

BONUS: Free hair products

DECEMBER 2000

marie claire

HAIR & MAKEUP

Your new look in 10 minutes

Horoscope

Who's right for you?

HOW TO FAKE PERFECT SKIN

'The day I learned to love my body'

sex

What's hot, what's not

Your looks: What MEN notice first

GUEST EDITORS
Drew, Cameron, Lucy
Survive in the desert:
no food, no water, no tents

FASHION

464

NEW SEXY LOOKS

+ 50 best black dresses under \$100

\$2.95



0 74820 08530 1



■ Drew, Lucy and Cameron master the art of fire making.

her eyes, which conveyed both misery and amusement. I looked over at Lucy, twisting and turning on a rock, trying to get comfortable. Her eyes were also peering out from her ridiculous hood-mask as she said: "This is unbelievable." Suddenly, I realized they weren't the only ones wearing absurd headgear. I, too, sported . . . a hood-mask.

Then, we all burst out laughing. We had to. There we were, 4:30 or 5 in the morning, in the middle of the Utah desert with the Milky Way above us, the heavens looking down upon us and our rock, and there we were, laughing our asses off. I love those girls.

■ **day 2** The Eastern sun was up and so were we. I love waking up outside. You feel like all living things have been replenished with life from their deep rest.

Of course, that didn't apply to the three semi-living things who had only gotten about 15 minutes of sleep. But that didn't matter to me. I woke up totally energized. I couldn't wait to see what we had before us. This was beautiful land.

We followed Mike to a wall of rock. The morning sun was low and strong enough to project our shadows onto the wall. That was fun. Step right up folks. Shadow puppet shows with live human beings.

Then I realized that I was standing on the edge of a 100-foot-deep crack in the earth. I thought: Hey, let's go down into it. This is where the fun begins. This is the sort of challenge I came here for.

I can't tell you how much I needed to just put my back against the stone and take in the earth's energy. We were truly inside earth that had been pushed apart by nature's hand—not blown apart for construction of some underground parking lot.

The fact that this crevice was just wide enough for us to ▷

cameron's DIARY

■ **day 1** We started hiking after dinner at about 11 p.m. The sky was unbelievable—the way it's meant to be viewed, not competing with the city's lights. We learned it takes about 20 minutes for your eyes to adjust to darkness. Your night vision rivals that of a feline. You can't focus on what is in front of you, so your peripheral vision becomes your strong point of focus. It's completely amazing. It seemed like there was a glow illuminating everything, rather than an actual light.

I took caution whenever I passed anything that was large enough to hide a body behind. Then, I laughed at myself when it finally dawned on me that no one was waiting to jump out at us and demand our wallets. *Duh.* You get so programmed in a city to watch your back.

We walked from red rock formations through sand until we found a nice, hard, cold rock. Mike informed us that this was where we would sleep. "Just find someplace to sleep." That's all he said—and walked off. Goodnight, Mike.

We had no blanket. Just a wool shirtjacket, thin polypropylene underwear (not Gore-

Tex, not fleece, not cashmere, not even thermal cotton). Oh yeah, and also a wool face-cap.

Jill, who's one of the most striking individuals you'll ever see, checked on us. In terms of sleeping, she said that sand seems soft at first, but gets harder and colder as the night goes on. Rock, on the other hand, sometimes holds the heat from the sun. More suggestions: We should probably sleep together to use body heat for warmth. Also, sleeping near a bush sometimes helps block wind.

This was a night of pure comedy. The three of us sandwiched together. I got the middle out of instinct. Since I'm the tallest, Drew and Lucy both fit perfectly under my arms and chin—it was our natural position. That night, we were spoons that kept flipping back and forth. Any side that was exposed for longer than 15 minutes ached for warmth and forced us to simultaneously flip over and grab one another tightly.

I will never forget the image of Drew waking up with The Big Dipper dipping to the earth just behind her head.

Through the opening of her wool hood-mask, I could only see



"When I saw the crevice, I thought: This is just the sort of challenge I came for."
—Cameron



wedge ourselves down to its floor was amazing good fortune. Down below, we managed to find everything that we needed for our survival.

We found our first reserve of rainwater caught by rocks, which formed little pools. After pushing aside the bugs and filling our cups, we treated the water—which smelled like wet hay—with purifying drops. We would not know for another 30 days if our drops were effective. But we drank the water. We had no choice.

