

## FASHION VICTIMS

Opinion is divided on the role of fashion in society: does it function as a conspiracy, addiction, or merely a loathsome and communicable disease? Never one to overlook a "gimme", the Weekend Warrior will examine that question and field the usual devastating results.

The investigation was furthered by very close questioning of a figure with known fashion connections: a model I used to date. She's been around the style game for a long time and in fact refers to herself as an "Old Fashioned girl". Which I will vouch for, though it can take as many as six Old Fashioneds to do the trick. (I happen to know she's also a "Tequila Shooter girl", but she's a little fuzzy about that incident, which is just as well).

She summed up fashion history for me in one word: "French". It's a word she's gotten a lot of mileage out of, but she's right--fashion would be nowhere without the French Connection. You can see it in the vocabulary. The very concept of "fashionable" is expressed as *ala mode*, which might seem a little weird until you see all those anorexic clone models probably just praying that somebody would slap a scoop of ice cream on them. You can hardly talk about clothes without using terms like *decolletage* (meaning a deficiency of collagen), *derriere* (meaning "from the rear"--many a young model was born in the Midwest, but reared in Paris), *chic* (meaning "to show too much derriere") or *in vogue*, (meaning "photographed hanging off some bulimic, grotto-eyed, holocaust victim lookalike so as to give a 'daring' glimpse of something carefully constructed to resemble a breast but located where no normal woman would have one").

Of course, not all fashion terms are French: we owe "Vunderbra" to German, "spangle" to Splanglish, "bangle" to Bangladesh, "Heroin chic" to The Auld Moss, and "Prozac chic" to Hillary Clinton. The Italians have a lot to answer for, too. All that Armani, Gucci, Oscar Low Renta. In fact the very word "fashion" comes from the same Italian root as "facism". But none of that is important to you right now. What IS important, according to the Warrior--and you don't get much more important than that--is knowing how to predict fashion trends and avoid their ravages.

Rule # 1 Don't be a woman

**Fashion victimizes women almost exclusively. Including women trapped inside men's bodies, of course. Although I don't really understand that concept. A man trapped inside a woman's body I understand all too well. The last time it happened to me it required a drum of icy Gatoraid, a hydraulic jack, two sets of AbMasters, an overdose of Valium and a Papal Dispensation to get loose.**

**But the important thing is, men (REAL men, anyway) are immune to fashion. We NEVER think about our shoes matching our wallets. We never freak out because somebody in the same room is wearing the same outfit. In fact, if you work for an insurance company you might freak if you notice your outfit is DIFFERENT from everyone else at the meeting. You can't put some Roman flit's name on a twenty dollar pair of jeans and sell them to us for a hundred bucks. You can't get us to pay a hundred bucks for a haircut. We don't give a lot of thought to our belts or skin coloration or socks seams or if our fellow plumbers in Paris are showing more or less butt crack this fall. Okay, there's the running shoe thing, but those are basically toys or tools or something: fashion is a condition that mostly attacks female victims.**

**For instance, women pay consultants to find out their Color Seasons-- that they are "Winters" or "Springs" and have to buy a bunch of make-up and accessories to work it out. Most men instinctively dressed seasonally. In baseball season a Padres hat and cleats will do, in football season an oversized Charger jersey and black goo under the eyes, during surfing season jams and a lobotomy, and during ice hockey season a plastic face mask and machete. See? No consultant needed, everything accomplished with common household materials. Why would women and not men get sucked into rampant Fashism?**

**Magazines, that's why. Women's magazines feature skinny young women dressed up in ridiculous, expensive clothes. In men's magazines the skinny young women are neither so skinny nor so encumbered. Fashion just doesn't raise its ugly head. Oh, sure there are clothing ads in male magazines; but usually just some kid with a lot of pecs and cheekbone staring into the camera with some vague attitude while his frame is being crawled by some unencumbered young woman. Except Esquire and GQ, where they think women carry disease or cooties and prefer to depict clean-cut, firm-fleshed young guys. But those "International Male" types aren't the point --we're talking about breeder males. Who are much less interested in fashion than male things like cars, guns, tools, electronics**

**and breeding. Men don't care what we wear. Or what women wear, for that matter. Or even if. Have you ever heard of a man dressing a woman with his eyes?**

