

Black Honey, No Scrubs, and my secret weapon from the 90s



Spot Lucy (my dog) in this picture.

I'm a total lipstick nerd, especially when it comes to the vintage kind. And, like the rest of the world, I'm having a bit of a 90s moment (though I hate to imply the 1990s are vintage and horrified they were 30 years ago).

I'm loving the 'throwback' items from when I was a spring chicken, TLC T-shirts (cue 90s dancing to No Scrubs), scrunchies, Dr Martens, and, of course, the re-released lipsticks. I squealed with joy when [Clinique's Black Honey](#) came back on SA shelves (IYKYK), and I'm trying to justify buying [MAC's bring-back Y2K shades](#).

But my most nostalgic 90s moment came in a very unexpected form. I decided to take a smartphone sabbatical.

I'm doing revelatory things like leaving it at home when I go out (*hears collective gasp). It doesn't live by my bed at night, and I'm using a different alarm clock (confession: it's my husband. He wakes me with a caffeinated beverage – wise man).

And social media? Totsiens, hamba kahle. See you next week for your designated time slot. Duolingo's little [blackmail-y owl](#) can pray on someone else, and WhatsApp can wait.

Though we don't always have the luxury of quitting Teams, switching off our phones, and not instantly being available all the time (I find it so sad that it's come to that), it may be worth remembering we all communicated just fine before the advent of smartphones, perhaps even better.

My news since I left my phone behind? I sat in the sun and ate a biscuit absent-mindedly under a blue sky. I stared out the window while waiting for an appointment. I had the most present conversations I've had in ages – perhaps 3 decades.

I felt like I was in the 90s again, when staring out a window was enough entertainment and watching a series didn't come with a side of scrolling. Paging through Seventeen magazine was all the visual inspiration we needed, lusting after lipsticks like Black Honey.

And you'll never believe it (well, I didn't) – the sky didn't fall, there were no emergencies, and no getting stranded on highways with a broken-down car.

Life went on without me, and it was wonderful.

I know I'm not the first to go on about this phenomenon – digital detox is part of our vocabulary, but in practice, it's very hard to sustain.

Perhaps, along with my Black Honey lipstick, living without constant screentime may be my secret weapon from the 90s. Are you brave enough to give it a try?

