

# HE'S GOT THE LOOK

IMAGE CONSULTANT MICHELLE LEGAN HELPS ATLANTA MEN SHED THEIR FRAT-BOY STYLE.

BY MARY JO DILONARDO

**M**AKEOVERS ARE HOT. THERE ARE the Fab Five on Bravo's *Queer Eye for the Straight Guy*, tear-inducing *What Not to Wear* on BBC America and TLC and surgical overhauls on ABC's *Extreme Makeover*. All of which have inspired Michelle Legan, a local makeover consultant who's made it her personal mission to help metro-area guys break out of what she calls "the Atlanta uniform": pleated khakis and polo shirts.

Legan, who calls her company EyeCandy Image, left her sales career for this tough-love business after realizing she was constantly advising male friends on how to cut their hair and what to wear.

Often, guys "really want people to tell them what to do," she explains. "They appreciate the perspective of a female who's not their girlfriend, wife, mother or sister."

I tag along as she transforms Steve Knight, a 45-year-old bachelor and business owner. We meet at his Sandy Springs condo, where Legan drills him about his personal habits and hobbies. Do you cook? (Nothing elaborate.) Bleach your teeth? (Yes.) Smoke? (No.) Barber or stylist? (Barber.) What kind of car do you drive?

(BMW convertible.)

Impressed with the Beemer, she scrutinizes Knight's sandy blond hair—well-styled but a little shaggy—and advises him to move the part a little closer to the middle and keep his hair shorter. She hands him the card of Karen Pearce, a stylist at Key Lime Pie Salon & Spa, and suggests he get his hair trimmed

Legan's services start at \$150, or \$600 for a package. See [www.eyecandyimage.com](http://www.eyecandyimage.com).



before their second meeting.

The next time Legan and Knight meet, he's sporting a jaunty George Clooney coif. She watches him walk, suggesting he concentrate more on standing up straight, and checks out everything from his nose hair (none) and eyebrows (well-groomed) to his

fingernails (a little too short) and teeth (awesome).

Then she takes a deep breath and tackles his closet. There she finds an impressive nine pairs of khaki-colored pants ("about six too many!") and at least two dozen polo-style shirts. "Polos have their time and place, but they're not appropriate to go out on a date," says Legan. "It shows no creativity or originality."

She picks through his clothes, chastising Knight for too much starch on his dress shirts and for using wire hangers, but eventually finds some items she likes tucked amid the sea of golf wear. She gets downright giddy over a plum-gray shirt, after disdaining a navy plaid.

With clothes tossed on Knight's bed and the floor, the duo heads to Nordstrom to try on the clothes that Legan has already chosen. There are camel-colored jeans, a black mock turtleneck, a pumpkin-colored button-down shirt and a hip brown suede jacket.

Showered with compliments from us and the gushing salesclerks, the now GQ-worthy cover-boy actually blushes. He ends up buying most of the garments, even wearing his new brown suede oxfords out of the store.

But Legan isn't through. She takes him to an optical store and selects a pair of sleek, rimless frames.

In the end, Knight spends more than a grand, but the transformation is impressive.

"It really pushes you out of your comfort zone," he says. "The question is, when I go shopping again, will I fall back into old habits?"