



>> MINI ISSUE

FASHION

PRADA

TRAVEL

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80M

MOTORING

SMALL & JUICY

DÉCOR

A SECRET GARDEN



## MINI-MAKEOVER

By Fraser Dodge

ICE COLD BEER, A FLAT SCREEN TV & THE SMELL OF LEATHER  
HAVE FRASER DODGE COMFORTABLE AT GLASSHOUSE IN  
GREENPOINT



Try walking into a normal salon feeling like a man. Not only is the décor directed towards women, but the entire experience seems to have a slightly girly feel. That is, until you walk into Glasshouse Men in the Foundry. This is a real man's salon. This is a leather recliners, barber stools and sport on the plasma screen type of salon. Even better yet, they will willingly serve you a beer or a whisky. Try ordering either of those next time your partner takes you for a treat at a woman-centric spa. It is simply not going to happen.

When extolling the virtues of being served an ice cold beer while undergoing a little pampering, the girlfriend didn't get it. And that is precisely why Glasshouse is such a great place. It is designed as a place for the average man to feel comfortable while indulging in a bit of beauty. If we are realistic, there are those amongst us that don't feel 100% comfortable walking into a salon. At Glasshouse that discomfort is easily overcome and not just by virtue of the whisky.



WHEN ONE'S EXPERIENCE OF CLEANSING AND PAMPERING IS LIMITED TO A SPLASH OF WATER AND SOME SOAP, A FULL-ON FACIAL SEEMS INTIMIDATING

The metrosexual trend, I must admit, passed me by. I am not one for spending a lot of time slathering creams and potions on my face to retard the ageing process. Far from it. I am cut more from the neglectful cloth. Possession of said potions and creams never seems to trigger the appropriate response of using them. They gather dust and expire, sometimes totally unused. This is tantamount to an expensive skin care regime that has no effect whatsoever.

When the opportunity arose for me to go to a salon, I was slightly apprehensive. It meant having to decide on a treatment. When one's experience of cleansing and pampering is limited to a splash of water and some soap, a full-on facial seems intimidating. Never having had a manicure or pedicure, the decision was made to have a total touch-up.

Having had a beer served to me, I was seated in a comfortable chair and handed the remote control for the big screen in front of me. Flipping to the sports channel (naturally), I took a sip of my drink and thought that this wasn't so bad. Shoes off, feet dunked into a hot bath filled with salts, hands resting in the same heated solution in a bowl in my lap, I was starting to get into it. And the treatments hadn't even started yet.

A tag team of therapists, one for the feet, another for the hands, set to work. All manner of clipping, scraping and buffing ensued, followed by a foot and hand massage. Lifting the beer glass was tricky with the oily residue on my fingers, but I persevered. Once completed, my hands and feet felt great. Being a manicure and pedicure virgin, I was surprised by the subtlety of it. I don't know what

I was expecting, but the end result was satisfactory, if low impact. Another visit shall be booked when I have longer nails and can give the therapists a bit more work. They commented that my nails were a bit short and trimmed for them to really earn their keep.

Leaving my feet bare, I walked through to the treatment room for the facial. This room did not have a TV, but it is admittedly difficult to watch when there are compresses covering your eyes. Lying down in the softly lit room with gentle music playing made me almost instantly weary. I chatted to the therapist as she began a series of cleans and massages. This lasted until I dozed off. Drifting back to consciousness, I was aware that work was still being done. Time had been suspended so there was no real sense of how much of it had passed. ■