YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN MAGAZINE

dress

ISSUE 5, DEC. 2020

a message from the editors...

do you dress as surrender?

do you dress to protect yourself?

do you dress to honor yourself (and others)?

who are you sticking it to?

you know what we mean. davia & monica

you know what I mean?

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domestic ceremony	**Monica Mouet**
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(。 ㅅ .)	**Jill Galbraith**
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domestic ceremony

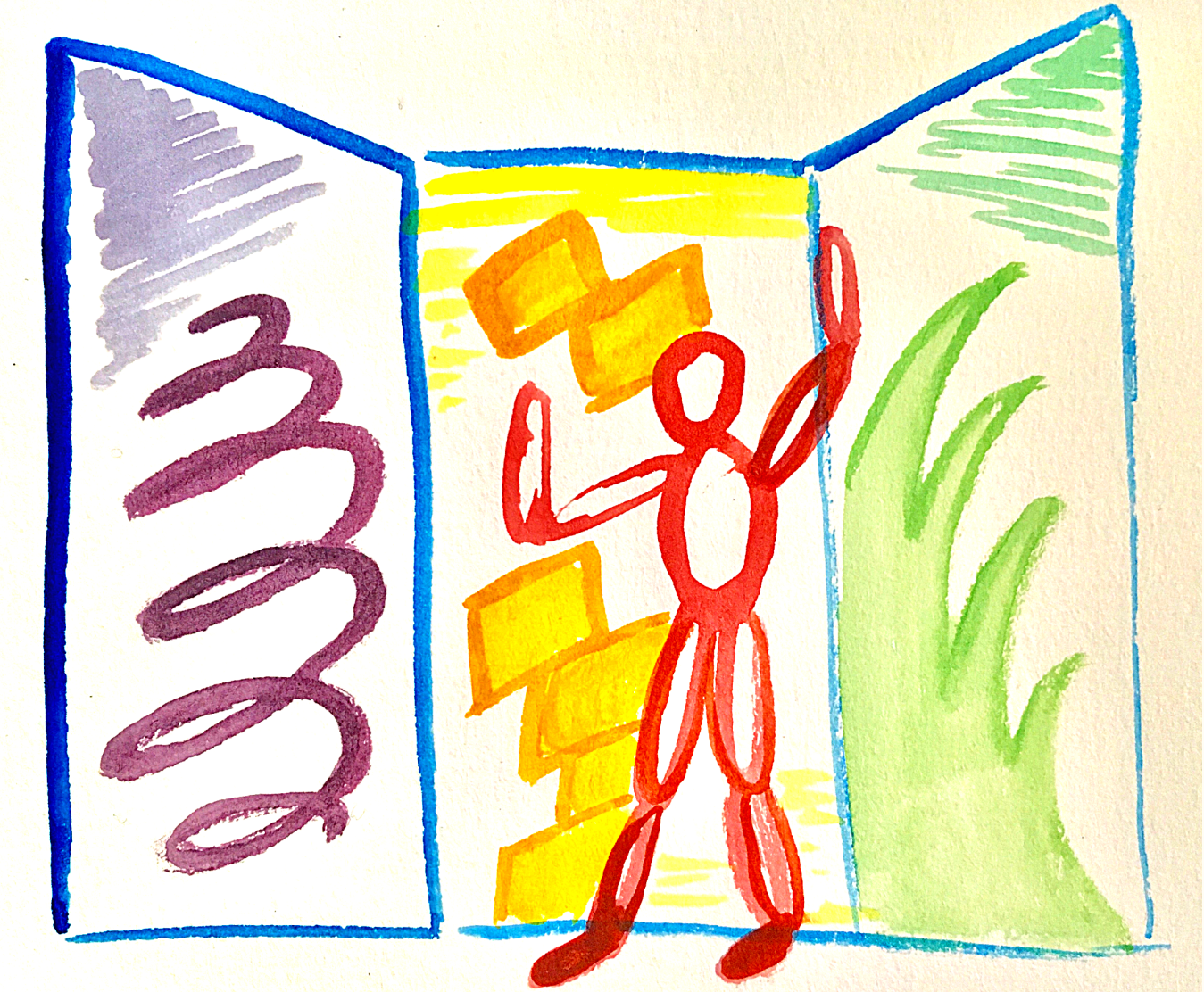
tasting notes of
domestic ceremony,
written in
three haikus:

disembodied pics
upper crusts of your pantry
snacks turned to incense

wets and pinks and hair
diagonal threads and bows
glossy periwink

ceremonial
domestic technology
sunsettable cloth

-Monica Mouet



three pronged mirror madness by davia schendel

pants.

