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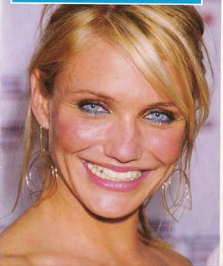
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**LORETA BURKE**  
WE VISIT THE DUBAI  
ARTIST, MODEL &  
RADIO STAR'S HOME



# Straight talking

Tired of fighting the frizz, **Faye Marchant** tries out the latest hair-straightening rage from Japan, and comes out feeling super sleek

**I**f there was one treatment I was dying to try out, it was the Yuko. I mean who wouldn't? It's the secret behind Jennifer Aniston's perfectly sleek locks. The ones that, come hail or high water, always have that just-fresh-from-the-salon look about them. I'd also heard that once Yuko-ed, you'd never have to blow dry or fear a frizzy hair day for at least six months... or even have to worry that the treatment would be anything but good for your hair.

It's every fluffy-haired girl's dream come true: straight, glossy, healthy hair without even having to *look* at a hair dryer.

So when asked to be a guinea pig for the Yuko system, the word enraptured was an understatement. "Hooray!" I gasped. I was finally going to be able to wake up in the morning without groaning when I looked in the mirror. I'd battled for years with frizz, desperately trying to calm it with various lotions and potions, straightening tools and the like — and the prospect of not doing so felt like I'd be winning the lottery over and over again. Never again (or for at least six months) would I hear some tactless hairdresser or insensitive boyfriend comment on the frazzled

look I so blatantly possessed. "You have such unusual hair" or "love that just-rolled-out-of-bed look, darling..." — all followed by various muffled grunts from myself. What could I say? They were only telling the truth. And the truth was about to change...

All was going swimmingly well... until the phone call that is. There I was, pen poised and calendar at the ready, eagerly clutching the phone in excitement over my appointment. Pencil in a couple of hours on a lazy weekend and, bobs your uncle, I'd be Jenny Aniston (albeit significantly darker and less pretty) ready to bag myself a Brad Pitt.

What I didn't expect was the assumed couple of hours were about to turn into a possible eight.

"OK, the treatment may take up to eight hours," said the owner of Gold Salon, Julie Powell — she has such a sweet voice, I almost failed

"It's every fluffy-haired girl's dream come true: straight, glossy, healthy hair without even having to *look* at a hair dryer"

to compute. *Eight?! What the hell was I going to do stuck in a salon for eight hours? I mean in six hours you could drive your self to Muscat and in eight, well I'm touching base in Heathrow and already have my luggage. Quite frankly, I was terrified. How was a person, already verging on Attention Deficit Disorder, going to cope with eight hours in the same place doing the same thing? Moreover, why? Well, I had to go back to my beauty bible and console myself with a trusty, if not inspirational, line from L'Oreal... because I'm worth it.*

There are some things one has to sacrifice in life and, to be honest, if it meant eight hours of slight boredom as a trade-off for beautiful hair, who cares? Not I. If Hugh Grant's onscreen character, Will, in *About A Boy* could while away half an hour to get his hair blissfully dishevelled, then so could I get mine blissfully un-dishevelled (time multiplied by 16). So off to the salon I trekked, wondering exactly what my eight hours had in store.

### Getting straight to the point

When I arrived I had a quick consultation with Yuko expert Nina so that she could assess the condition of my hair. Apparently there are three types of Yuko, one for virgin hair (that's never been dyed, permed or chemically treated), one for colour-treated hair and one which is for hair that has been severely damaged and coloured several times. Nina was very vociferous that customers must be honest. "They must be truthful and let us know exactly what they've done to their hair," she explained. "This way we can tailor-make the right Yuko system for everyone. The treatment is supposed to restore health to hair and not damage it in anyway, so it's very important to know the facts." With that said, I dutifully admitted that yes, I had sinned and my hair had been coloured last year.

With that all out in the open, the next step was to wash my hair and prepare it for the 'medicine' they were about to lavish on my locks. I found the term 'medicine' a tad disconcerting. It sort of has that ▶



Before

After

