



photos by STEVE FECHT/staff photographer

'Rapunzel, let down your hair'

By Sue Mason
staff writer

Cher does it.
So does Julie Brown of MTV.
And ditto for Bon Jovi, Terrence Trent D'Arby and Sheri Wagner.
Sheri Wagner? Yep, Sheri Wagner. She may not be a big-name rock star or an Academy Award-winning actress, but Wagner has long hair just like them.

We're not talking about long hair that takes years to grow. We're talking about the six-hour variety — monofibre hair extensions.

All it takes is up to six hours of your time, the synthetic hair fibers which are braided into human hair — and a dab of heat from a sealer that looks like a 21st century glue gun.

Anyone can have the tresses of their dreams, thanks to Simon Forbes, who developed the process in London, England, in 1981.

"I NEVER had long hair and I really wanted it, so it didn't take any convincing to have it done," Wagner said.

By blending strands of blond, golden blond, medium brown and orange — yes, orange — fibers, extensions were made to match Wagner's ash blonde, shoulder-length hair.

Karen Broderick, like Wagner, always wanted long hair and had her wish come true with hair extensions.

"My hair only grew so far and that was it," she said. "I've gotten a lot of compliments and it's great because I can pull it up in a ponytail or whatever I want."

HAIR EXTENSIONS can be as simple as a tail at the nape of the

neck or longer bangs, or as complex as a full head of hair. They can be used to add highlights without chemical treatment or to fill out a bobbed haircut.

"Extensions are like the '60s version of wigs," stylist Mikel Mullany said. "They're like the wigs that were big in the '60s, but with those wigs you covered the head. With extensions, you add to the head."

Mullany ought to know. His blonde hair is shoulder-length, thanks to monofibre extensions.

MULLANY, Peter Sorenen, Gary Gabriel Kish and Mario Drezzi have been dressing up people's tresses with extensions at Heidi's Salon at Twelve Oaks in Novi for some two months. The salon is one of several in the Detroit metropolitan area that offer extensions and the only one dealing in monofibre extensions, Mullany said.

"It's reminiscent of the switches and wiglets of the '60s, except you don't have to come in to have them done," Kish said.

The four aren't shy about the work they do. They think they're the best at hair extensions.

"If it's done poorly, it won't last and your hair becomes matted," said Kish, who has had extensions added to his jet-black hair. Synthetic royal blue and black fibers were used for his new tresses.

KISH LIKES the monofibre process because of the extensions' durability and maintenance. They last as long as it takes your hair to grow, roughly three to five months. They don't require much more care than permed hair.

Kish has had other extensions.

These include a process in which the human hair is tightly braided, then strips of hair are stitched to the braid.

"That lasted two weeks; my scalp felt like it was crawling with bugs," Kish said. "That's the nice thing about this process. You can keep

your scalp clean.

"Monofibre is the only thing to do hair extensions. It's easy to care for."

THE PROCESS is simple. Various colors of synthetic fibers are brushed together until they produce

Sheri Wagner always wanted long hair but the longest her locks would grow was shoulder length. Now she's sporting long curly tresses, thanks to the monofibre hair weaving process.

It looks like a high tech glue gun, but in actuality it's an electric iron that seals the woven monofibre braid in place.



the appropriate hair color. They are then braided with small sections of the real hair close to the scalp. A few strands are wrapped around the upper end of the attachment and then crimped with a heat sealer to lock the extension in place.

In some respects, monofibre hair is better than human hair. It can be treated like its natural counterpart. You can do the same things to it that you would do to human hair, except use a metal curling iron on it. That could end up melting it.

And it may well be the epitome of wash-and-wear hair. The fibers can be curled by twisting the extensions, then wrapping them around permanent rods and briefly applying intense heat. The end result is a curl that even water can't remove.

"It doesn't hurt the hair at all, except for the one inch the extensions are attached to," Mullany said. "It's crimped, but that washes out with water."

MULLANY PICKED up the skills during beauty school. The first salon he worked for wasn't interested in doing hair extensions, but Heidi's Al Haddad was.

"It's another way of accessorizing hair and it's for stylists who want to be considered artists," Haddad said. "They deal with the same medium — hair — but another dimension. It's like an art form."

And like quality art, hair extensions can be expensive. The salon charges anywhere from \$15 for a few extensions up to \$325 for a full head extension.

"People ask me how long it took to grow hair and when I tell them two hours . . . yeah, they stop and look," Mullany said.

Discovering the North Country's best kept secrets

By Larry Jane
special writer

Pezant . . . wanna know some of the best kept secrets of the North Country?

We all know (or have heard) how great the food is at Tapawingo, The Rowe and the Jordan Inn. For years, word has traveled south, heralding the tastes offered at Bowers Harbor Inn. Even the merriment at the Bloisbird in Leland has a warm spot hiding in many a "fudge" heart.