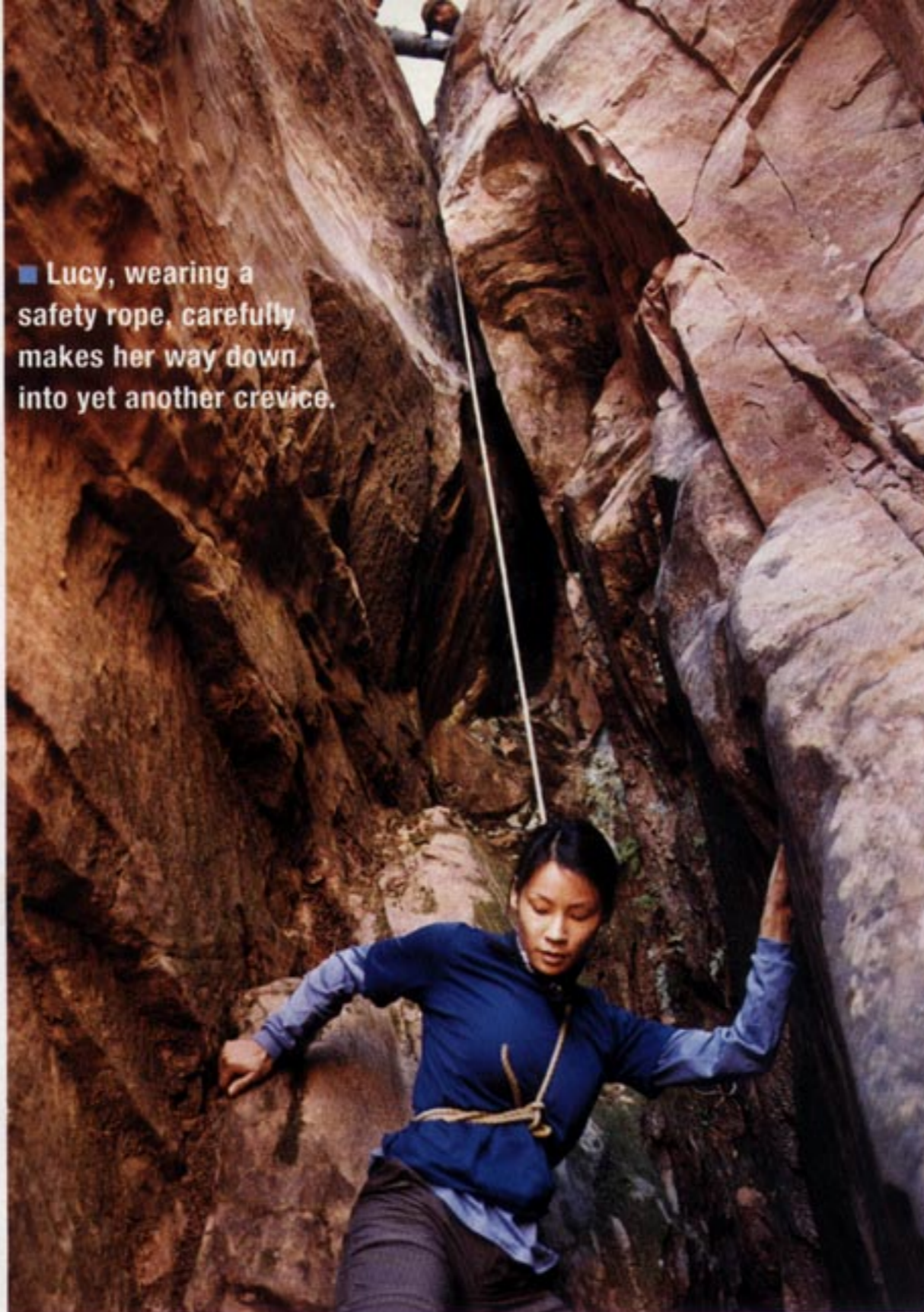
At the bottom of the crevice, we found an opening to a canyon—along with a huge pool of stagnant water that smelled like Holy Hell. Of course, we had to cross through it. Lucy and I thought wet boots would be uncomfort-

able so we took them off and held them over our heads until we reached the other side. Mike, Jill and Josh could not say whether this was a good idea. This was, after all, survival.

That was the coolest part. We were teaching ourselves to survive. Our guides showed us how to find drinking water and food, how to negotiate terrain and set up camp. But they wouldn't answer questions starting with "Where?" "How long?" or "Will we have . . . ?" In a survival situation, you never know where, how long or what you will have. Got it? There's no answer. This was quite freeing. I didn't feel the need to know any of these things. It was a nice change from a schedule that's usually filled with too many answers to those questions.

It ended up that we spent a good part of the day treading—and swimming—through stagnant pools of water. Eventually,

■ Lucy, wearing a safety rope, carefully makes her way down into yet another crevice.



"I couldn't have felt more free and safe. It was magical."
—Cameron



we came across the mother of all pools, which we had to enter—depth unknown. The water was freezing and heavy. There was absolutely no buoyancy. Because some people in our group couldn't swim well, you didn't know if everyone was going to keep their cool. But we all helped one another through. Teamwork, as always, brought strength to every individual, and luckily, we made a good team.

