

The Futile Fashionista Serial Killer Chic



There is a magic moment in every Winnebago County corner bar when a certain kind of man walks through the door and takes my breath away. He has killer style. He is dressed to kill. He literally looks like a crazed psychopath and I am afraid he will kill me.

If clothes make the man, don't let your vestments render you a murderous nut. There are two basic looks for gentlemen: good-style and no-style.

The good-style look is almost indefinable. It is a manner of choosing and arranging outfits with purpose, that when combined with a charming personality, enhance the wearer.

The no-style look is bourn of basics; an entire wardrobe of staples in black, dark blue, dark green, grey, and brown. Items are neutral and without incident. The no-style man won't wear an oxford with gratuitous pockets or nonfunctioning elements. He doesn't advertise products on his T-shirt. Both looks are just fine for fellows.

Then, there are those of you wandering the vast Wisconsin wild looking like madmen. All that's missing from your outfit is an axe and necklace of human bones. You might be working with underprivileged children, possessing a high IQ, and harboring a riotous sense of humor, but your resemblance to America's worst serial killers is keeping the ladies away.

The ragged fashion sense of drifters, stalkers, and grave-robbers is not fetching if one is in search of human companionship. By taking cues from some of society's most notorious mass murderers, you can learn how NOT to comport yourself in the world.

Shades of Dahmer:

Large prescription aviator glasses that darken to sunglasses in the bright light of day are a fashion standard amongst slashers. Native son Jeffery Dahmer sported this look, but he was by no means the only trendsetter. Stop enhancing insanity by adorning retinas with these wire-framed spook-specs.

The Green River ‘Stache:

A barely-there little silken strip of facial hair above your top lip, pop-culturally referred to as the porn-star moustache, is the Gary Ridgeway to turn off most women. If you are not that kind of “lady killer,” how about appealing to your dream date with a clean shave and a friendly smile?

Pogo the Clown:

There seems to be a cultural perception that clowns are scary. Horror films play upon this idea and those who wish to appear unique like to list clowns as their “greatest fear.” I don’t think the iconographic circus performer is in any way frightening, but a John Wayne Gacy clown is something else entirely. The freaky makeup hiding bad intentions, the bulbous red schnoz disguising a boozy red nose beneath, and over-sized shoes confounding footprint analysts at the crime scene, it’s all too much. If you are a follower of the horror-rock-schlock band Insane Clown Posse, a professed Juggalo, you should know this look has a rich heinous history and pancake foundation with black lipstick is like releasing a fine mist of girl-repellant everywhere you go.

Bald Ambition:

I respect a shaved head as a response to male-pattern baldness, but shaving the eyebrows is taking your look from Yule Brenner/Mr. Clean to Russia’s Andrei Chikatilo, also known as the Red Ripper. It’s a Glasnost no-no.

My Other Hat’s Made of Ladyhide:

The Ed Gein Pendleton-style rifleman’s cap is slightly loony. Criminal sketch artists who are having trouble determining the hairstyle of a killer will slap one of these hats atop a crazy dome and call it day.

The Pied Piper’s Pompadour:

If you dye your hair black, slick it back with pomade, and work to resemble Elvis Presley, you might be a Rockabilly guy, but you might also be Charles “Schmitt” Schmidt, The Pied Piper of Tucson, who maintained this look even after being imprisoned for burying those teens in the desert.

Law Student from Hell:

Corduroy professor jackets with elbow patches might seem Ivy League, but young professional Ted Bundy strutted his slaughterin’ stuff in these same sport coats. There is something about khaki on khaki that says, “Look at me. I’m normal. See me looking normal. I’m just a regular guy in a regular jacket. Nothing abnormal here.” RUN!

The Total Package (that explodes):

The hoodie? The mirrored shades? Are you seriously *trying* to look like the Unibomber?

When dressing, work to resemble a smooth son-of-a-gun rather than a scary Son of Sam. Simple separates go a long way towards establishing your sanity. Sharp women will appreciate your straightforward sensibility in a good-style or no-style outfit. Dark slacks, a plain shirt, and solid shoes say, "If I am a crazed killer, I'm one of those high functioning types able to conceal it." Wife murderers Scott Peterson and OJ Simpson have proved that maniacs wear golfing togs, but at least you won't scare anyone away on the first date with a Charles Manson swastika carved into your forehead.

In the past, it is true that I've often fallen for the wrong guy. If you walk around in a giant pair of Dahmer glasses, stroking your tiny moustache, hiding your pompadour and shaved eyebrows with an Ed Gein hat/Ted Kaczynski hoodie combo and the only thing detracting from your beige suit is that fact that you're wearing full face clown make-up, then, I don't know, what are you doing this weekend? Maybe we could hang out.

TRIED: I tried on some outfits at Forever 21 in the Fox Valley Mall and discovered my ass is forever over thirty.

TRUE: Earmuffs! I love earmuffs and wish I had a million pair. Not only are they cute as the dickens, they keep your ears warm without wrecking your hair like a stocking cap. Also, earmuffs are perfect for clingy relationships, "What? I can't hear you breaking up with me. I've got my earmuffs on so I guess we're still dating."

TIRED: The gel stops here. A little product in the hair can keep things manageable, but if you walk into the world looking like you've varnished your head, ease up on the Dippity-Do already. Too Much Gel Test: Don't wash your hair. Lie upon a clean white sheet. Lift the sheet to the light. Can you see through it? Did the soaked in gel make the fabric translucent as tracing paper? If so, discontinue applying gel with a trowel and go back to using your fingers.

TRENDY: Having a bad hair day? Try existentialism.