

# Raising eyebrows, waxing backs

By EVE MARX

Like so many other women, I've waged a lifelong battle with my brows. Until I was 13, barely aware I had them, I was in ignorant bliss. Then, just around the time I hit puberty, which coincided with my avid reading of "Seventeen," it dawned on me that brows were like pets, or gardens; in other words, something to be tended, groomed, cultivated. My own brows were embarrassingly big and dark and thick; they grew together in a unibrow that was distinctly masculine. I still remember the hell of lying flat on my back on my friend Rosemary's four-poster bed, shortly after she completed a modeling and makeup course at John Robert Powers. Rosemary sat on top of me, tweezers in hand. "Hold still and be quiet," she commanded, ignoring my screams, as she went about her painful business.

As an adult, I've spent an inordinate amount of time, not to mention money, messing with my brows. Dozens, if not hundreds of times, I've had them plucked, waxed and threaded. Depending on the fashion, at times they've been thick or pencil thin. At times I've despaired that some overzealous tweezer/waxer has permanently ruined them. Conversely, I have also been able to completely ignore my brows for months, that is when I haven't been

rubbing them off, a bad habit I developed whenever I'm bored or anxious.

Two weeks ago I made an appointment with Gail Marie, the brow and personal waxing specialist, who is now working her magic in Bedford Hills at Bellava. Gail Marie has won numerous awards for her talents, including two Best of Westchester's (2008 and 2011). She has extensive expertise in eyebrow design and shaping, as well as brow and lash tinting. She is also a licensed cosmetologist and certified paramedical esthetician. Gail Marie has a gentle, precise touch, and a warm and loving nature. She shared with me that she used to do Mary Kennedy's brows, which, of course, after Mary's death, everyone saw over and over again in pictures.

Gail Marie was raised in the Bronx, although she's been in Chappaqua for years. She said she knew her future was laid out for her when she was 10 and started doing her grandmother's brows and beauty work. She also trimmed her father's brows, which were bushy, as well as trimming his ear and nose hair. Her father was an artist, and she said that's how she learned to work with wax. Instead of the little pots ev-

eryone uses, she uses an artist's palette.

My husband, Mr. Sax, has strong feelings about my brows, and was concerned when I made my appointment. Don't let her make them too thin, he made me promise. I put myself in Gail Marie's hands after informing her of his preferences, and half an hour later emerged from Bellava with my brows magnificent (and still thick). For the record, Gail Marie loves working on guys, and

she's definitely the woman to see when you're having your lady parts tended. I can't understand

these women who have this all-important intimate job done by someone they don't know, and who doesn't even speak English.

Speaking of body hair and waxing, last night I went to see "Magic Mike," the man-scape movie extravaganza. I went with two girlfriends. One does wonder if any straight man has seen it. "Magic Mike" is absolutely a girls night out with popcorn flick. It's basically the same story as "Flashdance," but with a male protagonist. The dancing is outrageous, and I, for one, appreciated the script. I expected something frothier, but was not disappointed when it turned out there was more (just a little

more) to it. Channing Tatum is a hunk and a half. Women of all ages are going crazy for his shapely and waxed chest, butt and back. Matthew McConaughey's character is the perfect creepy sleaze, which is good, because you have to have at least one despicable character the audience loves to hate. Maybe you have to be a trained screenwriter to understand this, but without nasty characters, there's no tension. At the end of the day, the movie is all about beefcake. If you're the kind of guy who thinks women don't notice or think about men's butts, think, think again.

The big news in K-town this week is that Tazza has finally opened. And about time, since Perks shut its doors March 31. I plan on doing a full write-up on the new coffee bar soon for this paper; meanwhile, know that Tazza is clean, bright and spacious, and the coffee is excellent. A friend who was addicted to a frozen chai frappe thing they quit offering at Starbucks because of the monster calories, claims the identical-tasting and -looking frappe she had at Tazza was not a diet breaker. The cheerful, friendly staff behind the counter are full of smiles and the picture of helpfulness. While a few tables outside would be very, very welcome, I predict Tazza will be a huge success.

View from the  
**PORCH**