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# VOGUE

NOV

## NINE

BEHIND THE SCENES OF THE BLOCKBUSTER MOVIE MUSICAL WITH

Nicole, Marion, Penélope & Kate

## IT'S NOT EASY BEING GREEN

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# i will survive

Packing only the barest essentials, man-about-town **Hamish Bowles** ventures into the Utah desert for a grueling wilderness course—and an unexpected life lesson.



**BOTH SIDES NOW**  
THE AUTHOR AT HIS  
CAMPSITE IN THE  
WILD AND, ABOVE,  
AT THE LIGHTHOUSE  
INTERNATIONAL  
AWARD DINNER IN MAY.

They may say that the apple never falls far from the tree, but there are times when I feel I must have been picked up and hurled. My mother is the sort of woman who not only can raise a chicken and roast it to moist perfection but, as she proved to my openmouthed sister and me on a family holiday to Morocco when we were very young, can barter for one in a market, kill it, pluck it, and then cook it to perfection. Mum's poetic missives arrive from far-flung corners of the globe whither she has dispatched

herself for months on end, armed with a backpack, chutzpah, and the sort of funds that might just get me from the airport to the hotel and back. I remember one epistle in which she expressed outrage that the rat-infested hotel in Kerala where she had stayed the year before had hiked its rates from 80 cents a night to an extortionate dollar. In a clear case of role reversal I have learned not to worry, even when her Christmas-card photograph, taken in the remotest Laotian jungle, showed three sweet-

faced teenagers discreetly brandishing AK-47s. "They were opium dealers," announced Mum matter-of-factly when I braced myself to ask. "Lovely boys."

So when a fellow *Vogue* editor suggested that for our Environment issue I should surrender my lavendered life and enroll in a course at the famed Boulder Outdoor Survival School in Southern Utah, I thought here surely was an opportunity to tap into my gene pool and take a giant leap beyond the comfort zone of my cosseted *up front* >98



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## up front SURVIVAL SCHOOL

world. Founded by Larry Dean Olsen in 1968 and now run by Josh Bernstein, president since 1997 (he has also hosted the History Channel's *Digging for the Truth* and Discovery Channel's *Into the Unknown with Josh Bernstein*), the school offers physically and emotionally grueling courses that are designed to inculcate not only wilderness-survival techniques but also an appreciation of the environment and indigenous cultures. Its goal, ultimately, is to foster "camaraderie and community spirit" and "a stronger sense of self-esteem." So mired was I in the minutiae of my hectic life that I didn't think much about any of this until several days before my departure, when I found myself at Paragon Sports, picking my way gingerly through synthetic-fleece balaclavas and hobbling up and down the pebbled testing slope in trekking boots, one pair more excruciating than the last. I fell upon a brace of cotton bandannas in lilac and purple, which at least promised a style continuum with my urban world.

When I finally scrutinized the small print in the contract I had been sent to sign for the customized four-day course, it gave me pause. "Participants may be injured . . . by natural hazards and elements, including: falling rocks and trees, flash floods . . . lightning, extreme heat and cold, stinging and biting wild and other animals and insects, toxic plants, hanta virus, West Nile virus, and bubonic plague." One disquieting passage read, "Accidents or injuries could include: blisters, abrasions, ankle and knee injuries, fractures, head injuries, rock-climbing injuries, and, in severe cases, death."

"You can do it," said Anna blithely (one eye, I suspected, on the tennis) when I expressed misgivings. "The whole program has been structured around you," added our exasperated Managing Editor when I voiced graver qualms with her. "I mean, this isn't a walk in Central Park!" My mother wouldn't balk, I said to myself, and it was with her inspiration in mind that I put my florid moniker to the dotted line.

Several days later I found myself at five-thirty in the morning at the Travelodge in Provo, Utah, where Josh would collect me for the four-hour drive to base camp. In my bleary-eyed stupor it took some time to appreciate that the unlikely assortment of people assembled at the coffee urn were to be my fellow travelers on this odyssey. "It's a hootin' good time," said strapping, 30-something Jason, who had completed the 28-day BOSS course (during which time you learn how to humanely slaughter, dismember, and prepare an animal for cooking using methods that would have been familiar to the indigenous Anasazi Indians centuries ago). Jason had served in the U.S. Navy and was the sort of alpha male who patched his blisters with gaffer tape. Shane,

a delightfully garrulous Mormon from British Columbia, Canada, first heard of the course in '79 and had been a wilderness-course fanatic for even longer. Jackie, a 31-year-old nurse from Minnesota,

had completed both the seven- and fourteen-day courses and had clearly found them life-defining experiences. Her enthusiasm was evangelical. She also regularly ran marathons. Paul, the oldest in our group, had climbed Mounts Kilimanjaro and Elbrus, and explored the Antarctic. My stomach was now performing a lively polka. Lynn, a 50-something math teacher from Oklahoma, was a more reassuring presence, although she, too, had taken a BOSS course before. She joked that she had found out about it when she turned 50 and Googled "midlife crisis." Wendy (who happens to be Josh's PR) was a New Jersey glamazon who knew from a Chloé dress and kept her admirable body in shape by pole dancing. I sensed an ally.