**If so, he's probably a fashion designer. Fashions are almost exclusively perpetrated by homosexuals out to degrade do it to degrade the women they loathe. After a show, they get together to snicker over the stupid stuff they've just gotten those silly little bitches to wear on a raised runway in front of cameras and bright lights. Then they take turns wearing the stuff themselves. Which is why it's all made for tall, mannish, hipless women with no breasts or body fat. Once you know what's going on, the whole scam is sooooo obvious.**

**Rule #2 Calculate what Young People are wearing.**

**It's absurdly easy. I'm surprised there's not a little computer for doing it. All you have to do to be hep with the hot young styles is shop the thrift shops in middle-aged neighborhoods. Just buy clothes your parents got rid of as being unfashionable. Hippies wore forties funk that fifties people were too slick for, the "New Wave" wore the skinny ties and tight cuffs the sixties people dropped out of, now everyone is wearing Eastern European polyester crap that NOBODY would have. You can almost make out a chart for what spontaneous, creative youngsters will be sporting in the future. Or you can just:**

**Rule #3 Dress like John Travolta**

**This rule seems strange, but it's one of the most reliable of our times. For some reason Travolta been the fashion God of America for two decades. How do these things happen? God knows. You can't choose it, it chooses you. Travolta would probably rather be God of Volcanos or Rain Forests or something, but instead he was picked by the Universe to show Americans how to dress.**

**He did "Grease" and everybody suddenly decided to celebrate those fun fifties with leather jackets, poodle skirts and cosmoline hairdos. Then "Saturday Night Fever" got everybody into three piece poly suits, the Hustle, and more hairgoo. "Urban Cowboy" came out and everybody ditched the gladrags and started wearing boots, stetsons, and Bull Durham chaws. Then he made a couple of movies where he just danced around practically naked and everybody did THAT (Flea should credit him on his album covers). Then, for reasons we mortals can only guess at,**

he did the worst thing imaginable--he didn't make any more movies. It was hell. Nobody knew what to wear. Pathetic souls slumped around in satin tour jackets, cowboy hats, and motorcycle boots--crying out for accessorization, acting out the hurtful need for a direction, a zeitgeist, an ensemble. As a result, the eighties was a shambles, the only decade with no "look" of its own. Okay, parachute pants. Obviously a reaction to a disaster situation--or possibly a token for the Bailout era.

Just when things could get no worse (suburban teenagers were starting to sag trou and their parents were wearing Forest Gump drag) The Second Coming saved us all. Travolta returned with "Pulp Fiction", trailing clouds of glory, and everything was back on track. You could FEEL the relief. No more the nagging, niggling doubts, the hollow look in the mirror--men needed only to get out there with dark stark Eurotrash suits, weird sunglasses, a nine millimeter sidearm, and a discreet but fashionable drug habit and the nineties just fell into place.

Women had but to dress like the Travolta's leading ladies. (Huge syringe protruding from between the breasts optional, and not for beginners). The "dress like Travolta" fashion rule only works because Travolta is infallible and has never abused his Godhood. Think what might have happened if he had played "Gandhi". A million young people wearing loincloths and caste marks. Or if he'd done "Amadeus"? Or The Riddler or Robin Hood or Elvis or Jabba the Hut (the "young Jabba") or the One Armed Man? It's too frightening to imagine. Fortunately, in a world with so little to believe in, we can have faith that Travolta will continue to guide and watch over the way we dress. Unless the rumor is true that he'll star in the soon-to-be-cast "Dennis Rodman Story". With Damon Wayans as Jordan, Wesley Snipes as Pippen, Whoopi Goldberg as Modonna and Jim Carey in the role he was born to play--100,000 berserk fans. But where were we?

Ah yes, Fashion: Mindfuck or Menace? I think I've said enough to let you draw your own conclusions. But in case you can't, allow me to say that all you really need to wear is simple clothing, like a humble T-shirt. An idea commemorated by the WEEKEND WARRIOR humble T-shirt, the kind of anti-fashion, anti-ripoff statement all hip people are making these days. Order one while they last, just \$19.95 postpaid from REVOLT IN STYLE. Get a few for your friends, too, or they'll feel shabby and left-out. Hey, that's fashion for you.