As we went deeper into the canyon, plants became greener and rocks became more red. Here, we found our first bit of real food. It's all relative, of course. We found cattails growing out of a spring. When you pull them out, they look like green onions with long roots at the end—hopefully. That's the "meat" of the plant. It's starchy, without a lot of taste.

On we went. Next we came to a serene river. The Escalante River. It was knee-deep for the most part, but up to 10 feet deep in some places. In these pools of 6 to 10 feet, there were the gifts of the river. Fish, fish, fish—and lots of them.

So began the fishing lessons. We used—yes, you guessed it—our hands. Our goal was to scare the fish out of their hole and get them close to shore so we could scoop them and throw them on land. You can also sneak up on a fish swimming under a ledge on the river bank. You get down next to it, tickle its belly (they'll think it's another fish), get your hands in position to grab 'em and try to get your thumb in a gill for a better grasp. This is tough. I tickled, I positioned and I almost had my thumb in his gill, but he got away. You should've seen how big he was. At least *thiiiiiiiiis* big.

We finally caught a fish. It was a team effort—sans Drew, who doesn't believe in killing any animal. I totally respect her for feeling that.

Onward we went, foraging through the river, up onto land, into the river, up onto land, into the river . . . you get the point. We walked until we ran out of daylight. We still hadn't made it to our camp, though, where our guides had food and blankets waiting for us. So we cooked the catfish over a small fire that was simultaneously drying our socks and pants.

Then, Mike made a huge bed for us out of leaves under an old oak tree. We all honkered down in this heavenly nest and slept through the night like babies.

■ **day 3** The night before, Lucy was so hungry she ate the fish's eyeballs. She awoke pale, clammy and feverish. I don't think the eyeballs and the clamminess had anything to do with one another. Do you?

Jill gave her a branch from a cottonwood tree to chew on. ▷

lucy's DIARY

■ When we started our trip, we began with impact. That meant we could only eat what we found, and drink water we happened upon. Take into account: We were in the desert—in the summertime. This meant whatever food we found was dry.

We hiked for what seemed like 14 hours, which included rock-climbing, swimming, dealing with the sun and trudging through the Escalante River. Usually, after I go hiking for an hour and a half in Los Angeles, I eat an enormous meal. Deprived of food—save for some dry berries—I don't know how I survived. It's incredible how much you take for granted the simplicity of food. Eating is something we do all the time. We never think about it. In fact, we usually overindulge.

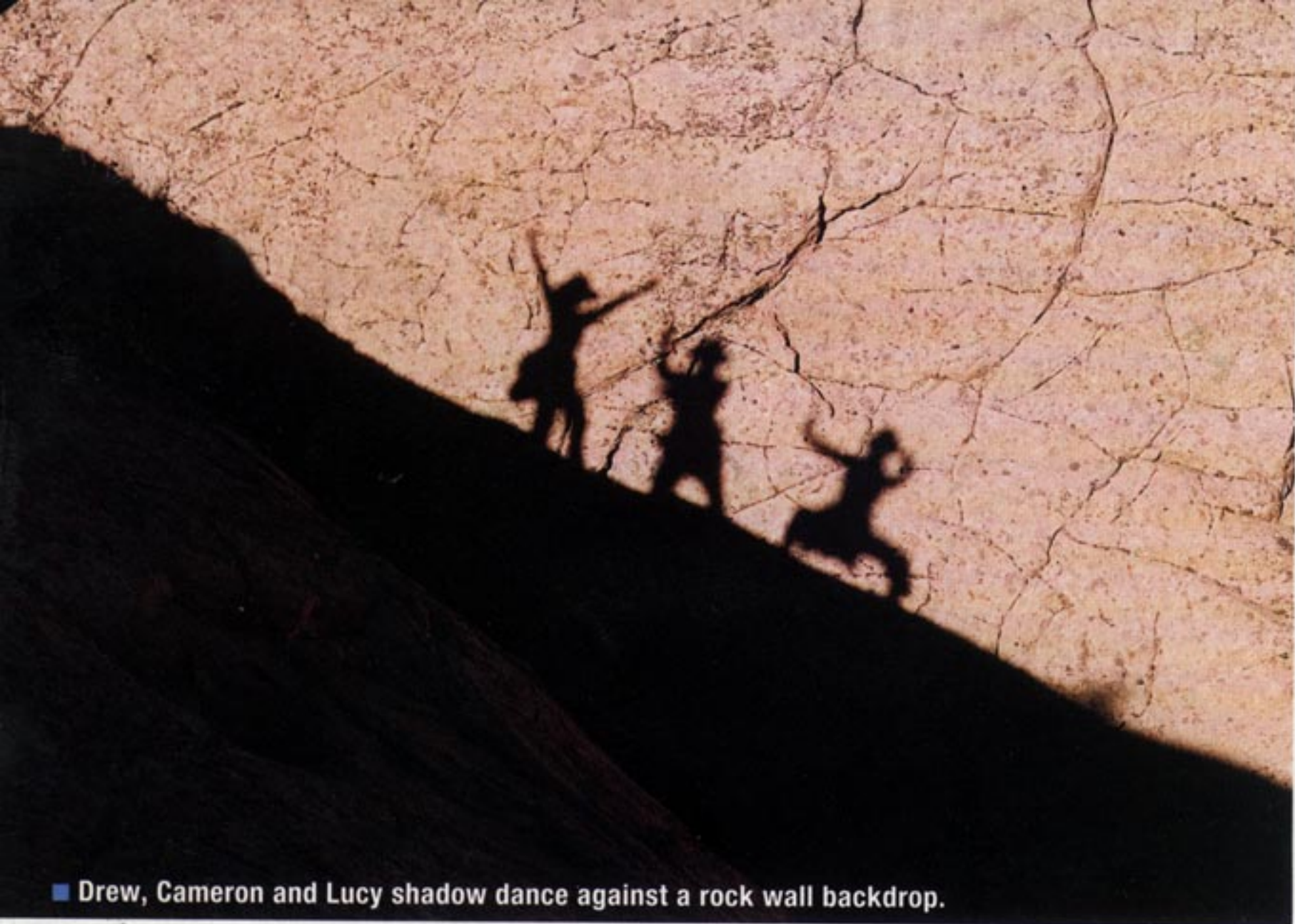
The water we found looked like swamp water. But we drank it. More than anything, I didn't want to get dehydrated. The berries and shrubs I ate didn't taste very good, but I ate them knowing that I needed some sort of sustenance to go on. I tried to be open about what I ate and focus on how it

