Style

Rise and shine

User's guide: while Rich Cohen rediscovers the joys of shaving, Deborah Copaken Kogan adds seasonal sparkle to her make-up

In the beginning, I loved to shave. I mean this literally: in the beginning, when I was small, and didn't have any facial hair to speak of, I used to pretend shave with my father's razor. I would lather my face with Noxzema (the mentholated kind that makes you high on fumes), and then remove the blue foam from my face in neat swipes with a razor minus the blade. Shaving was something I cared about and wanted to do. It made a boy a man – that's what I thought. And it gave the morning shower a point. You went in rough, you came out smooth.

What did I know? I started shaving for real when I was 15 and noticed that slowly, week by week, my upper lip had grown wispy and dark and I was taking on a raffish look. I grabbed a blade without telling anyone, using the stall in my parents' bathroom. It was over pretty fast. But just like that, I had to shave again. And again. And again.

And I discovered that I have sensitive skin: I practically bleed when the wind blows. After a shave, I have often seen my face fill with blood and my chin turn into a range of bumpy red peaks. They call this razor burn and it stinks. Now and then, coming out the bathroom with lawnmower face, I am met by the guffaws of my wife and kids.

"Yo, Pop, you need help disposing of a body?"

"Yo, Pop, you need a transfusion? I'm type O positive."

Which is why everyone in this house – even the smallest one, who barely knows his own name – was happy when the various shaving potions and grooming accoutrements arrived to turn me from a haggard, ageing wretch into an anchorman.

There was Renewing Face Wash & Scrub and Smooth Shave Cream by Twinluxe; and Scruffing Lotion For Men by Clinique. There was Instant Energy Mist, Instant Rescue Gel, Soothing Face Balm and Booster Serum (for pre-shave) by Twinluxe. I had no idea there was so much involved. Maybe shaving minimalism had been my problem all along. To get a proper shave, you apparently have to be a kind of mad scientist, laughing maniacally as you mix creams and sprays and astringents.

But if I did all this, would there be any time for breakfast with the kids? Reading the paper? Would there be any room in the bathroom cabinet for soap?

Within a week or so of experimenting, the various ingredients settled, some rising to the top, some falling to the bottom, and I developed a kind of routine, a pre-game ritual that has saved my face from the green meanies.

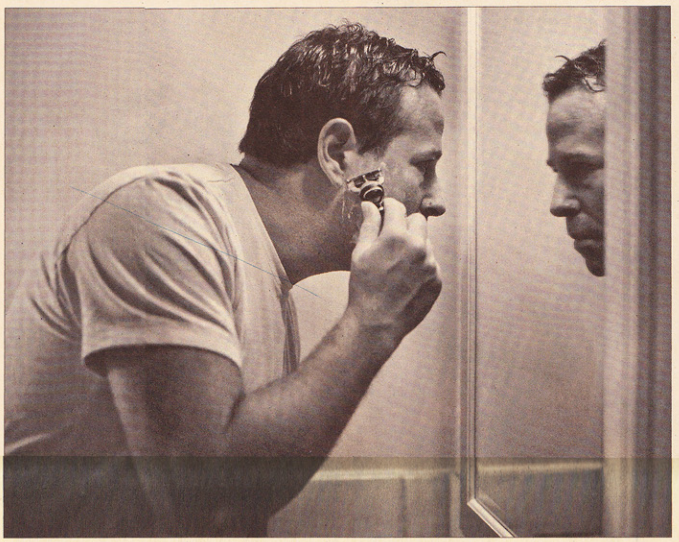
First, as the shower runs, I use Clinique Scruffing Lotion, which is pink like a sunset and strong like a cocktail. Soaking a cotton ball, I wipe my face, opening my pores – well, that's what the label says, and I believe it. Then, in the shower, I lather up with Twinluxe Smooth Shave Cream, which comes in a stout bottle shaped like a hockey puck. This is not the foam familiar to most of us, it's cream. Dip in and scoop out a handful, like the shave-and-a-haircut pro in the old barbershop. Then you shave (I use a Gillette Mach3 Turbo).

After the shower (those who do not shave in the shower can just swap the water and steam for a hot towel), I squirt twice with Twinluxe Energy Mist, which is clear and sprays on. This is supposed to soothe and wake up your face, and it does; it feels like a bracing wind. So much so that I have caught my wife sneaking squirts from my medicine cabinet. This is followed by Twinluxe Soothing Balm, which smells manly and clean and has made me irresistible to women. Or at least the one woman I care about.