The preternaturally personable Josh Bernstein is possessed of flashing cinematic good looks (which, maddeningly, weather ever *up front* >100

Wendy knew from  
a Chloé dress  
and kept her  
body in shape by  
pole dancing.  
I sensed an ally



# up front

## SURVIVAL SCHOOL

more prettily under the direst conditions nature can throw at a body) and a reassuringly unflappable manner. As we drove to Boulder, *The Magic Flute* playing soothingly on his car stereo, it occurred to me that I ought to ask some fundamental questions. Were there any life-threatening animals where we were going? "Mountain lions and black bears," said Josh. My stomach was now performing Scottish reels. (There were also snakes and scorpions, to say nothing of the deadly hemlock plant.) As we neared the BOSS base camp, the forested mountains evoked Bavaria, the skies turned to slate, and a biblical lightning bolt scissored the sky.

**T**he BOSS goal, Josh told us after we'd arrived at base camp, "is not about voting someone off an island. Plant some positive seeds in your mental garden." Course rules strongly discourage any discussion of religion or politics, swearing, and movie quotes. These last two would prove exceptionally difficult to uphold—the first for the self-evident reason that I have rarely found myself so in need of expletives, the latter because our predicament resembled by turns those of Ingrid Bergman leading her

charges on an epic trek in *The Inn of the Sixth Happiness* and the hapless backwoods adventurers of *Deliverance*.

In addition to Josh, our scouts were Dave, the head instructor; Steve; and Jess, the apprentice. Dave was resolutely earnest and would flourish all his statements with a questioning "n-kay?" to make sure we had absorbed their import. More often than not I was still processing one piece of alien information and trying hard not to think about my new kitchen tiles when he had leaped on to the next. I swiftly realized that his guidance could be lifesaving, so resolved to focus. Steve had the etiolated figure and Merlin beard of a conscript in a Civil War daguerreotype, wore homemade shoes that were essentially soles with suede laces, and had a faintly disquieting tendency to chuckle to himself at some secret amusement. English Jess was surprisingly fey and graceful, an Edwardian beauty out of *The Go-Between*. I would later discover that she was studying costume design at Wimbledon College of Art, and by day three we found ourselves discussing Gabrielle Chanel and Piero Tosi as we clambered down mountainsides.

At base camp we sorted out the clothing and accoutrements we had brought with us. Yes to my Nantucket

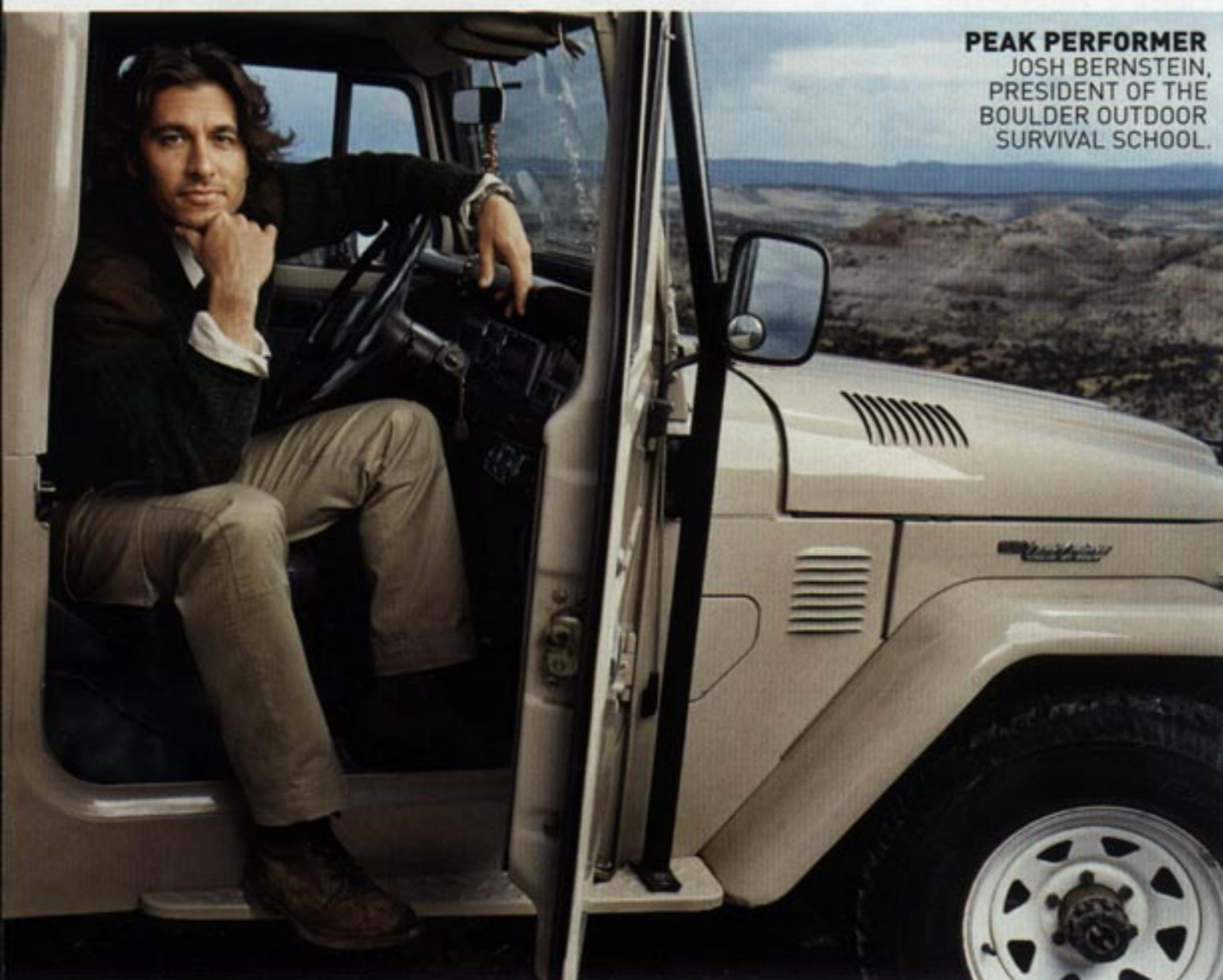
patchwork madras button-down shirt. Yes to the appropriately khaki Juicy Couture cashmere sweater. Yes (thrillingly) to the Beatonesque straw hat I'd found in a delightfully antiquated millinery shop in Old San Juan. No to my Barbour overcoat. Some elements were bundled into the all-purpose cotton "Versa cloth" to form a papoose ("There should be three uses for everything you take with you on the trail," counseled our guides), while others were packed in a blanket bundled tight and tidy as a swaddled infant in an Elizabethan portrait.

