

HOW SWEET IT IS

A breathtaking Bel-Air hideaway, an upcoming wedding, a new role that's generating serious Oscar buzz. It looks as if Jennifer Aniston is having her cake—and eating it too

BY AMY SYNNOTT

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHELANGELO DI BATTISTA

STYLED BY MELISSA RUBINI

LANVIN

Cotton mesh tank, silk camisole, and wool skirt.

Beladora 14kt or 18kt gold necklaces and 14kt gold bracelets (except where noted, worn throughout). Gucci sterling silver and gold-finished horse-bit bracelet (on left wrist, worn throughout). Left-hand ring, worn throughout, her own. Calvin Klein Collection suede heels.



LANVIN
Silk dress.
Calvin Klein
Collection heels.

ALTUZARRA

Knit yarn cardigan,
Lycra two-piece
swimsuit, and napa
leather skirt.

Beladora necklaces.
H.Stern 18kt gold ring.





**DONNA
KARAN
NEW YORK**
Linen canvas dress.
Salvatore Ferragamo
python belt. Manolo
Blahnik snakeskin heels.

Jennifer Aniston's sprawling property, which she shares with fiancé Justin Theroux, is perched on a steep hill with panoramic views of Los Angeles. But before you can get in to see her (or that sublime view), you have to get past a hulking gray electronic gate.

"Who are you here to see?" a chipper female voice inquires when the buzzer is pressed. An appropriate question, I guess, when there is not one but two Hollywood stars sequestered behind that iron curtain of privacy.

And boy, do they need their privacy. Aniston has endured near constant scrutiny from the tabloid press ever since splitting from Brad Pitt in 2005, despite being one of the most beloved (and bankable) actresses of her generation. After she got engaged to Theroux in 2012, the speculation and gossip over an impending wedding and/or pregnancy reached a frenzied pitch. "I realize they need to sell magazines," says the 46-year-old, with a shrug. "But it's really getting old. What kills me is when friends send me pictures they've taken at a newsstand. One magazine says, 'Desperate and alone,' and the other one says, 'She's eloped!' I mean, at least consult. Don't make yourself look like an idiot. I'm going to be 50 and they're still gonna be saying, 'She's pregnant!'"

Fortunately, these days Aniston is getting lots of press for all the right reasons. Happily in love, she is also at a major turning point in her career, thanks to her Oscar-worthy role in the indie drama *Cake*. In the film she wears no makeup (save for a few meticulously applied artificial scars) to play Claire Simmons, an irascible, pill-popping addict who suffers from chronic pain after a tragic and debilitating car accident. "It was really the most challenging role I've ever had as an actress," she says. "Hitting all those notes as authentically as possible—physically, emotionally, and psychologically. I felt that if I was going to take a risk like this, I just knew it had to be bulletproof." Her dedication paid off: She has already been nominated for best actress by both the Hollywood Foreign Press Association and the Screen Actors Guild Awards.

When I arrive at her house, a perky brunet assistant ushers me into the living room, where I'm asked to wait until Aniston finishes up a phone call. The interior of the home looks nothing like the sterile, Mondrian-themed behemoth I saw

LANVIN
Silk dress.

HAIR: CHRIS
MCMILLAN FOR
SOLO ARTISTS.
MAKEUP: ANGELA
LEVIN FOR TRACEY
MATTINGLY.
MANICURE: TOM
BACHIK FOR
CLOUTIER REMIX.
SET DESIGN: LISA
BAZADONA.



in pictures online. Her open-air living room—while undeniably enormous—has a cozy, zenlike feel. The couches are covered in soft, tactile fabrics like wool, cashmere, and what can best be described as teddy bear. (“Yup, it’s upholstered in teddy bear,” Aniston assures me later with a playful smirk.) A large amethyst geode shares space on the coffee table with weighty tomes on landscaping and art. Oversize Buddhas and various Hindu gods beckon from every corner of the room. On the wall leading toward the formal dining room hangs a surrealistic painting by Marc Chagall.

