

THE KIT

Fitness miracle: Can a 7 a.m. workout change your life? PAGE 6

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10 ways to max your mojo

Things are looking up! Get your summer groove on with expert advice from our editors. Shimmy into a mini, sleep like a sexpot and splurge on that little skin tune-up you've been thinking about forever

ALL PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHY BY LUIS MORA



A bra for every body

FIND YOURS AT HUDSON'S BAY AND THEBAY.COM

1. This push-up balconette bra gives great lift and its convertible straps mean it can be worn strapless. In sizes 34A to 38D. MAIDENFORM, \$48

2. Perfect under regular or racerback tanks thanks to its j-hook attachment, this smoothing bra comes in 32C to 38G. WACOAL, \$85

3. Built-in fusion technology offers natural lift, positioning and support in sizes 34B to 40D. WONDERBRA, \$48



HUDSON'S BAY

SHOP THEBAY.COM

QUESTION

**How can I find
jeans I feel
invincible in?**

ANSWER

THEKIT.CA
CANADA'S STYLE AUTHORITY



1. Show your pride

A classic-with-a-twist bag sparks joy

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIAH HAMILTON

Style pop quiz time: What's the easiest way to inject some fun into your wardrobe? With colour, of course. That's why we've fallen for this punchy number. The flap silhouette and chain strap are classic, but the rainbow piping details add high-contrast impact. Part of Michael Kors's capsule collection celebrating the LGBTQ+ community, this is the bag to carry when you want to be noticed. Wear it with a crisp all-white outfit, or dial things all the way up with an equally rainbow-bright outfit. Your mantra should be "more is more." —Liz Guber

MICHAEL MICHAEL KORS BAG, \$398, MICHAELKORS.CA

2. Try a bold lip

Kit staffers prove the confidence-boosting power of a new lipstick

BY KATHERINE LALANCETTE

SARAH CHAN
in BRIGHT TANGERINE

"I would never naturally gravitate toward this colour, but that's the best part about it. Sometimes it takes stepping outside of your comfort zone to get that mojo going! I'd see myself rocking this for patio drinks or a park hang."

NYX COSMETICS BUTTER LIPSTICK IN BONFIRE, \$9, NYXCOSMETICS.CA



SHEILA JOY SY
in POPPY PINK

"Something about wearing the right shade of lipstick makes me feel like I have my life together. I'm usually more of a red girl, but slicking on this vibrant pink was like wearing red's younger, more fun sister."

CHANEL ROUGE ALLURE INK IN PINK RUBY, \$46, CHANEL.COM



LARA BUCHAR
in PUNCHY LAVENDER

"I had a brief moment of panic when I first saw the tube, but once I had it on, I felt big mojo energy and even wore it for the rest of the night. I'll definitely be adding purple to my regular lipstick roster."

FENTY BEAUTY BY RIHANNA MATTEMOISELLE PLUSH MATTE LIPSTICK IN ONE OF THE BOYZ, \$23, SEPHORA.CA



LEFT TO RIGHT: **TOPSHOP** CROP TOP, \$25, THEBAY.COM, **TOPSHOP** WRAP BLOUSE, \$65, THEBAY.COM, **WASTED EFFORT** EARRINGS, \$132, WASTEDEFFORT.CA, **SFW** T-SHIRT, \$69, THEBAY.COM, **BARRETTE**, LARA'S OWN

3. Love your legs

Sling those tights to the back of your wardrobe. These are your essentials for summer-ready gams



EXFOLIATE

There's nothing like a salt scrub to slough away the winter roughness. This pick delivers spa-like results in the comfort of your shower.

OLE HENRIKSEN RUB N' BUFF TRANSFORMING SALT SCRUB, \$52, SEPHORA.CA



HYDRATE

A blend of six Canadian botanicals joins forces with cupuaçu butter and sweet citrus oils to leave skin silky and delectably scented.

CÉLA CRÈME DE LA CRÈME LIGHT, \$59, THISISCELA.COM



FIRM

Energizing caffeine whips skin into shape, making things feel smoother and tighter. For a lifting effect, use upward gliding strokes.

