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BAD HAIR DAY

ORANGE! Her hair was ORANGE! Like George Costanza's mother on the Seinfeld Show. Like a toned down version of Bozo without the pointy antennae. She hadn't meant it to be that way. Prior to this fiasco she had soft, gray hair, very becoming and fitting to her age. It was a shade of gray that was appreciated and valued by her husband as they both entered their senior years.

She bought the hair-coloring product with much care. She even called the company representative using the 800 number on the package.

"Can I use it if I am more than thirty-five percent gray?"

She was always careful and prudent. It was her nature.

The representative said it would be okay.

However, instead of the subtle blonde shade that the carefully coifed model displayed on the box, her newly created ORANGE hair shouted and screamed for attention like a four alarm fire.

She found it funny. She laughed almost uncontrollably when she stepped out of the bathroom after viewing the results in the three-sided mirror. The coloring was variable as to tonal quality but the most dramatic effect was seen from the front; Head on — as said about the most terrible of car crashes.

Had it happened to him her husband would have been mortified and angry. It would have been a serious blow to his already skin-thin ego. But, it was her sense of humor that had endeared her to her mate. She could laugh in the face of disaster. Where others saw despair,

she found comedy and she could laugh at herself in these ridiculous situations. She was a wonder.

Her husband didn't want to admit how her new and bizarre hairdo affected him when they joined their friends they hadn't seen in months. Her total lack of self consciousness allowed her full freedom of action that would have affected him much differently. He might have been as embarrassed as when he received a bad haircut and resorted to wearing a cap both indoors and out. She didn't even bother to explain to their friends, perhaps realizing that all women, at one time or another, shared a bad hair day.

Afterward, she mentioned to her husband that the color will eventually fade as she shampooed.

"But," she said, "This brand is a long-lasting variety that takes up to twenty-four shampoos to rinse out completely."

If you are interested in seeing this effect, so very appropriate for the Fourth of July, with the wife's dazzling orangish-red hair, creamy white skin and wearing a royal blue dress, watch for a distinctive, older couple at your local restaurant. The woman has a slight glow over her head due to the stark display of color dynamics that cannot be easily ignored. The husband sports the blush of embarrassment which creates a glow of his own.

For shame on the husband. Shame! Shame! Shame! He has not yet learned the art of glorified self confidence and the cathartic effect of not taking oneself too seriously.

Perhaps, with a little more time, he may.

— *Robert L. Gockman*