

Claudia Winkleman

ME AND MY FRINGE

Cover-up cool and a definite edge – it's hair that gives you more bang for your buck

I know what you're thinking... I'll change my hair soon. Like, I might be sick of it, right? A woman must get bored of the same style. Suppose I might just get a bob, or dye it red? Maybe I'll consider some highlights and a tight bun?

Let me explain – the fringe is here to stay. I will never wake up and think, 'I'll tell you what I need – some curls.' Or, 'I think it might be time to buy a crimper.' Or, 'What I'm craving is a new look.'

First things first – I hate change. Just ask the bloke from Ocado. Every week he turns up with the same perplexed, slightly disappointed look: 'Right then, the usual, love? You don't want to try a different chipolata? Maybe you want to switch to a Jazz from a Braeburn?' The answer is a hearty 'No'. Thank you very much Mr Lemon Van – stick it right down there and please God let there be no substitutions. If you've brought me non-Tropicana orange juice, I might have to eat the goldfish in revolt.

I love the same and it's taken me a long time to get here. I like wearing black, I like wearing Tipp-Ex on my mouth (the kinder way of putting it would be a pale lipstick) and I like my fringe. I've figured out I don't have long left and now's not the time to start experimenting. I did that in the Eighties. I tried Sun In (genuinely repulsive) and I even had a flirtation with tongs (I was left with a burnt head and weird thin tendrils that sprang out at different angles – disgusting) but now I'm a little old lady and I only really want to look like Chrissie Hynde.

So here's why I love a fringe and why I think most people should have one. You just don't need to try so hard. Number one: your face can basically fall off and wrinkle up like a Shar Pei. Underneath my curtain

of dark-brown hair I look at least 110. You're dealing with a woman who used Mazola as a sunscreen from 1988 until 2001. So that's the first thing: let your face fall apart, don't worry about all those injections and nobody will know. Number two: you're late for the school run and you're wearing old pregnancy leggings and a 'hilarious' *Star Wars* T-shirt you gave your husband 15 years ago and you're in mismatched – dare I say it – Uggs. You've got a definite, non-apologetic fringe? Don't worry – you're still looking sort of cool. A fringe does so much work for you. You're making a small statement with a sharp set of bangs even if all you can bear to wear is jeans and an old jumper. A fringe will save the day.

Here's the other thing. There are a lot of women who are just beautiful – they have sparkly eyes and amazing skin and huge mouths and extraordinary clavicles and so they can sweep up their hair, they can dye it pink, they can even (some of them) get away with the devil – a scrunchie. And that's fine. But I'm definitely not that person. Don't get me wrong – with a crate of fake tan, some airbrushing and a team of 90 with wands of concealer I can look OK, but I need all the help I can get. And that's why the fringe rules and why it stays. Basically, if you're Kate Moss or Uma Thurman – sweep that hair right off your face, girls. You look amazing whatever you do. For the rest of us, cover up as much as is humanly possible.

The other joy is that upkeep is minimum. I run to my hairdresser every 12 weeks and beg him to trim it, but otherwise I'm done. My daughter has a fringe, the kitten has a fringe and even the tortoise has a wig. Long live the fringe.

NO CHANGE HERE, THANKS



1997



2002



2004



2006



2007



2008



2009



2010



2012



2013

What does say abo

It's one of those big questions, up there
phone?' So we asked some of ou

The good thing is
that, over the years,
I've really expressed myself
by experimenting with
different hairstyles...
JEMIMA KHAN

My hair is a
wild, unruly mane, the sort you'd
expect to find on a stalking predator in the
Serengeti. Its ability to rise, in humidity, is
heartbreaking. But I am still growing my shaggy
locks to some point on my lower back. Because,
at root, me and my hair are very similar: we
can be straightened out under duress,
but our natural state is complete,
unmitigated chaos.
VIOLET HENDERSON

Over time, my hair
has proved useful. I've always been
able to hide stuff in it – pencils and things –
and it was once used as my only article of attire
when I went to a fancy dress party as Lady
Godiva, to cover the 'important parts'. It even
managed to pinch a whoopee cushion from
the Tetbury Joke Shop tent at Badminton Horse
Trials. I have never tried to tame it. I just
let it do its own thing. Who knows
what it might get up to next...
VIOLET NAYLOR-LEYLAND

your hair ut you?

with 'who am I?' and 'where did I leave my favourite people. By Francesca White

That I am
overwashed,
overconditioned,
overblowdried,
overstraightened
and yet still scruffy.
EMMA FREUD

My hair is
never without two kirby
grips pinning it in the exact
place that it needs to be. Not
even the best hairdresser in the
world would know where that
is. Only me. Without them, I'd feel
naked. They're like my control.

**ALICE
NAYLOR-LEYLAND**

My hair used to
say, 'You think one day I will
look like Robert Redford's hair
- I never will.' Now it says, 'You
think one day I will look like
your grandfather's hair -
I already do.'

RICHARD CURTIS

The only
thing my hair
ever says to me is
'goodbye'.

AA GILL

My hair had better
say a lot as there's not
much of it! The cut is a kind of
edgy woodsprite pixie and the
colour is ice-milkshake blonde.
My hair reminds me of me...
So I guess that's a
good thing.

BROOKE METCALFE

My hair has pretty
much been the same length
and style (or non-style) since I was
at school, which either says that I
am still clinging to childhood, or that
I'm simply not daring enough to try
anything different like bangs or a
bob. Oh, to be brave!

MARTHA WARD