

Hair today, gone tomorrow

Recovering from a knee-replacement operation in January, I was confined first to hospital and then to relatively long periods of “rest” in front of the TV. While laying there my mind meandered all over the place and - it being an unusually hot and dry summer - eventually settled on the state of my own hair. This led to thinking about hair in general and the apparent imperative of many to have long, flowing tresses even in this heat.

In spite of the fact that my own hair leaves lots to be desired, my thoughts about hair are abundant and marvel.

I often drive pass a hairshop in town which, for now, I will call OMG - for the name is an expletive expressing great surprise. One for instance, could look into the mirror and, spotting the mess your hair is in, exclaim: “OMG, its time for me to refresh my weave!” After establishing the state of your monthly financial statement, you for instance might be tempted to call out: “OMG, where will I get the money from to do my hair!?” however, knowing what your real priorities are, you make the decision to blow your monthly household budget, for the satisfaction to - after the first glimpse into the salon mirror, you might feel, OMG, but I look great!”

Still resting in front of the TV one Wednesday afternoon, I was suddenly made to pull my battered body up and actually pay attention. For there - on the news - was an interview with a salon owner. Apparently South Africa is currently experiencing an unexplained increase in the number of cases of hair theft. It seems dreads are particularly desired. This came as a bit of a surprise, but it turns out that, long African hair is in short supply there because African hair grows more slowly than, eg. Brazilian or Asian hair.

The repercussion of this is that thugs are now said to be going around with their scissors poised, ready to jump the first dreaded man they may encounter - and liberate him from his lionine pride, no matter how many they may be. The salon owner went to some length to assure the viewers that his salon only gets its hair from reputable suppliers. I became a bit suspicious though when he went to equal lengths and pains to explain how they wash the dreaded hair with special chemical shampoos and leaving them under infra-red lights to keep the hair free from bacteria.

Probably seething with hair envy, I very often marvel about the way in which many young girls are proudly flicking and swinging tresses reaching down to the small of their backs, even on swelteringly hot days. I always imagine that it must be like wearing a fur or hair shawl around the shoulders. Could be quite nice in winter though. What surprises me is the “pretence” that this is their actual hair.

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Photo:madamenoire.com