

1989 Kyle
With
The
Good
Hair.

Becoming uncomfortable. With myself. In all ways. Hating this creature that was exiting from some place inside and slowly becoming me. Totally hating this person. But stuck. Stuck with this person for the time being. Maybe forever. This creature told me things. Told me to do things. He told me it was about time to do something about my hair. And so, this became the first time I tried to do something with my hair. Up until then, my hair was just my hair. But now, my voice had changed. I started to grow some pubic hairs. And now all of a sudden, there were cool people and not cool people. Before we were all just people. But now, there was a distinction. And I suddenly felt this unnecessary survival instinct. I should not be one of the not cool people. They do not have it easy. They do not have it good. They have things tough. But sad to say, looking back, I never had a chance of being cool. So I wonder why did I waste time concerned about such things. This is life. I suppose. So up until this point, I had as they called it, the bowl cut. Meaning, it looked often as though, only the edges were cut. And the rest was round. And I was fine with this. I did not know any other possibilities. I remember about two years earlier, my mostly white friends started to do things with their hair. I remember it was called a "spike" and was something where some extra substances were able to push your hair upwards¹ in a defiant moment. I tried this.

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But it did not work. My hair would not allow such things. At least not easily. And for the most part, I had no idea how to maintain such things. After about 30 minutes of doing that defiant thing, my hair would return to the bowl formation. There was an American football player named Brian Bosworth who had a distinct hair style that was imitated by many of my peers. I could never do such things. As much as I wished, it just didn't work. Gravity. This also was the time of hair metal. I remember all these kids at my school wearing some variant of a metal shirt. It was always black. Emblazoned with either album cover art. But somewhere requisite was the band's logo. Smart branding guys these metal guys. And typically as a must, or part of the uniform was long hair. I think it could have just been also called metal hair. Meaning the bangs were kind of curly and frumpy, perhaps permed and the rest was long and down the sides. Metal hair. There were also the R&B kids who had gravity defying hair. Not sure still to this day how it was done but it looked amazing. And as much as I desired to do such hair, it was not possible. I just could not make it work. Another obstacle, besides gravity and the mechanics of hair was that it was also impossible to maneuver under the iron fist of my mother. This kind of hair was not permitted. And she probably meant no harm in not permitting such hair. It just looked like riff raff

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at the time I'm sure and as an adult now, I could see where she was coming from. But still. This was 1989. I wanted to do something with my hair. It was time. So I tried many things. And this was or is the limitation of the immigrant child. Where do I turn to for advice. My hair was different. Straight, very straight and sometimes immobile. I obviously had not enough friends. Friends who I could comfortably ask to help me with this. Nor had any of my friends had anything remotely similar in terms of hair? Theirs was often flowing, light, mobile. No empathy for me here. And this was, often similar to my other adventures, the blind leading the blind. I had no idea what I was doing. I just bought products and tried a wide assortment of adventures in front of the mirror. How awkward. Lots of time in front of the mirror. Lots of time having no idea what I was doing and just doing. I remember my aunt was a stylist somewhere south of Los Angeles. Salonist. Hair stylist. Whatever the term was, she was working with hair. And she would visit us every two years. Or so. And she would bring products. I remember she brought us this product named Paul Mitchell one time and this stuff worked so incredibly well. It smelled amazing too. What was this magic material? What was this magic smell? It felt so luxurious. And it did wonders. So powerful. So effective. Before that I had spent many a penny and many a poor experiment at our local grocery store.

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There was a product called L.A. Looks or Dippitu/Doo that could be purchased at this grocery store. This was the best the grocery store could do. And these products did do something for the hair. But it was far from comfortable. It was far from the intentioned look. But it did do something. Looking back, I had tried so many things. Tried lots of things that I thought were going some place interesting. But looking back in pictures all it looks like I achieved was announcer hair. The announcers on the evening news. In my head, I had created something magnificent. I had hoped that I had created something magnificent. But in reality, it was just announcer hair. KOMO news 4[📺]. Announcer hair. But I suppose it was an improvement. From my bowl. And it was 1989. It was time.



Broadcast network in Seattle, Washington, USA. At the time mostly reporting news but also very family safe sitcoms and programming.