

WIN! A \$1,500 CUT AND COLOR MAKEOVER

inmode

APRIL 2004

ANTI-AGING SECRETS

BEST PRODUCTS FOR SMOOTH, GLOWING SKIN AND SLEEK, HEALTHY HAIR

JEANS 24/7
DRESS 'EM UP,
DRESS 'EM DOWN

**PROGNOSIS UNCLEAR?
BECOMING YOUR OWN
MEDICAL DETECTIVE**

THE POWER OF BELIEF
FINDING THE RIGHT
SPIRITUAL PATH

**RAISING OUR
DAUGHTERS IN
A SEX-CRAZED
WORLD**

**OVER 40
AND FABULOUS**

ENTER OUR MODEL SEARCH ON PAGE 64

**NO HOLDS
BARRED!
MAKE
YOUR LIFE
BIGGER
AND
BETTER**

**HILLARY
CLINTON**
HER
BLOCKBUSTER
YEAR

**PLUS OTHER
ALPHA WOMEN
CONDOLEEZZA
RICE, CHER,
KATIE COURIC,
SHARON STONE
AND MORE**



more

april

SMART TALK FOR SMART WOMEN™



more's 2003 Model Search winner, Tina Kraft-Brickowski, dresses up denim.

Despite a crazy schedule, a dynamic Hillary Clinton had the entire photo crew at ease.



- PEOPLE**
- 58 **Emme, At Ease** How the model who changed beauty ideals does the same for 40 *By Abby Ellin*
- 80 **Finding A New Path** The power of discovering true faith in midlife *By Kristin Ohlson*
- 86 **The Adventure Of My Life** Seven women follow their hearts *By Tish Hamilton*
- 90 **Save My Daughter From This Sex-Crazed World** Sure, I was for free love, but when do we draw the line for our kids? *By Lynn Schnurnberger*
- 94 **7 Months, 17 Countries, 70,000 Miles** Nicole Goldman cashed in the family business for the trip of a lifetime *By Mary Mohler*
- 98 **Adventure U.S.A.** From Rollerblades to rodeos, follow **more's** road map *By Gisela Williams*
- 104 **My Life, My Day** Soaring through the sky, pilot Julie Clark is a real showstopper *By Connie Collins*
- 106 **Hillary Clinton, On Top Of The World** She's America's most admired woman—and **more's** Alpha Woman of 2004 *By Melanie Thernstrom*
- 110 **Alpha Women 2004** The year's biggest movers, shakers and moneymakers *By Jessica Henderson*
- 126 **Ready, Set, Climb!** A mother and daughter push their limits to tackle Mount Kilimanjaro *By Susan Crandell and Brook Crandell Wilkinson*
- 132 **Guess My Sport** Can you pick the activity that shaped eight women's lives? *By Tish Hamilton*
- 168 **Settled In Seattle** In a houseboat full of worldly goods, Deb Narine walks on water *By Lousie Farr*
- HEALTH**
- 66 **Uninsured!** As health premiums skyrocket, more women are taking a risk *By Julia Califano*
- 147 **Wild And Crazy Workouts** Why my new routine involved a fire hose *By Carla Levy*

more® (ISSN 1094-7868); APRIL 2004, VOL. 6, NO. 3, PUBLISHED TEN TIMES A YEAR IN FEB., MARCH, APRIL, MAY, JUNE, JULY/AUG., SEPT., OCT., NOV., DEC./JAN. BY MEREDITH CORPORATION, 1716 LOCUST STREET, DES MOINES, IA 50309. BACK-ISSUE COPIES AVAILABLE. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES, U.S. AND POSSESSIONS, 1 YR. \$20.00; CANADA, 1 YR. \$30.00; ALL OTHER COUNTRIES, \$30.00. PERIODICALS POSTAGE PAID AT DES MOINES, IA, AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO MORE, P.O. BOX 37341, BOONE, IA 50037-0341. CANADA POST PUBLICATIONS MAIL SALES PRODUCT AGREEMENT NO. 40069223. CANADIAN BN 12348 2887 RT. © MEREDITH CORPORATION 2004. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

COVER PHOTO BY ANDREW ECCLES. HAIR: MIGUEL AT ROY TEELUCK SALON. MAKEUP: DUFFY AT ROY TEELUCK SALON. STYLIST: KIM MEEHAN AT WALTER SCHUPFER MANAGEMENT. PROP STYLIST: ANNA HOLMES HURLEY. TWIN SET: BROOKS BROTHERS. SCARF: HERMÈS. PHOTOGRAPHER'S REP: ARCREPS.COM.