BY CORY PETER LANE

It's time for pants. It's pants time. Because I ripped my last pair of good chinos or because I'm sad and need some retail therapy, it does not matter for pants time does not discriminate. I'm at a Sears or a Target or an Old Navy if things are getting dicey. Not to talk shit on the ON, they've been there for me when I needed them most. Wherever I am, I just start grabbing. And when you get to my size, you are happy with what you can find. Because nothing ever fits right. Either the pants are bell bottoms or ballet tights, never the artfully tapered leg ending just above the model's somehow-attractive ankle bone.

--Sidebar, can we talk about how the male model's for Target/Khol's/Sears/OldNavy and even WalMart are hot now? If I remember correctly, they used to specifically find appropriately normal if not dumpy people to jump on a trampoline in front of a green screen wearing tailored versions of the straight-cut-mid-rise-tech-pocket-sexless khaki's that line the store. So when did Target model's start looking like they just came from a runway?

continued on next page

Anyway--Due to my life long experience of being too tall, too thick around the middle and too all together picky, I stack my arm with 8 pairs of pants, often the same pair in three different sizes to avoid the walk of shame that is trying to find a pair of the very-cute-but-oh-my god-how-am-I-going-to get-these-off-what-is-happening-is-this-how-it-ends-I-think-I-have-lost-circulation-to-my-ass 4 button Levi's that are on sale. And the dressing room attendant is never there when you're just running in to try on a button up. But, they are invariably there when you've decided to take in what seemed like until this very moment, but is very much not, an appropriate amount of pants.

"How many items?"

"Seven...teen."Then they hand you the number that is supposed to correspond with how many items you have, but in some corporate meeting that is miles and years away from this very moment they had the same debate that I was having in my head as I approached."How many pants is too many pants? I say 6. We will only carry little pieces of plastic that say 1 through 6!"And then a unanimous"Yes Sir, Mister Target, Sir!"With an attempt at a subtle "can you believe this fucking guy?" eye contact shot to their equally dejected co-worker, they let me through with my mountain of pants. Then there's the choice.

There's always a very large handicap dressing stall. While I imagine that it goes rarely used, as the only thing fathomably worse than getting completely naked in public with a quarter inch of wood between you and the next miserable soul is doing all of that but in a wheelchair, it is not worth the risk. What would I say? "Sorry, I need all the room I can get to try on pants with my working legs." As if to say "You see, that's what we able bodied people do. We just try on pants for fun. You should try it sometime."So no, I choose the very small broom closet stall and I hang all my pants. For some reason, the little bench seats in these stalls are optional in this modern era of electric cars and stem cell research. If you do find a stall that does have a seat, it not only makes the whole changing experience a little easier, it provides an excellent, excellent place to cry. Just wait about 2 minutes, the tears will come. And that's when I start trying on the pants. Of course, I try the smallest first. Hoping against all hope that I've somehow dropped a size despite doing everything in my power for the previous lifetime to ensure that that never happens. And they don't fit, I don't even bother attempting to button them, let alone get them over my thighs. This would run the risk of the suffocation act I described earlier, and I don't envision dying in anything less than a Nordstrom Rack. But they don't fit.

So I try the next size up, the safety school pants. The midwestern state-school pants. These pants don't even ask for your SAT. And boy, when those don't fit, it hurts. I experienced every stage of grief in rapid succession.

Denial, "They must have marked these the wrong size, this can't be right." Anger, "Fuck these pants anyway. Fuck Wrangler and fuck any of the cowboys who wear them." Bargaining, "Okay, maybe if I buy them then it'll be an incentive to work out! Then I'll have nice pants and lose some weight."

