psychological disorder, and now it's a rational re-

sponse. Everything is something to be changed.

It's not just women anymore; men are vulnerable also. The market will only get bigger, and at the end of the day, selling product to an insecure clientele is a great business because people will stop at nothing to make themselves better.



PRETTY, FROM THE INSIDE

→ For nearly two decades Lauren Greenfield has chronicled our fascination with youth, wealth, and the pursuit of attractiveness—particularly among girls and women—in photos and on film. Her recent documentary, *Beauty CULTure*, which was commissioned by the Annenberg Space for Photography, is an unretouched examination of our obsession with appearance. —N.M.

BELOW THE BELT

YOU WANT TO DO WHAT TO MY WHERE?



YEP, THERE ARE EVEN PROCEDURES FOR THE NAUGHTY BITS



"I WANT to be 16 again, down there..." This is how one patient expressed what she hoped Dr. David Matlock, a pioneer in laser vaginal rejuvenation and aesthetic vaginoplasty, could do to overhaul her hooah. "Laser vaginal rejuvenation is for sexual gratification," Dr. Matlock explains. "Vaginoplasty is for the aesthetic enhancement of the vulva structures."

It turns out that much like stomach crunches, those "toning" Kegel exercises pregnant women (and *Cosmo* readers) are instructed to do can go only so far. Those who opt for vaginal rejuvenation—sort of a tummy tuck for your sugar walls—want a quicker, more drastic fix. Dr. Matlock surgically reconfigures a woman's vaginal opening from, say, a size 4 (as in number of kids) back to a pre-baby (even pre-intercourse) size 0. The downsizing, Dr. Matlock says, is intended to improve a woman's sex life—and

as you might expect, enhance the pleasure of her male partner.

Then there's the outside. Dr. Matlock's aesthetic vaginoplasty procedure reshapes women who want their personal Georgia O'Keeffe painting to look more like something in a *Penthouse* spread—a *majora* (and *minora*) feat. Some patients bring their husbands' porn mags with them—pulling down their waistbands and pointing to themselves, then back to the centerfold—to demonstrate the look they want. Less camel toe? More camel toe? It seems that even down in these parts, cleavage is everything.

Surgeons from around the world pay \$65,000 a pop to observe Dr. Matlock's finely tuned technique during an hourlong procedure in which he slices, stitches, staples, and cauterizes delicate vulvar structures. He claims the results last forever—or at least until the birth of the next child. —J.W.



CLEFT HEFT

→ Thanks to FaceTime, YouTube, and Skype, there's been increased demand for a pixel-perfect jaw, particularly among male execs routinely forced to confront their receding features in brutal high-res. The chin implant (or "chin-plant") is the fastest-growing plastic surgery trend, according to the American Society of Plastic Surgeons, up 76 percent for men in 2011. The procedure starts with an inch-long incision made through the mouth—in the area between the lower lip and gums—or below the jawline. Then the surgeon slips the silicone implant (available in various sizes) into a centimeter-wide pocket and closes up. Surgery takes one to three hours, and stitches are removed within a week. Unlike breast implants or face-lifts, chin-plants can last a lifetime. Just keep your expectations in check. Beverly Hills surgeon Dr. Toby Mayer cites oversizing as the most frequent "complication." In other words, beware going totally *Leno*. —M.N.

MAN TROUBLES

AGING IN HOLLYWOOD ISN'T EASY FOR MEN, EITHER. "VETERAN" TV WRITER-PRODUCER **ROB LONG** HAS A SOLUTION

IT'S A PHOTO FINISHED



DO YOU HAVE anything more recent?" was what the publicist asked me in an e-mail after I sent her my standard head shot.

The photo is only about five years old—I've known actors to use even older ones—but they were apparently five crucial years in the skin elasticity department. I'm not sure where all that collagen went, but in the five years spanning my early forties to my late forties, I seem to have lost most of it. Things that used to bounce back now sag; things that used to sag naturally now rub along the floor. The head shot I've been using has made its way through the four stages of usefulness: looks like you, looks like a thinner version of you, looks like a Photoshopped version of you, and makes everyone sad.

I'm old, in other words. When I'm described in the trades, it's always as a "comedy vet" or a "seasoned show runner," which everyone recognizes as code for "Why is he still in the business? Doesn't he have enough money by now?"

Because in Hollywood, the trick is to get rich before you get old, so that when you do start getting old, you can move somewhere else, probably to Montecito. But if you're unlucky enough to be 48 and still working, you really have only two options: You can look younger, or you can dress younger.

Looking younger involves painful injections and surgical procedures, which are out of the

question for your basic coward. It's not the knife that frightens me. It's the irreversible quality of plastic surgery. I'm convinced I'll go in for a discreet little trim and come out looking like some kind of *Real Housewife*. I'd rather look old than fully amphibious.

That leaves outpatient stuff. Although my dermatologist insists that a little Botox would do wonders for me (even showing me studies that suggest that inhibiting the frowning mechanisms can actually relieve minor depression), I have yet to let him do anything other than check me all over for odd-shaped dots on my skin. My livelihood is based in no small part on my ability to cock an eyebrow at a network executive or express mild annoyance at an irritating star—the kinds of subtle (and deniable) facial expressions I fear Botox wipes clear. I can either look wrinkle free or I can earn a living. I cannot do both.

So it's Option Two for me: I just have to dress younger. Fortunately, the fashion of the day is pretty identical to what I've been wearing since prep school. Unfortunate are the sizes. I'm not what anyone would call slender, but I'm not so morbidly obese as to need, as I discovered on a recent shopping trip, an XXXL.

"How many eight-year-old boys," I barked, "are rich enough to buy these clothes?"

The salesman rolled his eyes. And he was right to. I sounded like an old complaining pain in the ass. And that's the real trouble. Worse than looking or dressing old is sounding old, because there's no cure for that.

\$100,000

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