would provide me with energy for what we had ahead—which was always unknown.

It's incredible how resilient your mind has to be to survive. It's all about willpower. It does not really matter how much physical strength you have. Ultimately, you have to push yourself mentally.

It is also amazing that when we began our journey, I noticed

things like the beauty of the landscape and the different smells surrounding us. But as I became hungrier, my focus went instinctually to survival and shut off all my other senses. Every time I▷



■ Drew, Cameron and Lucy shadow dance against a rock wall backdrop.

Cottonwood has salicylic acid in it, which is also found in aspirin. This took Lucy's fever down and brought her back to steady feet—amazing. You can also chew the tip of the branch until the fibers separate and, *voilà*, a natural toothbrush!

We plugged on until we found our camp, along with our food and blankets. We celebrated with trail mix, bananas and a lemonade mix the guides called Pink Death. Then we learned about camping: gathering wood, cooking, making fire with stones, and wood and a bow, and making string out of natural fibers.

My favorite thing was carving spoons. It's gratifying to transform a piece of wood into something with your own hands.

Next, we found time to take a dip in the river. If there were a million good reasons to hike 15 miles over a day and two nights with no food or water or blankets, the number one reason would be to get naked with no one else around and swim in the river. I couldn't have felt more free and safe. It was magical.

As evening came, we packed our plastic ponchos, wool blankets, dehydrated lentil beans (just add water) and a carrot.

We separated from each other, but stayed close enough to call for one another in the morning to head back.

We each spent the night alone in the woods. The earliest darkness, for some reason, is the darkest. You can't see anything, but you hear every little insect scamper. After a while, you stop honing in on this and enjoy the rush of the river. You also enjoy counting falling stars until you fall asleep. And then, of course, you wake up cold at the crack of dawn. I ate a carrot for breakfast and leftover lentils. I hung my food on a branch of a tree overnight so that no critters could get to it.

■ **day 4** After a quiet morning of breakfast and putting sagebrush to use, I packed my things and took one last plunge into the river. We were then taught how to make backpacks out of our blankets and cordage. It was simple and comfortable. We hiked through yet more terrain until we came to the opening of a road. There we sat in a circle, passing our talking stick and sharing our thoughts. Then we rushed back into the "civilized world" to make our flights.

"When I thought I'd faint from hunger, I focused on taking one step at a time."
—Lucy



■ The girls breathe easy as they begin the last leg of their challenge.

thought I was going to faint from hunger, I just set my mind on taking one step at a time and I somehow got through it.

We had crossed the Escalante River almost 20 times and tried fishing three times. By the final time we went fishing, I was ravenous. My job was to corral the fish into one area. Let's just say I was unsuccessful. But I was extremely determined, since I saw fish as our only chance to get anything substantial to eat that night.

