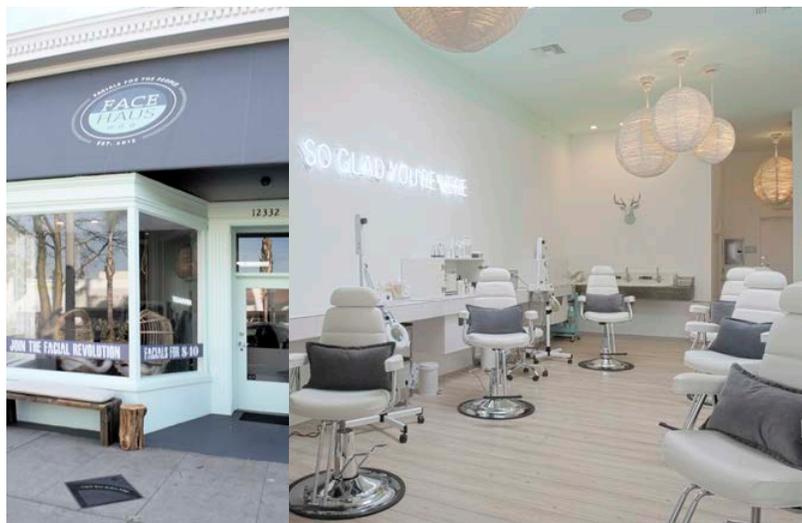


L.A. IS A JEANS KINDA TOWN. No ifs, ands or buts (maybe some butts) about it. Paired with the right ensemble, a good-looking Angeleno can walk into any event—however formal—sporting denim, no questions asked. But it doesn't have to be overpriced indigo. *DSTLDJeans.com* is your new favorite way to purchase jeans. The denim here—contemporary, untreated, gradually tapered, flexible—starts at only \$65, and that's not even the best part, because you can go online, order three pairs you like, try them on at home and send back what you don't want. Plus, a special bonus for Angelenos: DSTLD has opened a pop-up denim bar through the holidays at 8899 Beverly Blvd., where you're invited to have a glass of prosecco while you shop. —S.H.



YOUR NEW FACE PLACE

'Facials for the people' come to L.A.'s buzzing Mid-City in the form of an intimate, Enya-free retreat for men on the go

“WHILE THERE IS CERTAINLY SPACE

in the market for a luxurious splurge at a spa, people need regular, stellar skin care in order to look and feel their best,” says **Jennifer Worley**, who with **Karey Burke** and **Dawn Olmstead** recently brought Face Haus to West 3rd Street. “We couldn't find a place to go with our teenagers, husbands or ourselves, so we created it,” she says. The trio set out to make facials affordable and practical for everyone, and they've accomplished that as the place to go for a 30-minute, \$45 facial.

The West 3rd location is the brand's second store, promising the same facials menu and space design that made Face Haus so wildly popular when it opened its flagship earlier this year in Studio City. Now with neighbors like Joan's on Third, Magnolia Bakery, Drybar and Benefit Cosmetics, Face Haus fits right into the area's simple sophistication.

Its services are intended to be in-and-out without sacrificing quality, making it the perfect skincare destination for local men. “We know that men care about this just as much as women do,” says Olmstead. “Men spend even less time than women do on their appearance, so I think they appreciate that our facials are 30 minutes.”

The Face Haus menu keeps it simple, with nine facials at \$45 a pop. Each one targets a specific skin concern and can be taken one

step further by adding one of the \$10 add-ons. Worley recommends “Face Off,” the facial specifically tailored to men. It includes a deep cleanse, exfoliation, hydration and helps remedy the effects of shaving. There's also “The Haus Special,” which uses their infamous cool globes (affectionately known as “blue balls”), and is popular with both sexes.

The owners were largely inspired by the business model of Drybar (“No cuts. No color. Just blowouts for only \$40.”), and they've built a brand that gets right to the point. There are no backrooms or spa robes to change into at Face Haus—just clean, comfortable treatment chairs in a sleek, modern space that promises an Enya-free playlist.

The West 3rd location adheres to the brand's signature open concept, Scandinavian ski haus design, and the minimalist-yet-inviting look gives the 800-square-foot space a unisex appeal. “We chose colors that felt clean and gender neutral,” says Olmstead. And if that's doesn't do it for you, well, there's wood. “We have a wall of freshly chopped wood right at the front,” she says. “What guy doesn't dig a neatly stacked wall of wood?”

Whether you're a morning or evening wood kind of guy, Face Haus is open until 7 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday, 6 p.m. on Sundays. —**Lydia Siriprakorn**



CULTURE FIX Can Toy Cameras Save Our Souls?

A new book investigates the cult of cheap-o analog photography

We shoot thousands upon thousands of smartphone shots each year—some trashy, some bland. We futz with endless filter apps in hopes of giving the images warmth and character, and then we select a few to be immortalized (sort of) via social media. But what if there was an alternate universe where we cared about each shot—and the device we used had real personality, both in its looks and its technology?

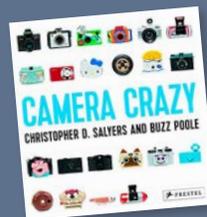
There is. Captured in the book *Camera Crazy* by **Christopher D. Salyers** and **Buzz Poole**, there's a whole niche of collectors and photographers who swear by cheap plastic film cameras and the sometimes unpredictable photos they take.

The book is full of pure candy—Hello Kitty, Lego and Snoopy cameras are fun to look at—but also an intro quoting **Susan Sontag** and **Charles Baudelaire** that traces the history of how photography made art an everyman thing with the creation of Eastman Kodak's Brownie camera in 1900.

The book traces cameras that came in cereal boxes, those designed to look like beer cans and many tiny, tiny spy cameras. It also explains the cheap plastic cameras that were discovered by fine artists and became cult objects popular for their idiosyncratic picture-making abilities—the Diana, the Holga and the Russian Lomo, which gave birth to an analog art movement despite the dawn of the digital age called Lomography.

Chapters devoted to the efforts to save Polaroid, Japanese camera culture and new digital toy cameras round out this field of research.

The cameras are super cute, and though the core argument here may be as insufferable as the “vinyl vs. mp3” fight you've heard so many times before, the photos inside will get you thinking there may actually be shots you want to take deserving more than a six-second life on SnapChat. —**Tom Paul Jones**



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Camera Crazy
By Christopher D. Salyers and Buzz Poole
240 pp., \$30
(Prestel)