



The Clothing Storage System
"Because folding things is a waste of time."



And of course me magic hat.
 Can't forget the hat.

Clothing

The Importance of Dress

I bought my first article of clothing when I was 15 years old in high school. That should give you an idea on how late I was on fashioning a style for myself, because by that time, everyone was into the latest trend. High school is all about those kinds of things, you see. But I didn't know that then. I do have a vague recollection of knowing that I needed a plaid shirt to fit in with the grunge movement during the Wash, but I didn't know why. I did try for a short time to dress like the crowd, but their clothes felt so alien, and as soon as Social Balance gave me a license to be myself, I took it. I don't have a style, but I do have things I like, things that feel like I should be wearing them. More often than not,

those were things that they didn't sell in stores. The first thing I wanted were pants with flared ends. In 1996, the last pair of flared ended pants were made in the hippie era and died there, but I wanted them anyway. I must have looked for them everywhere when 6 months later I found a modest flare at a trend store that had decided to give them a shot. I was the first kid to have flares at school, but of course the only reason I could think of for them being the next great thing was how neatly they fit over my ice skates. By summer, everyone had them.

In my search for Things that Felt Right, I stumbled upon a lot of other great trends at least half a year before they became mainstream, and this

always annoyed me, because when I wanted them they would be nowhere to be found, but inevitably would wind up being everywhere for everyone else once I had moved on. Such things were dark flares when light was popular, big bells when small were popular, Hawaiian shirts and bathing suits when you could only find them on eBay, flip-flops, shoulder bags, tinted eye-glasses, ski sweaters, wool and tweed pants, fishing hats, sweater jackets, ect. Now I'm



When I first wrote this chapter I didn't have this neat setup, but I had been drawing up plans for it. This thing is actually a converted 'assemble it yourself' greenhouse that had gotten mangled by a snowplow. Now it has new purpose. And clothing.

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finding that the old kid's T-shirts that I have worn for at least two years now are coming into style and now everyone is buying them off eBay for more than I can afford. What is next, I ask? Will my puffy harem pants be next? I hope not. When ever something becomes popular, I feel that I am impersonating someone else, even if I was doing it first. Go figure.

The most important rule of my buying clothes is 'can I sleep in it on a moment's notice?' because I do that a lot. I like to feel that I am wearing a portable bed and that all that is needed is for me to lie down.

Number two is that it feels like me. I'm not sure what that means, exactly, but it's important. I know I like geometric shapes, paisley, and patterns that look really simplified. I also like stripes, but that trend hasn't started yet, so I'll have to wait for striped palazzo pants.

Number three is that what I'm wearing doesn't match. I don't like matching unless its supposed to match, like a pants suit. Not outrageously not matching, though I would like to wear

stripes with plaid if I could, but just not matching enough for it to look unexpected. So you have to think about it. What fun is it if it matches? I mean, that's a given. Everyone matches, no one explores the possibilities of each article having its own say. Because of this, I generally get dressed by pulling pants A out of basket A and pulling shirt B out of basket B. The less they match, the better. I also won't wear the same outfit twice, unless I came up with a really good one, because I want to try as many combinations of basket A and B as I can.

So where do I get this stuff? Thrift stores. Thrift stores are heaven in that everything is one of a kind and cheap! The place I go to is in the \$1 to \$5 range so I can easily fund my fetish. Ebay is another good place to get clothes, garage sales, the clearance rack. Clothes that are second hand are especially appealing because they have character and I am the next chapter in their lives. Again, each piece of clothing is special, so the fact that they have a history makes me feel honored to wear it.

Number four. It must be soft. I can not stress that enough. And textures or colours. But mostly it must be soft and loose. Oversized is great. I love hiding in my clothes. I like pants to hide my feet or sleeves to cover my hands and it bothers me if they don't. Unless it's over 100 degrees, I wear pants but generally not jeans, which are too restrictive. I have special pants, and thus I have dedicated a whole section to them. Them and my T-shirts.

Number five, NO BRAS OR WOMEN'S UNDERWEAR!

I can't *stand* them, period. The first things to go were the bras, which are essentially useless if you have such small breasts as mine. I *hated* bras. I always hated bras. No matter how much I stretched them out of shape, they were still *touching* me, and I would spend the entire day tugging at the elastic. So one day, I just stopped wearing them. Tada!

