

# GLAMOUR

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# Could you stick with a STAR'S BODY PLAN?

Writer Jessica Baumgardner did a Hollywood diet blitz to find out. Then she went nuts.

Have you ever wondered why stars seem more emotionally fragile than the rest of us, flitting in and out of rehab and raging at their assistants? After spending four weeks on a celebrity crash diet and fitness plan, I think I know the answer. They're hungry.

Normally I'm never hungry. I'm probably the only woman in Los Angeles who eats bread every day. And while I haven't exercised in years, I felt pretty good about my tall, but not gangly, figure. So when *Glamour* asked me to take on this body blitz—the type of diet and workout plan a star would go on to slim down for a typical awards season—I agreed. I was pretty confident about the whole thing until, at our first appointment, Beverly Hills dietitian Rachel Beller, R.D., hands me a long shopping list filled with expensive organic groceries, fiber supplements, cooking sprays and specialty teas and says, "I'm sorry. Good luck."

Beller does a good percentage of her work with cancer patients, but the rest of her time is devoted to helping starlets shave off those last pounds before a big night. Her philosophy: Lose weight without sacrificing nutrition. The plan: a truckload of veggies, lean protein and nothing processed (when I ask if diet soda is OK, she cheerfully replies, "If you want to drink poison!"). My hypothetical "red-carpet deadline" is just four weeks away—so the plan is more restrictive than something she'd do for someone without a looming event. Even things like nuts, avocado and edamame are a no-no—too fattening. Butternut squash? Corn? Peas? Too sugary. Perhaps this goes without saying, but no bread, rice, pasta, sweets or cheese. Rachel is also a big fan of fiber; she wants me to consume a whopping 35 grams a day—about 10 grams more than what's routinely recommended for a woman my age—and tells me to stir Benefiber into tea, yogurt, water, whenever possible to help me feel full. All I can think about is that the amount of gas I'll be



**BEFORE**  
At 5'11", a slim, healthy 149 pounds

producing will be sufficient to power a small country. She also wants me to drink a cup of *matcha*, a super-concentrated green tea that's packed with antioxidants, every day.

Next I head off to meet my celebrity trainer, Jamie Milnes, at a gym in Brentwood, California. He's a nice bloke from Manchester, England, and he cheerfully critiques my form as I do squats and lunges; the workout is so tough that after an hour, I limp to my car, worried that I won't have the strength to push the brakes on the way home. Jamie wants to see me twice a week at the gym, where he'll have me do an hour of circuit training and balancing exercises on a stability ball. On the other days, I'm to run intervals for about 45 minutes and do ab and butt exercises at home. I get one day of rest per week, just like in the Bible.

For the first four days, I can barely move—I can't lift my 15-month-old daughter, and I have to drop in a free fall onto the toilet. But even worse, the diet is starting to get me down. I would normally greet the day with some buttered toast, an egg or two, coffee and a smile. Now it's a bowl of nonfat plain Greek yogurt with bran on top. (The cereal isn't bad, but it bears a disturbing resemblance to gerbil food.) The *matcha* tastes like it came from the bottom of a Minnesota lake. I'm mowing through three bags of salad a day. By the end of the first week, I'm a total grump.

"What's the point of eating anymore?" I whine to my husband. "All the joy is gone." One day, he says he has to work late and I fly off the handle. Had there been a cell phone in my hand, I would have thrown it in his face, à la Naomi Campbell. What's happening to me? Had saturated fat been the only thing keeping me sane?

I go back to Rachel after a week, and I've lost a little over 3 pounds in seven days. Suddenly the anguish seems worth (continued on page 362)



**AFTER**  
She lost 9 pounds—and gained a new respect for eating.

**GLAMOUR:** So the last time you were on *GLAMOUR's* cover, you said you were still able to enjoy some anonymity. Is that still the case? Because there were a lot of photos of you pregnant out there!

**NW:** There was a different one [in the tabloids] every day. And since I've had the baby, it has continued: They want the shot of the baby in the stroller. It's so embarrassing. They block the sidewalk and get in people's way, and everyone is saying, "Who are they photographing?" Meanwhile, no one recognizes me unless they're around! Especially when I was pregnant, I really picked on the female paparazzi, because I felt like they should have had more of a conscience about [what they were doing].

**GLAMOUR:** Do you think they are as aggressive as men?

**NW:** Yes. I once chased a [female paparazzo] when I was pregnant. It's like, "Get away from me; give me your camera!" That doesn't normally happen because I'm not a confrontational person. But they can really hit your trip switch. You feel so invaded. Yesterday I said to [a female paparazzo], "Go and have your weekend and stop destroying mine." I want them to feel as humiliated as they make me feel.

**GLAMOUR:** Why have things gotten so bad with the paparazzi?

**NW:** I think it's gotten worse because of Internet blogs. I don't know how they manage to get a single shot with someone smiling, because they make you so tense—particularly when you've got a baby with you. It makes me not want to go out. But I refuse to be held hostage in my home.

