



NEW YORK POST

Just a Buck!

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**Rex's
time
to go**

MIKE VACCARO: SPORTS



**'Ebola' nurse's
quarantine hell**

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STOP & FIX

**'Chokehold' mom
has cops repair car**

Police-chokehold victim Eric Garner's mom got cops to serve as her personal roadside repair crew after being ticketed for a broken headlight — then got the ticket tossed.

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Just 'do it

Trouble keeping your hair sleek and your body fit? With new 'touch-up' salon services, harried New York women are no longer sacrificing their blowouts for their workouts



Lori Humphrey styles Jessica Catalano at Exhale on the Upper East Side. The gym's Glam&Go team offers an "express blowout" service that promises to transform you from "sweaty to swanky" in 15 minutes.

BY REBECCA RAPHAEL

LESS than 12 hours after spending \$65 to get her hair blown out, Kim Raciato Dechiaro hit a 6 a.m. SoulCycle class that left her drenched in head-to-toe sweat. The 33-year-old corporate-event producer had just one hour before a breakfast meeting with a client.

There was no time for another blowout. Showering and walking out the door with wet hair

or throwing it in a ponytail were not options. Neither was dry shampooing and combing through the sweat. Even with her favorite headband as armor, the intense cardio session in near-steam-room conditions had turned the previous day's blowout into a frizzy disaster, replete with flyaway curls around her hairline. (Her beloved eyelash extensions survived intact.)

So what's a busy New York City woman to do when her workout sabotages her blowout?

Do getting a great body and having a good hair day need to be mutually exclusive?

Not anymore. Dechiaro headed back to the Upper East Side's Lovella Salon for a "touch-up," the latest trend for extending the life of a blowout, which smooths out (mostly) dry hair and retouches the style.

Using dry shampoo to absorb the sweat, if needed, along with a round brush and a hair dryer, a stylist combs through each section of hair to revive the 'do in less than 15 minutes.

"Touch-ups have been a lifesaver for me," says Dechiaro, who gets three blowouts weekly and stops by for touch-ups in between. "I don't have time to sit in a chair for 45 minutes every day, so I used to forgo workouts to avoid ruining my blowout. Now I don't have to."

Touch-ups, which some salons call "comb-outs" or "express blowouts," are the latest answer to the workout/blowout conundrum faced by countless women who exercise regularly and are strapped for time, especially on the Upper East Side, where looking good can be a full-time preoccupation.

"We'd see our clients at SoulCycle dripping in sweat and completely ruining the

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PULSE

Zandy Maynard

pulsetrend

Sweat equity

From **TOUCH-UP** on Page 29

blowouts we had just given them hours earlier," says Revi Joseph, who runs Valery Joseph Salon, which has three locations on the Upper East Side. So she started suggesting to her loyal clients, many of whom buy packages of 10 blowouts for \$650 and frequent the salon daily, the option of getting a free comb-out within one day of their full wet-to-dry blowout.

Khirsten Stavola, Dechiaro's stylist at Lovella, estimates that demand for touch-ups has increased 50 percent in the last year, and hints at it being somewhat of an addiction for her regulars. "My clients are busy moms or working women who want to look good all the time. So they keep popping in for me to revitalize the style and give the blowout a bit of volume when it falls flat," she explains.

Like Joseph, Stavola does not charge her loyal clients, most of whom get full-price blowouts at least twice a week. For clients who have not been blown out at the salon previously, the fee for a touch-up is between \$12 and \$20, depending on hair length and whether a flatiron or curling iron is needed. Fitness studios are also

now catering to their clients' desperation to preserve a blowout.

"The gym is where me and my hair needed help most," explains Erika Wasser, founder of Glam&Go, which now offers in-gym hairstyling at Exhale's and Sports Club/LA's Upper East Side locations.

