

The Bandera PROPHEET

January 25, 2024

Gone Country

This is Hair Raising

By Mikie Baker

The Bandera Prophet

For the last month or so, a random Chinese company has been following me around on all my devices with their weird ads. You know the ones – everything they offer, and I mean every *thing*, is around 29 cents or cheaper. Well, their selections have finally made me flip my wig.

And I have way too much hair to wear a wig.

In these ads, there's a Perky Young Thing, say in her twenties, sporting a short Joey Heatherton (dang I'm old) hair style. All fine and good except it's a bad wig and it's gray. Grey. Whatever. Now why does any Perky Young Thing want to wear a fake looking wig that makes her appear to be 70-something? Obviously, she has mommy issues.

So, I've been pondering the world of wigs. We all know Dolly Parton is the Queen of Wigs and she takes joy in making her variety of hairpieces look over the top. It's pretty apparent because no woman has hair that thick and luxurious at her age.

I decided to Google the History of Wigs, which would have been a lot more interesting if it had been the Drunk History of Wigs. Turns out the wig has been around forever, and they think it might have originated in Egypt. This cradle of civilization actually shaved their noggins and wore wigs to keep the sun off their heads. Now I'm not a scientist or anything, but isn't the point of having hair on your head to keep the sun off it? Had they never heard of hats? And where'd they get the hair to weave wigs from?

Luckily, I had Dearly Demented Mom to educate me on this hairy situation. She could spot a wig a mile away.

DDM: Can you believe the wig on that weatherman?

ME: That's a wig?

DDM: Of course it is! That guy's hairline is so high there's no way he's got any hair left. I bet the producer made him wear it to look younger, but I'm certain he's got a comb over under that rug.

ME: Do they tape those things on?

DDM: Nope. They Super Glue them so they are easier to shampoo.

I've never been able to spot when someone is wearing a wig. The only way I know is when it slaps me in the face. You know, like someone who has a wig on that's totally crooked and the bangs are firmly planted over his right ear. Only then can I figure it out.

What I can spot though, is a weave. Every time. The first occasion for me to get up close and personal with a weave was when a 24-year-old male office mate of mine started to go bald. Admittedly, he was quite young for male pattern baldness, so a weave was his chosen option. I don't know what they plugged into his scalp, but it resembled the lamb's wool I used to stuff into my toe shoes, only it was dyed a Barbie shade of blonde. All these years and a million scientific discoveries later, those plugs still look like colored cotton candy.

Now, I'm not opposed to wigs at all. If you are going through cancer treatments and you wear a wig, good for you. If you proudly wear your baldness, good for you. But the rest of you out there, and you know who you are, maybe just wear a cowboy hat to cover up what God didn't give you.

Don't worry. It'll keep that sun right off your head and you can walk like an Egyptian.