

The Survey

FIT-

I read the news today—Oh boy! Hawaii is having a pollution problem. Just picture it: Paradise Island, with its minimal industry and urban development, sitting in the middle of the world's biggest bathtub, the Pacific Ocean, having a pollution problem.

And what do we have here in sweet smelling New York? Miles of factories turning out tons of clothes. And if we're not making them, we're selling them or giving them away . . . boutiques and department stores, maternity shops, thrift shops, closets and garbage pails stuffed with clothes.

America has clothes pollution, and New York is making it worse, yet the fashion establishment keeps on turning out copy to entice us to chuck last year's schlock for this year's mid-calf, crocheted suede passport to social acceptance, in nearly natural colors with matching boots and shoulder bag.

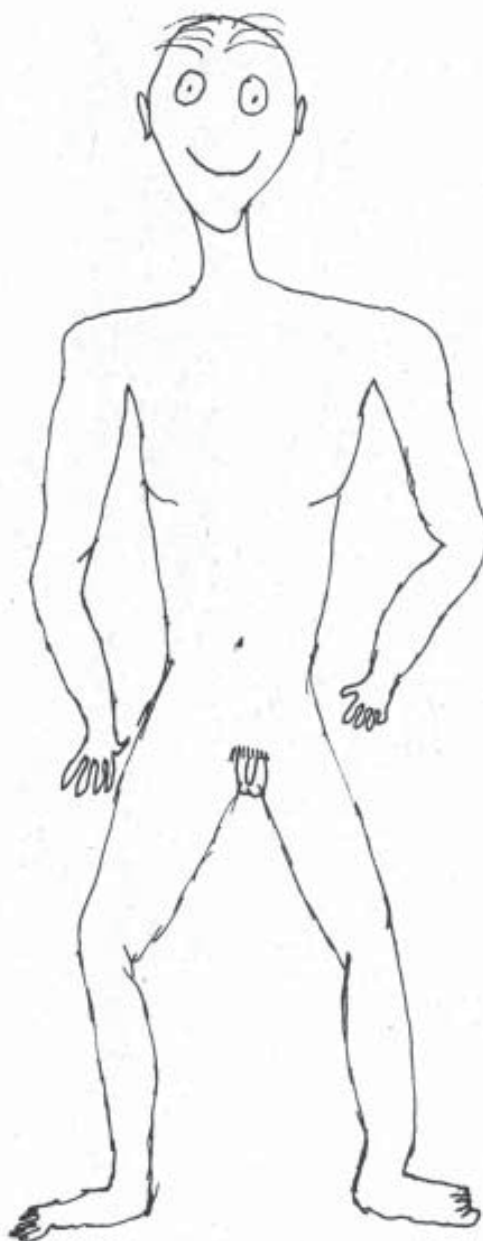
Enough! When will the American consumer herd get to stand up on its hind legs and take the fashion bull by its imitation ivory horns? If consumers only bought what they needed and not what fashion dictated we'd be on the way to some real social change.

It's time to take care of business, Mr. Businessman. What's your plan? From textile planners through makers, merchandisers to small shopkeepers. . . . It's time to get it on. Theatre is in the street; if fashion is not to become the next fabulous invalid, *fit* must become the foremost validity of the garment industry.

You go to buy clothes and, as if by magic, they are supposed to fit your body. How are they supposed to fit? Who are they supposed to fit? And if somewhere, someone is making the right fit for you, how do you find it?

Obviously, some manufacturers make their clothes to fit Miss Pretty Skinny Model, who got her job through *The New York Times*, or maybe they fit Mr. Manufacturer's son, Seymour, the hippie. There are many clothes made that fit no one in particular, but which conform to some Bureau of Standards list of average measurements or are put together from bits and pieces of patterns for best selling styles of the past. In any case Mr. and Mrs. Average Man have never existed, and clothes made to fit them are wasteful of natural resources and manpower.