Depression, "Do they sell rope at JC Penney?"

And then, Acceptance "Okay. I'll try the bigger pair." Then you try the fat pants. The pants you almost didn't even put in your basket. You scoff at the number on the waistline to mask the fear that the same number is tattooed, invisibly, on your own waist. But I grabbed them anyway and here I am, in the dressing room, two pairs of too small pants in a heap on the floor. And I put on the fat pants and they look.... Good? Okay, wait– these do look pretty nice! And I've got a little bit of room in them, and...ooh they're kind of stretchy? I don't know who decided that after a certain waist size, all normal pants would be infused with sweatpants-based technology, but they deserve some serious grant money.And they've got plenty of room and stretch to do karate in them. Or whatever it is that you envision yourself doing in new pants. Then I fold up the heap of too small bastard pants, but I haven't changed out of the big pair yet. I catch myself in the mirror at a profile and, honestly, I look skinnier in the fat pants than I did in the safety pants. The not-so-safe safety pants create bulges and leave a deep red waistline against my skin but, damned if the fat pants don't compliment my figure. It dawns on me, something so obvious but as yet hard to wrap my head around... nobody can tell what size your pants are. They can tell if they don't fit, sure, but not what the actual size is.

Though fashion could take an unfortunate left turn in the future, at this point in time, the waist size is only printed on the inside of the pants. Once I take the vertical sticker off the left leg, they are just pants. I hand back the small pants, and it's not as mortifying as I had anticipated. And then I buy the pants at self check-out because the staff are beginning to catch onto this weekly ritual.

The case for nudism

Is simple enough
Nothing concealing the bare burden
Of our fleshy selves
Bones and breath
Exposed to the mess
Masses of flab coalesced with the rest
Our blood boiling beneath
Garments at once serve us and sever us
They mask and reveal
Every thread
Every seal
Concedes something unsaid
Somewhere along the stitch
Of time
It seems
We got lazy
We assigned the art of communication
To our fabrics
We passed the buck
To the manufacturer
“Maybe he can do my feeling for me”
“Maybe this purple scarf will tell the world that I’m fun and free
And I won’t have to be real
Heck, I might not even
Have to be”
And so I find myself
Ensconced in cloth
Wrapped up in wrong
Instead of letting my body do the talking
It’s been so long that I fear I’ve forgotten
How to interact with space
With others that share
My pact and my place
When I dream of the vistas at the top tier
I can taste
Lux
I can hear
There
Her heels
Smash
And her tux
Flash
She laughs herself sore(I think I’ve heard that laugh before)
What a difference indifference makes
She disappears
Into the crowd
As she goes, blessing the air:
Whatever you wear
Wear
It
Loud