We were taught the importance of hydration and the rudiments of knife safety and technique. I fashioned an alarmingly crude spatula from aspen wood that promised a mouthful of splinters at first bite. I picked at a peanut-butter sandwich. And then, at the end of the afternoon, we were off into the wilderness for the Impact phase of the course, "designed to push a person to their physical, mental, and emotional limits." With cell phones and watches surrendered at base camp, our only sense of time over the next 72 hours would be the midday shortening of shadows and the (roughly 5:45 A.M.) break of dawn. Accustomed to a life that is defined by deadlines and appointments, I found this seemingly unstructured netherworld even more unsettling than any physical discomfort that would ensue in the days to come.

We clambered up Schoolhouse Ledge and admired the verdant landscape below. All around us was an oddly crispy earth; cryptobiotic soil, a hidden, primeval life force that our scouts held in highest esteem. "There is precious stuff underfoot," Jess admonished firmly. "Tiptoe through the crypto!"

"It's all about walking lightly with the earth," said Josh, who moments later was demonstrating another way of giving back as he squatted to reveal the correct posture for a procedure long since corrupted by the use of Mr. Crapper's celebrated household fixture. Toilet paper was produced by the Chinese as early as the fourteenth century, Josh pointed out, but not by the Anasazi. Heeding his counsel I gathered a stock of the headily scented sagebrush in readiness.

The sun soon set in a blaze of flamingo pink through *up front* >102



**PEAK PERFORMER**  
JOSH BERNSTEIN,  
PRESIDENT OF THE  
BOULDER OUTDOOR  
SURVIVAL SCHOOL.



# up front

## SURVIVAL SCHOOL

gray clouds. Then we were starlit, with a mountain to descend. At one point the steep mountain face, difficult to traverse in the best of conditions, gave way to a gash of ravine, and this part of the descent had to be negotiated horizontally— buttocks and palms on one side of the chasm, feet the other. My great fear of heights was subsumed by the need to get to the bottom, not to fall, not to hold anyone up, and not to dislodge rocks onto those who had gone before.

We were taught how to accustom our eyes to night vision, and our ears to the different whooping calls that would gather up errant wanderers or signal an emergency. The Milky Way dusted the sky, and shooting stars provided their firefly magic. And then, miraculously, a meteor soared and plunged, fiery tail blazing, for all the world like something etched by a Renaissance engraver in an astrologer's almanac. Tired, wet, hungry, and miserable though I was, it was impossible not to be moved.

We waded across a stream, boots and socks soaking, until we reached an expanse of wet sand dotted with sagebrush. "Good night," said Dave abruptly, and he vanished. Neither Josh nor the other guides were anywhere to be seen. My marrow chilled. "You need to partner up with someone," advised Jackie, sensing my alarm. Wendy and I stumbled about in the darkness, finding an open place away from the lightning-prone shrubs and the unnamable creatures that promised to be lurking there. The sand was wet, the mosquitoes remorseless, the chill in the air arctic. I put on every item of clothing I had brought, silently worshipping the unspeakably ugly bright-blue synthetic-fleece balaclava. Wendy spread the black bin liner that she had brought (and that I had maddeningly overlooked on my checklist) as an under sheet. I used my

damp cotton Versa cloth. Uncomfortable and disoriented as I was, I was also so exhausted that I soon fell asleep.