Aniston, who says fixing up houses is her “closeted passion,” clearly has some serious decorating chops, but the place isn’t without a sense of whimsy. “I’ve never had a modern house,” she says. “So my challenge was to bring in some warmth.” To wit, on the counter of the built-in bar on the right side of the living room sits a series of Mason jars filled with all manner of treats: jelly beans, Peppermint

Patties, Twizzlers, malt balls, roasted almonds. But my favorite part of the house—the corner of her world that really illuminates her delightfully twisted sense of humor—is the first-floor powder room. It is there, intermingled among luscious white peonies and a flickering Diptyque Santal candle, that I discover the statue given to Aniston from the Screen Actors Guild Awards for outstanding performance by an ensemble in a comedy series. Truth be told: The coveted statuette isn’t displayed high up on a shelf; it’s standing beside the toilet, arm outstretched, handing me the Charmin.

“I mean, what else was I going to do with it?” Aniston giggles when complimented on her ingenuity. “With that little arm sticking out? I hope it doesn’t seem like a big ‘F you’ to the Screen Actors Guild. I know people who use their Oscars as doorstops.” Having finished her phone call, she is now curled up on the gray cashmere couch in her living room, sipping a passion fruit iced tea. She is wearing rolled-up

boyfriend jeans, a soft green cotton shirt, and tortoiseshell glasses. A nimbus of sun-dappled layers hangs loosely around her face. Sitting this close to her, it’s hard for me not to be distracted by her skin, which is tan and virtually poreless. There’s nothing frozen about her face: When she speaks, her eyebrows dance, her forehead furrows. “Sophie is my newest rescue,” she says, nuzzling her dog’s neck. As one of her other rescue dogs, Clyde, climbs onto the couch and starts licking my face like it’s a T-bone, we get down to business, discussing Aniston’s new roles, new love, and the tabloid headline she would one day like to see in “*Crapass Bullshit Times Weekly*.”

In *Cake* you play a depressed woman suffering from chronic pain. What drew you to this role? Honestly, I read the script and I just loved her. She’s this kind of nasty, acerbic, funny person who is in pain. And then there’s the story. What she’s been through. It was like a perfect storm. For an actor, it was like tick, tick, tick. So much

emotional territory to cover.

A lot has been made of the fact that you don’t wear makeup in this movie. But this is not the first time you’ve dressed down for a role. You did *The Good Girl* ... Yup. And *Friends with Money*. But this one, well, she’s really

banged up. For two months there were no mirrors to look at, no manicurists. Nothing. The hardest part for me was when they said, “Don’t work out.” I said, “But I have to.” And then I realized, Oh. When you’re not working out, your levels of joy just go down, down, down. And it’s not that easy to get the weight off once you stop working out. You say to your body, “Hey, what’s going on?” But that’s just the 40s.

In a recent interview you said the 40s were the best years yet. It may be harder to shed those extra pounds, but all of this stuff [she circles her head with her fingers] is fabulous. Just thinking about the girl I was at 20-something or even 30-something—there were so many questions, so many worries, so much wasted brain space on things that really don’t matter.

What do you think was the turning point for you? Turning 40. I’m a late bloomer. I mean, it’s no secret: I’ve had some challenging companionship. [Laughs] I think hitting a wall with that really kind of [helped me grow]. I found a great therapist. Not to sound too “woo woo,” but I think the self-love piece was really important. And spending a lot of time alone. Having time to ask myself why there was such toxicity in my immediate space at times. Why would I attract that instead of light? **I’ve read that you are very interested in Transcendental Meditation. Is this when you started?** I’ve played with it since my 20s. I mean, living in Laurel Canyon, there’s got to be a goddess circle [a group of women focused on tapping into the power of their female energy]. I was always interested in that sort of spiritual, mind-body stuff.

Speaking of mind-body connection, I recently saw *Horrible Bosses 2*. You make a very convincing sexual

predator. Ha! I love Dr. Julia.

She was fun to play. Being so unapologetically dark and dirty and disgusting ...

When we interviewed you in 2002, you told us how self-conscious you were about doing your first sex scene in *The Good Girl*. I saw absolutely no sign of that in *Horrible Bosses 2*. You’ve got some balls. I’ve got bigger balls than all three of those boys in that film combined.

Tell me how you met Justin. I met Justin through Robert Downey Jr. I was on vacation in Kauai with David [Arquette] and Courteney [Cox] and my friend Mandy [Ingber], who’s also my yoga teacher. Robert was on the island shooting *Tropic Thunder*. One night he came over for dinner and brought his friend Justin Theroux. He was the screenwriter on *Tropic Thunder*. I had never heard of him.

