

*"I'm a light person, so face have to be*

So I'm turning 40 on May 27. For some reason I find this hilarious. I'm not really freaking out, like the common lore of ladies, because what's the point of obsessing over something you can't change? It puts the eff in futility. Anyway, I've done all sorts of nice things for a 39-year-old. I have a great job, brilliant friends, lots of free eye cream, and hair that I've finally conquered. And I'm happy, pretty much. But I just. Don't. Want. My. Face. To. Fall. Down. The lines of life are fine—because, God knows, I've had a laugh or a million—but it's the, yes, gravity of the situation that gets me. I'm a light person, so why does the maturing face have to be such a drag? With this in mind, I'm planning ahead. I visit my dermatologist, David Colbert, who practices real medicine but also has a way

with the ladies. He doesn't make them look like children, or embalmed. Rather they resemble the most beautiful versions of themselves. You know those actresses who look really hot for their age? Dr. Colbert "does" a lot of them. He isn't into wiping your life away; he's more into what you could call insurance. I've been seeing him for a year and a bit, and so far he has dispensed, to borrow a term from Robin Wright, "sprinkles" of Botox, mostly to a crevice between my brows that I named after an ex-boyfriend. "Okay," he begins as I sit twitching in his office. "When women are about to turn 40, they get concerned about their neckline and the size of their lips. Cheekbones, thickness of hair,



## THE LIFE

*At her dermatologist's,  
Laura Brown faces the future*

*why does the maturing such a drag?"*

forehead lines, worry lines, crow's-feet. Basically the map of humanity." Humanity, I remember that. "With you, we'd follow a recipe for rejuvenation, which always includes a few drops of Botox," he says. "A bit in the forehead and around the eyes. Maybe a little filler in the corners of the mouth. You don't want to look like a puppet." And I ain't no one's puppet. Also, I'm sad to announce that I suffer from solar lentigines. Sun spots, in English. "We'll just laser those." As for my sebaceous-gland hyperplasia (two little blocked-pore bumps)? Same deal. Next, to the neck! Mine is fine for now, but I'm going to feel bad about it at some point. What's my insurance? "Ultrasound—Ulthera, specifically. It tightens the facial muscles without having to cut or do a face-lift. It takes, like, an hour." "Ooh!

Let's do that, then!" I reply. "But you don't need it now." Oh. What not to do? "Too much Botox on the forehead. It makes a person look heavy and unemotive." He gives me a look. "And we know how emotive you are." And, unsurprisingly, "not too much filler!" I agree. We all know those celebrities whose cheeks stick out. I'm not going for that. "You can dissolve filler with a liquid enzyme, though." See, there's insurance for your insurance! But I'm pleased to say Dr. C. confirmed my instincts about this aging business. Do what you like—do it all, do nothing, just do what makes you feel better. I personally would like to beat Gravity like Sandra Bullock. So while there are many ways I may lose my humanity, I'll never lose face. ■