BIOOTHERM BODY SCULPTER, \$60, BIOOTHERM.CA



BRONZE

Mix these drops with your lotion to score a streak-free glow. Made with colour-corrective technology, they ensure a perfect hue.

ISLE OF PARADISE SELF TANNING DROPS, \$33, SEPHORA.CA



CAMOUFLAGE

Smudge- and transfer-proof, this body makeup stays put for a full 16 hours and covers everything from scars to stretch marks.

DERMABLEND LEG AND BODY MAKEUP, \$39, SHOPPERS-DRUGMART.CA

4. Rethink the mini

Liz Guber makes a case for the season's skirt suit



Mod moves

A tweed set feels like an instant throwback. To plant the outfit firmly in modern times, pair it with a graphic tee.

TOPSHOP JACKET, \$136, SKIRT, \$75, THEBAY.COM; ETRÉ CÉCILE T-SHIRT, \$120, ETRÉCÉCILE.COM; SUNGLASSES, \$25, MARSHALLS.COM



On vinyl

Pastel is practically a required palette for this vintage-infused trend. For extra mod vibes, add a classic black-and-white print like polka dot or houndstooth.

ICÔNE JACKET, \$89, SKIRT, \$69, SIMONS.CA; SOLID AND STRIPED TOP, \$125, THEBAY.COM



Zip line

For a look that feels more edgy than prim, seek standout hardware like oversized zippers and bold buttons. Then, pair with a polo-neck top for the ultimate saccharine-sleek mix.

ALEXANDER WANG JACKET, \$1,400, SKIRT, \$915, NORDSTROM.COM; ALDO SANDALS, \$95, ALDO SHOES.COM



H&M TOP, \$40, HM.COM; WASTED EFFORT EARRINGS (CLEAR HOOPS), \$18, GARMENTORY.CA; MOKUBA RIBBON (ON HAIR), MOKUBA

Normally, you won't hear a lot of flattering self-talk from me when it comes to my figure. Like a lot of women I know, I'm quicker to list the (perceived, admittedly) flaws in my appearance than assets. But my legs? My legs are pretty great, okay? And despite knowing this since, oh, approximately kindergarten, thanks to my dotting but never fulsome mother, I rarely wear short skirts.

I wasn't the only one ignoring the mini. Looking back at the runways over the past few years, the midi ruled. The It skirt was longer, flowing, sometimes featuring an asymmetrical hem or an interesting abstract print. These types of skirts feel right for work and play, and never look overdone, even with the highest of heels. I know this because I own a lot of them. But like so many trends before it, the mini was poised for

a comeback. Suddenly, the short skirt feels fresh and endlessly chic. Transformative, even. And it's everywhere. At Chloé, fringed-hem minis were teamed with boyish tees and beachy sandals. Balmain's takes were knife-edge sharp and futuristic. And for one of his final Chanel collections, Karl Lagerfeld championed the mini, showing a half-dozen paired with matching tops and belts made of interlocking Cs.

To me, the most compelling takes on the skirt come with a companion in the form of a matching jacket (just like Karl intended). Think: 1966-going-on-2019. To be clear, the mini is a statement in itself, but there's something deliberate, strong and assertive about a skirt suit. The co-ord look says "I've arrived, and, yes, I'm okay with my thighs." Consider it your call to bare legs.

Shop the mojo

Suit up, mini style



MAGGIE MARILYN JACKET, \$1,060, SKIRT, \$486, MAGGIEMARILYN.COM



SITUATIONIST JACKET, \$1,088, SKIRT, \$483, SITUATIONISTOFFICIAL.COM



EDWARD ACHOUR JACKET, \$2,201, SKIRT, \$909, FARFETCH.COM

5. Take the piercing plunge

Poonam Chauhan gets the ear bling she's always wanted

As a Gemini, I'm a notorious over-thinker. Mix that with indecisiveness, another classic trait of my star sign, and you get a commitment-phobe drawing in pros and cons lists. Sometime before the new year, I realized this often stops me from doing what I *really* want—there's the exchange program to Amsterdam I once turned down and the tattoos I've talked myself out of—and you know what's the antithesis of mojo? Regret. Fed up with my penchant for self-sabotage, I resolved to stop overanalyzing and just *do* the damn thing in 2019.

