

92 BEST NEW BEAUTY BUYS

december 2007

marie claire

Sexy HAIR

SECRETS FROM
A TOP STYLIST

WHAT TO EAT
FOR ALL-DAY
ENERGY

STYLE
BOOT CAMP
WHIP YOUR CLOSET
INTO SHAPE

MY POLYGAMOUS
LIFE: I HAD 47
SIBLINGS, 7 MOMS,
AND ONE FATHER

NICOLE
KIDMAN
SPILLS

“THE FIRST
YEAR OF
MARRIAGE
IS THE
HARDEST...”

LONG
DISTANCE
LOVE
A SURVIVAL
GUIDE

BOOST YOUR
SEX LIFE
(BATTERIES
REQUIRED!)

101 party dresses

ON 101 REAL WOMEN
(HALF UNDER \$100, SIZES 4-14)

+ GREAT NEW BAGS, SHOES, JEWELRY

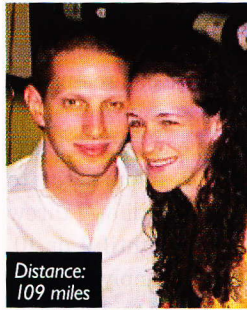
\$3.50 US/\$4.95 CANADA, FOREIGN



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all the time—and should I buy stock in Ocean Spray? Or would it become routine, warping us into some pseudo-married couple who penciled it in after *American Idol* on Tuesday nights? Would sex be as good? Would we try as hard to make it good knowing we could always try again tomorrow? Would he be as excited to see me after six hours as he had been after three weeks? Could I still expect spontaneity? I mean, if he's lying there right beside me every night, what's going to trigger the heat one night over another? How does that even work? But as I immersed myself in the mundanities of packing, I found a kind of Zen rhythm in the sorting, the purging. And I thought, Maybe it will just be . . . *normal*. And would that be so terrible?



HE WANTED TO SNUGGLE; I WANTED TO DO THE LAUNDRY

BY RACHEL BERTSCHE

THE TROUBLE WITH Matt and me wasn't so much the lack of "we"

time as the absence of "me" time. My boyfriend was in law school outside Philadelphia while I worked in New York. I'd hop the train down to see him, and we'd spend 48 hours watching episodes of *Entourage* in his suburban apartment building, which landed aesthetically somewhere between my freshman dorm and a retirement home. And we'd just be together. It was blissful, but what it meant for me was that back in New York, I had between 8 and 9 p.m. on weekdays—and the very rare actual lunch break—to clean my apartment, buy my mom a birthday present, go to yoga, sneak in a dinner with friends, refill prescriptions, and treat myself to a mani-pedi. When Friday night would roll around and Matt was ready for our self-imposed house arrest, I often couldn't shake the sheer longing to be cleaning out my closet. I imagined stolen moments in downward dog, got a frisson at the thought of loading up a grocery cart at Trader Joe's. Twisted? Maybe. But now that Matt and I live together, I still feel like getting him out of his shorts isn't that much hotter than getting them washed.

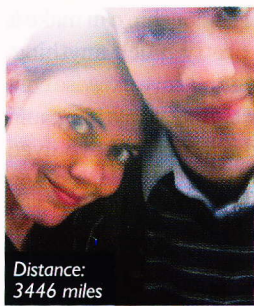


MY LONG-DISTANCE BACKUP PLAN

BY LAUREN IANNOTTI

IN MY EARLY 20s, after taking a cool job in New York, I started dating a guy in Annapolis, and though I had never spent more than a week at a time with

him, I dreamed of absconding to his split-level ranch on a grassy, tree-lined acre. Why not? I'd always considered my life in the city to be a kind of prison sentence: I would get my career established and be out in five years, three on good behavior. And while I considered myself an independent woman, a part of me wanted the boyfriend to >>



LOVE TRIANGLE: ME, HIM & HEATHROW

BY DIANE VADINO

I LIVE IN New York and my boyfriend lives in London, and after three years like this, I know the routine cold: the plastic bag of Benetint and Kiehl's moisturizer

samples in my carry-on, the train to the airport, the last Virgin flight out of JFK to Heathrow. I know the Hudson News stand before the gate and the location of the only Pac-Man game I have ever discovered in an airport. I know that when I arrive in London, I will walk out of customs and see a Boots pharmacy on my right, a Marks and Spencer to my left, and my boyfriend somewhere in between. We'll have precious little time to fight, or to investigate each other's flaws too deeply, and before I know it, I will be back, precisely here, waiting for a car service, because at this late hour the train will be empty and, alone with my bags, I will feel vulnerable and exposed. The car-service driver will tell me that he is from Lebanon and had hoped to work as an interpreter for the government, only to be turned away when he would not give up his Lebanese citizenship. He will tell me I am too old to be without a boyfriend, and I will tell him that I have one—at least, enough of one, because I will realize that I am the sort of commitment-phobe for whom the "long-distance" is as important as the "relationship." It is moments like this when I will realize what a huge portion of this affair I spend on my own, and moments like this when I will realize, to both my disdain and my delight, how very little I mind.



PROS & CONS OF THE LDR

PRO: You don't need an excuse when you don't

feel like sex on a Tuesday.

CON: You can't get laid on a Tuesday.

PRO: You get tons of frequent-flier miles.

CON: Your landlord doesn't accept them.

PRO: The long bus rides give you time to finish *War and Peace*.

CON: That bus smell.

PRO: You know the best bathroom at O'Hare.

CON: You've eaten more in-flight trail mix than you can safely stomach and have seen that 2004 episode of *Two and a Half Men* 17 times, without sound.