Vital & Vibrant

FEELING HEALTHY
IN BODY AND MIND
EDITED BY COURTENAY SMITH

THIS MONTH: SURPRISING INFERTILITY REMEDIES + WHEN FIBROIDS HARBOR CANCER

wild and crazy WORKOUTS

Say good-bye to ho-hum aerobics and yoga. A new breed of classes can get you fit—and let you try on a whole new you

BY CARLA ROHLFING LEVY

It's a beautiful afternoon in New York City, and I'm rolling on the ground in a public park with my 45-pound puppy, Lulu, desperately trying to persuade her to do a doggie version of a sun salutation. "Be one with your dog," says Suzi, who sweetly instructs four- and two-legged students in her weekly Crunch Fitness class, Ruff Yoga. I breathe deeply and give it a shot. Lulu bites my shoe.

Sure, I look crazy, but I'm enjoying my workout for the first time in ages. I've always been active, and I went for the burn with step-aerobics in my twenties. When my life filled out with a happy marriage and thriving freelance career, my workouts went, well, to the dogs. I walked a few times a week, hoisted a dumbbell here and there. When I found myself blowing off exercise to watch *The Next Joe Millionaire*, I knew I had to act. At 44, I want to recapture my athletic drive and energy as I navigate perimenopause and beyond.

I was pleasantly surprised to learn that gyms are now specializing in classes that reignite motivation by pushing people like me out of our physical and psychological comfort zones (Disco Yoga, anyone?). I dove right in



I LEARN THAT MY DOG
PREFERS COOKIES TO YOGA.

The author, Carla Levy, overcomes obstacles . . .

Exercise is all about the treats

I realize I'm in trouble almost as soon as I arrive at Ruff Yoga in Madison Square Park. Everybody else has dogs the size of handbags, and we're instantly surrounded by Japanese tourists sending cell-phone pictures over the Internet. As class leader Suzi guides everyone through stretches, salutations and belly rubs, Lulu and I engage in an interspecies version of the World Wrestling Entertainment's *Smackdown!* We garner lots of photo ops, but not much Zen.

As every other dog rolls obediently onto its back while Suzi reads a canine affirmation, Lulu busts loose and lunges for my bag, which is stuffed with treats. Next class, I steadily feed her cookies and she

across an Internet description I'd missed: "Two hours of hell!" I call the instructor—a 37-year-old triathlete named Scott—who tells me, ideally, participants can run a nine-minute mile after swimming five sets of four laps in 2:30. Great. Growing up in a Connecticut beach town, I never swam a stroke farther than necessary to get to a float. And while I can power-walk a mile in just over 12 minutes, a trot around a track reveals that my jogging pace takes only one lousy minute off my time!

Still, when 6:00 A.M. rolls around, I'm flailing in a huge pool with men and women who appear to be part fish. I make it two laps and bail. After a quick change, we bike, run, bike, run, bike, run and do a grueling series of push-ups (all of which I actually like). Throughout, I notice a woman about my age who is consistently in the front, leading the super-fit 20-somethings. In contrast, I bomb on the rope climb, standing jumps and sand-pit sprints. After class, I tell

competition in my life already. I exercise to help ease stress, not create it.

Stripping is liberating

My search turns up Cardio Striptease at Crunch Fitness. The class is led by a male/female choreography team that thinks up sexy routines for dancers at, ahem, "gentlemen's clubs." (Well, I did vow to push my boundaries.) The studio fills with women of all shapes, ages and ethnicities, plus one 50-something guy who wanders in by mistake. Newbies like me are easy to spot, as we're all a little shy and have clearly missed the wardrobe memo. The regulars are dolled up in sexy layers to be peeled, whereas I'm sporting boring black leggings and a white T-shirt. With "Lady Marmalade" blasting, we shimmy through lapdances, line struts and fanny-slaps, tossing off a layer when and if we feel inspired.

The workout is good—and psychologically freeing. For an hour, I escape my world and worries—no deadlines, ailing parents or child-care issues. I feel sexy and lighthearted, and actually laugh out loud several times. It's silly, sure, but also surprisingly empowering to be so unbuttoned in a room full of strangers. I feel more playful and freer than I have in months.

