



the LIP Weasel

Michael "Atters" Attree with his round-up of all things hirsute and occult

THE HIRSUITE HALL OF INFAMY

Here Be Beauty



Mr. Alan Wicker Man civilised each corner of our pagan globe with his hair oils and British "quiff upper-lip". Alas, his recent passing has left a gaping patch of *alopecia barbae* at the BBC.



Ryan Pike chirps: "What ho, Atters! Being on the committee, you will appreciate how my waxed English moustache has changed my life in gaining me entry to the hallowed HBC." And made you relocate from East Barnet to the jungle?



"David from Hertford" was also submitted by Mr. Pike, heralding him as "very genial and genuine fellow". One can only hope that, should a new BBC globetrotting moustachioed presenter now be required, he'd successfully apply.

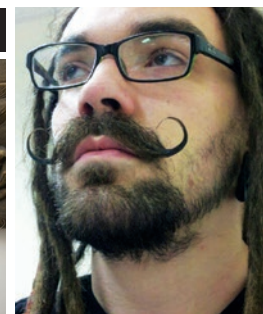
Here Be Monsters



If this retro fellow ever sired a son (or daughter) and IF this evident genetic experiment were to continue (in its intensity), then one can only marvel at what the scientists must have come up with.



De Meulder writes, "My friend Paulus The Woodgnome from the Netherlands" (one can only marvel at what those lands must look like, too). To nurture a look like that yet not shave one's chin is frankly unforgivable.



Hugh Proyas proudly displays a waxy growth here. However, instead of my imagining the fresh scent of shaving soap on a string, all I can muster is the pungent scent of a dog on one.



PRODUCT REVIEW
Haiku

Petal Pusher Fancies Moustache Wax Shaving Soap & More All Organic, Handmade, Chemical Free. Wicked Cookie Duster Wax Remover & Conditioner £7.36 (+ p&g from the USA). Available from petalpusherfancies.com

**Wicked Duster? No!
Silken lip-kisser? Yes!
My tache is a softy.**

If you'd like a haiku review of your grooming product, please send to: Atters, The Chap, 2 Mount Place, Lewes, East Sussex BN7 1YH

THE PENTAGRAM OF ATTERS

Alan Moore reveals the astonishing story behind my "gift" (See p.42). Bauhaus musician David J attended record producer Rick Rubin's mansion, where a gatecrasher had pushed a voodoo doll down Genesis P. Orridge's trousers. Becoming ill, Mr. Orridge retired to his bedroom and, fearing a curse, left the doll in the hallway.

Mr. Orridge awoke to a fire outside his door. The other Bauhaus members jumped from windows on to grass but Orridge fell on concrete. David J witnessed Genesis lying injured in a horrible state, as light shone through a rotating tape spool, forming an upside down pentacle. The one thing that survived was a Robert Crumb-designed Devil Girl chocolate bar that hadn't melted. "That can be my present to you..." Thanks, Alan.

DIARY OF A TEENAGE DANDY

18-year-old Zack Pinsent shares the trials and tribulations of being the best-dressed boy at a modern school

Greetings to all you young wide-eyed chaps and chapettes out there, fighting your way through the horrors of modern society. Never fear, a helping hand is here. My name is Zack MacLeod Pinsent and I have been dressing in vintage clothing since the age of 14. The only place this has ever caused problems has been at school and college, where strict sartorial rules must be adhered to – well at least "strict" to those who don't break the rules in the same way as everyone else. It seems that when one *does* bend the rules, even to the same degree as everyone else, with their earrings and tattoos and so forth, towards a more formal adaptation of the uniform code, one is ultimately punished.

I began my mission to dandify my schooldays by making a meticulous study of the uniform guidelines of my college, which was founded in 1849, to see what I could get away with. I began, subtly and stealthily at first, to make my own adaptations over a period of time, hoping to sneak the results past the dogsbodies, killjoys and Kamp Kommandants at the school gates. I started by wearing stiff collars and cufflink shirts in the 4th and 5th forms, but I would really come into my own in the Upper 6th.

In Upper 6th you are supposed to wear 'office attire' – basically a ghastly, drab suit, the main proviso being that the top and bottom halves have to match. The rules say nothing about matching waistcoats. This is where I had the perfectly legal opportunity to go all out displaying my enormous collection of waistcoats (some dating back to the Regency Period), cravats (tied as ties), pocket watches and properly made 1920s suits. This, of course, caused an uproar, but I asked my critics to point out where I had actually broken the rules.



Photograph by Oscar Ashton-Konig

However, eventually the authorities stopped me doing some things, like wearing hats, two-tone shoes, pince nez, stiff cuffs and moustaches. I know – even the dear moustache! I did my best for Movember, but was told to shave it off immediately, which is not just disrespectful to the Chappist world but also the charitable purpose of Movember. The moral of all this is that you should stick to your guns and never give in on your individual style, no matter how loudly the hoodie-wearing, derriere-showing, foot-dragging youths of today may jeer or disapprove. At least someone dressing like me knows that their style has been tried and tested for several hundred years, and consider this other crucial point: in the future, you'll have photos of your youth to look back on with pride, instead of embarrassment and shame.

A few tips for aspiring chaps. Firstly, you need to sort out one outfit in your chosen era or style to a decent standard. This shall be your springboard of sartorial successes; for me it was my great, great grandfather's black three-piece suit. Then hunt around in charity shops, car-boot sales, vintage fairs, vintage shops, eBay, graves and costume sales. Some reproduction items can be acceptable, but then it brings about the same problem as shopping on the high street: hundreds of other people will have it, yet you think it is 'cool'. 🐘