**a**t dawn Dave, Steve, and Jess roused us with the smug revelation that they had passed a blissful night under the pine trees, the damp cushioned by the fallen needles. With infuriating matter-of-factness Josh explained that we should have scraped off the top layer of wet sand, as it would have been dry beneath. And—naturally—Wendy and

trunks rising from clouds of chartreuse-yellow snakeweed plants. We clambered down and up, and on and on we walked as the landscape segued from mountains to lightly wooded plains. When I could almost walk no more, we came to rest at New Home Bench, and Impact was over. (The challenge was eventually too great for Paul and, by mutual consent with our guides, he was eerily spirited away.)

From the gnarled sagebrush that surrounded us we had to search for the elusive straight limbs from which to carve the spindle and the fireboard we would need to make fire (we were happily provided with a bow). These elements found and whittled, we set off once more, now

armed with our blanket packs and waterproof ponchos. Next came Navajo sandstone formations, seemingly composed of countless jutting layers, like elaborate mille-feuille pastry. The hills swooped into narrow ravines or wide dry flats. "It's monsoon season," said Jess blithely. "When the rains come, the water level in the gullies can rise 30 feet within minutes." Jess had a friend who was standing a fraction away from a sudden 30-foot

torrent. "He would have been killed if he'd been an inch to the left," she noted.

The skies were gurgling ominously, and I bounded with indecorous haste up a hill to a picturesque ledge above the gully—our campsite. As if on cue the rains came, and within moments three waterfalls were gushing from the rock face that had been bone dry moments before. When it cleared, I selected a pine-shaded tent site, testing for widowmakers (rotten branches that can fall and promptly dispatch the slumberer beneath), and set my blanket to avoid the trails of industrious ants.

With Josh's help I began pulling at my fire bow. It was exhausting work, tugging at muscles that *up front* >104



### TEAM SPIRIT

HAMISH WITH THE BOSS INSTRUCTORS AND FELLOW PARTICIPANTS.

I should have "spooned," nestling up together for greater body warmth. As I woke to her moans of sleepless misery in the middle of the damp, glacial night, this idea had in fact occurred to me, but as we had only been introduced to each other that morning I considered this a bonding gesture too far. Thus we both froze. Park Avenue mores clearly ought to have been checked at the yurt.

By the light of dawn we packed up and soon resumed our grueling march. We scaled Pretty Tree Bench, and the mesa's plateau was a surreally beautiful landscape of lightning-burned tree



