

## 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.