



*Special Issue

Our Third Annual

Style Bible

Everything A Man Needs To Look His Best in 2014

3 SEPARATE COVERS!

Pharrell Williams
Kit Harington

AND THIS GUY,

Liam Neeson



The 12 Sports Trips Every Man Should Take

Can a Woman Be Too Perfect? Meet The Human Barbie

Featuring

THE GQ 100

→ OUR COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE MEN'S FASHION UNIVERSE

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»→ Some women like to watch MMA.

Some men like to get manicures.

It's the twenty-first century—gender lines are blurry, and that's A-OK.

But the next frontier might surprise you: lines of cosmetics, specially geared toward men. Or as one entrepreneur calls it, *urban camouflage*. Could this really catch on with regular guys?

GQ's **DREW MAGARY**—the regular-est guy we know, a suburban dad of three—test-drove all the new products to find out what happens when people stop being polite and start asking...



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CORNETT

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G Q . C O M

“ What the F#%k Is on Your Face, Brah?





I'll bet
you had
no idea
you were
so ugly.

I'll bet you've spent the past few years reasonably satisfied with that face—that smug loser face—you see in the mirror every day: those two eyes and that nose and those two lips and those teeth and that one stray ear hair. You might even steal an occasional glance in the mirror right after you're done making a mess of the office toilet. *Looking good, you!*

But you're not looking good. The truth is that you look like a plate of spaghetti that someone left in a sauna for eight days. Did you know you have as much as 20 percent more oil on your face than a woman? OIL. There's a fucking petroleum spill gushing out of your gross mug every waking second. And pores! You have those! Giant, open, rotting sewers on your face, leaking out fatty acids and day-old Brie rinds. It's all there. Out in the open, for everyone but you to see. You disgust me. *I* disgust me. We should *all* disgust one another.

But the well-groomed execs at BIG BEAUTY are prepared to do something about this. Big-name brands (Clinique, Tom Ford, etc.) are rolling out new lines that include male concealers, bronzers, and eye gels. Is it makeup? Of course it's makeup. But you won't find any guyliner or nail polish in these line extensions. This is all a clever—and potentially lucrative—way of expanding the grooming category into bold new territory, which is why you will never hear the word *makeup* cross the lips of any brand manager affiliated with these products. “We don't say the M-word,” says Michele Probst, founder of a men's-grooming-product company called Mēnaji. *Mēnaji* is a word Michele made up. “It's loosely based on the Scandinavian language,” she says. “*Mēnesse* means ‘man,’ and *formagi* means ‘power,’ so it means ‘man power.’”

To keep you men from running for the hills, this stuff is strictly for “cleaning up,” as Michele puts it. And I could use cleaning up. Like many other 37-year-old men, I do a poor job taking care of my face. I never wash it, unless letting shampoo runoff spill over it counts. I never exfoliate it. The reasons are because (a) I am lazy, (b) I don't want to spend any more money on toiletries than I already do, and (c) DURRRR I AIN'T



Of course I like it. That's the problem. The fear of liking makeup is probably what keeps many men from ever trying it.”

NO PRETTY BOY DURRRR. But I spent a few days using these various products to see if they could make my face glow like a nascent sun, and also because *GQ* made me. Here is what happened.

DAY 1: I OPEN ALL THE PACKAGES

from Tom Ford, Evolution Man, Clinique, Jane Iredale, and Mēnaji, which delivers its products in a repurposed cigar box, so it feels like you're opening a case of Cubans. Most of the items come in either black or gunmetal-gray bottles to give the illusion of extra manliness, as if you're dousing your face in pure HGH. The truth is that some of these products are almost exactly the same as women's makeup supplies, just in different clothing. One company freely admitted this to me. “Our customers said that they wished that the packaging weren't so feminine,” says Jane Iredale CEO Jane...uh...Iredale, “so we repackaged the items.”

I leaf through the Tom Ford grooming catalog: “Whether we like it or not, in

our culture, men are judged by our looks, and looking the best you can is a show of respect to those around you.” Okay, *Dad*. I spritz myself with some Skin Revitalizing Concentrate (\$150!)—a clear spray meant to be applied prior to formal moisturization—and already my face looks better. Glowier. The wrinkles are smoothed. The skin is plump. I am a ripe peach.

Next, I apply a bit of the Mēnaji aftershave hydrator (\$34). Probst says they call it aftershave because “we just wanted to make sure you knew when we wanted you to put it on your face.” Indeed, earlier in the week, Probst insisted I call her for instructions on how to use the products so that I could “experience the brand properly.”

The lotion smells very nice. When I was single, I somehow got a free bottle of Kiehl's cucumber lotion, and I found that wearing it gave me a fresh farmers'-market musk that at least two women liked. (Also, I assumed the scent of cucumber subliminally reminded them of penises.)

