

*Note: The website that originally featured this article is no longer active, however you can read the post below.*

## **The Art of Shaving**

Steam. It's what made Britain truly great. It's what drove Victoria's all-conquering Empire forth to every corner of the globe. Think of steam and a number of names come to mind – James Watt, Matthew Boulton, Richard Trevithick, George Stephenson. Visionaries and pioneers each. Versatile, intelligent men who revolutionised the world during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries simply by harnessing the by-product of boiled water.

There is however, one notable name missing from that list. Less well-known throughout the annals of history perhaps, but a man who, in certain circles, is remembered for having made his own important contribution to the daily life of the Great Briton.

That man was George F. Trumper. From his barber shop in Mayfair's Curzon Street, Trumper quietly went about the important business of preparing the men of Victorian London to face the world. He knew the value of getting things just right for his clientele. Presentation. Precision. Style. Elegance. He opened his shop in 1875 – a marvellously English affair of mahogany-panelled shaving cubicles and glass displays containing the finest razors and male grooming aids of the age. Such was Trumper's skill and quality of service that his reputation grew faster than the Earl of Derby's beard. So much so that Queen Victoria was to award him the Royal Warrant – the ultimate seal of approval – and her five succeeding monarchs would do the same.

The English Shave. Trumper made it his own. Back in those days, it would be considered most unusual for a man to shave himself. Once or twice a week, gentlemen would head to the local barber to have their bristles effortlessly removed or their whiskers trimmed. Trumper's establishment was a cut above the average penny barber though, and turned the shaving process into a luxury experience. Steam would be used to soften the customer's skin and beard as their face was swathed in hot towels. They would then be lathered using the finest products and shaved with a gleaming cut-throat razor. Finally, one of Trumper's own bespoke range of colognes would be applied and the gentleman would be off into the streets of London, immaculately groomed and ready to face the day.

Nowadays, you can re-live the Victorian experience for yourself. The barbershop of Geo. F. Trumper still stands at 9 Curzon Street. The mahogany panels and glass cabinets remain. The service is still second to none, the shave still the best in London. And now Trumper's products are available to enjoy in the comfort of your own home.

Heady fragrances still plays a distinctive part in their composition, and this is evident in the Trumper shaving cream range. The almond cream is a prime example. Best enjoyed after a steamy shower (not quite a swathing in hot towels, but still), a small squeeze from the tube onto a badger's hair shaving brush is all that's needed to transport you back 120 years or so. It lathers beautifully onto your face, and gets to work moisturising your skin as you shave. Used in conjunction with a high quality razor, there's no burn, no redness and no discomfort. Just a smooth glide up your neck and over your chin. Across your cheeks and above your top lip. As your razor completes its journey and you look in the mirror, the change is already satisfyingly apparent. By the time you've splashed your

visage with cold water and applied an after-shave balm and cologne, you feel magnificent. Radiant. The perfect example of a Victorian gentleman, stood in a 21<sup>st</sup> Century bathroom.

The smoothness and softness of your face is such that you'll invariably find yourself rubbing your chin, or stroking your own cheek in moments of quiet contemplation throughout the day. Don't feel self-conscious about that. Embrace it. After all, it's not every day that you get to enjoy a Geo. F. Trumper experience. Until now, that is.

**By Ross Lowe**

**© Ross Lowe Copywriting 2013**