# up front

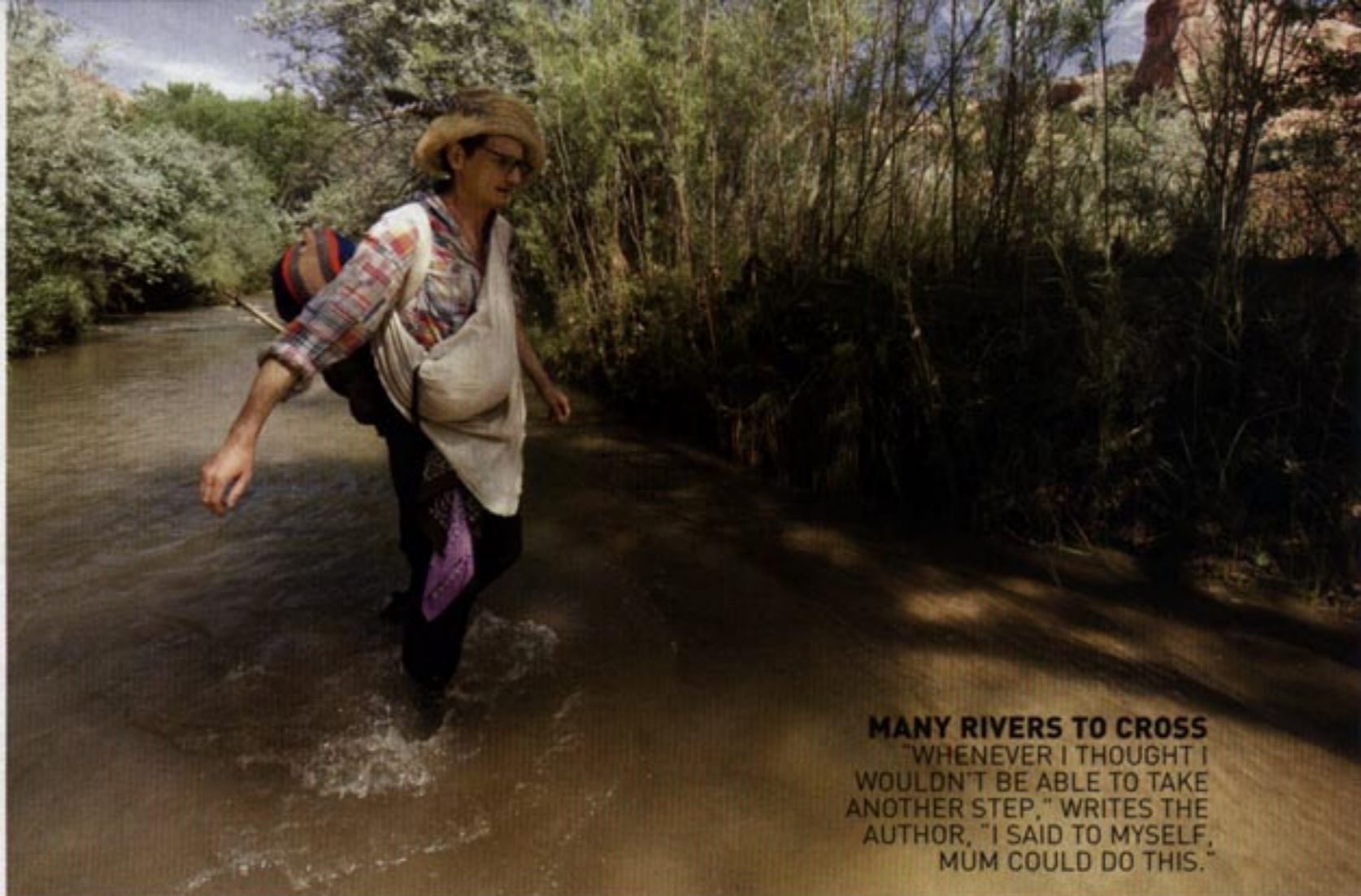
## SURVIVAL SCHOOL

had long since atrophied. Curlicues of smoke rose from my fireboard, but fire came there none. The spindle flung from its hole and singed Josh's arm, and I tried again and again until my arm jellied and I could not continue. Jason and Shane and Jackie and Lynn made fire, cradling the nests of powdery juniper bark that held the flickering sparks like proud parents. I resolved to try again tomorrow; thankfully our campfire was lit.

Darkness fell. Dave produced a potato and Steve three carrots, a tiny amount of couscous, some dried black beans, and an onion, which, once mixed in tin mugs that were dangled over the fire from artfully propped sticks, managed to produce a dietetic stew that, if sandy of texture, was nevertheless ambrosial. We each had a small handful of nuts and raisins left for the next 24 hours.

The following day I was chosen to lead the group, armed with compass and a map with contours that brought back joyous childhood memories of hiking over the Kent Downs. How Lilliputian that bucolic landscape seemed in the face of the Brobdingnagian mesas that stretched before us. But some hours into the trek my nostalgic musings were rudely interrupted when I saw what looked like a bear's claw print in the sand. "Kudos to Hamish for recognizing the print!" said Dave, unusually exultant. I beamed with a pride that was tempered by the nagging suspicion that surely the impression in the sand was rather . . . fresh. Over the hill, it was Josh's turn to be triumphant. "Here is some bear scat!" he announced.

Josh's find also seemed unnervingly recent, but neither Jason nor Dave seemed perturbed by the fact that a life-threatening mammal with a mighty left hook was within striking range. Dave knelt to examine the scat, picking at it with his dexterous fingers. "Look, it even found ripe pine nuts when the ones we've seen so far haven't even grown yet!" he effused. Wendy and I knew how brilliant bears could be—we'd both read *The New York Times's* front-page story on the savvy bear who had worked out how to open screw-



**MANY RIVERS TO CROSS**  
"WHENEVER I THOUGHT I WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO TAKE ANOTHER STEP," WRITES THE AUTHOR, "I SAID TO MYSELF, MUM COULD DO THIS."

top jars that had foiled many a starving hiker in the Adirondacks. Dave broke off a piece and held it under his nose. "It's very sweet-smelling," he said, and almost before I had time to grasp the enormity of the gesture, he popped it in his mouth. I was incredulous. Surely we'd just been told that bear scat couldn't even be held close to the face, as microbes might transfer and damage your brain? Or was that raccoon? As my enfeebled brain attempted to process the welter of information, Josh rapidly followed suit, carefully masticating a bit for himself. Then they both looked quizzically at me.

In the interest of community spirit, saving face, giddy bravado, and thinking of Divine in John Waters's *Female Trouble* (if a Baltimore drag queen can do it, so jolly well can I!), I broke off a piece and popped it into my mouth. It was indeed oddly sweet, evoking benign thoughts of Winnie the Pooh and a jar of honey. "What does it taste like?" asked Josh, clearly impressed. "Well, funnily enough, like something you might buy in a sort of crunchy-granola health-food shop," I told the openmouthed group, "of dates and nuts . . . and"—was that a maraschino cherry? Goodness, these bears were crafty. Was I that hungry? Had the heat and the endless trek and the food deprivation warped my mind? It seems incredible to relate, but it really was rather tasty. So much so that, to everyone's stupefaction I broke off another segment and gobbled it up. Only then did visions of its trajectory from bear to earth swim before me, and, horrified, I turned away to retch. When I turned back to face the group,

Josh and Dave were clutching their sides in merriment. "I saw some dates in the market, and I couldn't resist," said Josh, laughing, as we all fell deliriously on this sustenance. "On the BOSS course we do *not* condone the life-threatening eating of bear scat," he added gravely as, thus fortified, we all strode valiantly onward.

