

above the fray

independent designers, emerging trends

She's Got Bette Davis Eyes...

For as long as I can remember, I've loved old Hollywood portraits. The movie star personalities gaze out, eyes veiled in mystery beneath lashes that streak across moonlit cheekbones with impenetrable glamour. Kim Carnes puts it best in her song Bette Davis Eyes, "She'll abuse you and confuse you... She's got Bette Davis eyes."

I've always wanted eyes like that, with lashes meant for affectations that breathe mystique and drama. But, I was not born so lucky and I readily turned to mascara tubes to supplement what I lacked.



Fast forward 20 some odd years, I'm laying face-up in a quiet lavender-colored lofted space at Flutter Lash Studio. Studio owner and expert lash artist, Ignacia (Iggy) Garcia's hands dance like a pair of humming birds above me. Moving quickly and with precision, she "paints" long, lush semi-permanent eyelashes on. With miniature tweezers, she selects *xtreme lashes* eyelashes of different lengths and thickness from organized drawers, adhering them to my own lashes one by one. After an hour of meticulous work, Iggy has added over a hundred individual lashes to each of my eyes. The effect is stunning. My eyelashes are now augmented to twice their original length.



As I leave Flutter Lash Studio, I'm batting my eyes like mad with eyelashes so long Bette Davis would be jealous. I'm posturing with affectation, blinking wide-eyed and staring out at the world from beneath my velvet curtain of lashes.

I haven't told a soul about my extension appointment, curious to see if anyone will notice my newfound resemblance to silver screen icons. That evening over dinner, my husband stops mid-meal and looks at me a bit funny. Putting down his fork, and looking at me with a confused gaze, he says, "You look nice today."

"Really? Thanks." I reply. Hmm... That's it? I think to myself.

The following morning he says to me, "you look bright and cheery this morning" as we're getting ready for work. It's true, instead of the usual morning fatigue, I look perky and bright eyed. It's the lashes.

The lashes feel perfectly natural, I'm certainly not aware of their presence. I do have to make sure I keep away from oil-based crèmes and make-up removers which could provoke lash shedding, but otherwise, my cleansing routine is unchanged.

Later that week, over coffee with a friend, B, I amped up the blink factor. After the usual superfluous chatter, she stopped; "But enough about me, how are you?" This question quickly leapt into another—"Are you doing something different to your hair, did you get a facial?"

"No," I elusively replied.

Later that week at a friend's BBQ, no one comments directly on the lashes or my eyes, but I do get comments like, "you look good today." "Or, you look so cute!"

Nobody seems to be able to put the change into words. For a while my non-observant friends behavior irks me. How could they not notice? But then it hits me; it's a bonus that nobody can pin down the *raison d'être*

behind my new fabulousness.

And most important, getting ready in the morning is a breeze. I brush on a bit of eye-shadow and fly out the door with illustrative lashes shrouding my eyes with a tint of mystery. A thousand coats of mascara couldn't even come close to my "Bette Davis eyes."



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