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Transcript:

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Fringes are high fashion. On the fringe of fashion are bleachers (remember those dappled denims?) and, still lingering, other remnants reminiscent of the sixties. Accessories to possess include earmuffs, frills, flat court shoes, heavy ethnic jewellery, Red Indian feathered items to team with the fringes, and balaclava helmets, which at their most extreme come SAS style with only two eye-holes to peer through: très chic as long as you beware of suffocation. Tropical printed harem bloomers and knickerbockers are big news from Italy, while everywhere you look, cowboy boots are back – white ones with fringes (what else?) which means that those brown numbers from two or three years ago are distinctly passé and MUST NOT be revived.

It is true, however, that fashion now dictates, freedom of choice. Opt for styles which suit you, shapes and hemlines which reveal the best; conceal that which should be concealed. On time of recession (ie now), lasting classics are advocated, and, in fact, such tactics are being employed in the American invasion, led by such designers as Kalvin [*sic*] Klein, which marches under a banner to the effect that “Paris couture is gimmicky and impractical; US modes are classy and sassy...” Of course, these garments come in quality fabrics but are usually far from adventurous, and are extremely expensive, (your mother would love them – if she could afford them). Paris may have lost direction and be floundering onto the slopes of the fantastical and ridiculous, but the occasional original idea which influences dress, across the board, does emerge.

Advice for would-be “dedicated followers of fashion”: buy European (we’re getting their missiles, do you want to be dressed US too?); do invest in a couple of quality classics such as a lambswool sweater and real leather accessories – synthetics always look synthetic and don’t last as long; co-ordinate colours – it’s not what you wear, but what you wear with what; become an avid visitor of markets, charity shops and jumble sales because someday, somewhere, you will acquire the most beautiful article in the world for 2 pence; with a modicum of imagination, cheap tat can work better than the most expensive designer outfit.

By the way, if any girls were aspiring to be models, I am sorry to divulge that today's fashion model is at least 6'2", and under fifteen. Our male readers, therefore, are now our only hope. If they tried a little harder, and discarded those aged flares, there could be an increase of advances made towards them in the coffee bar, and ultimately, they could step out of Bedford onto the pages of Vogue.