



After years of avoiding hairdressers, **Kate McAuley** still can't see the fringe benefits



OKAY, I NEED TO GET SOMETHING STRAIGHT FIRST.

I am not a scaredy cat. Spiders don't bother me, I don't jump when things go bump in the night and I laughed all the way through *The Exorcist*. I don't mind flying, despite having been in a plane crash; I still swim in the ocean, even though I once got caught up in a tsunami on a remote Japanese island, and I don't have bad dreams about the time a police officer in Cameroon shoved his gun in my face.

How is it then, that a waif of a man dressed in tight clothing and a propensity to over use words such as a 'daaahling' and 'fabulous' can have me shaking with fear all the way to the soles of my Jimmy Choos? It's seems incongruous, but it's true nonetheless. I'm afraid of anyone armed with a pair of scissors, a blow-dryer and a never-ending supply of crocodile clips.

So much so, that a flick through my photo album will reveal that I have pretty much had the same hairstyle since high school. Sure, the length has varied a little bit and so has the colour, thanks to office work and fewer hours spent by the beach. I've even been crazy enough to have a few layers cut in from time to time. But, that is where this daredevil's hair odyssey ended – until recently.

Thanks to some tough love from friends, I decided to face my fears. As Steven, the scissor-wielding artiste who had been assigned to crop my mop, clipped a shiny pinafore around my neck, a surprisingly fatalistic attitude kicked in.

"Give me a fringe," I demanded.

And a blunt, straight across the forehead Lily Allen-esque fringe I got.



Hacked off: when hair goes horrid

I'm now having a love/hate relationship with my new do. Confused, I'm searching for vindication of my rash style decision at every turn.

On the one hand I've spied pics of Jennifer Aniston, Reese Witherspoon and Heidi Klum all sporting something similar to what I've got, but the doubt begins to creep in when I'm subjected to Terri Irwin's (wife of the former Crocodile Hunter) frontal foliage – the woman is just the epitome of daggy. On which side of the fence do I fall?

Oh, who cares? From now on, I'm just going to be one of those women who has a *laissez faire* attitude towards her hair. And anyway, it'll grow out, right?

Photos: Getty Images

TOO BIG FOR YOUR LOUBOUTINS...?

What's with the extremes in fashion at the moment, particularly when it comes to shoes? To be on-trend you either have to totter about in five-inch platforms or slide around in flats. Now, I'm fine with my ballet pumps, especially my new French Sole animal print pair. It's the heels that niggle me. I'm already 1.82m-tall, so this latest trend is a no-go. To prove it, I tried on a pair of gorgeous Louboutins the other day and ended up looking like some kind of white Ru Paul wannabe – and nobody wants that.



ABOUT OUR COLUMNIST



At 19, Kate McAuley ran away from her home in Sydney to live in Japan. Since then she's become a modern-day nomad, living in a further six countries with no signs of stopping. In Dubai, she's the online editor for *TimeOut* magazine