

Q: My hair needs to be updated. What looks are “in” this fall?  
—Curious in California

A: That depends on your current hair style. If your hair is long, cut it short and swingy. If it’s straight, add body and curl with a perm. If it’s curly, straighten it with a blow-dryer and styling brush for added “polish.” Whatever you do, change the color—this fall the style will be a shade lighter or darker than your color.

&

Just then the clouds parted and Hazel became conscious of her own reflection in the toy shop window. She was surprised—the unfamiliar makeup and hair startled her. She could hardly believe it was her face. A transvestite, she thought, that’s what I’ve become.

The women had been enthused about Hazel, daintily eating cucumber sandwiches and sipping Perrier. A new woman! they’d cheered. She looks beautiful! Wonderful! Amazing! And the photographer, encouraging Hazel to smile for the camera under the diffused lighting he’d brought with him, said, “Terrific, Babe! Super terrific!”

Nikki and Eileen and Don had been proud of the look they’d achieved with Hazel. And Hazel herself knew the feeling—it had given her satisfaction to help hundreds of women look better. In some ways, she considered herself an artist, adorning bodies with color as people had done since prehistoric times. But sitting in the chair, Hazel had thought there was something wrong with the whole process. She couldn’t quite put her finger on it, but it had something to do with expectations. Otherwise, why did she feel so bad right now?

Hazel smelled dust as the first raindrops hit the asphalt parking lot. Then came the gray downpour, accompanied by lightning she could see flashing toward Lake Michigan. Hazel stepped out from the awning and held her hands out to catch the falling water. She turned her face up toward the sky: rain rinsed her hair and face, soaking the clothes and boots. She followed the sidewalk back toward the salon where her car was parked, knowing how Don would react if he could see her right now. It was best to avoid him—on weekends, at least, this body was hers.