"While the concept of dry-styling has existed for a long time, I think it's just starting to make its way out of the shadows," says Wasser, who has opened eight other locations throughout New York, Connecticut and Miami. Glam&Go offers an "express blowout" that takes dry, post-workout hair from "sweaty to swanky" in 15 minutes for \$20.

The beauty shortcut particularly appeals to women on the go. "Most of the touch-ups I do are for working women who want to salvage a blowout because they don't have time for a new one," says Amanda Ramos, a stylist who exclusively makes house and office calls for blowouts. Her day starts at 7 a.m. for standing clients, whom she visits immediately after their workouts. "My clients are hardworking women juggling careers, children, social lives, and squeezing in workouts daily," says Ramos, who does about

Kim Racciato Dechiaro with stylist Amanda Ramos. After hitting the gym, Dechiaro gets "touch-ups" at her salon to salvage her regular blowouts from sweat.



Plans workouts...

Jessica Chestman works up a sweat at Punch — requiring her to meticulously schedule her blowouts (far right).

50 blowouts and touch-ups weekly, primarily on the Upper East Side.

But touch-ups aren't right for everyone.

"My workouts are so

cardio-intensive that there's nothing I could do afterward to save my blowout," says Jessica Chestman, 35, who works out regularly at Punch Fitness and SoulCycle. So

around blowouts



she meticulously strategizes the scheduling of both. "On the days that I get blowouts, I pack in client meetings and then try to plan dinner out so I can maximize the blow-dry. I like to get at least two hits out of it," explains the mom of three and founder of Chestman Art, an art consulting firm. "When I don't

have time for a blowout, it's a wet ponytail day, which I don't mind when I'm in mom mode because I don't need to look as polished."

Such precision planning is de rigueur among the well-coiffed set — where seemingly no measure to fight frizz is off-limits.

"I can't tell you how many requests we get about pumping up the air conditioning from clients who don't want to ruin their hair," says Amanda Freeman, owner of SLT, a boutique fitness studio with three locations in New York City. "There are even people who get to class early to make sure they can get a [position] right under the AC vent, so it can blow on their hair."

Sting's debut musical isn't perfect but it stays afloat

YOU want to love Sting's "The Last Ship." It's a serious-minded show with a new score, not a jukebox of musty hits. It even offers an original story, inspired by Sting's childhood in northeast England.

In other words, this is a grown-up musical the way Sting is a grown-up musician — offering literate, haunting ballads and well-crafted, pop-folk barnburners. It's also overly earnest and a wee bit grandiose. This duality is reflected in the show's two overlapping stories. One

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THEATER REVIEW

THE LAST SHIP
Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St.; 800-745-3000. 150 minutes, one intermission.

★★★

is very effective, the other not so much.

The closing of the shipyards in Wallsend spurs Gideon (Michael Esper)

to return to his hometown after 15 years as a sailor. It's too late to reconcile with his late, estranged dad, but maybe there's hope for a life with Meg (Rachel Tucker), the girl he left behind.

Except she's now living with Arthur (Aaron Lazar), the only guy who had the sense to get a job outside the yards. Together they're raising Meg's son, Tom (Collin Kelly-Sordelet) — the offspring Gideon didn't know he had.

The book by John Logan ("Red") and Brian Yorkey

("Next to Normal") weaves those plotlines together fairly well, since life and work are so inextricably tied in Wallsend.

Prodded by the local priest (Fred Applegate), the unemployed men set out to build one last ship on their own.

Yet their efforts are less involving than the story's love triangle. Meg's hesitation between Arthur and Gideon seems very real, and Tucker gives her character palpable angst. It also helps that the trio gets

great ballads.

The production is handsomely staged by Joe Mantello, while Steven Hoggett ("Once") contributes his trademark "don't call it dancing" movement — characters launch into synchronized steps as if in a collective dream.

In many ways, "The Last Ship" is a shaky raft trying to balance too many things, too predictably. But its heart-on-the-sleeve honesty helps keep it afloat.

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Rachel Tucker and Michael Esper play star-crossed lovers in Sting's new show.