Josh and Jill trudged around the river with giant machetes.

ly pale. I drank some water. Jill gave me a piece of a cottonwood branch to chew on. That helped me clear my mouth and my senses. I put on my wet socks and wet boots and off we went.

I wondered if I would become a good fisherman if I was in the wild on my own. If Josh hadn't caught that catfish, I don't know what would have happened. Apparently, a human can go three weeks without eating. I barely survived 48 hours.

It's very telling how convenient everything is in society. Fast foods, fast lifestyles, every-

really proud that we had all survived and had managed to recognize our strengths and weaknesses. Survival teaches you about friendship and takes you to the most base part of being a human being. It isn't about material items or appearances or personalities or how much fame or money you have. It is about listening to your body, communicating with other people and letting go of your ego. Pride has nothing to do with survival. It has everything to do with what benefits everyone—not just you as an individual.

Nature is nature. We condition her. We build on her. We expect things from her. But when you're solely with nature, you're on her terms. If you don't give in to that idea, you ultimately will be the one to suffer.

Nature teaches you how to deal with your own inner struggles and prioritizes what's truly important. Discovering those truths can be more painful than you think. It is very confrontational when you're deprived of everything that you're used to.

Love and friendship (this sounds really cliché), the simplicity of life and the value of that in itself, are some of the things I learned to cherish on this journey.

Working with Drew and Cameron on the film was an amazing experience, but going through this journey with them showed me how we truly connect with one another. We not only survived the trip, but we also worked together as a team. Drew has so much strength and passion, and Cameron illuminates life everywhere she goes and is so genuinely curious about life. I am the luckiest person in the world to have eaten a catfish eyeball, drunk sewer water and dangled from a cliff in their company.

Many thanks to Boulder Outdoor Survival School (www.boss-inc.com) located in Boulder, Colorado, and to our guides, Josh Bernstein, Mike Ryan and Jill Christensen.



■ Before re-entering the “civilized” world, the girls smile proudly about their survival instincts.

Finally, Josh caught a catfish that would've been a meal for one, but in this case, had to feed seven of us.

That night, we made a fire and cooked the catfish for what seemed an eternity. We were staring at the fish like it was a filet mignon. Finally, Jill broke off a small piece of the fish—about the size of two fingers. We each took a small bite and passed the fish around. It was pathetic. Eventually, we ate everything: skin, fins, bones, eyeballs, cheeks. We demolished that fish.

I woke up with the worst taste in my mouth. I had a cold sweat and Cameron said I looked real-

“We not only survived the trip but we also worked together as a team.”
—Lucy

thing at your fingertips. Then suddenly, you find yourself standing in the Escalante River playing offense against a catfish. I'd say it's very awakening.


At night, we went solo. Me in the woods by myself—it's a crazy thought, especially having grown up in New York. But it happened. By the time we were set free on our own, I recognized trees, had some sense of direction (which I'd never had), and I knew how to retrace my steps by looking for certain landmarks or footprints. I set up camp under a tree and watched the stars.

I thought about all of the things we'd been through. I felt

■ How would you cope in the arid desert for three days without your own food, water, tent or sleeping bag, and with no idea where you were going? This is the challenge *Marie Claire* gave Drew, Cameron and Lucy. Read on for their diaries

“I survived.”

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FIORENZO BORGHI



■ The girls swim through a river so deep they cannot touch the ground and with sides so slippery they cannot get a hand grip.

■ ■ by drew barrymore,
cameron diaz
and lucy liu

drew's DIARY

■ **day 1** Hiking isn't really my thing. Neither is rock climbing. But Lucy is into hiking, and Cameron is more athletic than I am. I would prefer skydiving or swimming with sharks. A while ago, I hiked in Telluride and they called the hike "moderate." When I got to the top of the mountain, I didn't cry. But I was so tired, I was hysterical. I thought: I'll never think the same way about the word "moderate."

I certainly like challenges and like to embrace them. So, why should this one be any different?

Our car dropped us off in the middle of the desert. It was so beautiful. The moon was crescent and it shone upon us. Mike, Josh and Jill (our guides and survival instructors) told us our eyes would adjust like cats to the night—and they did.

I started thinking about Tom, my then-boyfriend and now fiancé, because I was upset about not knowing when the walking would end. Our guides told us not to ask questions about how long or how difficult it would be because we would not be able to do so in a real survival situation. That made me feel like a caged animal. There was a lot of authority on this trip and I tend to rebel against authority. I hate it.