You need a big gut

Instinct, that is. My childhood pal, Peggy, and I share a lack of coordination, but she's forever harbored this vision of herself as a graceful fencer. So when I hear about another Chelsea Piers offering, Cardio Fence, I sign us both up. This class is the real deal—we suit up in white fencing jackets,

I'VE BEEN USING MY AGE AS AN EXCUSE, LOWERING MY EXPECTATIONS OF WHAT MY BODY CAN DO AFTER 40. MY INSTRUCTORS SCOFF AT THAT NOTION.

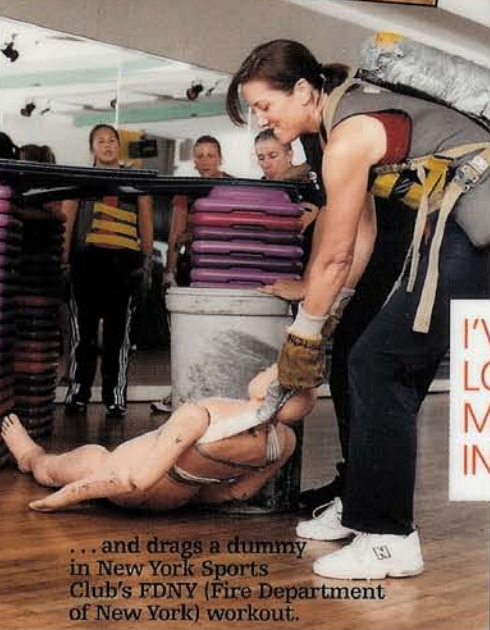
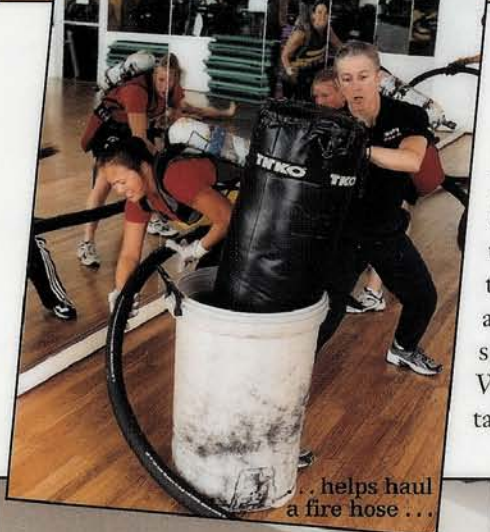
performs like a bonafide dogi. She's not the only one who can learn a new trick.

Anything boys can do, girls can do better

Ruff Yoga was fun, but I had just returned from a two-week eat-a-thon in Italy and needed something tougher. I signed up for The Full Throttle Endurance Challenge, an eight-week cross-training class offered at Chelsea Piers, and almost instantly stumbled

and got acquainted with several inner jocks I didn't know I harbored. (For ideas on letting your own inner Olympian out to play, see "New Adventures in Working Out," page 150.)

Not only did I get fit, but I remembered that I love to exercise—and I picked up these motivating mantras to ensure that I'll never backslide again.



... helps haul a fire hose . . .

... and drags a dummy in New York Sports Club's FDNY (Fire Department of New York) workout.

fencing masks and gloves, and slip protective plastic chest protectors into our bras (“I like any sport that comes with boobs!” says Peg). The instructor, a competitive fencer named Sharone, hands us our foils, partners us up and teaches how to move swiftly back and forth as we parry and thrust, directing and deflecting attacks. The workout fatigues my arm and legs well before the hour is up. I’m not very good, and discover that I’m uncomfortable with sticking a pointy object, even a blunted one, into another person. But Peggy is brilliant, scoring point after point as we rotate partners. Afterward, she huddles with Sharone to figure out a training plan. She’d been right: This is the sport her body does best.

Life doesn't start five pounds from now

I read that Julia Roberts swears by a class called African Dance with Djoniba, a hot instructor at a funky studio downtown. I drop by one evening, but, alas, there are no stars around—except those I see when I whack my head during Djoniba’s strenuous 30-minute warm-up of lunges, push-ups and crunches. For the next hour, he brings in seven drummers, who skillfully beat out rhythms as he leads us through a high-energy, nonstop dance routine that seriously tries my coordination. The jumping, stomping and arm-waving moves look beautiful done in time, but mine are awkward, as I discover when I catch a view of myself in the mirror. I look—and feel—anything but beautiful.