Bounding over rock and down the steep mountainsides, I had to overcome my terror of heights—clearly there was no turning back—but at one point my courage abandoned me. For a stretch of perhaps a dozen feet, the narrow natural pathways across those mille-feuille layers gave way to a pitted rock face that fell to the valley bed far, far below. Josh carefully pointed out every foothold that I could take, and Steve pattered back and forth, sure-footed as a mountain goat. The women in our group crossed over, and Jason and Shane stayed behind to guide me, but, try as I might, I could only see the plunging drop. I took the deepest breath and tried to steel myself, but I could not. Everyone was understanding, but I was ostensibly leading the group, and here I was holding them back. I took another deep breath and, with Jess as my guide, practically ran down to the ravine below, and up again, to meet the group across the chasm, straining under the weight of my blanket pack and my papoose and my two filled water bottles and my tin cup and cursing Bruce Chatwin's *The Songlines*, a BOSS-approved book that I would never have a moment to read. It was the single most exhausting workout I have ever done.

up front >108



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EDITOR IN CHIEF OF VOGUE

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—ARTHUR ELGORT,  
PHOTOGRAPHER

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# up front SURVIVAL SCHOOL

“Have you done much hiking?” asked Jess later that day. “You set a very good pace.” I glowed with inner pride.

At Willow Patch Creek we were assigned areas for our Solo night. Mine was in a bower of Russian olive and wild roses. Negotiating the ruby-eyed yellow daisies and the daggered cacti, Josh helped me pick a tree that seemed free of widowmakers, and left me. I used my firesticks and bow as stakes and strung my poncho “tent” with the knots I tried to remember, by which time night had fallen. I stayed awake as long as I could, encircled by merciless mosquitoes but rapt by the beauty of the moonlit scene. I was rudely woken from my deep slumbers to the drum-roll of thunder and the dazzle of lightning bolts. The powerful wind swept my tent from its impotent tethers, and I clung on for dear life while simultaneously putting on my running shoes—in case I had to scale that cliff face in a hurry. Eventually it lulled, and I drifted in and out of sleep until the double

whooping call of the scouts signaled that it was time to repack and move on.

My feet were now in excruciating pain—I assumed I was a martyr to blisters. I was, but the real itching agony was the handiwork of sand fleas that must have attacked me as I changed into my running shoes the night before (they would hobble me for a further two weeks). On and on we walked, and whenever I thought I wouldn't be able to take another step, I smiled through gritted teeth and said to myself, Mum could do this, over and over, like some hypnotist's mantra. Mum could do this. All around us the landscape was a wonderment. A graceful arc of red rock formed a perfect bridge between canyons. A wild turkey flew unexpectedly into the sanctuary of a high ginger-colored cliff face. A canyon wren provided a rare glissando of birdsong.

And then, suddenly, the unmistakable sound of a car purring in the distance jolted me like an electric shock.

Moments later our odyssey was at an end. The road signs were startling; for three days the only traces of human life were the Anasazi petroglyphs hammered into the rock face. I rolled back against a verge, exhausted but euphoric, the lightness of being not merely a result of having shrugged off the backpacks but part of the exultation of having made it through, coupled with a profound sense that from now on, nothing was unconquerable.

We sat in a circle to play a stick game—only those holding the stick could speak. When we had first done this (after Impact) it put my teeth on edge; now it was unexpectedly humbling. Lynn, fighting tears, told us that this was her second attempt at the course; she was continually haunted

The following evening I was back in Manhattan. At a celebratory party at the Metropolitan Club, I felt disembodied. It was all . . . noise

by having had to turn back the first time. Only Jackie had known, which accounted for their intensely supportive relationship on the course (one reason, perhaps, why Shane said that these last few days had restored his dented

faith in womankind). It was extraordinary, the connection one felt to what had become of necessity a tight-knit group; we had come to embrace and even celebrate each person's idiosyncrasies, maddening as they might initially have seemed. My life had changed in a quiet but primal way.

The following evening I was back in Manhattan, fresh from JFK, and dressing for a glittering movie premiere. Afterward, at the celebratory party in a crowded Metropolitan Club, I felt oddly disembodied. It was all . . . noise. Strange, meaningless noise. As surreal as the Southern Utah landscape had seemed just days earlier.

I finally E-mailed my parents to tell them where I had been. “I would have been worried sick,” wrote my father, whom I had not told for this very reason.

Mum's E-mail was characteristically direct. “I am so fucking proud of you!” □





**EVERYTHING AND THE FARM**  
KARLIE KLOSS AND TOM STURRIDGE, PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARIO TESTINO.