To be clear, sometimes that thing is moving to France for a year with my best friend—which, despite having agonized over it, is the best and single most spontaneous decision I've ever made—and other times it's something as seemingly superficial as elevating my earring game.

I've wanted a forward helix piercing for the last couple of years but kept putting it off, telling myself it wasn't a priority. But that was so 2018. Poonam 2019 is here to tell you that allowing your own happiness to live at the top of your to-do list—and doing things for you and you alone—can be an act of self-care. And while

having a new hole punched in your cartilage might seem like no big deal, it was the act of actually *doing* it that mattered to me.

I booked an appointment to get pierced on the same day I inquired about it. The minute I saw the needle, the questions started. "Did I choose the right spot on my ear? Maybe I should have told him to do the piercing a little higher? No, wait, a little lower! What if I faint? What if when I faint, I smash my head on a counter and this is my last day on Earth?!"

But by the time I realized I was talking myself out of it, I already had a cute new piercing in my left ear. Shayne Fitzgerald at Toronto's The Village Ink made me feel so at ease that my fears faded away. (Pro tip: Leaving myself as little time as possible to change my mind also helped.)

My YOLO—and mojo—moment was nothing short of liberating. It gave me the confidence to trust my instincts more. Whenever I catch a glimpse of my new earring throughout my day, I feel a surge of joy, pride and zero regrets. Who knew a little piece of jewellery could make me feel more like myself?

6. Say not yet to grey

Humbled and hopeful, Laura deCarufel hits the salon



PINK TARTAN JACKET, \$398, PINK TARTAN.CA; FRANK AND OAK TOP, \$45, FRANKAND.OAK.COM

The breaking point came, without warning, on a Saturday afternoon. I happened to glance in a boutique mirror and gave a bark of shocked laughter. The humidity had caused my grey hairs—coarse from previously plucking—to spring up like a halo of writhing Medusan snakes. I turned to my four-year-old: "How old is Mama, honey?" He considered me. "One hundred years old?" In my mind's eye, I sprinted to the nearest drugstore, grabbed a box dye and applied it in the parking lot, plastic gloved hands working furiously in the warm spring rain.

Until then, I'd contemplated letting my grey grow in. A few colleagues have done it, and their all-over silver looks gorgeous on them. I loved the idea of being so *soigné*, the kind of woman who wore Céline and read Céline and who, on the subject of aging, would have wise things to say about wisdom, while rolling out a pie crust on a gleaming concrete surface. None of that, of course, is incompatible with colouring your hair, but I found it humbling to admit that, while I care about family, feminism and the planet, I also care about looking younger.

"Yeah, girl, of course you do!" Tony Pham, the founder and head stylist at Lac + Co, Toronto's top destination for colour, is a legend in colourist circles and refreshingly, hilariously direct about pretty much everything. "People go to the plastic surgeon, get so much shit done to their face and then dye their hair grey! You want to look like 20 years older with a fresh face. I don't get it."

Upstairs at his swish salon, clients in silk kimonos sat around a communal table, their hair in tinfoil, some with forks

in kale. "The blondes," Pham whispered, nodding at the salad eaters, whose colour can take eight hours. He scrutinized first my face, then my hair. "Your grey is on the top and at the back. When you start to go grey, you should dye your hair lighter so it looks softer against your older skin." He started tossing out number combinations for different dyes like a Balenciaga-clad auctioneer.

Pham's philosophy is to work with the base colour to create modern, multi-tonal highlights. "I'm not going to go crazy here, okay? I'm gonna colour it strand by strand so that when it comes out, it comes out natural and lasts a minimum of three months, even six months. So if you decide not to colour your hair anymore, you can grow it out naturally."

I emerged two hours later, strutting like a racehorse with glossy chestnut brown strands delicately layered with caramel. This mojo was immediate. On a recent flight, as I walked up the plane aisle, a seated woman clutched my hand and said, "Your hair is perfect." Instead of saying "Thank you so much!" like a normal person, I breathed, "I know" like Han Solo, gave her a kind of wink and kept walking. Who *was* I? My most mojo-licious self, clearly!