Before this trip, Tom and I had put these special magic Band-Aids on our fingers. Mine on my right index finger, his on his left. We put our hands together and said that any time we wanted to say something or needed to feel each other, we just had to touch or talk into our magic Band-Aid. I'd already said "Help me," "Rescue me," "I love you," "I miss you" and "Thank God you're here to make me feel good at these awkward times when I feel as though I am not facing the challenge properly."

After what felt like two hours of walking, Mike told us to make ▷

■ The girls carefully wedge themselves down a 100-foot crack in the earth to reach the river valley.



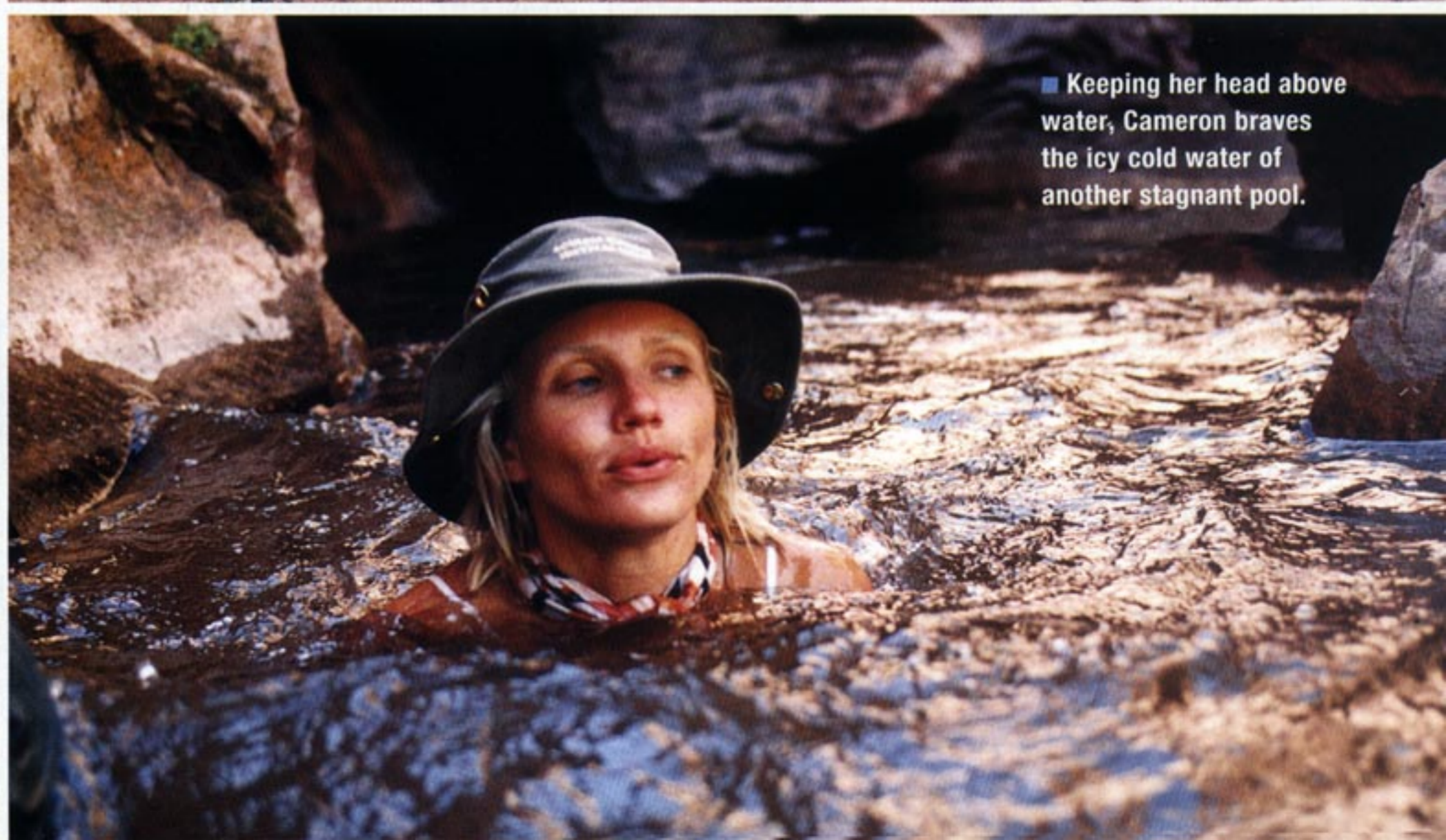
"If you don't give in to the idea that you're on nature's terms, you'll suffer." —Lucy



■ Tired, hungry and cold, Drew and Lucy give each other a hug for encouragement.



■ Asleep on rocks without a blanket or tent, the girls "spoon" for body heat.



■ Keeping her head above water, Cameron braves the icy cold water of another stagnant pool.

