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Drop those blades—you'll look better without a shave

Simply growing it is not enough, as you also need to pick a style that suits you—luckily, we've got an expert panel on the matter



Though you may not have noticed, all across campus, countless individuals have been sacrificing their dignity and reputations to participate in an event known simply as "no-shave November." Sales of razor blades and scarves have plummeted as people of all shapes and sizes sit back and try their darndest to make something grow. Though many women certainly participate in the festivities, we're here to discuss hair of the facial variety today.

As men, this is our birth-right, and something that separates us from the boys—except for teen wolf, of course. While there certainly are a wide variety of styles for facial hair, ranging from the mighty beard to the simple soul patch, we're here to discuss our personal favourites.

Conal Pierse

By far the best form of facial hair is the full beard. From the lowliest hobo to the mightiest of Greek gods, the beard is something that all men (and some circus sideshows acts) can wear with equal aplomb. It doesn't matter if you grew a beard because of laziness, lack of a razor, or, like I did, out of sheer force of will—the only important thing is that you have one, and that you look awesome. All other forms of

facial hair are but a sad reminder of what stood before, like the silhouettes after Hiroshima—and likewise, if you have a soul patch, children will also be running from you screaming.

There's a certain unspoken bond between bewhiskered men—an innate, primal respect for your fellow beardo, and a mutual disdain for the mustachioed. It also serves as a fast and efficient personality test for new people that you meet. They will either dig the beard and support your hairy endeavours, or it won't be for them, and they will slink back to their sad, hairless corner to hang with the alopecians.

Sure, food and lint might get caught in it, and it makes your face about as cuddly as sandpaper, but these problems primarily stem from inexperience. Learning how to eat with a beard is a lot like learning how to ride a bicycle, only the bicycle is made of hair and attached to your face. And once you master it, you'll learn how to store precious water in the moustache like a camel after drinking from a water fountain, and how to shelter a small family of birds from the winter cold.

Paul Knoechel

The neck beard doesn't get the respect it deserves. If you ever try and bring it up with a lady around, all you hear them talk about is how gross and disgusting they are. But you know what? Someone also said the same thing about Sir Robert Laird Borden's moustache, and now he's on the \$100 bill. It's high time that the neck beard made its inevitable rise to the top.

It's not just that the neck beard is

stylish—it's practical too. If you've ever had issues with vampires-don't laugh, those fuckers are getting ready to strike—the neck beard is the perfect deterrent. No one wants a hairy steak, and vampires can never master shaving on account of their lack of reflections. And if you ever needed a scarf for the windy walk from SUB to CAB, you'll wish you'd have grown out that neck beard, which would have been able to insulate your easily chilled windpipe.

People may mock you if you put aside your reservations and grow the stones to be a trend-setter in this area, but that's all right. No other facial hair can offer the stylish duality that the neck beard can. You can have all the professionalism in the world from the chin up, and you just have to comb the neck beard down to keep it out of the way. But when it's time to party, you can fluff that bad boy out, and suddenly, you're the life of the party.

It won't take long for the ladies to pick up on your trend-setting ways, and pretty soon, public opinion will begin to turn. You'll hear sexually excited whispers when you walk by, rumours about your carnal conquests will begin to fly, and finally, the copy cats will begin. That's when you know you've made it. The spread of the neck beard is going to happen-of that there's no debate. The only question is whether you'll lead the pack or simply

Kelsey Tanasiuk

A sparse moustache in which mostly skin is visible is the route for you, friend—that is, if you can handle it.

Known as the "Perv-stache," "Seethrough Sammie," or "Molestache," it's the lip hair of many names, but which few dare to sport.

The Perv-stache can only be worn by a select group of men: child molesters, teenage boys who are hopeful about one day acquiring true facial hair, men who don't realize that they're sporting one, and men who are more than able to laugh at themselves. It has benefits for each, whether it's a nod to irony, a way of life, or simply a wistful dream of something greater.

Of course, it's not attractive, but it does become a helpful sort of natural selection aid. For bystanders, it can warn of the wearer's sex-offender status. For young teenagers, it can both provide much-needed confidence and also repel young ladies, thus saving the lads from scarring heartbreak. For those who don't realize they're sporting something so hideous, it chases women away, preventing them from procreating and generating faulty children with poor fashion senses. And for those who do it to be funny, it can provide an amusing icebreaker that will enable them to attract the ladies with their charming personality that, in the end, should be able to override their advocacy for bad facial hair.

When deciding on a type of facial hair, one must consider every option. Abraham through Zorro of the facial hair encyclopedia is filled with choices of both manly and classy values. The Perv-stache is a daring choice, and one must be strong in both body and mind to choose its power willingly. Sure, some men can grow biker beards, Van Dykes, or even compete in moustache competitions, but it takes a special sort of man to master the Perv-stache.

David Johnston

Anyone who knows me will testify to my weird, quasi-obsessive quirk: my hair. I primp; I preen; I experiment with my sideburns and beards. All despite the fact that I have a weird genetic abnormality, the only outward sign of which is a weird, nickel-sized zone on my chin where my normally bountiful follicles lie dead. This is especially sad as this zone is the exact location for the greatest facial growth known to mankind: the soul patch, otherwise known as the "artiste" of beards.

Unlike a scruffy 'stache or a haphazard beard, true soul patches aren't an accident, but an art. Place it too low, and you get a weird half-goatee that slowly encompasses your jawline. Leave it too high, and it spreads to your lip, creating a flavour-savour-type 'stache that makes you look like a bad '90s porno actor. Only the truly beatnik-ized souls among us can locate the perfect spot for that mournful, thoughtful, breathtaking tuft of dark hair that truly makes a statement about the world. To wear a soul patch is to wear your heart on your sleeve. At least, that's what they say; if I ever manage to stimulate my chin into growing, I'll let y'all know.

Paul J Blinov

Two words: the handlebar. That's right, the. If you see a dude sporting one of these, it immediately tells you one of two things: he's a dad, or he can kick your ass. Probably both.



based on research interests & academic standing