FROM TOP: NBC/NBCU PHOTO BANK VIA GETTY IMAGES; DARLENE HAMMOND/GETTY IMAGES; GILBERT HANEKROTT/REDFERNS/GETTY IMAGES; DESIREE NAVARRO/EVERETT COLLECTION; DESIREE NAVARRO/WIREIMAGE/GETTY IMAGES; MARK WILSON/GETTY IMAGES; ROB KIM/WIREIMAGE/GETTY IMAGES

So I wore that Kiehl's all over my body. I am hoping this lotion has a similar effect. Secret penis thoughts for all.

Last, I put on some foundation—a women's product that got mixed in with the men's stuff (whoops!)—and then I go over to my wife for an assessment. She studies my face like it's an oil painting.

"What do you have on?" she asks, trying to reverse-engineer my face. "You *do* look more even! You need that, because you have kinda bumpy skin."

I do? *Hey, screw you, lady.*

I quickly learn that evenness is a crucial thing. When you hear the phrase *male makeup*, you probably get a mental image of Steven Tyler looking like a 200-year-old fortune-teller. But these products are not meant to be noticed. They are meant to accentuate your best features and hide your worst, so that you look like an expertly Photoshopped version of yourself. I look back in the mirror. I look all right. I keep looking.

My wife starts digging through the other products, clearly looking for shit for herself. Hands off my brosmetics, girl.

DAY 2: TIME TO TEST THIS STUFF

out in public. I stow a tin of Jane Iredale's HVE (everything is manlier with a slash through it) bronzer (\$45) in my bag and head to the gym. The folks behind HVE also gave me a facial brush (another \$34) that looks like the ones you use to put on fancy shaving cream. After working out (GRRR SO MUCH HARD WORK FOR A MAN GRRR), I go to the locker room and, making sure other people can see me, take out the bronzer in front of a nearby



mirror. I powder my face. The brush is delightfully soft, like a tiny puppy is doing somersaults on my cheeks. An old dude walks behind me toward the shower and doesn't flinch. Did he not notice? Or did he notice but actively *tried* to look like he wasn't noticing?

I get in the car to pick up my son from nursery school, and the smell hits me. One of the other reasons I've never considered makeup an appealing option is because makeup, in general, smells terrible. If you've ever had the misfortune of opening a woman's makeup bag, you know that it smells like a dead actor. These companies will make a mint the day they find a way to slap ODORLESS on the label. Here in the car, I can smell the powder on my face. I can feel bits of makeup dust wafting up through my nose, like someone clapped a pair of chalkboard erasers in front of me. I feel like I'm gonna gag, so I open the windows.

DAY 3: I'VE BEEN USING THIS

makeup for a few days, and already I have a much greater appreciation for what women do every day just to make themselves look "presentable." Look at any STARS WITHOUT MAKEUP spread in *Us Weekly* and you'll find that we are a culture that demands women put on their best face at all times and that they should be ridiculed for daring to step outside looking like themselves. Men, by contrast, can be filthy and get away with it. At least we used to be able to. I don't know if I want the same hang-ups that we've already foisted upon all those poor women. It's one of the perks of manhood: You get to be a disgusting pig.

I put on some Evolution Man bronzing moisturizer (\$34), which I end up liking a lot, but then I stupidly wipe my hands on a nearby towel. I did not know that makeup can stain, and stain deeply. The towel now looks like an avant-garde fecal-art installation. But my face looks all right! I come downstairs and again offer myself to my wife for appraisal. After minutes of staring, I get the final judgment. "You look good! You can't tell!" Then she becomes concerned. "Maybe you used too light a hand." *I need to put on more? Let's not go nuts. We have only so many towels.*

"I think you like it!" she says. *What? Me? Never.*

Of course I like it. That's the problem. The fear of liking makeup is probably what keeps many men from ever trying it. Makeup conglomerates are doing everything they can to get men

Don't be afraid!
It's not gay!



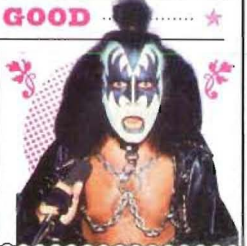
Started with a Bronzer, Now We Here

Still unsure about the art of cosmetic upkeep? Look to the stars; they've been doing it for decades. Just make sure to follow in the right footsteps.—G.M.

★ THE GOOD ★

Gene Simmons

Looked cool and mean, and was smart enough to let poor Peter Criss dress up like a cat.



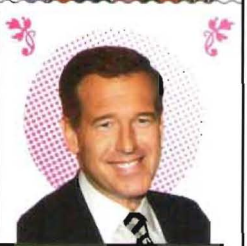
David Bowie

Always managed to look like himself, even when he was dressed up as a freakin' Martian.



Brian Williams

Could use a bit more bronzer on the eyelids for requisite evenness, but otherwise solid!



★ THE BAD ★

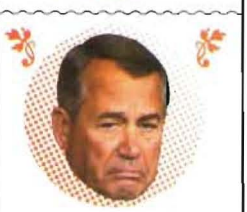
Adam Lambert

FUN FACT: *If you remove his makeup, all that's left is a pile of spent matchsticks.*



John Boehner

Has a 500-year supply of bronzer stored in a bombproof shelter.