Finally, I apply a dab of Twinluxe Rescue Gel to whatever nicks or cuts there are – and there have been fewer – which are then bizarrely healed. At this point, I am clean-shaven, returned to my old face, the me I was before the years of heartbreak and mean shaving. The whole thing, pre-shave to after, takes 15 minutes, leaving plenty of time for my daily news consumption. Better still, the shower, which had been a place of torture, is once again a place of promise: I am a kid shaving with his father's razor, only this time with a blade inside.

It makes me believe there may be a solution for my winter-traumatised hair after all.

RC





Ritual From top: Rich Cohen gets to grips with a new shaving routine; Deborah Copaken Kogan and her daughter Sasha experiment with glittery make-up

Bryan Derballa

The first time I applied glitter to my face, it was 1983. I was going to a David Bowie concert. The second time I was playing Puck in a college production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. This was probably around 1986, though my memory of both the year and the play are vague. The third time was just this past month, when my 13-year-old daughter, Sasha, took one look at the vast stash of seasonally appropriate, sparkly make-up that arrived at our house and, with a defeated sigh, said such good stuff was wasted on me because I had no idea how to use it.

"Fine," I said. "If you and your friends want to give me a lesson, I'll try." Maybe, I thought, I could create a new party me. I could toss a little glitter on my face the same way I don my ankle-length, sparkly red Agnès B skirt once a year, whenever my friend Katie's holiday party beckons.

That's why two of Sasha's classmates arrived at my doorstep: Phoebe and Hannah. Phoebe has an encyclopedic knowledge of most things, make-up included; Hannah has been an expert liner of eyes, I suspect, since the womb; and Sasha has the type of multicoloured eyes – blue, green, and gold descending into the pupil like a Jasper Johns painting – that eyeshadow adores.

We spilled all the products on to the floor of my bedroom. Hannah, never one to mince words, picked up the Bobbi Brown Glitter Liquid Eye Liner in "Gold" and said: "This goldness is ridiculous. It would look better on Ke$ha." She then proceeded to use it on her own eyes anyway. "She's the singer, right?" I said (I knew because my friend's son plays guitar in her band).

"It doesn't really look that gold when you put it on," said Sasha. "It just has a slight gold tinge." Her eyes looked radiant, in fact, the gold flecks in her iris picking up the gold of the eyeliner but, when I tried it on, I looked like what I imagine Ke$ha will look like 20 years from now if she's not careful. I moved on to the Bobbi Brown Shimmer Brick Compact in "Bronze". "Is this blush?" I asked. Phoebe rolled her eyes. "No, it's an eye shimmer."

"What's an eye shimmer?"

"It's, like, powdery," explained Hannah, "with little sparkly flecks instead of solid like a shadow."

"I bet you could use it as blush," I said. Phoebe tried: "It's like a bronzer, only shinier." Not bad, I thought, squinting at my cheeks, and not overly sparkly, though I'd be wary about wearing it in sunlight.

Next Sasha sprayed the Batiste Dry Shampoo Silver Shimmer on her hair, which we assumed would make her follicles glitter. Instead it turned her brown hair grey, as if she were playing the old maid in a play with a limited budget for wigs. "It looks like I have lice," she said.

"No," said Phoebe, "it looks like you have nits. Where the sparkles are." On her blonde hair it provided a nice sheen but, as a parent, I couldn't get past the nits. Sasha got to work applying the Dior Vernis Haute Couleur Nail Lacquer in "Timeless Gold" to her nails, which the girls loved and I tolerated, while Phoebe and Hannah started opening the giant stacks of Bellàpierre Cosmetics Shimmer 9-stack, one in neutrals, the other in vibrant colours.

"This stacking system is really irritating," said Phoebe. It's true: we did spill some shimmer on the floor while dismantling the stacks. Hannah was enamoured: "I love the stacking thing! They blend really well, and they're not super super solid, like eye shadow. I would totally buy this." Here Hannah and I partially agreed: I wouldn't buy the vibrant colours – yellow, pink and purple on a 44-year-old eyelid is probably against the law in several jurisdictions – but the neutrals could work even in the absence of a holiday party.

The girls also loved the Dior Addict Ultra Gloss in "Flash" and the Bobbi Brown Glitter Lip Gloss in "Almost Bare 7". Why? "Because they have brushes," said Hannah. "I hate when a lipgloss only has that little nubby thing to apply it."

I tried on Prrrowl Iridescent Mascara Topcoat and Shimmering Lip Gloss, the latter of which had a nub instead of a brush but I didn't mind. The topcoat was a sparkly blue, the lipgloss a sparkly pink. I looked in the mirror and thought: "Well, I could never wear this every day, but maybe at night, to a party with low lighting and plenty of vodka."