Ah, but what about the as-yet "undiscovered" little bistros and hideaways? These neat little places you hear talked about while sitting around campfires or while watching the sunset on Lake Michigan.

Barely 10 hours back from a glorious 18-day vacation to the land of Mackinac Island Fudge, I have mixed emotions about writing this column for fear that the places I'm about to mention will turn into fabled stops for people in station wagons, wearing plaid Bermuda shorts with tasseled canoes strapped around their necks.

Promises are that if you do clip this article, don't share it with anyone, especially with folks slithered with one black carrying giant inner tubes that resemble snakes.

First off, even before we get into all the great foods and restaurants, if you have

been wondering what Kirk Lorenz, long gone of the Mayflower in Plymouth, has been up to, drop — repeat drop — the food is at Tapawingo, The Rowe and the Jordan Inn in Benah or the old Frankfort Hotel in Frankfort.

KIRK HAS taken the old, staid notion of the quaint bed and breakfast joint and turned it into a sensuous lovers' retreat with rooms the likes of which I have never seen. Giant, four poster beds in plush carpeted rooms overflowing with pillows, stuffed animals, a fireplace, an in-room sauna and private Jacuzzi. Showers are big enough for two (get the idea?), all with amenities like blow dryers, makeup mirrors and heated lamps.

Kirk has taken the B&B idea one step further and calls it his "B&B&D — bed, breakfast and dinner."

And speaking of dinner, old favorites from Plymouth include "that home salad" and the ever-loving spread wrapped in lettuce leaves. But if you're looking for a real treat, join on the menu and tell the waitress you want the "stone dinner." Great for the health-conscious diner, but a gourmet treat for anyone, it's a combination of veal tenderloin, shrimp and boneless chicken, cooked as you like it because you're the

cook. Right in front of your plate is a 700-degree block of granite.

If you haven't been to the Traverse City Zoo lately, do yourself a favor and check it out. All the animals are native to Michigan. But, in all honesty, what turned out to be the treat of the day was lunch at a place called Sydney's, just west of Milliken's in downtown T.C.

This is an old-time diner complete with a soda bar and '50s jukebox. The homemade pasta primavera was out of this world but my mouth was watering for a Reuben. What a treat!

Speaking of T.C., after slaving over a hot grill every evening and doing the gamut of hot dogs, burgers and grilled fish, we just couldn't resist a trip into what was rated as the best pizzeria in Traverse.

IT'S CALLED "Thatsa Piza" and there are locations all around from Central Lake to God knows where. This is piza like piza used to be. Real handmade dough with real toppings and baked in a real pizza oven. No conveyor belts and speed modes here, just good, traditional piza.

A visit to the Bottoms Bay Art Fair had us tuckering at Bonnes and savoring a great bowl of homemade soup and the best burgers and onion rings around.

Another favorite burger joint in Traverse is Slenders, the old bastion of a bar. Pictures of the original fudgies and deer heads are scattered around the walls. This is a place you can throw your peanut shells on the floor and not feel guilty. Aunt Phyllis and Uncle Ray introduced me to Slenders, and trips up north wouldn't be complete without a stop for at least one cold one.

Not to be missed is a visit to Folgarrell's, the Italian grocery in Traverse that had me filling carts with the likes of marinated artichokes and olives, cheeses that turn an ordinary burger into heaven and accompaniments that had our neighbors at the campground whispering "are those people camping?"

And now, for the piece de resistance, the best of our discoveries, the places that you must savor on Aunt Marie's old family cookbook that you will never derange its locations. . . .

After an arduous climb on the Sleeping Bear Dunes, we were headed back to our campsite when we noticed a small traffic jam outside of what was this quaint little restaurant in a boomtown old town called Empire.

LURED BY the cur, we had stumbled on the Cafe Emporium. Breakfast with real

homemade cinnamon rolls. Lunch with the likes of a gaspacho I have never tasted and croissants brimming with seafoods and salads. Dinner with a chilled or poached orange roughy and a broiled whitefish that was as close to perfection as it comes.

And last but not least, we were told to look for the "Stone Circle" on Saturday night. Get there at dusk was the word to the wise. Now you have to understand that I don't usually give up my sunsets on Lake Michigan too readily.

It was a short ride down a dusty road to an old homestead that had, way out back by the woods, a whispering fire, surrounded by small boulders of stone.

We brought along a cooler of pop for the kids and a thermos of Southern Comfort Manhattan for the adults and we were served the most imaginative array of folk music, poetry and storytelling that I had ever experienced.

This was shades of Max Ellman, the late poet laureate of the north, complete with a Joni Mitchell-type folk singer, and a few very talented folks who could spin old legends into colorful mind videos.

It all starts at dusk, only on Saturday and it only goes through Labor Day. But promise me, you won't tell a soul