

# High-Maintenance Woman

HMW goes in for a 10-day overhaul



'Is it too much to ask to look sensationally good?' whined Zoë on the phone to her best girlfriend, Blair, in New York. 'Actresses can get overhauled in a month, why can't I?' Zoë had tried pilates and juice fasts, followed Kate Moss to Chiva-Som and even searched for a guru after reading *Eat, Pray, Love*. But no matter what, she never quite seemed to reach the point where she looked... well, perfect. The next day Blair BlackBerryed her: 'Book a flight, come and stay. Dr David Colbert, dermatologist, is doing 10-day rehabs for the skin and body.'

Before you could say 'micro-liposuction', Zoë was on a plane and in New York. She fell in love with Dr Colbert, who called his new system 'the unapologetic guide to looking good'. 'My team can repackage you in 10 days,' he told Zoë. 'It'll look like you've been to Bali for months. People who are healthy also look healthy – this isn't rocket science.'

Day one: the internist, Dr John Adams, who was cute in that preppie American way. He ran a battery of tests on Zoë to check her thyroid, liver and pancreas, as well as for cholesterol, inflammation and numerous other fascinating-sounding ailments. Zoë loved discussing herself, until the subject of her 'social smoking' came up. 'Ten a day isn't so bad,' she thought. The doc said no, and prescribed Chantix, the new anti-smoking wonder drug that works on the nicotine receptor in the brain. He noticed Zoë's skin was dry and doughy and her hair was thin. 'A

sure sign of iron deficiency.

By correcting that, we correct your pallor and you'll have a healthy glow, shiny hair and more energy.' Next was the nutritionist, who put her on a low-GI diet (nuts, fish, eggs, chicken and iron-rich greens) for 10 days, then devised a nutrition plan to take her into bikini season.

Zoë was dreading the trainer. She wasn't well coordinated and hated the gung-ho shoutiness of the gym. Kacy Duke told Zoë they'd meet every other day for two hours. Gulp, thought Zoë. But she kept picturing her smug return to London, as everyone else was panicking about bare legs and bikinis for the hols. Kacy was in another league to any other trainer she'd ever seen. Kacy had been on numerous magazine covers herself, and her clients were stratospherically A-list: Gwen Stefani, Julianne Moore, Iman and the gorgeous Denzel. When Zoë looked on Kacy's website, the client testimonies were sick-making. Kacy told Zoë they'd build her strength from the inside out and make her less afraid of her own body. Kacy also

included a spiritual element in her training and, as flaky as it sounded, it really worked. Zoë adored her 'woman warrior' workouts.

Dr Colbert then started his programme with her. 'I'm not going to make you look like a Barbie doll. This is New York, not LA – no one wants anyone to know they've had anything "done".' Zoë was 39 and Dr Colbert pointed out she was starting to lose volume in her lips, cheeks and eyebrows. 'Eyebrows!' she exclaimed. 'Yes. There's a fat pad under the outer corner and, as that goes, the brows droop.' He explained he would use a little filler to give her face back subtle volume. He mini-Botoxed her forehead and the corners of her mouth, which had begun to turn down.

Day five: Zoë felt exhausted, but masseur Kevin McCabe, a six-foot-four ex-polo player, was worth the pain. He came to Blair's house every evening and with his giant hands gave Zoë a unique

*My God, you look so A-list, her friend said*

healing massage to mobilise fat and fluids and help her lose weight and relax. Dr Peggy Regis, the acupuncturist, complemented the massage every other day with needles specially placed to release endorphins, help healing and, importantly, control appetite.

Day seven: Blair was getting jealous. 'My God, you look so A-list!' It was the impetus Zoë needed. She saw Dr Colbert's in-house psychiatrist Dr Marianne Gillow, because her hedgefunder husband was lamenting the sub-prime mortgage crisis and ignoring her. 'If you're depressed, your energy levels are low and you don't sleep, which affects your health and immune system.' Day nine: Dr Colbert waved the Fraxel wand over her face, neck and décolletage to tighten up and freshen her skin. Day 10: she had micro-lipo on the stubborn fat pad she couldn't shift on her muffin top and had a session with one of New York's best make-up artists. Walking out of Dr Colbert's office, she felt her bum quiver rather than wobble. She boarded the plane triumphantly and saw she was getting those 'Is she someone famous?' glances as she turned left. She slapped on one of Dr Colbert's magic creams and emerged in London, rehabilitated inside and out.

And loving her outside. □  
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