■ Every part of the grilled catfish was eaten—including the eyeballs.



our camp. We slept on rocks with no blankets. I kept thinking about Ernest Shackleton in the book *Endurance*, and what he went through night after night, sleeping on top of the ice with only wet canvases to protect him. I couldn't believe it was possible that I wouldn't get any sleep and that I was so uncomfortable. I wondered if I'd make it through the night. Finally, I fell asleep.

■ **day 2** When I woke up, I went and cried behind a bush. There, I saw this little tree—not more than an inch wide and two inches long—growing out of the ground. I felt so stupid. Why was I so concerned with my own silly problems? My mind was not totally free yet, but I was trying hard to get it there. Seeing this tree struggling to make it, was a tremendous step in the right direction.

“When I woke up, I went and cried behind a bush. This trip was very scary and difficult.”
—Drew

Next, we got instructions on how to go to the bathroom in the wilderness. After hunching over like a dog, you have to wipe with sand repeatedly and then take sage or juniper brushes (because of their antibacterial properties) and fan your little, you know, privates. What an interesting experience.

Later that day, we hiked for what seemed like 30 miles without more than a five-minute break. My throat started hurting because my glands were swollen and my mouth was so dry. We only had a few cups of water that we had collected from potholes in the canyons. You wouldn't think it was drinkable, but we treated it with purifying drops meant to kill parasites. All we had eaten the whole day was watercress, mint leaves and lemonade berries.

By late afternoon, it was extremely hot and I felt like I'd crossed 8000 rivers. I'd crawled through crevices in canyons that were barely wide enough to fit my body. My claustrophobia level was insane.

I always try to get in touch with my body and with nature, whether it be through yoga or running or healthy eating. Yet, while I find joy and laughter in those processes, our trip was very scary and difficult.

I wondered how Tom was doing. He would have made me laugh if he was with me because he'd be laughing and saying funny things the whole time. He would make me feel happy and very light.

I was concentrating so hard to get through this challenge, but I also wanted to make sure I really enjoyed it. The journey is everything. Once you get there, it might be beautiful, but did you enjoy the journey?

■ **day 3** I actually got a few hours of sleep last night. Mike had made us a bed out of leaves—it was really comfortable. I didn't think about insects or spiders. I 'brushed' my teeth

with a stick and baking soda and washed my face in the river. The water felt so good.

Before I went to sleep last night, I thought about the fact that I had been having a really difficult time so far on this trip and that I was going to try hard not to complain anymore.

I put duct tape over my magic Band-Aid because it was starting to break. Then I said: “Good morning, Tom. All I want is to come home to you. I've wanted to leave a few times, but it's you who is giving me the strength to follow this through to the end. I feel proud of myself and feel that you'll be proud, too.”

Finally, after a long day of hiking, we arrived at the camp the guides had previously set up with food and blankets. We learned how to make a fire without matches. It takes as long as it sounds.