Mother was not pleased, saying such things weren't done and all that. I say



'screw it.' Next came the underwear. I used to wear those cotton kind that came in the three-pack bags. I wore the old ones to death and when the time came to finally get new ones, it was a nightmare. I started by wearing them inside out. Then I started snipping the elastic to loosen it. Then I started take all the elastic off, trimming the seams, cutting up the leg holes, nothing worked. One day I got so fed up I took my pocket knife and cut the pair I was wearing clean off. Victory!

But you can't just go around with no underwear. Luckily, the solution was simple; men's silk boxers. Perry Ellis silk boxers to be exact (they're made of some strange silky material and the elastic isn't bunched) Let's take a moment to thank Perry Ellis for making these, because otherwise, I would truly be in hell.

I also won't wear shoes if I can get away with it. They separate me from the ground and that bothers me for some reason. I can get really fussy over a shirt or pants, but shoes really don't enter my mind. I have a large collection of shoes,

but I only wear one pair; a pair of totally destroyed foam flip-flops. I'll wear the same pair every day, summer and winter, until they fall apart, literally. I'll often try to prolong the broken shoe's life with a hot glue gun or staples.

If it snows out, then it's soft-soled boots, but the second the snow is gone, I'm back out with sandals, which for some reason really freaks people out.

I collect jewelry as well but I only wear necklaces. Anything else I fidget with and lose the same day I buy it. Of the necklaces I have, I wear the same three or four everyday. Go fig. As for hair stuff and makeup, no hair stuff or makeup. It bothers the crap out of me. I'll put gel in my hair or makeup on my face and I'll end up rushing to the nearest rest room to wash it off with the soap out of those little hand dispensers. So I just skip that altogether.

Mother says that I dress this way because I have low self-esteem. I say nay. I wear these clothes because...

Hmmmm....

Because to dress like the rest would be a lie, for then I would be pretending to be something I'm not. I like not being everybody else, so why would I strive to dress like them if that's not what I feel is right for me? My way is better for me. I like looking at me with my clothes on me. I feel they reflect what I look like inside so there is no deception as to what's inside. I don't know where I came from, but where I came from, this is the way people dress, how ever that is.

Let us take a few pages to celebrate my T-shirts and wonderful array of pants.





FIGURE 1. SHIRTS

These are my many shirts. Some are true vintage, some are not, all are very soft and some are sacred, such as the 'World Series of Birding' shirt I got in the Holylands shortly after I awoke, and the Carmen shirt, which I made myself.

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FIGURE 2. PANTS

I used to wear only skirts until I discovered these wonderful pants. With pants you can sleep anywhere and you never have to worry about them shifting about and your legs getting cold. They are soft and float about me, sending information back to my legs so they know where they are. They are worn from February to early December and longer if I can get away with it.

- 1. & 8. - OVER PANT - WORN OVER ANOTHER PAIR IN COLDER WEATHER.
- 2, 4, 7, & 15. - LOUNGE PANT
- 3. & 16. - EVERYDAY WEAR JINGLE PANT.
- 5. - THE WATERMELON SAMURAI PANT
- 6, 9, 12, & 14. - EVERYDAY WEAR PANT
- 10. FAVOURITE PANT - MY FIRST PAIR, BOUGHT FOR \$.50 AT A THRIFT STORE.
- 11. & 13 - HOT WEATHER PANT - SEMI-TRANSPARENT, USUALLY WORN UNDER SUNDRESS.

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FIGURE 3 SWEATER APPENDIX A & B

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Dressing for Godliness

Because in my mind I am one.

Now if everyone is quite done crying "blasphemer", let me clarify. I live in a very strange, surreal world that mirrors what some would consider a religious experience, except everyday, especially in the Summer, when my body boundaries disappear in the rising heat and humidity. In short, I feel like a god, and if I am a god, then I should probably dress the part.

These are clothes for special occasions, things related to my religion of Spacialism, the Holylands pilgrimages, very hot days, and an overall excuse to collect them in the first place.

God Clothes

1. A shirt with open-cut sleeves that are laced down the sides
2. Typical Pilgrimage garb
3. Lady Æriol's clothes
4. Heavy tapestry work
5. The monk's suit, used for my attempts of being professional
6. I made this slip dress out of sari material
- 7 and 8. Day to day wear in the Holylands
9. Thinking clothes
10. Wandering clothes
11. Servant-god clothes. I made the apron myself.
12. Not really god-wear, but they are rather nice pants. The shirt however is my first piece in this collection, a silk kurta from my mother's days of 60's style.
13. Master's clothes
14. Messenger clothes
15. Ceremonial garb, usually only worn at the evening ceremony in the Holylands