SPRING FASHION’S FEARLESS EASE
GIGI’S BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY
KENDALL’S ALT RED CARPET
DENIM’S NEW SHADES OF CHIC

True West
HOW THE GOLDEN STATE BECAME THE CENTER OF EVERYTHING
THE NEW FERTILITY MECCA; LIFE AFTER THE FIRES

Justin & Hailey’s WHIRLWIND ROMANCE
“She’s the security I always wanted”
It is a truth universally acknowledged that the secret to health and happiness is hidden in Jane Austen. Lauren Mechling steps back in time. 

**HEALTH**

Four rounds filet mignon; 1 lb. pork sausage, in casing; loaf of sourdough, unsliced; 1 lb. butter, pasture-fed, 84% butterfat. As I gather the items on my shopping list, I try not to meet the eyes of the virtuous women in spandex shopping around me. Whatever prejudices one may hold against the food prescribed by a wellness regimen tweeely called the Jane Austen Diet—the title of author Bryan Kozlowski’s clever new manifesto (Turner)—is to stick to her daily rhythms. This means popping outside for a walk first thing in the morning, and holding off a couple of hours before sitting down to a simple breakfast of tea and thinly sliced toast (the most carbs I’ll have all day). I soon find myself staring longingly at my Moccamaster as I fix yet another pot of Earl Grey. Nevertheless, I resist the roasted beet—-and—quinoa salad at brunch with friends, and make do with a sausage and knob of Stilton. I take short, intermittent walks everywhere, clocking in the four to seven miles a day that Kozlowski calculates was de rigueur among Jane’s more able-bodied heroines. While my gym membership lapses, I pay a visit to the local bathhouse, where, in a thrillingly Janeish twist, I witness a fellow bather faint. Three days in, I’m shocked by how energized I feel; even my skin looks brighter, likely the result of regular steam combined with increased exposure to morning and late-afternoon sun. (Kozlowski cautions against “positively insufferable” midday rays.) My courage falters, however, when I speak with Nicole Lund, R.D.N., who is a registered dietitian and nutritionist with NYU Langone Sports Performance Center. “I wouldn’t say this plan is moderate at all,” Lund says. “It sounds a lot like going paleo,” she continues, referring to the ultra-restrictive elimination diet that is no stroll in the English meadows. Lund tells me she’d be surprised if I don’t drop some weight. But to be a waif was no virtue in Jane’s world, and while I do end up losing a pound, I’m more moved by the buoyed spirits and rested glow I continue noticing even after I make a swift return to my avocado sushi rolls and Albariño (a proper glass). That’s the thing about self-care founded not on what you’re cutting out but on cutting yourself some slack. It’s just like Jane says: “Nothing ever fatigues me but doing what I do not like.”