As for my most unfiltered critic? When I got home from this portrait shoot, my son grabbed my head with his two hands, like he used to when he was a toddler, and considered me. "You look like a fox, Mama...in a good way." Yeah, baby, I'll take it.

7. Spice up your sleepwear

Katherine Lalancette wakes up to her best self

It all started when French makeup artist Violette told me she wears perfume to bed every night. "I don't want to smell like toothpaste and makeup remover," she said in an accent more Parisian than *crêpe au chocolat*. "I want to smell a little sexier, you know?"

The admission struck me as the chicest thing I'd ever heard. I imagined the It girl lounging in a sea of white sheets, reading Baudelaire as notes of jasmine emanated from her skin. It was everything I aspired to be and decidedly wasn't.

For context, my bedtime routine consists of audibly flopping into bed in sweats and promo tees I've collected from gift bags over the years. Pink patches of Mario Badescu's sulfur spot treatment usually dot my face. "You smell like the Everglades," my boyfriend remarks. I'm but a swamp creature draped in pillory grey cotton.

Here's the thing: Sweat pants and worn out tees are cozy as hell. They are also, however, guaranteed mojo killers. As soon as they make contact with my skin, the only thing I yearn to do is eat dinner in bed and watch *Real Housewives*. No weeknight wine or *Fleurs du mal*—I sink straight into slobhood.

As I stand over my very grey, very sad pyjama drawer, Violette's words echo through my head. "I must do better," I tell myself. I take such pleasure in assembling my daytime outfits, so why is my night look so tragic?

I reach to the back of the cramped drawer, rummaging through the heavy-rotation stuff until my fingers stumble on something different, silkier. Out comes a

long-forgotten Calvin Klein slip I'd scored at a Boxing Day sale.

Alone in my apartment, I decide to put it on. The slinky fit instantly makes me act, well, slinkier. Suddenly, I'm not compelled to cover my body with fuzzy blankets, a laptop and my cat. Instead, I fix myself a cup of tea, the kind I save for occasions that never come, and tuck into some Joan Didion on the couch. I feel sexy, refined. Even my cat is staring.

In the days that follow, I find myself scouring the web for more lovely things to fill my drawer with: a ruffled cami and boxer set, a lace-trimmed teddy (now my boyfriend's staring), a knee-length robe cut in soft, floral-printed linen. They trigger a surprising ripple effect. I buy the lavender pillow mist I used to love but haven't restocked in forever. I text my boyfriend to meet me for oysters on a Tuesday. I even book a lash lift to look more awake.

The latter is wonderful, but I don't even need it, to be honest. I feel more energized than I have in months. I used to think of bedtime as a sort of white flag that said, "You win, day I give up." Now, it's become an indulgent ritual complete with fancy teas and pillow mists—an occasion worth dressing up for.

"Sweat pants and worn out tees are cozy as hell. They are also, however, guaranteed mojo killers."



THE ETHICAL SILK COMPANY ROBE, \$381, SLEEP MASK, \$47, THE ETHICAL SILK COMPANY; THE SLEEP SHIRT CAMISOLE SET, \$100, INTO-THE-BEDROOM.COM; BIRDIES SLIPPERS, \$189, BIRDIESLIPPERS.COM; EARRINGS, STYLISTS' OWN

Shop the mojo

Pretty PJs to make you feel sexy well beyond bedtime



ATTICO ROBE, \$1,589, THE-SLEEPER.COM



OLIVIA VON HALLE CAMISOLE SET, \$395, OLIVIAVONHALLE.COM



SLEEPY JONES PYJAMAS, \$267, SHOP.SLEEPYJONES.COM



H&M CAMISOLE SET, \$35, HM.COM



EBERJEY PYJAMAS, \$137, EBERJEY.COM

8. Embrace the 7 a.m. workout

Jennifer Berry attempts to reclaim her mornings with a little cardio—and ends up with more than just tighter glutes

Operation: Mojo started as a joke between me and my colleague-turned-friend Katherine about getting our groove back after enduring what felt like a 17-month Canadian winter. We were both feeling drained, sluggish, dull. The act of shrugging on my winter coat and skulking to the subway felt like a death march to Mordor, and I was sure my office's harsh fluorescent lights made my sun-starved skin look v. Gollum. We needed to get our sparkle back, stat. "As soon as [insert excuse here] is done, we start Operation: Mojo," we kept saying.