DCK

Next month: back to basics with mascara

CUTTING EDGE

Four fabulous razors

eShave
Shaving prowess meets objet d'art from the award-winning American shaving gurus eShave.
£195,
www.harrods.com

Taylor of Old Bond Street: Fusion razor with slim nickel handle
Ever wondered how Mayfair gents stayed dapper? This is it. £79.95,
www.selfridges.com

Collezione Barbiere Razor and Stand
Wengé wood, burnished brass handle; It even has its own stand. Close shaves: Italian style. £166,
www.harrods.com

Nickel Triple Blade Razor
Enjoy a close shave from this illustrious by-royal-appointment groomer and perfumer. If it's good enough for Prince William. . .
£35,
www.penhaligons.com

Sparkly make-up and shaving products

By Rich Cohen and Deborah Copaken Kogan

Published: December 3 2010 21:42 | Last updated: December 3 2010 21:42

In the beginning, I loved to shave. I mean this literally: in the beginning, when I was small, and didn't have any facial hair to speak of, I used to pretend shave with my father's razor. I would lather my face with Noxzema (the mentholated kind that makes you high on fumes), and then remove the blue foam from my face in neat swipes with a razor minus the blade. Shaving was something I cared about and wanted to do. It made a boy a man – that's what I thought. And it gave the morning shower a point. You went in rough, you came out smooth.

What did I know? I started shaving for real when I was 15 and noticed that slowly, week by week, my upper lip had grown wispy and dark and I was taking on a raffish look. I grabbed a blade without telling anyone, using the stall in my parents' bathroom. It was over pretty fast. But just like that, I had to shave again. And again. And again.

And I discovered that I have sensitive skin: I practically bleed when the wind blows. After a shave, I have often seen my face fill with blood and my chin turn into a range of bumpy red peaks. They call this razor burn and it stinks. Now and then, coming out the bathroom with lawnmower face, I am met by the guffaws of my wife and kids.

"Yo, Pop, you need help disposing of a body?"

"Yo, Pop, you need a transfusion? I'm type O positive."

EDITOR'S CHOICE

Frock around the clock - Dec-03

The party pick-me-up and morning-after recovery kit - Dec-03

Foldable shoes - Dec-03

Small wonders - Dec-03

Tweed is good - Dec-03

Three weeks before Christmas - Dec-03

Which is why everyone in this house – even the smallest one, who barely knows his own name – was happy when the various shaving potions and grooming accoutrements arrived to turn me from a haggard, ageing wretch into an anchorman.

There was Renewing Face Wash & Scrub and Smooth Shave Cream by Twinluxe; and Scruffing Lotion For Men by Clinique. There was Instant Energy Mist, Instant Rescue Gel, Soothing Face Balm and Booster Serum (for pre-shave) by Twinluxe. I had no idea there was so much involved. Maybe shaving minimalism had been my problem all along. To get a proper shave, you apparently have to be a kind of mad scientist, laughing maniacally as you mix creams and sprays and astringents.

But if I did all this, would there be any time for breakfast with the kids? Reading the paper? Would there be any room in the bathroom cabinet for soap?

Within a week or so of experimenting, the various ingredients settled, some rising to the top, some falling to the bottom, and I developed a kind of routine, a pre-game ritual that has saved my face from the green meanies.

First, as the shower runs, I use Clinique Scruffing Lotion, which is pink like a sunset and strong like a cocktail. Soaking a cotton ball, I wipe my face, opening my pores – well, that's what the label says, and I believe it. Then, in the shower, I lather up with Twinluxe Smooth Shave Cream, which comes in a stout bottle shaped like a hockey puck. This is not the foam familiar to most of us, it's cream. Dip in and scoop out a handful, like the shave-and-a-haircut pro in the old barbershop. Then you shave (I use a Gillette Mach3 Turbo).

After the shower (those who do not shave in the shower can just swap the water and steam for a hot towel), I squirt twice with Twinluxe Energy Mist, which is clear and sprays on. This is supposed to soothe and wake up your face, and it does; it feels like a bracing wind. So much so that I have caught my wife sneaking squirts from my medicine cabinet. This is followed by Twinluxe Soothing Balm, which smells manly and clean and has made me irresistible to women. Or at least the one woman I care about.

Finally, I apply a dab of Twinluxe Rescue Gel to whatever nicks or cuts there are – and there have been fewer – which are then bizarrely healed. At this point, I am clean-shaven, returned to my old face, the me I was before the years of heartbreak and mean shaving. The whole thing, pre-shave to after, takes 15 minutes, leaving plenty of time for my daily news consumption. Better still, the shower, which had been a place of torture, is once again a place of promise: I am a kid shaving with his father's razor, only this time with a blade inside.

It makes me believe there may be a solution for my winter-traumatised hair after all.

Rich Cohen