

Hair You Can See From Space

I am turning 40 in December and one task I have assigned myself is to go through all of my boxes (and boxes) of old photos. This has been so fun, humbling and well, at times, truly frightening.

Looking at these photos, it became clear to me that one requirement I had in high school, in order for you to be my friend, was you had to have hair you could see from space.

Case in point:



(Good Friends: Pinkie (that's right), Kristy and Carol)

We used to call Kristy, Krispy, because of her brittle, big hair. I think she looks pretty.



(Heather, she loved paisley)

I choose a slightly different hair expression. I went with not so much height, but with the blonde streak in the front. Not quite as bold a choice, but equally tragic.



(Me going to prom, 1985.)

Sometimes I feel sorry for the teenagers today. Their style seems so tame, so mature. The Abercrombie and Fitch-look will never produce shrieks of horror 20 years from now. They will say things like, "Look how young I looked," not like, "Why did my mom let me leave the house like that?"

To end the post, MORE 80s music, partly because I love to see them, and partly because my friend Janet said she liked them:

(Big Country, In a Big Country)

(Pychedelic Furs, Love My Way)

(Split Enz, Six Months In A Leaky Boat)