THE RULES
What to DO and What to DON’T do

OK, first of all, can we assume the person reading this is not some date-raping frat boy in a striped polo, bent baseball hat, wood choker, giant shorts, and Adidas slippers? If I have to sit here discussing shit like having spiky gel in your hair, what a bummer fedoras are, jocks with mohawks, fauxhawks, dress shirts with silkscreens, blazers with skulls, suits with t-shirts, diamonds on trucker hats, sunglasses indoors, white guys with dreads, anyone with perfect dreads, stirrup pants, stressed denim, baggy jeans, seat belt buckles, Skechers, Campers, Birkenstocks, UGGS, Crocs*, and shit like a tie with a t-shirt, we're going to be here all day. This is about the basics of getting dressed in the morning, and it's not for the mentally retarded. It's for someone who has at least a glimmer of hope.

Also, you'll notice women don't get much of a talking to during these rules. That's because, after shoes, they seem to have everything under control. I'm not going to sit here and tell some chick it's tacky to wear Rocawear because, if you've got some Christian Louboutin pumps on, Rocawear's awesome. These rules focus on the problem at hand and that is, for the most part, dudes, especially in the summer.

*In the interest of full disclosure: At least one brand paid me a sizable amount to be kept off this list.
IT'S ALL ABOUT THE SHOES

Once you get your shoes together, everything else kind of falls into place. Whenever a girl tells me she’s lonely and can’t get laid I tell her, “Wear high-heels and stay at the bar ‘til last call.” No female is ever lonely after that. Even a tub of lard looks good in heels. Especially after a few beers. (Here’s a secret: Men don’t even really mind lard. They just hate the stigma that comes from being with fat chicks. The actual lovemaking is actually better than with skinny chicks - shhhh.)

The Basics
(men)
If you wear any one of these for the rest of your life, nobody can fuck with you, I promise: Chuck Taylors, Wallabees, desert boots, Vans Era, Vans Slip-Ons, Rod Lavers, Red Wings (classic work boot), Nike Dunks, Air Jordans, and then maybe some Loake loafers for formal wear. However, when you get to 30, you have to say goodbye to any colorful sneaker on this list or anything related to hip-hop. Also, black Chucks look weird on anyone over 30. They make men look like Chuckie.

Flip-flops
(men and women)
Men’s toes eh? Men’s fucking toes? I just worked 12 hours straight and you’re going to ruin my beer by bringing your fucking toes into the bar? Dude, the only time you can kind of defend flip-flops is on the beach in the middle of summer. Personally, I do just fine wearing my sneakers to my towel and then leaving them in the same spot you leave your flip-flops when we go into the water but I’ll let it slide this time.

In the city, with the rats and the piss and the potential for violence, flip-flops go way beyond irritating and drift into assault, like farting in a lineup.

As far as the ladies go, we know we torture you with our love of high-heels (oh yeah, you really hate shopping for them and wearing them around town, poor you) but this ain’t Saudi Arabia. We don’t want you to suffer inside a burqa all summer, so here’s the deal: Women can wear flip-flops exactly three days a week. They have to wear heels every big night out, and the time in-between should be filled with something uncriticizable like flats or something from the guy list up top. Doc Martens? Um, sure. Depends on the context but sure.

Sport Sandals
(men and women)
Never acceptable under any circumstance on God’s green earth. No man can ever wear these nor can any woman. They are massive deal breakers along with platform flip-flops and those shoes in the opening paragraph. If a girl shows up wearing any of those, end the date immediately. Some (like David Cross) say this is ridiculous and bordering on gay but what the skeptics don’t understand is, a woman wearing terrible shoes is indicative of much more serious problems that will inevitably pop up later on. I hereby promise to pay you $1,000 if any girl who wears platform flip-flops has ever heard of Black Flag.

PS: If you’re climbing coral right where the waves break, just get your sneakers wet. There are no exceptions to the sport sandal rule.