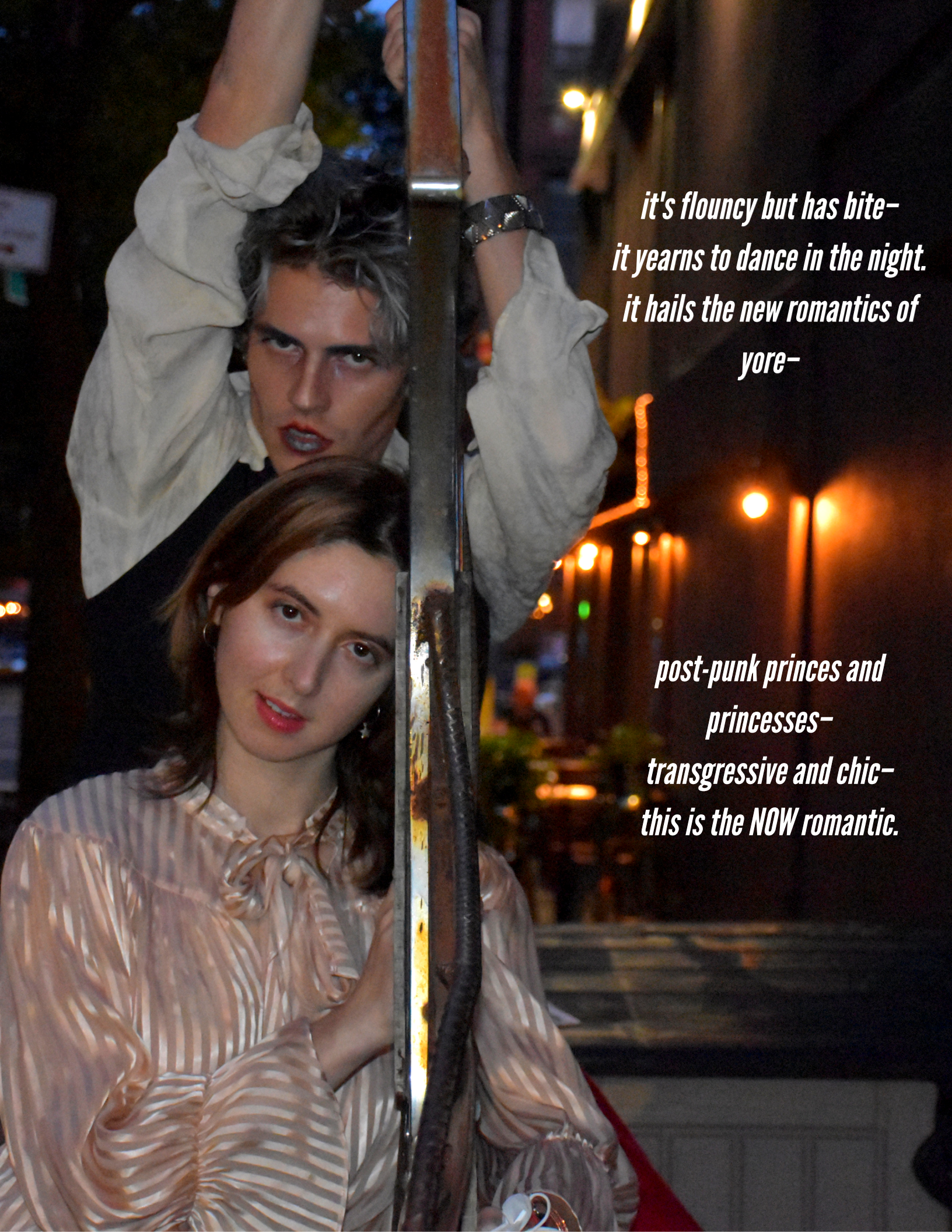
jill galbraith

(。 ^ •)

NOW ROMANTIC

photographed by Brian Carrera
modeled and styled by: Davia Schendel and Brady Richards
art direction and prose: Davia Schendel

shot in the East Village,
NOW ROMANTIC echoes the styles of
London's Blitz Kids,
New Wave bands such as
Duran Duran & Blondie,
and the creative energy of Downtown NYC
in the early 80s.



it's flouncy but has bite–
it yearns to dance in the night.
it hails the new romantics of yore–

post-punk princes and princesses–
transgressive and chic–
this is the NOW romantic.

FROM THE CHIFFOROBE OF F. CULOTTES

RE: DRESS — AN OPINION PIECE

If I see one more straight boy on the internet throw on a sweatsuit and call it a fit I'm going to lose my fucking mind. This year the codes of dressing oneself, the signals and symbols of status that dictate one's sartorial being, have been thrown out the window. No one is there to receive and decipher those codes. And even if one were to dress for others, those codes would have to be visible from a distance of six feet and without the lower half of the face. Guess we're dressing for ourselves.

This summer was the season of cottagecore, a charming if glib reinterpretation of peasantwear from Europe's feudal period. Makes sense since the 2020 Met Gala's theme was going to be Fashion and Duration, with outfits from disparate eras. The poofy linen of cottagecore evoked a disconnect not unlike the faux farmers of Versailles' Petit Trianon. The new glam of off-white prairie dresses and flowing silhouettes with scalloped trims betrays a culture of hesitance. Is it sustainable to indulge? Is my glitz eliciting eye rolls? How can I expand my closet in a time of scarcity without aggravating the labor crisis fashion is only so eager to manipulate?

