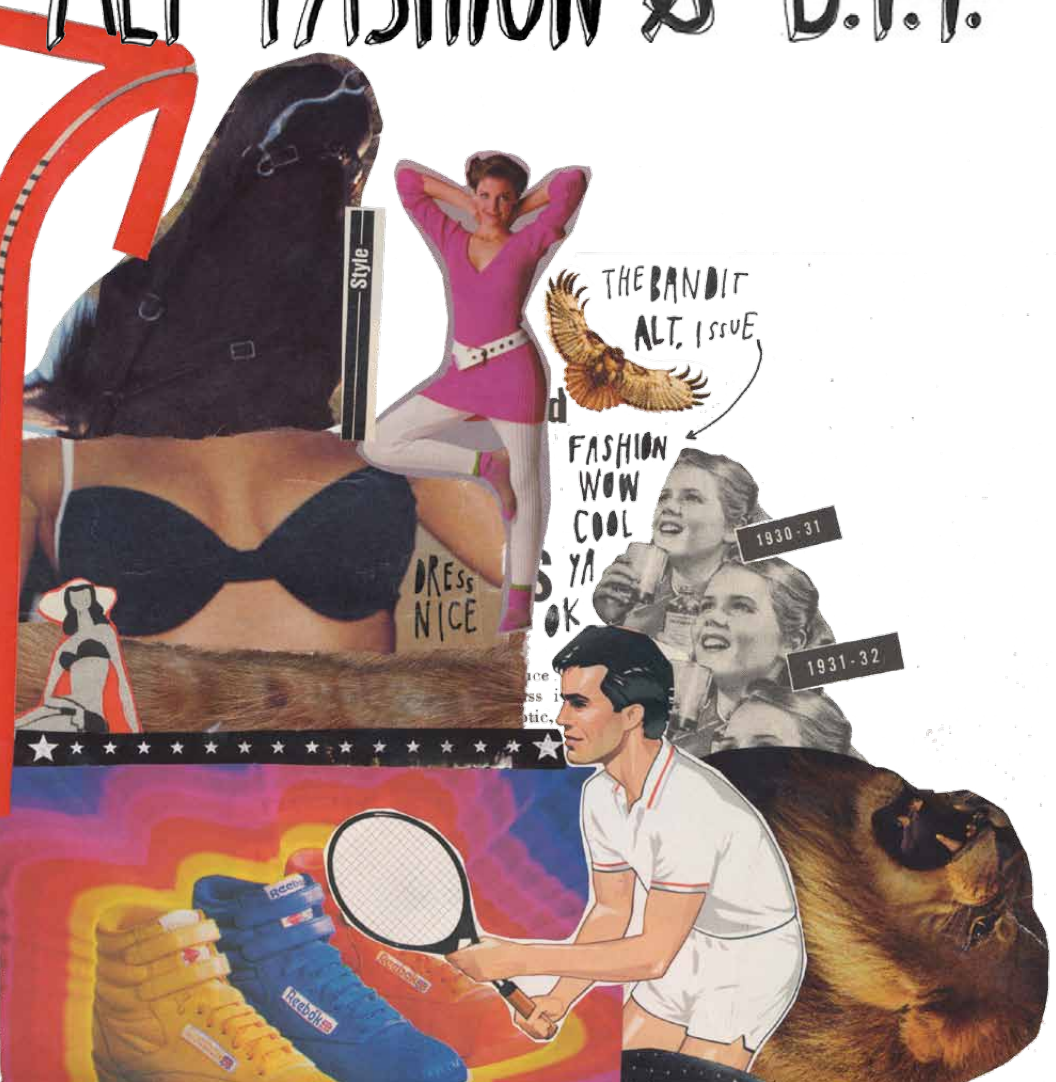




→ THE BANDIT ZINE ←

PRESENTS

ALT FASHION & D.I.Y.





PRESENTS

ALT FASHION & D.I.Y.

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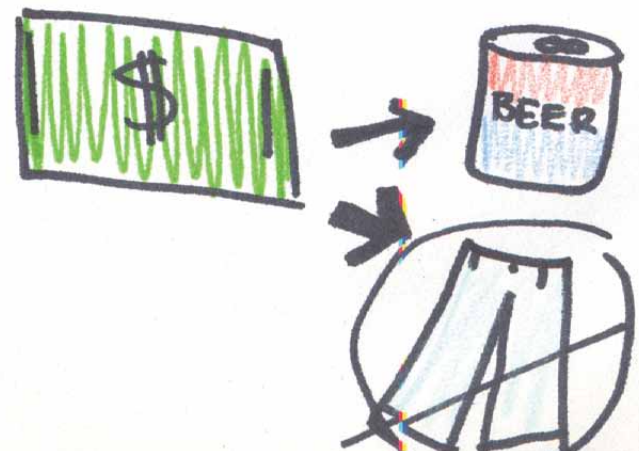


A BROKE 20-SOMETHING'S • GUIDE TO CHEAP FASHION •

BY JARED WINKEL

So you partied too hard last night, and your clothes are paying for it today. Maybe you tripped walking home, and ripped a hole in your jeans. Maybe you decided to 'take it outside' and your shirt is covered in a horrid mixture of dirt, blood, and beer. Maybe you decided to bike home and ended up making out with the pavement, and now your pants and shirt are both fucked. Or maybe you're a completely reasonable human being and just wore your clothes out, or are bored with your current selection. There are always perfectly good alternatives to dropping \$50+ on a new pair of pants. Go to the Really, Really Free Market (held once a month at various locations. Check their Facebook page for details.) Borrow clothes from your friends and never return them (or just trade clothes with them).

