

If Hats Were Humans

By Sara Emmons

If hats were humans they would have serious identity problems! If hats could talk, they might say something like this:

"Hello you stupid humans! I am a hat. I do not like that. You make me into every ugly shape you can think of and often for no practical reason. I apparently first appeared possibly 26,000 years ago when this weird god Venus of something-or-other wore a shoulder braided wig. They called it a hat.

Then another weirdo 3,300 BC donned a bearskin cap with a chin strap and then froze to death with his hat on. This is embarrassing for hats!

Has anyone written a standard for hats that works for every useful purpose? Of course there are exceptions: Some of our hats serve a purpose, I'll admit. The hardhat makes sense for obvious protection. A warm winter hat protects the head from cold and ears as well to prevent things like frostbite.

Why must hats have some ridiculous distinction so as to attract attention? Maybe the ridiculous part says more about you vain humans than anything else.

Style-wise, most hats never make any sense even when they do serve a useful purpose. Weird shaped custodian hats, hats for cops, firemen and soldiers – how do you do your jobs with those hats? The wide brims, the loose fits in some cases. The high toque worn by chefs – are they really comfortable?

Then turbans worn by Sikhs – what happens if the turbans are too tight? Makes you think weird things maybe. None of them are practical. Top hats. Feathered hats.

Picture hats three feet tall. Bearskins. Berets. And what about the Bolivian wool hat pulled down almost over the eyes?

I guess bullfighters don't find the montero getting in the way but it seems it would be far easier to fight to bull without worrying about the hat obscuring vision if it gets knocked cockeyed somehow. Same goes for cowboy hats and rodeos. The distinctive miter hat worn by church bishops seems overdone. What if, when serving communion, the miter falls off? But the miter might be outdone by the sombrero.

So I don't want anyone to wear me. I am happy as a pig in mud just sitting in the closet and collecting dust!

And I don't want to smell your hair.