Finally, in March, I'd had enough of feeling like a sloth and decided to make a change before my muscles started to atrophy. I wanted to increase my energy and overall fitness level. My mission? Hit the office gym first thing before work. Evening exercise had never worked for me—if I actually made it to the gym, I'd leave feeling exhausted. I was sure that these morning gym people, smug and annoying as they seemed, were onto something. (Spoiler: I'm now smug and annoying.)

The first few weeks were an exhilarating experiment, a mix of "Holy shit, am I gonna do this?!" and "Holy shit, I'm actually doing this." Those initial strides on the elliptical felt foreign, and it took me at least five sessions before I had the nerve to attempt a free-weight routine for the first time in six years. But, one morning, as I looked around the quiet gym and then out the window at Lake Ontario as I pounded the elliptical, I felt truly content. I knew I wanted to keep feeling that way.

The transition to getting myself ready for my day the night before wasn't easy—I've always been more of a "fly around in a frenzy in the morning" kind of person—but after just a couple of tries, I was hooked. I set my alarm 30 minutes earlier than normal, threw on leggings and hopped on a nearly empty public transit system sans makeup. It was downright liberating.

On week three, I added in a semi-regular indulgence: the blowout. I've learned there is nothing that makes getting ready in

the office gym locker room easier or more enjoyable than blown-out hair requiring only a couple sprinkles of dry shampoo and a few passes of the flat iron. I do believe the weekly blowout is the perfect complement to morning workouts (and the time and stress saved from no longer having to tame my thick, high maintenance hair is worth every penny spent at the salon).

Around week five, I tried something radical: a matching two-piece workout set. I've always loved the look of coordinating sets but felt the extra weight my apple body type carries around the middle excludes me from wearing them. Turns out, I can wear Michi's adorable sets despite my belly and feel exceptionally cute doing it.

Six weeks into my mojo challenge, a woman I'd never seen before stopped me in the work elevator and said, "You look so pretty today!" But I didn't really look all that different. Sure, I had lost five pounds of All Dressed Ruffles weight, and morning cardio sessions provide a rosy flush that rivals my favourite Nars blush, but it wasn't my appearance she was reacting to—it was the *mojo*. (About a week later, my boyfriend of 12 years proposed. Was it me or the *mojo*? We'll never know.)

Eight weeks in, my morning workout experiment is now a joyful habit—not least of all because showering at the office means I never have to endure another sweaty public transit commute to work while my hair frizzes and my makeup slides. But more than that, my mornings are now all mine. I start the day feeling clear-eyed and excited. I tackle my to-do list with intention instead of avoiding it. I avoid mirrors and photos of myself less, too—not because I feel I'm finally an "acceptable" size, but because I respect my body and admire it for all it can do, just as it is.

I'm humbled by what I gained—confidence, energy, joy—when I stopped obsessing over losing weight, inches, whatever, and gave myself *time*. Forty minutes in the morning, Motown classics in my



Shop the mojo

Fact: Coordinating sets make the best workout buddies



THE UPSIDE SPORTS BRA, \$140, LEGGINGS, \$185, MATCHESFASHION.COM



NIKE SPORTS BRA, \$54, TRACK PANTS, \$135, NET-A-PORTER.COM



PACO RABANNE TOP, \$265, LEGGINGS, \$265, STYLEBOP.COM

"I'm humbled by what I gained—confidence, energy, joy—when I stopped obsessing over losing weight, inches, whatever."

ear buds, breaking a sweat. After work, an hour a week for a luxurious blowout, phone face down, just breathing (glass of wine optional). Fifteen minutes before bed to leisurely prepare my outfit and lunch for the next day.