These are questions that only seem to enter the minds of well-dressed womxn. Since the Sun King, Western male-presenters have been content with their narrow range of garments. Hardware and embellishment is kept limited to "tasteful" artifacts of the male routine. A black leather belt. A wedding ring. Cuff links, if you're high maintenance. From there, a dressing down commenced and undergarments gave way to sportswear and the problematically named "streetwear." The result we see now is the uniform of a buttonless shirt and trousers, the blank canvas that's on our backs today.

As a boy, I've dressed thoughtlessly. I'm able to match any of my ratty-ass tee shirts with whatever pair of pants that is clean and begin my day as a clothed citizen. I do not wrestle with the idea of showing my bare legs or my cleavage. My accessories are a manageable range of hats for bad hair days and sneakers suitable for any activity. I am covered. I swear the moment men started wearing earrings for clout, the visual bar for menswear lowered. The peripheral icing of femininity made many forget that most men, including myself, are serving us really shitty cake on a daily basis.

Okay since you've made it this far, I'll admit that I'm a pompous snob with no empathy for those who are "not into fashion." It's kind of like someone saying they're "not into politics"; it's an arrogant opt-out of a system from which no one is exempt. The thoughtless dressing I previously mentioned being guilty of was not me dressing for comfort. Comfort as a factor suggests one owns clothes that are uncomfortable. Dressing for comfort suggests the presence of an alternative: Clothes that sculpt the body and attract the senses for special occasions.

This brings me back to the heterosexual man who dares to invade my Explore page with his basic-ness. It's one thing to throw on fast fashion to check the mail or whatever. It's quite another to receive praise online for some Nike/Hurley/Converse combo that makes you look like a PE teacher. To allow this is to condone a regression not only in what men wear, but in how men behave. Womxn have spent the past century experimenting wholeheartedly with male codes to spectacular results. The embrace of tailoring, highlighting the legs, drawing attention to body hair, flat shoes, and pockets have all become pillars of modern dress. The male reluctance to participate in kind is just pure misogyny. And no odd crop top or painted nail will ever correct the fact that, in that same century, men have been absolved of trend as if the clothes they wear are beyond scrutiny.

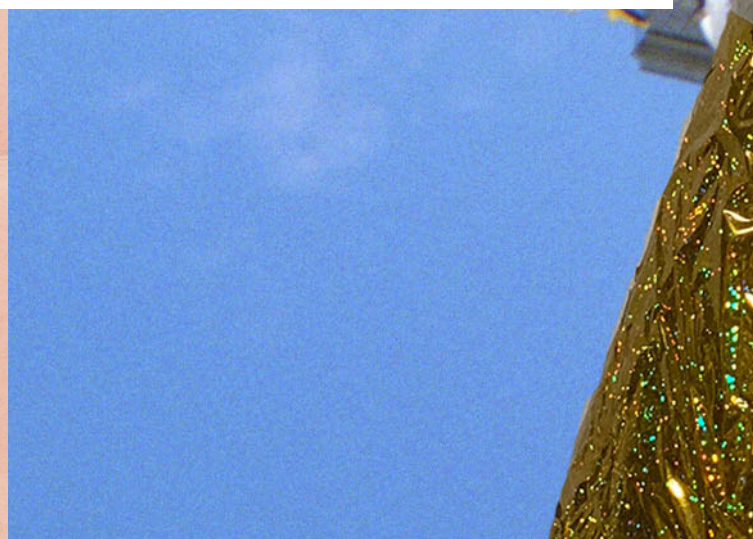
The different ways indulgence reveals our innermost selves intrigues me. A sneaker-head establishing their identity in a room not by the fabric that protects their torso but rather by the rubber under their feet must speak to some spiritual deficit. Don't get me wrong, sneakers are fantastic and sometimes beautiful but coveting a pair is almost always a matter of devotion to a brand or icon, be it Michael Jordan or Kanye West or whatever lizard person is currently running New Balance. Since sneakers degrade so quickly, the accumulation adds up and wearers are always shortchanged. The rise in sneaker care as an ancillary market is a symptom of that anxiety regarding (relatively) cheap footwear.

