

just after it closes and he will see what can be done. And that's what I do. Three hours later I'm sitting in Vinnie's red chair.

"I've never seen a hair transplant before," he says, looking down at my head and then gently taking a peek at the scar line beneath my hair at the back at the sides.

"You know, the scar doesn't look bad at all. And your scalp seems fine. Just a bit off-colour."

'Off-colour'. Sensitivity. I like that.

And he is genuinely interested in the process; the hair re-growth period, the division of the follicles, the placing.

"Where does the new hair come from? Do they take it from your leg?" (Well, it seems a sensible enough question, given that surgeons often turn to the leg or the backside for spare body bits.)

And he studies the layout on my head like a serious punter studies the racing form on a Saturday morning.

"It all looks really natural," he enthuses.

"I think you'll get a good result here."

Just then Vinnie's mobile rings. It's his girlfriend, sorting out their Saturday night plans. And while he chats I pick up a glossy magazine to browse through. And there on the cover is the Hairgod himself.

David Cassidy.

It's a recent pic. And I find myself looking closer at the star who was once the most famous man in the world, with songs that made young girls cry and a great hair covering that young men (like me) tried to copy.

David Cassidy's still got a lot of hair. And nowadays he combs it backwards. But my eyes are drawn to the hairline. It seems very specific. All those little frontline hairs seemed to be lined up in perfect formation like a Roman legion.