

# lash lust

Long butterfly eyelashes—no mascara required? In pursuit of one of beauty's most elusive ideals, Marina Rust goes to great lengths.

is Pat McGrath, who says they're all the rage in London—offered in practically every salon.”

I decide to investigate, with an expert—Charlie—at my side. She is constantly adding false lashes to Gisele, Karolina, et al, on shoots. Plus I hear she's “a bit of a bombshell herself” and game for going “the full Liza.”

We meet at Orlo, Orlando Pita's small but exclusive hair studio tucked above Rescue Beauty Lounge in the Meatpacking District. Charlie is wearing a Marilyn Monroe sundress with high lace-up boots. We're introduced to Mary Schook, a former model and makeup artist who we've been told is the person to trust. I shake hands and stare at Schook. Her lashes are fabulous: long and dark, spiky but natural. Are they extensions?

“Yes, but these are a month old,”

Schook replies. “I've lost half of them. The woman who does mine is in California, and I haven't been able to get back out there. What's left I had to trim this morning.”

You had to *trim* your lashes?

She nods. “That's the thing. They keep growing.”

I *have* to have them.

Schook takes us to her workstation and shows us the lashes, which lie scattered according to length in cotton-lined petri dishes. Made out of silk, they look just like the real thing: black, slightly curved, and pointed at the tip. Lengths, Schook explains, range from six to sixteen millimeters, or a quarter to two-thirds of an inch. Several pairs of long, sharp tweezers lie nearby.

Yikes. Charlie first.

Schook has her lie on a *beauty* > 215

**BUYER BEWARE**  
FOR BEST RESULTS,  
EXTENSIONS SHOULD  
BE INDIVIDUAL LASHES,  
NOT CLUSTERS, SEEN  
ABOVE. PHOTOGRAPHED  
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There was a seismic rumble on Lanvin's spring runway. The faces were minimal, clean, and as stripped down as the clothes. It was just lashes: long, dark lashes.

Of course I've always wanted long lashes; who doesn't? Most women, when asked which makeup item they can't live without answer, “Mascara.” Fluttery dark lashes make a face look finished: innocent yet sophisticated.

But long lashes didn't happen for me. My husband has them. Our daughters, too. (His genes are “hegemonic,” he tells me. Grow like hedges?) For me, last fall's “Flemish face”—no mascara, no liner—should have been a cinch. But

at 40, I just looked like a soccer mom.

Back to the Lanvin runway. “Pat McGrath used false lashes to create that look,” says my editor, “but now she's obsessed with extensions. Would you like to try them?”

Years ago I tried applying false lashes, and they'd just end up where they shouldn't.

“No, no,” she explains. “These aren't false lashes. Not the kind we think of. These are lash *extensions*: hairs individually bonded to your own lashes. They last for weeks.”

Individually bonded? Is that even possible?

It seems yes. “The makeup artist Charlie Green worked with Naomi last week, and she had them,” says my editor. “She said they looked great, and now she's dying to get them herself. As

recumbent beauty chair and examines her lashes. "We do not put on more weight than the lash can handle," says Schook. She shows us a photo of a lash line damaged by another salon. Scary.

"For safety," she advises, "ask the technician to see photos of their work. Make sure the extensions are individual lashes, not clusters. And make sure they are placed straight." Also, she tells us, beware of salons that apply lashes with the client sitting upright or without taping the lower lashes to keep them out of the way. There's the story of the lady who got her eye glued shut, and of course the tweezers are pointy. There is plenty of cause for caution.

Schook asks to make sure neither of us have thyroid conditions, as they weaken the lash. Although Charlie's own lashes are strong and she could probably handle the length, Schook recommends shorter, as longer are a "nuisance." (The idea of lashes being long enough to be a nuisance is deeply exciting.) Charlie and Schook agree on a mix of the ten and twelve millimeters. The lashes will be long enough to flutter but short enough not to get caught in a car door.

