

I think the main difference is a laid back sense of self, a quiet understanding of who you are and what you offer, and an unrelenting goal of trying to impress no one but yourself. It's not that in Milan they are younger or skinnier; it's the confidence that Italians, and many Europeans for that matter, exude that creates the illusion that they look so appealing all of the time. If we can start looking like we want to feel, stop trying to impress the world, and know that beauty isn't defined by a number of any kind, then maybe one day a Milanese thirty-something will inspire to be more American.



On this side of the pond, we are so obsessed with wrinkles, fat, and what is on the red carpet, that we do not give ourselves the opportunity to look amazing the way that we are. Our ideas of beautiful have been tainted by an impossible Hollywood/Madison Avenue expectation. I have seen little old Italian men dressed impeccably, and the first thing that pops into my mind is, "He looks amazing and I hope that I look like that "when I am his age."

Wrinkles or not, that is what we should aspire to. On the other hand, how many times have you come across an older woman dressed like Lindsay Lohan, her face Cheeto orange, and stretched like she's skydiving. This is not a gender-biased opinion at all; men are also guilty of these offenses, fueled by our own insecurity and presumption.