Open-toed Boots
(women)
Boots were invented, in America at least, to avoid snakebites. You walk around the Wild West from saloon to saloon and even if a snake gets you, it’s not going to make it to the skin. That’s the roots of boots. When you have your toes hanging out, it negates the whole heritage of the thing. Like when a guy with shorts wears a wool hat. What, your head’s cold but your body’s hot? Logic has to be at least somewhere in this equation and there is nothing more illogical than open-toed boots. Get them the fuck out of here.
EVERYTHING ELSE

Aging Gracefully
(women)
18-year-old girls look cute in pigtails and knee-highs, and I’m sure they give 18-year-old boys boners the size of Mars. Once you start getting to 25 and up, you have to say goodbye to those forever. Anything remotely Catholic school girly is fucking LAME. If you want to rock a man’s world, do high-heels with short socks. It’s the nuclear bomb of female artillery and can only be done from 20 to 28, so milk it while you can.

Aging Gracefully
(men)
All right, you went bald. Big whup. Angels go bald too. Why do you have to go and try to trick me now by shaving the whole thing bald? Do you think I can’t see the stubble? I can. In fact, I can see exactly where your hair stops and your bald begins. Don’t fucking hide it, dude. It makes you look ashamed of your head. Just go, “Fuck it. I’m bald,” and let the sides grow out at least a little bit. This is called being a man, and if you weren’t raised by a single mother you’d know what I’m talking about.

Short Hair
(women)
Ladies cannot have short hair. As the King of Queens said, “You look like a weird boy.” We’re not asking women to look like JonBenét 24 hours a day but when you have short hair, you’ve swung the pendulum so far in the other direction, you’re basically a drag king. Oh and here’s another thing: When we fuck you short-haired girls from behind, we look down and see Corey Haim taking it up his gay ass. Thanks a lot, bitch — you just made me fuck a dude.

Bicycle Helmets
(men and women but mostly men)
You look like you’re scared of life, you fucking pussy. Grow a ball. Helmets are for retards. When I was a kid, we taped our ghetto blasters to the front of our BMXs, blared Mötley Crüe, and crashed. We had no brakes or fucking shoes, for that matter. You are weaker than a 10-year-old me.

Pants
(men)
Finding a pair of jeans that fits is a bigger bitch than some lady who’s mean. The best way to pull this off is to focus on the waist fitting right and then taking them to a tailor to have them tapered relatively close to your leg. Ever see an astronaut’s space suit? His pants are always basically equidistant from his leg. Your pants should be about the same.
Cargo Shorts
(men)
Men's obsession with long shorts is homophobic. That's right, homophobic. I think what happened is, men went so overboard with the metrosexual grooming and the showing of the toes and the trimming the bag hair and all that, they realized putting on any shorts that go above the knee would turn them into one of the Village People. “Fuck that,” they thought. “I’m no fag.” So they wore the same shorts dudes wore in ‘Nam.
Dudes. Do this: STOP spending all your time grooming and just wear shorts that aren’t really just huge, short pants. You don’t need all that extra fabric and pockets. You have keys, a phone, a digital camera and a wallet. That’s four. The top has four pockets. Stop screaming to the world how gay you aren’t. It’s gay.
PS: Yes, I wear denim shorts that look like “the Cutters” from the movie Breaking Away. Gays don’t even wear short shorts anymore. Let’s grow a nut and take them back. They’re just sitting there.

Glasses
(men)
Why do you have to have such frail frames? They make you look so fragile and delicate, I bet I could break them just by giving you a bear hug. Men should really avoid glasses as much as possible but if you’re allergic to contact lenses, get some big-ass nerd frames that show you’re not trying to sneak some eyewear past us.

