The loafer

that moccasin with attitude.

Those slip 'em on slip 'em off low laceless but never faceless footwear

found beneath the bed of the 70s catalogue cat

in the shoe-tree of the 80s cad with a fad

and the

"I'm wearing mine with shorts - call me fuckin' mad!"

lad

about town.

The footwear of choice for the weekend modernist.

Leather soul Rubber soul Crepe soul

To some an everlasting soul

Eternal.

The Wildsmith
The Aurland

The Penny The Kilted

The Harrow The Gucci

The Belgian The Tassled Favoured footwear of George VI

Karl and Groucho

Hannibal

Lector in his monogrammed velvet uppers.

Jesus

Christ! on his Second Coming sporting radiant smart casual.

And they ask:

Is the loafer still in fashion?

Er, is a frog's arse watertight?

But are they really comfy?

Listen..

Elasticated side inserts
- technically 'the gussets'permit the shoe to be easily removed
yet remain remarkably snug
when worn.

The loafer.

With its footprints all over the planet

but not quite on the moon.

Yet.

The Rudyard The Glynn Penny

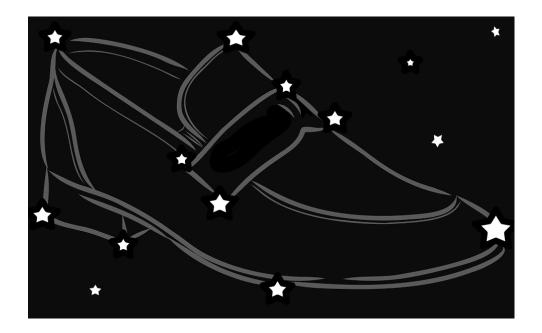
The Bly and the Simmons

The Loafer.

The 89th Constellation

Patentes corio calceamenta

located in the deep northern sky.



Heavenly.

So

don't hassle the tassel.

Love 'em or loathe em loafers are here to stay.

Live and let live. Live and let loafer.

*

Incidentally
I have three pairs of loafers
albeit in the attic.

Some nights I hear them scuttling about. Squeaking and scraping overhead.