

ELLE

**BEAUTY:
TAKE OFF
10 YEARS**
(IT'S ALL ABOUT
YOUR NECK)

**HOT
MONOGAMY:
MAKING SEX
BETTER AFTER
COMMITMENT**

**FALL
FASHION
560+**

**LINDSAY
LOHAN**
CONFRONTS
THE RUMORS
"I would never
steal anyone's
boyfriend—it's
bad karma"

PAGES OF
MUST-HAVE
BOOTS
BAGS
JEANS

**ASHTON
KUTCHER:**
TAMED BY
MARRIAGE?
NOT SO FAST...

YOUR
ULTIMATE

SHOPPING

GUIDE

PLUS
HOW TO WEAR THE
NEW SKINNY JEANS
AND PLATFORMS
**THE 12 PIECES YOU
MUST BUY NOW**

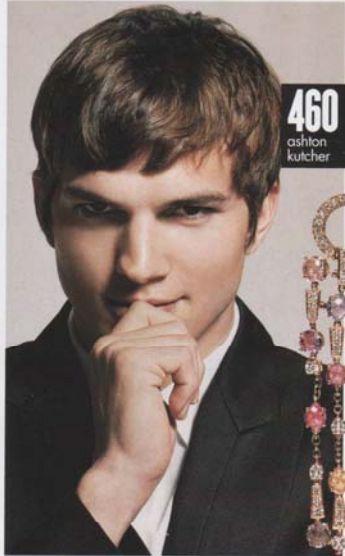
BAD BOYFRIEND?
**10 WAYS TO LEAVE
YOUR LOVER**

**COCKTAIL-PARTY
CHEAT SHEET**
HOW TO SOUND SMART

MAKEUP SECRETS:
18 EASY WAYS
TO UPDATE YOUR LOOK

02492
0 274931 6
ELLE.COM
SEPTEMBER 2006
USA \$4.00
CANADA
\$4.95





460
ashlon
kutcher



240
rare
jewels

ELLE

sept.

SEPTEMBER 2006 VOLUME XXXI NUMBER 1 NO. 253



449
well-
dressed
rooms

560 WILD AT HEART

Billy Bob Thornton dishes on clean women, his passionate love life, and scary tobs. By ANDREW GOLDMAN

BEAUTY, HEALTH, & FITNESS

401 BEAUTY NEWS

402 SPOTLIGHT ON
Nanotechnology...Top five skin buffers

404 BEAUTY INSIDER

Dermatologist Dennis Gross, MD, a fashion-crowd favorite, answers our most pressing skin-care questions. By MEGAN DEEM

406 PAINTED LADIES

Indie It Girls embrace ultrabright lip shades and layers of eyeliner. By MAGGIE BULLOCK

426 VISION QUEST

Fashion designers divulge the inspirations behind their new perfumes. By MEGAN DEEM

432 STUDYING ALL THE ANGLES

Our beauty adventuress, HOLLY MILLEA, finds out how the shape of your face reveals more about your personality than you may think

442 BEAUTY IT LIST

444 GOOD SPORT: ON THE FENCE

ANNA KOURNIKOVA takes a stab at swordplay

446 HEALTH NEWSLETTER

By RACHAEL COMBE



280
fur
country

IN EVERY ISSUE

58	CALENDAR
122, 136	MASTHEADS
140	EDITOR'S LETTER
150	MAIL BONDING
152	BEHIND THE COVER
162	CONTRIBUTORS
271	ELLE SHOPS
550	SHOPPING GUIDE
555	BEAUTY SHOPPING GUIDE
556	HOROSCOPE
558	NUMEROLOGY



GILLES BENSIMON

Lindsay Lohan wears a marabou shrug and sequin top from Emporio Armani; leather pants, a diamond cross necklace, and yellowgold bracelets from Chrome Hearts; a diamond line bracelet from De Beers; and a yellowgold watch from Cartier. For details, see Shopping Guide. To get her makeup look, try Studio Seamless Liquid Foundation in Neutral 3.5, Photo Matte Anti-Shine Pressed Powder in 4, Brow Tech in Auburn, Eye Shadow Quad in Ambient, Jet Set Eye Liner in Midnight Black, That's A Wrap Mascara in Black, and Lip Gloss in Luminous, all by Smashbox. Photographed by Gilles Bensimon. Styling by Isabel Dupré. Hair by Davy Newkirk for Redken/celestineagency.com. Makeup by Paul Star for magnetika.com. Manicure by Beth Fricke for artistbytimothyprano.com.