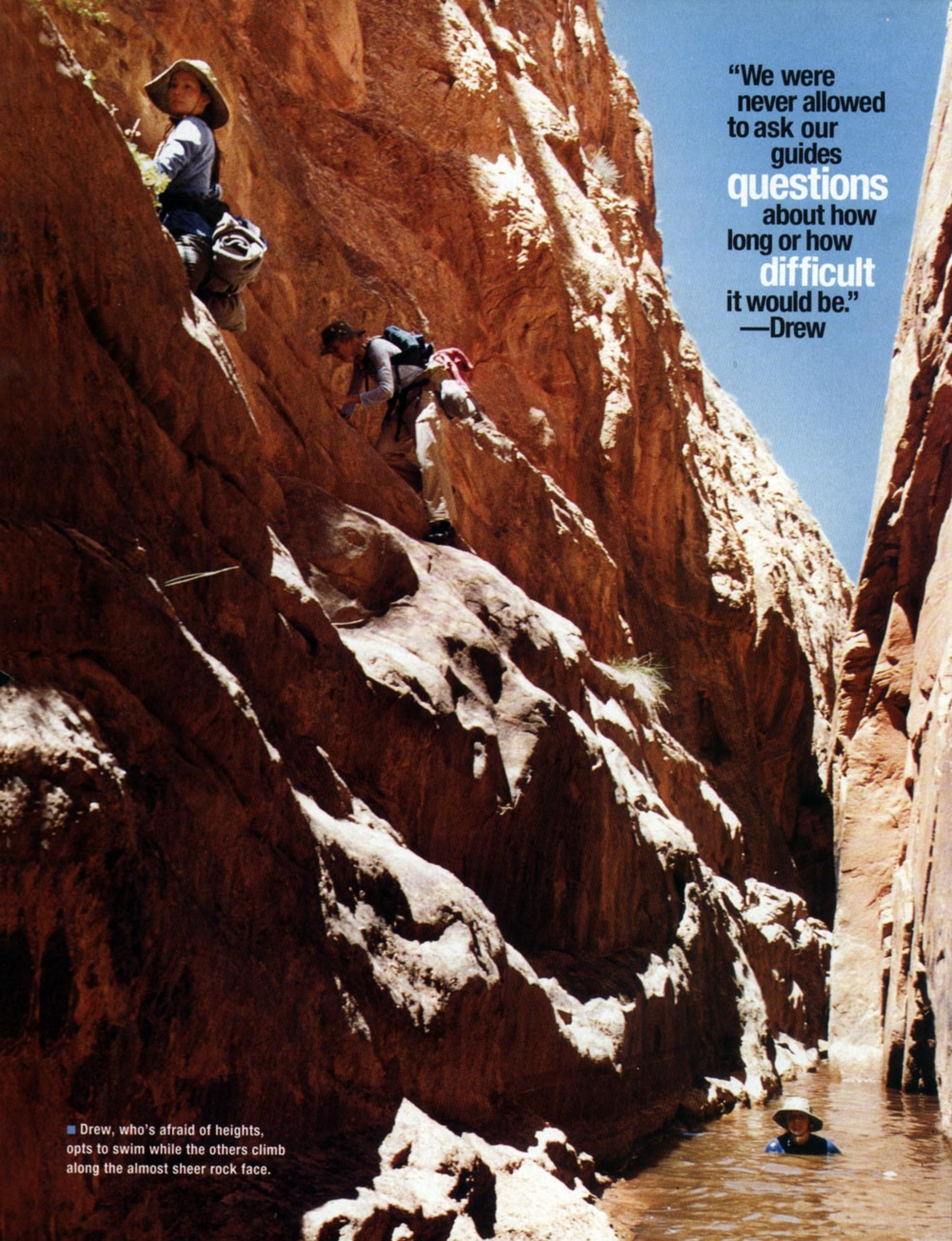
Then, I got ready for bed. Tonight, we had to each set up our own camp away from one another. I was lying out there on a bed of leaves with a poncho and a wool blanket—the most coverage I'd had on this entire trip. I was looking up at the stars and the moon, and I thought about being in the middle of nowhere by myself. That was so crazy.

Judging by the sky, it must've been about 9 or 9:30—certainly not by a watch. I liked that no one on this trip wore a watch. I never do at home either.

It's funny—I felt safe among the hills, mountains and landscapes, even though they looked huge and black. Well, actually, every rustle in the bush did scare me a bit.

Cameron and Lucy were so positive, strong and full of humor and compassion on this journey. They are truly remarkable, and I really, really love them. I'm always honored to be in their presence.

I realized that after I cried in the canyons and pretty much had a little nervous breakdown▷



**“We were
never allowed
to ask our
guides
questions
about how
long or how
difficult
it would be.”
—Drew**

■ Drew, who's afraid of heights, opts to swim while the others climb along the almost sheer rock face.

■ Like true survivors, Drew, Cameron and Lucy prepare to make their own fire with stones and wood instead of matches.



Not allowed to bring

1. food
2. water
3. watches
4. cellphones
5. flashlights
6. sleeping bags
7. tents
8. sunglasses
9. cosmetics
10. radios



(I thought you had nervous breakdowns at busy intersections—not in the middle of nowhere and surrounded by nature), I started to open up. Also, I thought about how life is an exploration of every single thing in it and about touching, smelling and seeing what these things look like on all sides, particularly on the inside. I did that with myself on this journey.

Lying under the vastness of the sky, I felt so small. I thought about when we had to swim through that deep river under the cave that was in that narrow precipice in the canyon. When you fly over mountains like these on a plane, you can't see the details, let alone imagine yourself actually inside the cavernous spaces. It was wild.

Earlier in the day, we were told to be careful where we stepped because some of the vegetation had taken centuries to grow. I wondered what the world would be like if everyone decided to not step on anything that could get hurt by them. I wonder that every single day. And every single night, I wish for a safe world.

So in conclusion, I believe that you must challenge yourself each morning and must think about the fact that you have this great ability to positively affect the world and the people in it.

Personally, I have decided to take a picture of a tree every single day from now until January 1st. I think this is going to be a wonderful experiment.

And—oh my god—the magic Band-Aid! For Tom, the magic Band-Aid turned into an idea that “now is the time to put on the engagement ring.” My beautiful husband-to-be took to heart the magic Band-Aids in a way that is unfathomable and beautiful and cosmic and perfect. And now I know why I struggled to keep it on my finger.

I want to thank *Marie Claire* for giving me an assignment like this and an opportunity to go out into the woods and the wilderness and gain a whole new perspective on every bone in my body. ▷