Tattoos
(men and women)
Men can have as many tattoos as they want. Putting them on your neck makes for a lot more pussy in your life but it sure takes a chip out of your relationship with your dad. Everyone in the world has tattoos now, so you can’t just grab something off the wall like a tribal Bart Simpson and be on your merry way (that would be kind of awesome, actually). You have to at least put a pube of thought into it. Funny tattoos are great because it adds another level of FTW to the whole thing. I once met a guy who had a tattoo of Hervé Villechaize — get it? Tattoo! Dash Snow had a tattoo of Saddam Hussein’s head on a spider’s body because he had “Iraqnophobia.” How great is that? I’m about to get “Aren’t Thou Bored?” from those Randy Macho Man Savage Slim Jim ads on my arm (I know it was “Are Thou Bored?” but “Aren’t” implies more of a call to arms and inspires people to party).

With women, things are different. I feel like a Hasid who isn’t into bald chicks when I say this but women cannot go as bananas as men when it comes to skin art. They can have no tattoos at all on their legs or anywhere below their waist. Everything from the waist to the neckline is open season but you may not have more than the surface area of two clenched fists - total. After that, you’re just starting to look tough, and nobody wants to fuck a tough guy with tits.
Thigh-High Socks With Tights Underneath
(women - doye)
As was said earlier, fashion is heavily linked to sexual attraction, and sexual attraction is obviously linked to sex. Logic and plausibility also play a huge part. When a man sees a woman in a ten-kitten ensemble, he imagines her in his bedroom, taking it off. Thigh-high socks are a bone festival (as are basically all socks) but when we see them on top of tights, we know we’d have to take them off to get the tights off. Then what are we supposed to do, put them back on? Fuck. You wrecked it.

Umbrellas
(men)
In Glasgow, a guy would get his head chopped off for using an umbrella or any rain gear for that matter. They’re right.

Socks
(men)
For centuries men have pondered the question, “What the fuck do I do about socks in a heat wave?” This is also known as the “Bobby Sock Conundrum.” If you have to wear shorts, you have to wear shorts. Fine. But when you put your shoes on, you are left with very few options.

1- No Socks: Sure, sounds good. You can even add Acme Medicated foot powder in there to stave off the slimy toes but, like love, it’s gonna get you, sucka. I’ve tried the foot powder thing for months but eventually you end up back at square one with your toes sliming around each other like a bunch of wet chocolate tubes. Another bummer with this route is, if you ever have to take your shoes off at someone’s house or whatever, your feet look like the ghosts of Christmas Fag.

2- Normal Socks: These are fine when you’re 12 but when a grown man walks around with sport socks that go 6 inches up his calves, he feels like a fucking baby. You can get stripes on them and pull them up high like Suicidal Tendencies but that only lasts til you’re about 21 or so. Old guys cannot feel comfortable in normal-sized socks.

3- Sockettes: This is the route most men settle on. Just fucking hide some wee sockies in there and pretend like you have no socks on at all. This doesn’t work because we can still see the edge of them peeking out there, and it looks like you’re trying to trick us. This is the combover of socks, and it’s for liars. In the end we are left with one solution: lie. I know I just called someone a liar but that’s someone I caught. As the anarcho-punk band Crass used to say, “If you choose to stray from the path that you’ve been taught, don’t expect help and don’t get caught.” If you have high-tops and wear sockettes underneath them, nobody can see what you’re doing. That sock tree just fell in the woods, and it didn’t make a sound. Your feet don’t slime, and you don’t feel like a little kid.

NOTE BIEN: If anyone ever catches you and you say where you heard this, I swear to God I will fucking stab you. If there’s one thing we don’t tolerate in the world of fashion tips, it’s snitches.
Guys, come on. What the fuck is with all the hats? You’ve got fedoras on with t-shirts. You’ve got a wool hat on with shorts. You’ve got a fucking bowler hat on with a sweatshirt. It’s like you can’t leave the house without sticking something uncomfortable on your head.

**Baseball Hat**

*(men)*

If you really need to wear a hat (Why do you need to wear a hat by the way? They’re like sunglasses or pickup trucks: You actually need them about one hundredth of the time people use them), you can wear a baseball hat, I guess. It shouldn’t be one of those super oversized ones, and you can’t bend the fucking peak on a small one like your face is hiding in the Holland tunnel but it’s hard to argue about something as all American as the baseball hat. Trucker hats don’t count. They got ruined by the media.