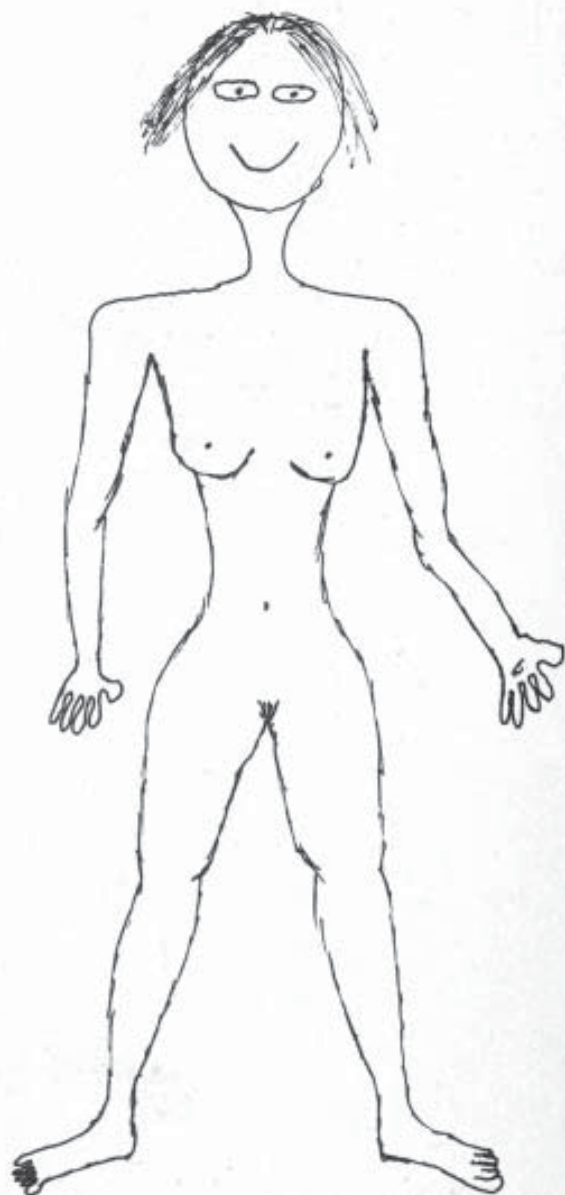
I love my shirt but my shirt doesn't love me. It doesn't fit me. The body of my body shirt would fit if I were 50 pounds overweight and the collar, which shrinks even if I dry clean only, is too small. Who needs collars anyway—what do they do but hold down ties? I may never wear a tie again. Then there are the armholes . . . cut to the waist



Special by Uhshur P. Quietstone

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in case I come down with a case of elephantiasis of the bicep . . . the rips at the elbow caused by the tension that comes from cuffs that button three inches short of my wrist. Talk about tension . . . the Gestalt Therapists would go out of business overnight if jackets fit so that people could swing their arms. All those punching muscles store up tension that even magic marijuana can't loosen.

Taking a Freudian approach to the problem: let's spring the crotch! I'm tired of binding up the family jewels—give me a new cut or a codpiece or a sarong . . . anything. . . . Help! My ego is strangling.

If Seventh Avenue is still wondering about the lure of the blue jean and how they can make a fortune off it next season, let them knock off Levi's sizing system instead of the pocket detail. Pants are in the boot not only because it's cute but because Sam! Ya made the pants too short!

Clothes that fit look neater longer, need less attention and wear better. We can't expect businessmen to make changes in direction without strong incentive from the consumer. If the shoe doesn't fit, don't wear it. There are no bargains . . . include the cost of cleaning, alteration and replacement in the price of what you buy. This is the kind of problem there should be a federal agency to cope with, but the feds are busy coping with the problems of the Fifties and making problems for the Eighties.

So . . . let's make one or two things perfectly clear: we need more clothes that fit and fewer that don't. Now that spring is here, let's be good squirrels, boys and girls, and bury a few nuts and bolts in the garment industry machine so that we can get on with the important summer business of indulging and mutually admiring our bodies and their unending variations. It's your turn to sit down and be counted.

- Do you have red spots instead of hair follicles on your thighs from pant legs that are cut too tight?
- Do waistlines miss the narrowest part of your body by inches? In which direction?
- Do you really want any clothes that can't be put in the washing machine?
- Do the heels on your shoes throw your spine out of line?

In short, what does your body want that it ain't getting? Scribble appropriate marks on the Adam and Eve drawings, or detail your problem in words, and send it along to me, jolly old Uhshur P. Quietstone, at RAGS, 30 E. 20th St, NYC. Perhaps we can serve as a rallying point for collective action.

Results in a future issue. 🐾