I realize I am writing about standards of beauty as they relate to the human body which, thanks to the patriarchy, is politicized. But these standards were never meant to make anyone feel miserable. They exist to validate craftsmanship and humanity. The cloth we drape on ourselves, regardless of gender, should make the both wearer and viewer happy and proud. So when I see a dude schlepping around in a hoodie on Instagram as if he's doing me a favor, it makes me want to donate my income to any and all scientific studies that seek to eliminate the need for sperm cells in the reproductive cycle. How can one claim the enormous privilege of personal style on top of the existing privilege of maleness so flippantly?

To be honest, I don't care what people wear. I care about how people feel about what they wear. We love utility and function and all that but if you wear basketball shorts everyday and you are not currently employed as a fitness instructor, then goddamnit you are part of the problem. Clothes are meant to do more than absorb your sweat. So reveal yourself! Or this generation will be remembered by future historians as a bunch of squares.

Despite the gloom, I have witnessed great fashion moments this year: the Marine Serre reflective bodysuit, the steadfast tenderness of Molly Goddard and Simone Rocha (whom I suspect are the unwitting arbiters of cottagecore), and Phoebe English's hermetic crinkled luxury. Underwhelming moments include Raf Simons' and Matthew Williams' respective debuts at Prada and Givenchy, two male interlopers in womenswear. Look these brands up right now because I believe they are the future staples of the 2020s and their work will worm their way into your closet whether you have the money for an original piece or not. Unless you're "not into fashion." In that case just let it wash over you. Remember to wear a mask.

tourist pics



andrea hernandez

Corona
Extra

HOTEL
Corona
Extra

TO AUTUMN('S END)

THE COOLER AIR MEANS TEA AND COOKIES
IT MEANS WOOLEN SOCKS AND MITTENS
CROCKPOT ROASTS AND GOLDEN TURNIPS
AND APPLE CIDER EVERYTHING
CRUNCHY GRASS LICKED BY FROST
MISTY DRAGON BREATH
SALTED STREETS
ANKLE BOOTS AND CARDIGANS
AND THE PUMPKIN SPICE ARMY
I FIND IT DIFFICULT TO WAKE UP IN THE COOLER AIR.
STAYING IN A COZY COCOON
I NEED TO WASH MY SHEETS.

I FIND IT DIFFICULT TO GET DRESSED IN THE COOLER AIR.

DREADING THE MOMENT BETWEEN PAJAMAS AND NOT
THROWING ON THE SWEATSHIRT FROM LAST NIGHT.
I FIND IT DIFFICULT TO MOVE IN THE COOLER AIR.
ICICLES IN MY LUNGS
AND KNOTS IN MY CALVES
COOLER AIR MEANS HOLIDAYS
AND MY MOTHER'S COOKING
IT MEANS FAMILY AND TWINKLING LIGHTS
AND NEVER-ENDING SCARVES
IT MEANS TIGHTER PANTS
AND HEAVY EYELIDS
TOMORROW I WILL WAKE UP EARLY
I'LL WEAR SOMETHING NICE
SOMETHING TO IRON

anna mader

F a b

Roxy Seven

My words ride on an ocean of mothers
They are carried by a cleansing water
A salty sweet love yourself
This is the singleness on my skin
Somewhere my mom taught me the ocean will always hug you
The sun will always kiss you if you love yourself enough to get off your ass and go outside
Flannel sheets with snowmen will always sing your skin good night

I dare you to feel good
You do not feel good in Abercrombie and Fitch
Do they have silk there?
Spark yourself some damn joy
Touch the fabrics
TOUCH THE FABRICS
What you love is not predictable
Abercrombie and Fitch is predictable
Maybe your clothes should not go together
Maybe we can stop worrying about presenting

In the cringe years I wore a rainbow corduroy coat with fuzzy trim
And hot pink sweatpants
I only remember it because I could not find anything like it when I went shopping at the mall with my friends

I am not judging your middle school self
I am judging your 600$ bag that still communicates the same thing as your middle school self

Communicate color
Communicate light

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