A writer I admire posted recently to Instagram, "Turns out most angles are good angles when you actually like yourself!!!!" I don't think I'm fully there yet, but I'm working on it. I still feel a twinge of shame when a designer offers to lend me an outfit for an event, but it only comes in a tiny sample size. My eye automatically went to that little pudge of tummy fat when I saw the photos for this story. But instead of desperately trying to change, I'm trying to appreciate and honour the beauty that I know is there, inside—funny! nice! smart!—and out—sparkling blue-green eyes; a bright, sincere smile; a bouncy ponytail that would make Ariana Grande weep. Turns out my *mojo* comes from loving all of myself, and baby, I got that loving feeling back.



SFW BLOUSE, \$69, THEBAY.COM; H&M HEADBAND, \$5; H&M.COM; MARIE JO LAVENTURE BRA, \$145, LINEAINTIMA.CA

9. Upgrade your underthings

Celia DiMinno matches her lingerie to her outfit as a means of self-care

We all have those days when we need a little pick-me-up. I've always believed that whenever you start feeling run down from life and the daily routine, you should do something for yourself.

For me, getting dressed with great care feels like pampering. One part is what everyone else sees and the other part is just for me. It's all about what I'm wearing underneath.

The selection process starts with my mood. If I want to feel pretty, I might pick out a girly, cream ruffled top and pair it with an equally sweet and creamy satin and lace bra. If I wake up feeling sassy, I'll wear leopard, and of course I have a matching leopard bra that is chic enough to show off with a few blouse buttons left undone. It's like a hidden second outfit, and it gives me a real feeling of accomplishment.

I think I got the idea from being a little girl and watching my mother get ready. She would lay out a chic suit along with her underthings—her bra, underwear and delicate stockings. I was fascinated by her preparation. She put so much consideration into her choices.

I've inherited that attention to detail: I've always loved an exquisite fabric, a unique stitch on a hem, a gorgeous handbag. When matching your accessories to your clothing was a thing, I was elated—I loved wearing a coordinated floral suit, clutch and pointy-toe pumps all at once.

I haven't met many people who share my enthusiasm for getting dressed—it seems it's a forgotten art—so imagine my joy when I visited Linea Intima at Toronto's Bayview Village to pick out a beautiful polka-dot

bra for my photo shoot and got to chatting with like minded owner Lilita Mann. "I feel like otherwise I'm not properly dressed," says Mann. "And if I'm not matching my lipstick to what I'm wearing, if I'm not matching my bag to my shoes, it's like I didn't pay attention."

I know exactly what she means. I pay close attention to my underwear drawer, too, because it gives me great pleasure. It's carefully categorized: simple nude bras for T-shirt days, delicate bralettes for easy weekends and my pretties in a variety of patterns—which I wear all the time, not reserving them for special occasions.

Because when I know I'm wearing the perfect lingerie, it's so satisfying, and I feel as if I've reserved a bit of sexiness just for myself. Dressing from the inside out is my little secret.

Shop the mojo

Build confidence from the "inside out" with these dainty duos



LONELY LABEL BRA, \$94, LONELYLABEL.COM; ZIMMERMANN TUXEDO SHIRT, \$716, ZIMMERMANNWEAR.COM

ANINE BING BRALETTE, \$120, ANINEBING.COM; MANGO BLOUSE, \$70, MANGO.CA

FORTNIGHT LINGERIE BRA, \$138, FORTNIGHTLINGERIE.COM; MARC CAIN BLOUSE, \$350, MARC-CAIN.COM

10. Take your skincare to the next level

Turning 40 proves a powerful motivator for Rani Sheen to try some buzzy, and daunting, skin-smoothing procedures

Something happens to your face when you turn 40. In January, I posed with my giant 4-0 balloons and felt quite jaunty about it, but when I looked in the bathroom mirror the next morning, I suddenly felt as if my entire face had fallen half an inch, like Salvador Dali's melting clock. Granted, recovery from a prosecco hangover is not what it used to be, and my baby, who turned one a few days after my 40th, had seen to it that eight hours of unbroken beauty sleep was a distant memory. Still, my face seemed to be broadcasting the announcement that I had moved into the decade that has symbolized middle age for as long as I can remember. Was it all in my head?