**Fedora**

*(men)*

If you want to wear a fedora the answer is most likely going to be no. If you’ve got on a suit and a trench coat and you’re carrying a briefcase, then fine, put a fedora on the top. This is called dressing formal. You can’t be all casual’d out with a fucking fedora on your head. It’s like wearing a bow tie with a t-shirt. You’re either dressed formal or dressed casual. To mix and match is to wear ski boots with your shirt off. Oh, and here’s a wild notion: Try to get one that fits your fucking head.

**Wool Hats**

*(men and women)*

You can only wear a wool hat if it’s cold enough to be wearing a jacket too. I know you hate how your hair is curly and you think it looks cool when it’s been sitting in a hat all day but the point is, I know that. Dig? If I know what you’re doing, everyone does, and we’re all looking at a guy walk down the street with a hair salon on his head. Oh, and why does it have to be all floppy? You look like a Smurf. After that, the only hat thing that doesn’t intrude upon other people’s happiness would be some kind of fishing hat (like the Supreme / Budweiser one) while you’re partying your ass off on a lake. Stop being so ashamed of your head.
BEARDS
Facial hair is encouraged in men but not women. If you are a woman, you need to bleach your moustache unless it’s so big you look like Captain Kangaroo after you bleach it, in which case you have to get it lasered. Sorry.

Shaving was invented to make men look younger so when you do it a lot, it makes you look like you’re trying to look younger. A moustache all by itself is great, and as far as beards go, you can (almost) do whatever you like. A big, huge, bushy one is good but you can also do a scruffy, little, stubble thing. The only exceptions are...

**Chin Beard**
This is out, unless you’re in the band Anthrax, which is one guy, and that’s not you, so no chin beards. You look like a weird monk or someone who passed out in a big bowl of beard.

**Just For Men Beard**
I don’t care if you want to do sculpting with your facial hair. I made a prosthetic chin with mine. Just don’t make the lines so perfect you look like the picture on a box of beard dye. All you have to do to pull this off is fuck with the gradation on the blade guard and use the lowest setting possible where the beard edge meets the bare skin. You should also never use a razor for the skin part. Too intense. Use guardless clippers. You get less zits that way.

**Goatee**
These were ruined in the 90s by fat guys who wanted to create a face. The only person that is still allowed to wear one is Tom Green.

**General Scruff**
If you can just let shit grow on your face and you don’t need to fuck with it, you are a lucky bastard and, most likely, colored. If you don’t have a chin but still let shit go willy nilly, you should know you are actually emphasizing your faults and turning your head into a fuzzy worm with a hole randomly cut in it for the mouth.
Homosexuality
The idea of metrosexuality is fucking ridiculous. Not only is it shitty to waste your time over grooming, women don't even want you to do it. Gays may encourage it in other gays, and that's none of our beeswax but as far as straights go, stop your preening!
However, when something is not gay but you fear it may be interpreted as such, you need to grow the fuck up and carry on with your day. Who gives a shit if someone thinks you’re a fag? What’s the matter with being a fag? If cars go by yelling “HOMO!” at someone like skinny yellow jeans, small shorts, a big moustache, a pink hat, jewelry, or anything that is not actually gay, you need to suck it up and yell back, “SUCK IT!”

Piercings
(men and women)
Are we done with these fucking things yet? Have we not all seen the cavernous holes they inevitably leave behind? Surely the floppy, Snoopy ears left after someone removes their giant cork discs has taught future generations this fad has more cons than pros. If it hasn’t and there is even one person left piercing his face, you look like you were molested. Stop.

Black Socks
(men)
If you think you can pull these off with shorts you are fucking naïve. 50s dads rode this train so hard, it gave birth to the term Ugly American. The only way you can rock dad socks is to have pants on. End of story.

