

life with **andré**

IT'S A MAD WORLD

The critically acclaimed series *Mad Men* on AMC fueled Michael Kors's fall/winter collection—imbued with the kind of impeccability associated with the world of domestic **Grace Kelly**—wannabe Betty Draper, wife of the series' lead, Donald Draper. **January Jones** plays Betty in belted silhouettes by **Katherine Jane Bryant** (the Emmy Award-winning costume designer of *Deadwood*, who created clothes as a six-year-old in Cleveland, Tennessee, for her dolls made out of worn-out socks and salvaged fabrics).

Kors hosted a screening at Bryant Park Hotel of the second season's premiere episode, in which Betty has been upgraded from the first season's suburban housewife at the supermarket to



PALE FIRE
 LEFT: AGYNESS DEYN, BACKSTAGE AT MICHAEL KORS. RIGHT: JANUARY JONES, AS MAD MEN'S BETTY DRAPER.

sleek equestrienne with hard hat, tweed riding jacket, and camel cashmere coat—just the look of a Westchester wife of an advertising exec. **Jon Hamm**, who plays Donald, and **Chris Noth**, from the summer hit and series *Sex and the City*, attended the event, where Kors introduced the episode with his usual boyish wonder and enthusiasm. His spring/summer collection is going to continue in the sixties vernacular of cool blondes like Betty, who descends the steps of a hotel lobby in beige chiffon buttressed by layers of crinoline, stiletto, and a fur coat tossed over her shoulders as casually as a sweater.



FRAMES OF MIND
 MODEL CATHERINE MCNEIL (LEFT), IN A MICHAEL KORS FUR COAT AND LEOPARD LEGGINGS, AND MODEL ALYONA OSMANOVA, IN THE DESIGNER'S PORTRAIT-COLLAR DRESS.



The designer himself would never have Betty make an entrance in a full-length fur with an Austrian crystal necklace—this trophy wife would have been handed down pearls from a grandmother or notched up her dinner look with faux diamonds.

Just a thought, Ms. Bryant!

Scaling Back

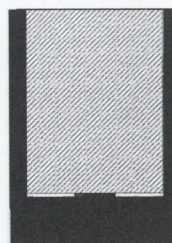
"You are disappearing!" **Marie-Josée Kravis**, one of the best-dressed ladies in New York, said to me. I had just finished lunch with **Peggy Noonan**, **Deeda Blair**, and **Joe Armstrong** at Michael's, wearing a Richard Anderson seersucker suit ordered four years ago. I had never pulled it out of the closet, because I was afraid it wouldn't fit. Well, this summer it did.

Kravis's compliment—a point of pride for me—signaled that three months (off and on) of one-hour sessions five days a week with fitness master **David Kirsch**, who has resculpted the bodies of **Liv Tyler**, **Ellen Barkin**, **Linda Evangelista**, and **Karolina Kurkova**, was working. Kirsch took me on as a client after I saw *Vogue's* **Stephanie Winston Wolkoff** in the office and said, "This is not liposuction! What have you done to get this body?" By training vigorously four times a week and not falling back into old eating habits, the mother of three was down 80 pounds in a year (if you're counting).

The pivotal point in his regimen is that there are no scales. Not once has Kirsch ever asked, "What *andre* >195

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Backstage: ROBERT FABER (l); Jones: CARIN BAER/Courtesy of AMC.



do you weigh?" Being held hostage to the constant routine of five pounds up, five pounds down was a hurdle I thought I would never cross. Now I wake up with a more energetic mind-set and no longer get deflated by weight fluctuations. Kirsch is so tuned in to lapses and progress, he can scan you with his blue eyes at his Madison Square Club (don't call it a gym—what gym do you know is fitted with antique carpets from Istanbul and floor-to-ceiling silver-gilt mirrors?) and register weight gain (like the time I had returned to the comfort of three bacon slices and egg whites).

There is no bargaining; you either do it or don't ("My name is not **Monty Hall**—I don't make deals!" is one of his mantras to yours truly). More than a physical trainer, he is part psychologist, part therapist. During the first weeks, when I was still eating blueberry muffins, he gave me a little book with his personal notes on how to overcome the munchies. In our E-mail exchanges, everything is discussed, from clothing obsessions to people in the gym who look incredible to eating with purpose, not for comfort.

My change was slow; I had to break a lifetime of habits and adopt new ones, like grazing on fresh arugula salad, no dressing, with every meal of the day (I've learned to relish this mainstay of my diet—and not because **Barack Obama** favors this leafy green—in addition to roast turkey from Butterfield Market on the Upper East Side);



DRINK TO YOUR HEALTH
 DAVID KIRSCH'S FAT-BURNING APPETITE-SUPPRESSANT THERMO BUBBLES.

cutting down on carbs (never eat them after 5:00 P.M.); and sticking to a diet supplemented by DK shakes with fresh blueberries or raspberries. In addition to his 180-calorie protein shakes in vanilla and chocolate (which can replace or accompany meals or serve as a snack), the line offers Sound Mind, Sound Body Thermo Bubbles (a fat-burning appetite suppressant I drink out of Dior glasses) and vitamins to begin every morning. Vigorous exercise is the ultimate must. A sample workout: 20-minute warm-up on the **Concept2** rowing machine (level ten), three sets of fifteen push-ups on

handles, ten minutes on the elliptical machine (level six), ten minutes back on the **Concept2**, and four sets of 25 repetitions each on a stability ball with a four-pound medicine ball.

Exercise changes from day to day, depending on the individual, but in his space (where there is a fraternity-brother bonhomie among Kirsch and his fourteen trainers), he always demands total control. It took me weeks to acquiesce to his numbing strength training. Upper-abdominal crunches. Push-ups. Sit-ups. Cardio machines. Finally, one day, while listening to "Native New Yorker" (which recalled my disco days at Le Jardin), I felt energized. **Sam Shahid**, Kirsch's best friend and owner of graphic-design firm Shahid & Company, is a great workout pal. He goes for four hours a day, five days a week, except during the summer. We regularly row side by side, breathless from exercise and gossiping about the latest in fashion.

Not every day is fun, and fortunately Kirsch has the patience of Job. Once, after 30 minutes of rowing at the highest level, I started whining. "Can I only do a half hour today? I don't feel well. I haven't eaten properly. I had the protein shake, but no lunch. Then another protein shake and Thermo Bubbles." He said, "Let's see." I ended up doing 50 minutes of cardio and a full hour of lifting and core exercises. At the end of that day, I got this E-mail message from him: "You are doing very well with the workouts, and I am seeing some good progress. Keep up the good work." □