### THE GREAT OUTDOORS

November VOGUE was absolutely fantastic. I have never before seen a contemporary publication so well orchestrated and encompassing so many crucial ecological matters. Sally Singer's singular quest for an eco-friendly apartment was both informative and useful ["Salad Days," photographed by Tim Walker]. Add to that notes from artists dabbling in landscape ["Dreaming the Landscape," by Dodie Kazanjian, photographed by Annie Leibovitz], wwoofing (World Wide Opportunities on Organic Farms) ["Everything and the Farm," by Jane Herman, photographed by Mario Testino], and Hamish Bowles's sojourn in the harsh wilderness ["I Will Survive," Up Front], and we have an accurate portrayal of today's eco-centric global citizen in action. This issue is certainly a collector's item.

**Martha Kristin Danielson**  
Beverly, MA

Love, love, love the green theme in the November issue, especially the article on wwoofing, the creative night-shoot

guerrilla-gardening story ["Midnight in the Garden of Good," by Mark Holgate, photographed by Raymond Meier], and Karlie Kloss in that green Chanel suit and heels, standing astride an urban garden with a leaf of white-ribbed Swiss chard placed rakishly in her hat ["Salad Days," photographed by Tim Walker]. Beautiful, important, and well done, VOGUE.

**Jennifer Godwin**  
Culver City, CA

Living in Denver, I often feel disconnected from (but always intrigued by) the big-spending, high-society life portrayed in your pages. This issue shows that you have an appreciation for art and aesthetics beyond the "scene" in New York, London, and Paris. Thanks, and I commend you for seeking out beauty everywhere.

**Hilary Oliver**  
Denver, CO

Kudos to VOGUE for championing environmental responsibility while maintaining a glam factor. Showing that a love for fashion and a love for the

planet can go hand in hand is the kind of thing that gives sustainable environmentalism a real hold.

**Ivy L. Lofberg**  
Brooklyn, NY

### CLOUD NINE

Kidman, Cruz, Dench, Hudson, Fergie, Cotillard, and Loren photographed by Leibovitz—priceless ["Prima Time!," by Plum Sykes, November]. But only one picture of all of the women inside VOGUE—criminal!

**David Fairman**  
Beverly Hills, CA

I am most excited to see the film *Nine* because Judi Dench is in it. I admire the other cast members but was so disappointed that Dame Judi and Sophia Loren were not included on the cover.

**Paula Hornaday**  
Locust Grove, VA

### HIKING WITH HAMISH

Although I enjoy my subscription to VOGUE, I often wonder why the magazine takes itself so seriously. The articles, full of fascinating *talking back* >86



# talking back

## LETTERS FROM READERS

people in the world of arts, culture, and politics, read as though the editors are revealing sacred scriptures, divinely inspired by the fashion world. What a great surprise to find Hamish Bowles's hysterical piece in the November issue. "I Will Survive" [Up Front] moved my spirit to do something unexpected—laugh out loud! Thank you for this bit of joyous blasphemy.

**Sonya Salazar**  
Kansas City, MO

Talk about clutching one's sides in merriment! While I was reading Hamish Bowles's "I Will Survive" one evening, my laughter nearly jostled my husband from our bed. What an evocative and hilarious account of Bowles's adventure! I have reread it often for the well-known therapeutic benefits of gut-busting laughter.

