

DECEMBER 2003

marie claire

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So what do
you think of my
new hairstyle?

how
honest
are your
friends?



The average person lies at least once in every 10-minute conversation. But your friends aren't average people—*they're* supposed to give it to you straight, right?

We challenged three women to do crazy things to test the honesty of their closest confidantes.

You won't believe the hair-raising results

TRUTH TEST #2

the boyfriend from hell

BY REBECCA RAPHAEL

I enlist actor Adam Devine to play “the guy I’m really into” and invite my friends over for drinks to meet him. The catch? Adam will be rude, weird, politically incorrect—everything my friends know I hate in a guy. But will they be too worried about bursting my love bubble to tell me they think he’s a creep?

REBECCA’S FRIENDS

- **GERALD**, 35, a friend from grad school
- **BECKY**, 31, a friend she met while living abroad
- **STEVE**, 33, a former coworker
- **MELANIE**, 32, a friend since junior high

■ Prince Charming (Adam) arrives 45 minutes late, blabbing on his cell. He dodges my hug, explaining, “Don’t want to wrinkle my new shirt.”

No one reacts to his weirdness. *Maybe they didn’t hear him say that?* Steve greets Adam with an outstretched hand. “I don’t shake hands,” Adam says. “I bow,” he continues, mentioning his stint in Asia as he bends over.

I try to play off Adam’s odd comment with confidence: “Isn’t he cultured?”

“Well, I also can’t stand germs,” he says, whipping out a bottle of sanitizer.

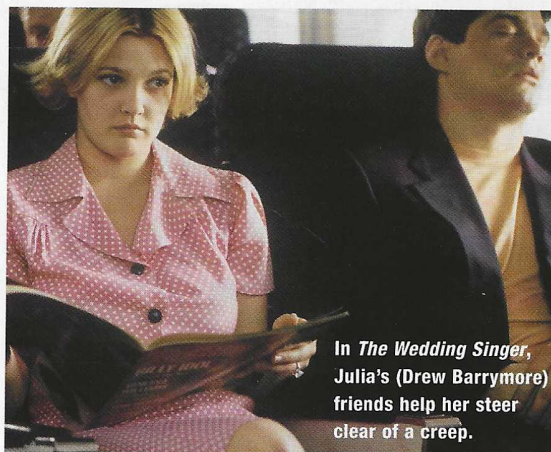
“Well-traveled and germ-free: What more could I want?” I ask, my voice cracking.

Becky starts the small talk. “So how’d you two meet?”

Adam recounts our late-night rendezvous at a seedy bar. “Rebecca was all over me like stink on shit,” he chortles. Everyone laughs nervously, as if to say, He’s kidding, right?

When Patricia (a coworker I invited to help me pull off the stunt) excuses herself to take a

Adam leaves, and still no one says a word. I hate my fake boyfriend—and my friends.



In *The Wedding Singer*, Julia’s (Drew Barrymore) friends help her steer clear of a creep.

call, I explain to Adam that she’s directing a TV series based on Dr. Phil’s diet book.

“Ironic, since she’s so chunky,” Adam replies loudly, outlining the shape of a rotund woman with his hands. Silence. “Maybe she should reread the book,” he adds. My guests look shocked and awed. But no one utters a peep!

“Where’d you go to college?” Steve asks. Is he trying to change the subject?

“Dartmouth,” replies Adam.

Becky eggs him on. “Oh, so you’re a smarty,” she says.

“Yeah, but kids with

too small!” she says.

“No, they’re phenomenal. Sooo perky,” says Adam, still staring. *Is that drool?*

“I’m flattered!” says Melanie. *And I’m going to puke. Shouldn’t she find it troubling that my boyfriend is paying more attention to her chest than to me?* Grrr.

After he blows his nose and asks, “Do I have boogers?” tilting his head so I can see up his nose, Adam answers his cell. “Keep it down!” he yells, as he makes plans to meet friends at a party that “every big shot in Hollywood is invited to.” Without even saying good-bye, Adam leaves, but promises to “pop back for a little nookie later.” That’s right. No one says a thing.

Ugh. I think I hate my fake boyfriend—and my friends.

What I learned

■ Some of my friends redeem themselves once Adam is gone. “I would have kicked him out if I were you!” says Gerald, explaining that he was too stunned all night to speak.

Melanie flat-out calls Adam “arrogant and weird.” *Phew!* But when Steve and Becky urge me to “give him a break” because he was probably “too nervous” to act human, I’m floored. *Wait a minute. Does this mean I shouldn’t tell Becky that her new guy is a bit dorky?*

Adam returns, and we explain that the evening was a setup. Steve and Becky backpedal so fast I can see skid marks on my carpet. “I didn’t want to hurt your feelings,” Becky says. Steve assures me, “At some point, if I saw no redeeming qualities in him, I’d tell that you were making a mistake.” *I love that my friends are so forgiving. But what would Adam have had to do to force them out of their silence? I shudder to think. Or maybe, they just trusted that I’d be savvy enough to figure out for myself that Adam was a loser. Hmmm . . . I guess that’s what friends are for.* ▷

buildings named after them always beat out bookworms.”

“The *chutzpah* of you!” she says smiling, implying that she appreciates his candor. *Please tell me she’s being sarcastic!*

As I pour myself a glass of wine, Adam mentions that his last girlfriend, a lingerie model, was 15 pounds thinner than I am, probably because she didn’t drink.

“What are you talking about?” demands Melanie. “Rebecca’s gorgeous.”

Ah, Melanie, my friend. But now she’s game for Adam. “Can I ask a question?” he says, his eyes bulging. “Are those real?”

Melanie blushes. “I’ve always thought they were way

it’s OK to lie...

When someone meant well. If, for example, a friend recommends you for a dead-end job like hers, putting down her suggestion would come across as mean and ungrateful.