PRICE: \$6.99 (USA) (CANADA) \$9.99 (UK) £4.50 (AUSTRALIA) \$12.99 (MEXICO) \$12.99 (INDIA) \$12.99 (SOUTH AFRICA) \$12.99 (NEW ZEALAND) \$12.99 (SINGAPORE) \$12.99 (HONG KONG) \$12.99 (TAIWAN) \$12.99 (THAILAND) \$12.99 (MALAYSIA) \$12.99 (PHILIPPINES) \$12.99 (INDONESIA) \$12.99 (VIETNAM) \$12.99 (JAPAN) \$12.99 (KOREA) \$12.99 (CHINA) \$12.99 (TAIPEI) \$12.99 (HONG KONG) \$12.99 (SINGAPORE) \$12.99 (MALAYSIA) \$12.99 (PHILIPPINES) \$12.99 (INDONESIA) \$12.99 (VIETNAM) \$12.99 (JAPAN) \$12.99 (KOREA) \$12.99 (CHINA) \$12.99 (TAIPEI)



ALTRUISTIC

Venus/lozenge: "Work for social causes; attract the opposite sex without trouble."



ELUSIVE

Mercury/triangle: Elusive, reclusive; always looking for new sensory impressions.



RUMINATIVE

Saturn/trapezoid: "Meticulously attentive to detail; often mistake sex for love."

STUDYING ALL THE ANGLES

The shape of a face tells you all you need to know about boyfriends and bosses (and yourself), says psychiatrist-morphologist Gerald Epstein. Holly Millea takes a look in the mirror and sees the mistakes of her past and who might be the man of her future

The cab I'd called to come pick me up at the small airport in Sioux City, Iowa, turned out to be an old station wagon with a magnetic taxi sign stuck to the side. Its driver was a large, attractive woman with a round face and reddish curly hair that was too long for someone her age. She looked like a Beverly, or a Bev, but I didn't ask her name—I didn't want to get involved. It was a bitter November night, yet she was coatless, in short sleeves, radiating warmth.

I instructed her to go to the Best Western, and, as I expected, she wondered, "What brings you to Sioux City?"

I told Bev I was visiting my grandmother. I didn't tell Bev that two months earlier my grandmother had died and that I had returned to Iowa to close up her apartment.

"For Thanksgiving! On college break?"

"Oh, no!" Okay, I was flattered. "I graduated 20 years ago." She turned on the dome light and examined me in the rearview mirror, deducing, "Not married."

"Nope."

"Ever been married?"

"No."

"Tell me, what are you waiting for?"

Whatever happened to small talk? "I have a question," I said. "How many times have you been married?"

"Twice."

"There you have it! Okay. I never want to get divorced."

"My first husband died."

And that is why strangers should discuss only sports, Brangelina, and the dangers of too much sun exposure.

"But I could still divorce my second husband." She laughed—like *that* was going to happen—and reached up and turned off the light.

"One day I will get married," I promised, tracing a lopsided heart on the foggy window. "I will marry someone once and for all and forever."

"Honey," Bev said, not unkindly, "you better hurry up, because forever's almost over."

I tell this story to my friend Michael over lunch in New York. A decade ago we had a ton of flirty fun working together, and though we see each other only occasionally, we're close. "It's easy," he says. "You don't look married because you look like you don't want to be." Michael got the check. I got the reality check. As we hug goodbye, I ask him to tell me honestly: If he hadn't been married when we met, would he have asked me out?

"You're the girl I would have dated for years and suddenly dropped to marry someone else," he replies. "But I'd never have stopped thinking about you. Or the sex."

"Then why the hell wouldn't you just marry me?"

"You're...intense—but I love that about you!" Or as my playwright friend John once put it: "Holly, if you were a dog, you'd be a Jack Russell terrier." Clearly, I've been barking up the wrong trees. I've had maybe four serious relationships with men, two of whom ditched me—just as Michael imagined he would have—by marrying and promptly impregnating women who were my polar opposite. These men still call. I do not return their calls. Months pass, sometimes years, and out of the blue, another message: "Just thinking about you..." They should have

FROM TOP: JON KORN/GETTY IMAGES.COM; © DOUG PETER/ALAMY.COM/REX USA LTD. © GETTY IMAGES LTD.

IMPETUOUS

been this attached when we were together. It occurs to me that the two hangers-on looked alike, in varying measures crosses between Frank Sinatra and Nazi propaganda minister Joseph Goebbels.

Wanting to know if I can judge a lover by his cover, I head up to the Manhattan office of Gerald Epstein, MD, a psychiatrist and author of *Healing Visualizations*. He's also an expert in morphology—the science of face reading. Originating in the ancient Mediterranean and Egypt, morphology is the 5,000-year-old practice of using facial structure as an indicator of behavior, personality, and physiology traits. “The French have been the preservers of the morphology system in the twentieth and twenty-first centuries,” Epstein says. While it's no longer legal to use the practice as a hiring criterion in France, the Société Française de Morphopsychologie still encourages employers to use morphology as a way to make the most of their employees' natural strengths.