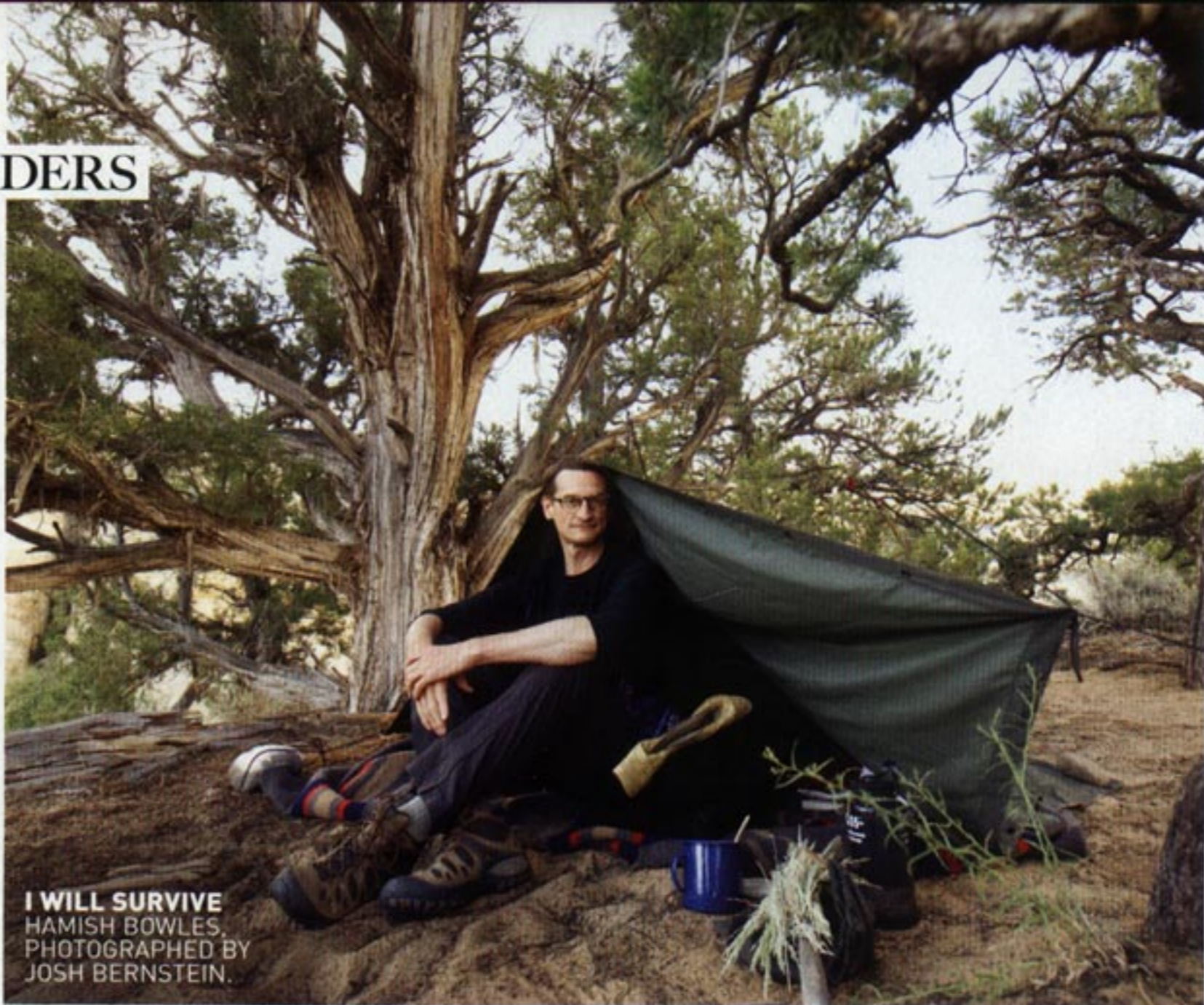
**Abbie B. Hubert**  
Richmond, VA

Anyone who can complete a survival course and then sing Noël Coward has the breadth I admire!

**Cher Stallman**  
Dwight, IL

How marvelous that Utah, my adopted state, has finally been recognized as a hip place! Hamish Bowles's delightful account of his wilderness survival experience, and the mention of three posh Utah resorts in People Are Talking About ["Mountain High," by Richard Alleman, November], made me proud.

**Barbara Borke Baumgardner**  
Park City, UT



**I WILL SURVIVE**  
HAMISH BOWLES,  
PHOTOGRAPHED BY  
JOSH BERNSTEIN.

## BEAUTY BETRAYED

I write in regard to the article "The Glamour Geek," by Dana Spiotta, about my mother, Hedy Lamarr [Nostalgia, November]. Spiotta uses these terms to describe Hedy: "A sex-crazed wanton figure," "aloof and trashy, easy and difficult" (she was often difficult—but never easy!). She goes on to say Hedy was "unhappy in lonely, grotesque ways" and underwent "creepy plastic surgeries." Does Spiotta have any empathy for what it must have been like to age when you've been known as "the most beautiful woman in the world"—especially a world that does indeed disregard women as they grow old? My mother did feel frustrated because she was never

recognized for her world-changing invention of spread-spectrum technology. But to say that she had "no real depth," "lacked humor," and was "petty and vain" is preposterous! She lived a comfortable life, had a brilliant mind, and always kept her charming sense of humor, even in the worst of times.

**Denise Loder-DeLuca**  
Seattle, WA

## IN LIKE A LION

My husband and I had just returned from Kenya in September after an eco safari, and when I came across the November issue and "The Lion Saver," featuring Leela Hazzah [by Eve MacSweeney, photographed by Jonathan Becker], I was thrilled to see our Maasai guide Jimmy pictured in the Contributors section. Like the VOGUE team, we stayed at the Amboseli Porini Camp during our trip to Kenya. The Maasai guides and staff we met there were more than just gracious hosts—they became our friends. The work that Hazzah and Porini do is essential to preserving a part of the world that is vital to the bio- and cultural diversity of this planet.

**Anna Benifield**  
Atlanta, GA

VOGUE welcomes letters from its readers. Address all mail to Letters, VOGUE Magazine, 4 Times Square, New York, NY 10036, or via E-mail to [Talkingback@vogue.com](mailto:Talkingback@vogue.com). Please include your name, address, and a daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity and may be published or used in any medium. All submissions become the property of the publication and will not be returned.



**SALAD DAYS**  
KARLIE KLOSS,  
PHOTOGRAPHED  
BY TIM WALKER.