Barry Manilow

Proof that if you don't go easy on the makeup, you will cross the Rubicon and start to look like a skin puppet.



past the stupidly inevitable gay panic associated with using these products. You can practically hear them screaming, "Don't be afraid! It's not gay!" But even in 2014, this is an uphill battle, which is why companies promise that you will look "healthier" or add a "bit of color" but never outright say you will look prettier, because many men still silently associate prettiness with weakness. (Probst even goes so far as to call her products "urban camouflage.") And men pride themselves on not being fussy. I wish I could tell you I am more enlightened than that, but I have yet to purge the caveman from my soul entirely. Maybe more bronzer will do the trick.

DAY 4: IT'S NEW YEAR'S DAY, and we're going to a nice dinner at my in-laws' house. So I shower up, then put on a white Mënaji mud "masque" (\$26) that makes me want to pull a knife on someone and hiss WHY SO SERIOUSSSSS?, Heath Ledger-style. I surprise my 5-year-old son by showing him the mask.

"Dad, can you take that off your face?"

I rinse off, slather on some bronzer, check the mirror once again (STUD!), and put on nice pants and a sweater. I have my war paint on. I'm ready. I even add some Tom Ford lip balm (\$25!) for extra glamness. Once we get to my in-laws' house, I walk up to my father-in-law, whom I love dearly, and crane my face toward him.

"Notice anything different?" I ask.

He's stumped. "You're prettier?" he asks jokingly. Not far off!

"Male makeup," I say.

My father-in-law literally takes a step backward in horror.

"WHAT? Oh, I'm gonna puke, Drew."

"It looks good!" says my sister-in-law. "Definitely more even." Again with the evenness! All faces must be fair and balanced.

My father-in-law looks at my face one more time in utter bewilderment. "I dunno if I can let you in here, Drew." He is joking. Please don't write him any angry letters. It just goes to show you how far the industry has to go to penetrate this market. Men have been conditioned for generations to believe that makeup is for girls. You shouldn't need makeup. You shouldn't want makeup. Why are you wearing makeup, sonny boy? What's *wrong* with you?

Anyway, my father-in-law lets me stay. We even share a drink. I bet he'd look good with some bronzer, so long as it doesn't make him puke.

DAY 5: IT'S BEEN NEARLY A WEEK, and my wife has already taken half my stash of products for herself. These are products for men, but really they are products that women buy in order to get men to try them, and then steal if they don't. Win-win.

Men's-toiletries sales are currently a \$2.6 billion annual business. And Probst speculates that male makeup is what will help drive that figure to a projected \$3.2 billion in 2016.

"Oh, bullshit," I say.

"See, I love you! You sound like my ex-husband."

To give me an example of where this market has room to grow, she puts me in touch with Douglas Pearce, a U.S. Army veteran diagnosed with PTSD, who started wearing Mënaji makeup after returning home from Afghanistan and going through a painful divorce.

"I was in a very dark place," Pearce says, "and I sort of felt like I had lost my humanity. I had never used any type of skin-care products, but I applied some of the things, and I was able to look in a mirror and say, *You know what, maybe I like this person*. It just made me

MALE MAKEUP



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 192

feel a little bit human again. And if nobody else notices it, great, I don't want anyone else to notice it."

Were you hesitant to use guy makeup at first?

"There was a little bit of a hesitancy, and I'm like, *Ohhh, this isn't what dudes do*, but how many times have I applied camouflage to my face in order to hide from people?"

Did any of your friends give you shit for using it?

"Some of my friends might give me a little bit of a hard time, but they also know that if I had to, I'd punch 'em in the throat."

Along with free makeup, Mënaji also gave Douglas an additional bonus: "It's funny, I actually used the mirror on the compact just the other day to hook up the digital fiber-optic cable."

Because that's what men do. They can't help but add a bit of manly spirit to whatever it is they touch. One day we'll figure out a way to bottle our Skin Revitalizing Concentrate in the handle of a bowie knife.

DAY 31

MY TRIAL RUN WITH MAKEUP is long over, and I've let my routine sag. Sometimes I throw on the bronzer. Sometimes I do nothing. My brief fling with guy makeup is pretty much a thing of the past, despite Probst's encouragement to stick with it: "The face is the first thing people look at. Take care of it—that's all we're saying. It's not that hard!" Ah, but it's just one more goddamn thing I'm too lazy to bother with. And once the free supply runs out, I'm stuck buying it on my own. Again, that Tom Ford miracle circus tonic is \$150. So I slip.

But I have a trip to New York coming up and a party to attend. Other human beings will be looking at my face—that open sewer—and I should probably obey my dad, Tom Ford, and look my best. So I throw on the bronzer, and I look in the mirror once more at Pretty Drew. There is no doubt. I look better. I look cleaner and healthier. Why, I had no idea I was so beautiful. I step out of the bathroom and show off for the missus. Sometimes you are self-conscious when you wear these products. You do feel as if you're wearing something. But if you forget... If you let it slip from your memory and just be yourself, you do find yourself walking taller and feeling better.

"You look good," she says.

Even?

"Oh yes."

I beam with pride.

"But your fly is open." ❌

DREW MAGARY is a GQ correspondent and a staff writer for *Deadspin*.