So this was around 2008. What did you think the first time you saw him? I remember thinking, Isn’t he hot? But he was very hidden. As he says, for him, “it’s winter from the waist down no matter what season it is,” so he was wearing black jeans, combat boots, glasses, and a fedora.

At this point in time, were you single? Oh, yeah. *Soooo* single. But it was never [a romantic thing]. I just thought, What a lovely guy. He was funny. But he was actually really quiet. I later came to find out that he was just exhausted because he had been writing nonstop, like a little hamster on a wheel. This was his one night off, and he had no personality, but he was very sweet and very overdressed. I was like, “You must be really shvitzing up a storm in those jeans and combat boots.”

So you didn’t see him again until 2011, when you were in *Wanderlust* with him? Yeah, but then we just became very good friends, as did everyone on that set. We didn’t start dating until the following summer, after he went through a breakup. All of a sudden it was just like, Well, you’re one of my closest friends and ... somehow I just saw him in a different light once he was available.

Do you feel like you’ve gotten wiser about relationships as you’ve gotten older? If I haven’t gotten wiser about relationships, then I should be kicked out of life school because I’ve had some really good training.

There’s so much interest in your upcoming wedding. How do you keep it private? There’s a big discussion in our house right now: Do you just do it and say screw it? Or do you try desperately to get away with [a secret ceremony] where you don’t have any fun because you’re hiding in a cave somewhere? If we could do it without all the buzzing and the noise ... It can be done. Where there’s a will there’s a way.

What’s a typical Saturday night like for you guys now? We go out a lot during the week, so we usually stay in on the weekends. We’ll have friends over for a big dinner party or do a movie. On Sundays Justin cooks. He’ll surprise me with some wonderful egg creation. He also makes great pasta.

So you eat pasta. Lately, I do. Blasphemy, I know. When I was 110 pounds, I never ate pasta. I’ve been allowing myself a lot more in the past few years. Which does make it harder to lose those last few pounds. But you have to live. And so what? You go up a size. What’s the big deal?

Last time we spoke, you said you’re not a fan of Botox. How do you handle the pressure in Hollywood to look perpetually young? People lose perspective. I look around and see how bad plastic surgery and injections can really kick you in the ass. So I just take care of my skin, eat well, exercise. And I love lasers and [other noninvasive treatments like] Thermage [radio frequency] and Ultherapy [ultrasound]. I also like a good microcurrent facial. **If you could write your own tabloid headlines—that are true—what would they be?** Oh, that’s a tough one. That should be a Justin question. Wait a sec. How’s this? “When I’m pregnant and married, I will let you know. Not a tabloid publication. Not *Bullshit Times* or *Crapass Bullshit Times Weekly*. They will not be telling you. And by the way, stop stealing my thunder! Let me have the fun of telling that story.” ■

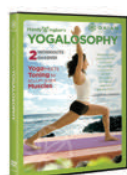
The Girlfriend’s Guide to Aging Gracefully



The HAIR

Yes, she still has Chris McMillan in her back pocket. But she also gets a little help from Living Proof (a hair-care line she co-owns).

Living Proof No Frizz Weightless Styling Spray \$26/3.4 fl. oz.; livingproof.com.



The WORKOUT

Aniston works out four to five days a week. Every other day is strength training, and on the off days, cardio—spinning, running—and yoga. “I really like changing it up so the body never gets used to it.”

Mandy Ingber’s Yogalosophy DVD \$15; gaia.com.



The DIET

Low-carb? Check. Gluten-free? Check. And every morning she drinks a protein shake made with sugar-free chocolate almond milk, frozen cherries, half a banana, blueberries, raw walnuts, and chocolate Stevia drops.



The FACE

Good genes (she is part Greek) may help, but Aniston, who is the face of Aveeno skin care, claims that sleep and water are “your best bets for really great skin.” She also sees a naturopathic doctor who has her taking fish oil and probiotics. And when it comes to makeup? “I love everything from Chanel.”

1 Chanel Perfection Lumière Velvet Smooth-Effect Makeup Broad Spectrum SPF 15 in 50 Beige \$45; chanel.com.

2 Chanel Le Blush Crème de Chanel in Chamade \$38; chanel.com.

3 Make Up For Ever HD Blush in Fawn \$26; sephora.com.

4 Chanel Rouge Allure Gloss in Sensible \$34; chanel.com.

5 Chanel Rouge Allure Luminous Intense Lip Colour in Craquante \$36; chanel.com.