Schook cleanses Charlie's eye area, then blasts it with a warm hairdryer. She applies a protective eye pad, tapes down Charlie's lower lashes, and asks her to close her eyes, which is good, so she can't see the huge, pointy tweezers coming at her. With the tweezers, Schook lifts a lash from the dish and dabs it in special black glue. The glue dries quickly, so Schook's experience and precision pay off.

How long will the extensions last?

"Until your own lashes shed naturally.

You'll be back for a fill-in every three to six weeks. I tell women to think of it as getting their color done."

Will we feel them?

"Barely. They might tickle your brow bones."

Charlie grins. Like I said, deeply exciting.

Schook tells me to take a break if I like, and to come back in an hour and 20 minutes for the "reveal." The hour passes quickly in the shoe department at Jeffrey. When I return, Schook is just finishing. "You may sit up," she tells Charlie, and hands her a mirror. "OK, open."

Wow. Clean, natural, and very long.

Charlie flutters her lashes and considers herself from all angles. "I always did want to roll out of bed looking pretty," she says.

"Now the sealant, which strengthens the bond," says Schook, swiping Charlie's lashes with what looks like a mascara brush. Charlie must leave for a job. She thanks Schook, hugs her, and tips generously.

For me, Schook recommends the "tens," which will be change enough. "Remember . . . they'll grow!"

"You're going to love this," she says, getting started. "It makes everyone look five years younger." Our lashes were longer as children, she tells me, and we talk about Calvin Klein's spring runway and its bare teenage faces.

Roughly one hour later, she removes the tape and the pads and hands me the mirror. I have a fluttery thicket of lashes: long and dark; clean, not showgirly.

Schook sends me off

with a printed card detailing lash care and reminds me of the instructions she'd given Charlie: "No oil, no mascara, no curling!" None needed.

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#### ORLO

34 Gansevoort Street,  
(212) 242-3266.  
Extensions, \$375.

#### JOHN BARRETT SALON

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754 Fifth Avenue,  
(212) 872-2700.  
Extensions, \$450.

#### SHU UEMURA ATELIER

121 Greene Street,  
(212) 673-8570.  
Extensions, \$300.

### Chicago

#### THE B SPOT

1471 North  
Milwaukee Avenue,  
(866) 275-9166.  
Extensions,  
\$300 to \$400.

### Los Angeles

#### KATE SOMERVILLE

8428 Melrose Place,  
West Hollywood,  
(323) 655-7546.  
Extensions, \$350.

### Dallas

#### FAB'LOUS LASHES BY JA'MAAL

3526 Cedar Spring  
Road, Turtle Creek,  
(214) 734-0765.  
Extensions, \$550.

### Washington, D.C.

#### PIAF

1023 15th Street  
NW, (202) 783-3334.  
Extensions, \$300.



n Schook's advice, I switch to Guinot's nonoily eye makeup remover and Illuminaré's Fantastic Finish oil-free makeup, which I like, especially for the Lanvin-

runway look. But even when I'm not wearing makeup—nada, zip—the lashes look kind of glam. Suddenly my lids appear shimmery, not shiny, and dark circles dramatic, not dreary—sort of a derelict-starlet vibe. I need neither blush nor lip color. I remember feeling this way after my first brow shaping, but that was ten years ago, so these lashes must really be doing the job.

That's not to say I roll out of bed looking pretty. The third night I must have slept on my face because upon waking, my lashes look tangled, like dried-up black spiders. I splash cold water on my face and they spring back to life. I pat them dry and they're perfect again. (Except for a few rogues on the left that haven't looked right since the taxi touching incident.) Each time I get out of the shower, my lashes—beaded with water—spike and curl in the most unnaturally natural way, like an old-school Noxzema ad. They're fabulous.

Does anyone notice? People can tell something is different; they just don't know what. Taxi drivers call me "Miss." In fact, no one "Ma'am"s me for weeks. I do feel different. Passing mirrors, I flirt with myself.

On the phone with a friend: "Lash extensions?" she says. "Who *does* that? People with too much time on their hands?" I see her the next day. She stares. "I've got to get them."

Several weeks later I call to rebook, leaving a message for Schook: "It's not five years, it's *ten*." □ *fitness* >216