

THE BEAUTY EXPERT

# allure

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## Gorgeous All Summer

27 Wilt-Proof,  
Frizz-Proof, Heat-Proof  
Beauty Tips

## One-Product Wonder

Easiest Makeup Ever

Chic & Simple

# Hair

Is on Page 100

Amy  
Adams  
Has a Rebellious  
Streak (Who Knew?)

## Mad Weight LOSS

Popping Pills at a Diet Clinic



## Nice Rack!

An Owner's Guide to Breasts

# Take a Hike

I have never been a big believer in the detox craze. If you're an addict, well, congrats, but otherwise I don't think there's anything particularly virtuous about self-denial. Nevertheless, I've become that person, the one who asks for a vegetable plate and an herbal tea for dinner and brings along her own stash of stevia.

I have given up pretty much every indulgence, and I don't feel the least bit self-righteous. In fact, I'd like a vodka soda and a caffe latte right this minute, together. The other night, I took three people I genuinely love to a raw-food vegan restaurant where we waited over an hour for our meal because, as our server said, "the kitchen was backed up." How is that even possible when the food isn't cooked?

What got me to this state was a week at a boot camp in Malibu (don't mock) where meat, dairy, booze, caffeine, gluten, and sugar are forbidden and grueling hikes, yoga, and exercise classes are mandatory.

I'd heard stories about the Ranch at Live Oak in which people collapse on the trail, heaving and weeping. I'd also heard about astonishing transformations and mental clarity. The results were undeniable: A friend met me for dinner the day after her return wearing a skintight leather dress. I wanted to go to that place.

The Ranch is stunning in its spare, tasteful comfort. There's a glamorous pool, vegetable and herb gardens, and a fleet of talented masseurs. The food is made for Instagram: vividly colored, kale-centric, and wildly inventive (a convincing risotto made of sunflower seeds, a spaghetti Bolognese with no pasta or meat). On the horror-storied hikes, there were views of the Pacific Ocean and the Boney Mountain ridge, grassy meadows, and the scent of sage and lavender. No retching, no tears.

Make no mistake: It was brutal. Every morning, after the 5:30 A.M. wake-up, we had to get our blisters lanced and our feet wrapped. The guides made the most awesome bandages, as if they'd trained under Christian Dior, notching the tape with scissors and pleating it neatly and smoothly over our battered heels. Still, our feet throbbled. Finishing one five-hour hike, my friends Carey and Holly and I swore solidly for the final two miles ("...effing hike"). We spotted wild parrots in the trees and stopped grumbling—until we realized those birds probably had a bigger breakfast than we did.

Oh sure, we cheated, but only a little. The Ranch encourages guests to disconnect from the outside world, and it helps by having no cell service, TVs, or newspapers.

Undeterred, all 16 of us stuffed our phones in our CamelBaks, and as we trudged up the mountain, we heard the joyful ping of messages received. When we reached the summit, we hunched over our devices, ignoring the view. And when we eventually looked up at the clouds, all we saw was fluffy whipped cream.

The last day was weigh-in. I lost five pounds, plus another three after I returned. I've made multiple trips to Whole Foods for almond milk, cabbage, raw cashews, and kale chips. But all this healthy living is hard work, and with so few vices, I'm beginning to bore myself. Perhaps it's time to retox after the detox.



Before my detox vacation, I held a dinner (with cocktails!) for Amanda Seyfried at A.O.C. in L.A.

*Linda Wells*

Linda Wells, Editor in Chief