**GLAMOUR:** Who are some of the actresses of your generation that you admire?

**NW:** Obviously Nicole Kidman, who's a very good friend. I just saw *Margot at the Wedding* and thought she was brilliant, so complex. I sent her a total fan letter for that role. I also love Cate Blanchett, Kate Winslet, Laura Dern, Emily Watson and Samantha Morton. She's fearless.

**GLAMOUR:** Let's talk motherhood. What's it like having a child a bit later?

**NW:** Well, for one thing, picking him up off of the ground 20 times is different when you hear your knees cracking! [Laughs.] Having a child later in life is interesting. From an intellectual point of view, you've had a lot of time to do research and figure out how you want to raise him. But there is also something to be said about having a child in your early twenties, when you're just operating on instinct. My mother had my brother and me when she was 19 and

20. Obviously we're the best things that happened to her, but she had plans and dreams she never got to fulfill. So I don't have that feeling of, what am I giving up?

**GLAMOUR:** Would you have done anything differently in terms of your career or your personal life?

**NW:** I wish [success] had come earlier, that I hadn't struggled for so long. But then it would have all been different, and maybe I wouldn't have taken the path that I did. Maybe I wouldn't have met Liev. So I believe I'm very fortunate the way things worked out. I do want more children.

**GLAMOUR:** Anytime soon?

**NW:** Well, I'd better—I haven't got too many years left! I might not get the large brood that I've hoped for, but it would be great to give Alexander a sibling.

**GLAMOUR:** It's hard not to notice that big diamond ring on your finger: Does that mean you and Liev are engaged?

**NW:** [Holds hand up and smiles.] Yes—we have been for a while. But we don't talk about weddings [to the press]. We'll see what happens. We're committed.

**GLAMOUR:** So where do you see yourself 10 years from now?

**NW:** I'd like to have a second child, maybe even a third. Career-wise, I would like to be doing one film a year, playing great character roles. I feel like I'll always want to continue to work, because I love what I do. I'm not as anxious about everything going away anymore, and even if things do slow down, that's fine with me. Alexander takes up all my energy—and I love that.

**GLAMOUR:** You're turning 40 next year; congratulations. How are you feeling about that?

**NW:** I'd better start thinking about it. From what I've heard, everyone feels fine in their thirties, even to age 39, and then that day comes, and it's like, *bam!* I do get surprised when I catch myself in mirrors: It's like, God, my face is really that of a 39-year-old's! But I hope to age gracefully.

**GLAMOUR:** Meaning, you'd opt out of plastic surgery or Botox?

**NW:** Never say never—and I certainly don't judge anyone who does it. But most of the characters I play are going through some kind of emotional turmoil, so my job requires me to have expression. If my face is frozen, what right do I have to play that part? All the women who haven't done anything to their faces are still able to play great roles. And some of the ones who *have* done something have messed it up—they look freakish. Anyway, for me it's about playing women with rich lives—and the longer the life, the deeper the wrinkles. ©

it. I feel happy; maybe I'll eat this way for the rest of my life! After all, I do feel very supported by my entourage—Jamie e-mails me about five times a day, and Rachel calls to check in like a girlfriend. I feel serviced, like a sports car or a queen. This is the difference between celebrities and the hoi polloi. When you're a normal person, it's just you against the cookie jar.

But my weight loss-induced euphoria doesn't last for long. I finish every dinner feeling oddly hungry. I'm allowed one glass of wine and one wedge of super-dark chocolate a day but a few nights during that second week, I decide to have a second glass of Pinot. "Whatever," I reason. "Do you think Scarlett Johansson is turning down another glass of champagne?"

My next meeting with Rachel is less jubilant—I lost only one pound. Maybe the extra booze really did make a difference. That night, I really want a second glass of wine to make myself feel better, but I think, Calories, and stop myself. I seriously consider stealing one of my husband's Vicodins, left over from his knee injury. Who am I, Lindsay Lohan? I kind of get the appeal of drugs now: You don't have to record them in your daily food log.

By week three, I realize that I'm staring at myself in the mirror a lot. Getting out of the shower, I pluck at the skin sitting on top of my hips. Why can't I get rid of that jiggle on my outer thigh? How have I never noticed that my arms resemble logs of unbaked cookie dough? When you start gazing at your body with an eagle eye, it feels as if there will always be more to lose and more to fix.

At my last appointments with Rachel and Jamie, they calculate that I've lost 9 pounds, and five inches from my middle, in just under a month. My body fat has gone from 28 percent to 25 percent, and I've lost an inch around each thigh, too. I'm proud of my new body, but it came at a price. I ate pizza on my first night off the diet, and instead of feeling thrilled by my new freedom, I felt anxious. I went into the bathroom, lifted up my shirt and peered at my abs for signs of paunch. I hope I can go back to eating anything without guilt, but for now I'm balancing fried food with fiber and hoping for the best. One thing is certain: with a little cheese in my tummy and the occasional extra glass of wine, I don't want to throw stuff at my husband anymore. And I've learned that while a Hollywood body is fun to have, nothing's worth the Hollywood personality that goes with it. ©