Black Socks
(women)
This is a dangerous and crazy field of mind control that only Italian women seem to have full control of. Black socks that go, say, halfway up a woman’s shin and into heels or boots are a heavy fucking trip and can actually cause epileptic dicks to have boner seizures. Women wearing dad socks is a scary, wonderful place that is bordering on witchcraft.

Scarves
(men)
One of the reasons Paris didn't even make it to one page of this book is men's obsession with scarves. Like perfume, scarves on men is something everyone in the world agrees is lame. You look like such a little pussy in that thing, and the fact you think it makes you look like an intellectual who spends all day arguing about politics in cafés makes punching you feel like child abuse.

Air Flight
(men and women)
I'm not sure when flying across the country became a sleepover but the number of grown men in their jammies is getting fucking scary. Why does everyone need to be in track pants and slippers to sit on a fucking plane? Maybe it's because I'm usually carrying drugs on me but I always have a collared shirt on during air travel and my pants are always real pants, with pockets and everything. In the 50s everyone looked like they were at a wedding when they got on a plane. We're not saying shit has to be that intense but dial it back a bit, motherfuckers. Please! There's a teenager over there sleeping on the fucking floor!

Your Look
(men and women)
When a mod finds the perfect pair of cowboy boots, he has to bite his tongue and accept that they can't be a part of his life. I don't care if they're perfect Lemmy biker boots that fit him like a foot glove. He's
a mod. They don’t wear those. Now, if he wants to stop dressing like a skinny British nerd, that’s fine but you can only do a look overhaul like that once a year.
You need to decide what your general parameters are and only buy shit that conforms to those. This especially applies to straight males. You can’t be 1920s English professor one day and then Nu Rave it up the next day. Focus on something like homeless aristocrat, deadbeat dad from Venice Beach, Orphan from the *Warriors*, or sexy young man from *Over the Edge*, and stay there until further notice.
As far as ladies go, you guys seem to have everything under control. From the rich hippie thing to the Guinness heiress, Ramones groupie, cunty fashion editor, Parisian dick tease, naïve schoolgirl, pohapshister, and even the nerdy slut, we are in awe of all your focused looks and would appreciate it if you just keep doing what you’re doing.

**Crazy Tees**

--- NOT AFTER 30 ---

(men)
Thirty is a tough age for men. Where women simply have to give up looking too cute, men have to give up showing any kind of juvenile traits whatsoever. Just as they’re learning to say goodbye to heavy drugs and staying out all night, they have incredibly colorful tees with huge bright prints taken away from them. Same with yellow pants. Gone. Look, I know this is a heartbreaker but youth fashion is about youth. You can’t have a gold fanny pack and a bald spot at the same time.
At 30, the only way to show flair is with a colorful bow tie or an ascot. You can have a white suit or even a seersucker but you’re no longer allowed to tell the world who your favorite band is. They no longer care. That means your t-shirt cannot say anything at all. Not even “Miami.” (Rockers NYC do manage to ignore this rule and pull it off, and the world is yet to figure out how they do it.)
Your hat can’t tell anyone what you’re feeling either. You can’t wear badges or pins that say anything. Basically, your life should closely resemble the women of Islam — only, unlike them, you had your fun. Life after 30 is about getting an actual life and thinking about a family and a career. If the previous 15 years of wild oat sowing didn’t cut it, you are a hopeless case who should have been aborted.

**The FTW Stage**

(men and women but mostly men)
The opposite of the “crazy tees after 30” rule is that irritating phase in college when guys are getting too much pussy and decide to just dress out of the garbage. It only matters what you wear from, like, 14 to 30. I mean, after 30 there are still rules but it’s all about restraint and growing old gracefully. “Showtime” is the 15 party years God made you hangover-proof and horny as fuck. To throw it away is to drive a gold-plated Porsche off a cliff and into a huge crowd of starving Ethiopians on fire. Live a little, you fucking ingrates. Don’t let them say, “Youth is wasted on the young.” I sure as hell didn’t.