Then I notice the woman in the row ahead of me, dancing with graceful abandon. She never misses a beat—and

weighs at least 200 pounds. I realize there are several women near her size, all comfortably flaunting their femininity and self-acceptance. I decide to get over myself and let it fly for the rest of the class. The workout is tough and 40 minutes zip by without me peeking to see when we’ll be done. The drums are too loud, so I doubt I’ll be back often. But I’m grateful for the kick I got in the body-image pants.

You're never too old

Wham! I swing a 12-pound maul horizontally into a weighted tire and knock it clean off the table in two quick hits—the equivalent of breaking down a front door in nine seconds. “Excellent!” my training partner yells, slapping me with a high-five. Pumped, I meet my next challenge: Scrambling over obstacles and through tunnels on my hands and knees, blindfolded and disoriented, burdened by a 45-pound vest and oxygen tank. In under 20 seconds I’m clear off the course, a sweaty and victorious mess.

My knees are creaking, my back is aching and I’m loving every minute of it—the New York Sports Club’s FDNY workout, designed to train women to pass the physical part of the Fire Department of New York recruitment exam. The FDNY’s test is regarded as the toughest in the country, and I can see why: After my first training session, I needed a massage just to be

able to walk normally. But I haven’t missed a class.

The personal attention gives me a boost. Leaders Nick McNickle, who has been training women to pass the exam since 1988, and Craig Rivera, a former Marine, work one-on-one with me and my classmate, an actress training for a role. Their expectation that we will do our best, from the 75-pound hose haul and the 130-pound dummy drag, pushes me to dig for physical strength I didn’t know I still have. I’ve also discovered a talent for creative swearing—even Craig is impressed.

I’ve developed a profound respect for the women who have taken this class and broken barriers to become firefighters, and in my own small

way, I want to do well to honor their efforts. I realize I’ve been using my age as an excuse, telling myself that it’s okay to lighten up and lower my expectations of what my body can do and look like after 40. My instructors scoff at that notion, and they’re right—I’m not giving up on being strong, lean and healthy just because I’m not 25 anymore. I feel and look better than I have in years, and I’ve already bought a weighted vest and signed up for a personal trainer to pick up where the FDNY class leaves off. I’m going to ask him to push me hard. But I promise to watch my language. ■

Carla Roblfing Levy contributes to Self, Lifetime and more.

NEW ADVENTURES IN WORKING OUT

***Atlanta**

Tree Climbers International, Inc. Tree-hugging with benefits: Pull, rope and swing your way to the top of a 90-foot-tall white oak tree. Recreational tree-climbing classes are held every first and third Sunday. \$12; 404-377-3150; www.treeclimbing.com.

***Boston**

Punk Rock Aerobics An oxymoron come true, two gym-hating rockers lead this class every Saturday on the basement dance floor of the Middle East nightclub. With moves such as “You Be The Star Air Guitar” set to The Sex Pistols and The Ramones, you’ll realize those nights spent rocking out really were burning calories. \$7; *Punk Rock Aerobics* (Da Capo Press, January 2004); www.punkrockaerobics.com.

***Los Angeles**

Carreiro Circus Arts and Gymnastics With the trapeze and the rings, forward rolls and cartwheels, these classes bring back the basics of gymnastics. Even Bette Midler and Jodie Foster have given them a whirl. Single classes cost \$23. 310-652-3060; www.circusgymnastics.com.

***New York City**

Disco Yoga Who says you can’t Om to the Bee Gees? Crunch Fitness mixes traditional yoga poses with John Travolta moves to liven up two timeless practices. 212-758-3434; www.crunch.com.

***San Antonio**

Cardio Salsa Shall we dance? Bally Total Fitness heats up aerobics with Latin-inspired music and moves. 210-930-6282 and 210-674-2244; www.ballyfitness.com.

***Seattle**

Survivor Zūm takes the grade school physical-fitness tests of yesteryear and raises the stakes. Goal? To be the last one standing through a series of anaerobic challenges. (Who says you can’t be fitter than when you were in high school?) \$10; 206-443-3933; www.clubzum.com.

—Amy Gioia