"Forty is exactly the time in our lives when most of us realize that our skin needs assistance," says Lorinda Zimmerman, skin expert to much of Canada's on-camera community, including one pre-wedding Meghan Markle—Zimmerman treated many of her guests in the lead-up to the royal wedding. "It's not psychological. It's very real." She explains that as early as our 20s, there's a decline in skin's volume and elasticity (that firm, bouncy feeling embodied by my son's pillowy cheeks). We start to produce less and less collagen and elastin and retain less moisture, plus the quality of the skin cells and surrounding tissue degrades over time.

Aging is, of course, a natural process that one wishes to accept and make peace with. However, one can still try one's damndest to remain glowy and firm. To that end, I pay Zimmerman a visit at W Skincare in Toronto. She's a pioneer in Canada and is the only one in her field who has designed to treat larger areas, such as lined foreheads and slacked jawlines (available as a \$50 add-on to treatments, which start at \$200).

While passing the cool, gel-lubed attachment across my face, Zimmerman remarks that an actor client was asked by her producers to "do something" about her forehead wrinkles, so Zimmerman went to town on them with her new

toy. When the client went back to set, her bosses reportedly couldn't believe their eyes. (To see impress-your-awful-TV-producer results, it's best to undergo what Zimmerman calls the Hollywood Six—a series of six weekly treatments.) When the hour is up, my skin feels fresh and calm, and over the next week it really starts to emit the kind of glow I'm always trying to achieve with highlighter.

But I'm not done yet. In the interest of research I decide to move on to a more intensive (and daunting) procedure: microneedling, in which tiny metal needles enter the skin and create micro-wounds, spurring the healing process to produce new collagen and elastin. Taking it one step further, I want to try microneedling with radio frequency, wherein the needles emit a blast of electromagnetic energy to maximize the skin's response.

Clarity MedSpa in Toronto has been offering Intracel Microneedling with RF for two years, to address loss of elasticity, fine lines and enlarged pores. It's also recommended for hard-to-treat acne scarring—owner Linda Murphy says the results rival more invasive and expensive resurfacing procedures such as Fraxel laser. "There has never been a better time to fight aging, especially for those who prefer to explore non-surgical treatments," she says reassuringly.

Nurse and laser expert Chantal Ward removes my makeup and takes up-close "before" photos in which no hint of a smize is allowed (I hope I never see them). After applying numbing cream, she moves a wand covered with rows of needles across my skin; a punching motion dips them in and out with varying depth and radio frequency levels. Despite the numbing, it's uncomfortable around the nose and upper lip.

When I walk out, my face is as red as a vine-grown tomato and marked by grids of tiny dots, but within three hours it looks almost normal. It feels warm and tight, so I leave a soothing mask on overnight; the next day I wear makeup to work and no one is any the wiser. A few days after that, though, my skin looks more taut, seeming to stand to attention. Over the following weeks, I catch my



EARRINGS, \$15, WINNERS.COM; SMYTHE TOP, \$325, SHOPSMYTHE.CA

reflection in various surfaces and notice my skin beaming. (One overly complimentary office-mate tells me I look 22.) Uneven areas of scarring from old breakouts appear smoother.

I plan to do the recommended four treatments (priced at Clarity at \$695 per treatment or \$500 each for a series of four) spaced a month apart to allow the skin to heal. Given that the full results of collagen-stimulating treatments can take up to six months to appear, I have high hopes for my 40th year being my skin's best yet.

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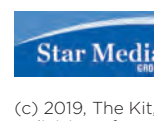
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THE POWER PLANT

PRESENTED BY HOLT RENFREW

Thank you to our guests, partners and sponsors for coming into the shadows and joining us at The 21 Club for an evening of grit, glitz and glamour as the gallery was transformed into an illicit speakeasy.

Power Ball is the gallery's annual fundraiser, and all profits from this event support the ambitious exhibitions and programming at The Power Plant. It is through your generosity that The Power Plant is able to continue presenting the best in contemporary art, and keep it free and accessible for all.

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