Perspective

By JAMIE BUCKINGHAM

Hair-Raising Shock

It borders on sacrilege. Some anonymous "friend" has enrolled me in an organization known as "Bald-Headed Men of America." My stuff arrived in the mail this week.

Three years ago some chrome-dome named John Capps up in Dunn, N.C., (P.O. Box B.A.L.D.) got tired of fighting the obvious. "If you don't have it, flaunt it," he said. He founded BHMA, which now has over 3,500 members. Such famous baldies as Joe Garagiola, Telly Savalas, Yul Brynner and Senator Scoop Jackson belong. So does former President Jerry Ford.

Capps, who is president of his own advertising and public relations firm, travels the country promoting his organization. Capitalizing on his own deformity he tells convention audiences, "The Lord is just, the Lord is fair. He gave some brains and others hair."

Well, that may be funny to slick-headed fols like Capps, but for a guy like me who weep every time they wash their hair and see all those fellows leaving their scalps and disappearing down the drain — never again to be replaced — it's nauseating. That means someone wasted his $5 membership fee on me. Besides, all you get for belonging is: a personalized certificate of membership, an official membership card (also personalized), the "Chrome-Dome Newsletter" (published every now and then) and the privilege of nominating other baldies to BHMA. Nominees, by the way, must have a bald spot, be a chrome-dome, or have a haircut with a hole in it. They must also believe that bald is beautiful.

It is at that point that I disqualify myself. Despite my (ahem) slightly receeding hairline I refuse to concede that bald is beautiful. (Nor do I believe, regardless of how I look, that fat is fun).

Capps says the Lord made millions and millions of heads, and those he was ashamed of he covered. He also believes that bald is neater, more distinguished. Best of all, he states, most intelligent and good-looking women love a bald head . . . just to kiss it, touch it, rest their little fingers on it.

You'll never convince me that's so. And even though it's good for jokes ("I used Rinse Away and it worked") I still wish I had hair. And that's the bare fact.

Now I don't want it bad enough to do what some of my friends have done — go out and buy it. No matter how expensive the toupee, everyone always knows you're wearing it. And after the party they get in their cars and snicker all the way home.

No, the best I can do is look at my old high school annual pictures and sigh. Bald is beautiful? Not on your depilous dome, John Capps. The only advantages (aside from being able to comb your head with a Kleenex) are spiritual. It's good to know that the Lord, who numbers hairs on heads, doesn't have to work very hard when it comes to me. And hopefully, when I get my new body in heaven, his words will have literal meaning: "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou has been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many."