Morphologists believe that from birth, 95 percent of our disposition is a done deal, that our profiles reveal one of four temperaments, our faces one of 12 personalities. Epstein hands me a book illustrated with 12 shapes, each correlating with the name of a Greek/Roman god. He sees me as a rectangle, Aries/Mars. Among the indications: “gregarious, good-humored, fickle, short-tempered, penchant for war.” Allow me to add, “loves make-up sex, can carry a tune.”

“Men find moon-shape faces the most appealing—a circle of receptivity that conveys a yielding nature,” Epstein says. I, on the other hand, “have a very angular face, the face of a warrior. The lines project assertiveness, thrust, and force.” It's the facial structure Epstein says women find most appealing in men. Which is why I'm a chick magnet. Seriously.

I pull out pictures of old beaux and ask Epstein to tell me what he sees. “This one had a drug problem,” he states correctly. “He's a Neptune—see the capsule face? [A long oval.] It's common for them to have addictions. It's not that they want to escape. They're very creative and they're trying to capture a state they want to experience. They're also the least able to understand how to be connected in relationships.” So true!

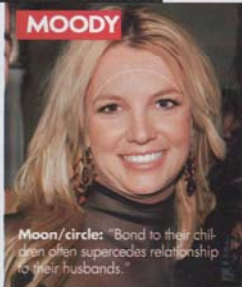
My next ex: “Look at the dimples. Immature. He wants what he wants when he wants it. His face is a trapezoid, Kronos/Saturn. Which means he's also perseverant and hypersexual.” It was the best of times, it was the worst of times...

The last picture is of my true college love, a Kris Kristofferson



Mars/rectangle: “Good humored, fickle in relationships, daredevils who risk life and limb.”

“Men find moon-shape faces the most appealing,” says Epstein. I, on the other hand, have the “face of a warrior.”



Moon/circle: “Bond to their children often supercedes relationship to their husbands.”



Saturn/trapezoid: “Hypersexual; often subject to bone fractures.”

ringer circa *A Star Is Born*. We went off to separate cities but never lost touch. “Now *this* is a nice guy. A great guy,” Epstein enthuses. “He's a reverse trapezoid, Zeus/Jupiter. Generous, tolerant, understanding...” Married, with small children...

“That's too bad,” Epstein says. “But now you know what to look for in a face.”

Walking over to a board, he sketches the four facial profiles that represent the four basic temperaments. There's Biliou: strong forehead, well-defined chin, à la Robert De Niro; Nervous: bullet-shape head, long nose, weaselly; Sanguine: jutting chin, jocklike (very Dick Tracy); and Lymphatic: flat forehead, weak chin, thick neck—think Alfred Hitchcock. I can see Epstein is a Lymphatic—“I am!”—and he declares me a Biliou, which means “you're strong-willed and that will have to be met. When it isn't, you become morose and brooding.

You also glom knowledge with a ‘needing to know’ and have a hypercritical nature, finding flaws very easily. You're also feisty.”

Anything else? “Bossy.” How's that for a personal ad?

I'm not easy to live with, I tell Epstein. He chuckles. “You're not, but that doesn't preclude your getting married,” he says. “You'd do well with a Lymphatic. They're receptive and accepting and won't stand in your way. They're also very devoted and visionary.” But I want to be the visionary! Epstein shakes his head: “You can't be—that's not your calling.

Your calling is to conquer, be indefatigable, acquire knowledge...” And to give my phone number to Lymphatics whose calling is to call me.

Feeling an impulse to delve deeper, I take a taxi down to the International Dermal Institute for a face mapping—an analysis that incorporates Chinese diagnostics. While I undergo a fancy facial, Heather Sing—the institute's Magellan of Mapping—explains how each area or “zone” correlates to specific organs of the body. The ears represent the kidneys. If they feel hot, it could mean you drink too much caffeine or have a high salt intake. Broken capillaries on the upper cheeks could indicate lung stress. A red, bulbous nose? Check your blood pressure. Pigmentation on the top lip can mean a hormone imbalance.

“There's a very strong line running straight across your forehead,” Sing says. “How's your bladder?” Strange that she should ask. I have a bladder the size of a cocktail olive. I'm constantly going to the bathroom.

“Both sides of your chin are broken out,” Sing notes. “That's ovary related. You could be ovulating, or you could be entering perimenopause.” (I vote that I'm laying an egg.) “And this vertical line between your eyebrows—that's your liver. We call that the ‘wine-and-dine’ line. Too much wine and cheese.” I'd upped my daily cheese intake, hoping the calcium would strengthen my fingernails.