

THE HAIR, BETWEEN L’ORÉAL AND GILLETTE

Hair is a detail people pretend to understand.

They call it hygiene, aesthetics, identity, culture, ritual.

In reality, it's just a border — between what you show and what you hide.

Some entrust it to barbers, some to beauticians, some to modern machines that promise autonomy and perfection. But hair stays there, stubborn, a biological reminder: you are an animal before you are a social being.

And yet, it's not an enemy. It's an uncomfortable friend, a travel companion that reminds you where you come from. It has an almost capillary distribution, a color assigned by your genetic map, and a story you cannot erase. Even those who suffer from alopecia are not without it — they've only lost it for a time no one can define.

But to understand hair, you have to go back to the origin — where you always return: the primitive human.

I imagine it like this, in a prehistoric noir scene. Two figures behind a wall of grass are talking. A third person arrives and can't tell who is the man and who is the woman. The face isn't enough. The face deceives.

So the woman decides to change the destiny of her identity.

She goes to the river, looks at herself in the water, and sees a beard.

She doesn't like it. It doesn't represent her. It doesn't distinguish her.

She finds a sharp stone and starts removing hair, one strand at a time.

She discovers the regrowth is slow — and that gives her an advantage: she doesn't need to repeat the ritual every day. And she discovers something even more powerful: the man looks at her differently.

Difference becomes attraction.

Difference becomes language.

From there, the entire culture of hair is born: first symbolic, then social, then hygienic, then scientific, then ideological.

All the way to modern extremisms: those who say hair protects you from bacteria and must be kept; those who say it must be removed to be accepted; those who say it must be shaped to be desired.

The truth is simpler: hair is born, grows, curves… and at the point where it curves, it dies.

But the root stays alive, stubborn, like certain ideas you can't remove even with willpower.

And then there's the final rule, the one only storytellers know:

never turn a root into a riot.

The difference is minimal — just a vowel.

But it changes everything.

Ferdinando