Shop at thrift stores (Just be aware that organizations like Salvation Army and Goodwill send their proceeds to religiously motivated projects.) Patch up your clothes, or make new ones yourself if you have the knowhow (In the winter, wearing a full pair of pants underneath your torn jeans is one and a half times warmer than just wearing one pair of pants!) If you insist on buying the nicest and newest in fashion, go to high-end secondhand stores like One Girls Treasure or Plato's Closet. Don't go to the mall and give up both your money and your sanity buying designer clothes. You're wasting your money, and supporting corporations that underpay and overwork their employees. Buy local, swap with friends, DIY. Save your money for beer.





The way I dress myself and express my identity could be considered a big “FUCK YOU” to my family, friends, haters and body dysmorphia. If I had to describe it, it would vary from day to day. For example, I could wake up feeling like a small boy but still want to be a princess and wear a skirt with some “masculine” shoes and a button up. Another day I could feel really out of place with my identity and just wear a dress because it’s real easy to present myself as “female” because that’s how others misgender me and see me. What I put on my body is a daily struggle. It can be triggering, my expression can change in a day and I will be in a room full of people and want to cry because no one understands that I just want to wear a god damn bow tie, strap my breasts down and still have fabulous eyebrows. Add into account that I get really negative about my weight sometimes and end up staying home because nothing I wear fits how I want it to.

With all that being said, it is the reason I have not seen any extended family for over three years now. I grew up near Little Village/South Lawndale area of Chicago and witnessed my family go through their chola phase, their Selena phase. All these Chino pants and t-shirts portraying the Virgen de Guadalupe, ladies with heavily stenciled eyebrows and lip liner. Going back to Mexico was a trip because my family still wore their traditional dresses and aprons. I had this image of a strong Mexican woman and I wanted to be that. I wanted people to look at me and go, “Ayi va esa mujer, paisana de verdad.” (Loosely translated to “There goes that woman, a true Mexican.”) Moving to Grand Rapids changed all that; I was exposed to a school that was majority PoC but not like my old school where we all spoke spanish because we were all latin@. I saw everyone wearing Baby Phat, Apple Bottoms all that glittery femme stuff and I wore it for a while until I got into my mall goth stage. Eventually, I left Sherwood Park for City Middle/High School because I wanted to

be cool like the white kids were. I learned about Weezer, Reel Big Fish and went through every stage possible but the thing that remained constant were the everyday accusations that I was “turning white” or I wasn’t “latin@” enough. I’d see old school mates and get teased because I would wear the same outfits every week. Part of that was due to my mom, who verbally/emotionally abused me since I was little because being fat was the most shameful thing a woman could be and I was her only ‘miracle’ child. How do you explain to kids that your mom didn’t want to buy clothes your size so you wore what did fit because that’s all you had? I struggled for years wishing I looked more “Mexican”. I would constantly ask if I was even born in Mexico, ask why I was so light skinned, wondered why everyone always tried to play the guessing game with my ethnicity. My family was harsh as well. Always making side comments about “MUJITA, POR QUE TE MIRAS COMO GRINGA”, “WHY DO YOU LOOK LIKE A WHITE GIRL”, why do you listen to rock music?

I still get all of those questions to this day. I don’t see my family because I don’t want to deal. How do I explain my queerness? How do I explain body modifications, not believing in marriage, not wanting children, my radical feminism, my genderqueer strug life, fat politics and not have them make jokes about it or constantly questioning my latin@ identity? I’ve finally reached a point where I’m ready to see my family in my full fledged super glittery queer glory and just hand out some cards with a bowl of menudo flipping them off while saying “CHINGATE” (go fuck yourself). I am a latin@ person who listens to hip hop and classical music, likes fabulous eyebrows and bow ties, participates in the homosexual agenda, eats all the food, likes meatloaf and goulash, knows how to make mean tamales and tortillas and can sing any fucking mariachi song you’d like. I’m a chingona femme Mexican boi and don’t ever question it.

STAN LEE ON YOUR UNDERWEAR

BY ASHLEY TRIEU



I began sewing because of my love for vintage fashions. Due to the nature of wearing older pieces, many of my vintage items needed mending or alterations to make them more wearable for modern day. It was really this simple action that evolved into hand-making many of my own clothes and being able to create a vintage and original clothing shop. Being that I am 100% self-taught from frustrating long nights swearing at my sewing machine, clutching my seam-ripper, and watching Youtube tutorials with tears in my eyes, I am encouraging all of you DIY-ers and fashion junkies that may have stopped trying to sew to keep at it. I am going to share some tips and an easy tutorial in hopes that it will be helpful and inspirational for readers that have been curious about making their own clothes.

A good way to start sewing is to begin by modifying pieces that are already made, for example vintage, thrift store finds, or old clothes that you may have in your closet. A small change to a hemline or sleeve length can make a huge difference and increase your sewing experience without completely going over your head. Add some embroidery, beads, fabric markering, or studding to really make it your own. When thrifting, make sure to inspect items thoroughly before purchasing! Be on the look out for stains that may be tough to remove or rips/wearing on

the fabric that are not mendable. Flaws can be extremely easy to pass by in the excitement of finding something that catches your eye.

Sometimes the wear and tear adds character, other times it just looks shitty. At the same token, if a must-have item has a flaw then be flexible and creative! Maybe a patch of fabric or brooch is all you need to make the item wearable again.

I learned late in the sewing game how important the purchase of a seam ripper is, invest a few bucks in one and I guarantee it will be your best friend for projects that do not go quite as planned! It also isn't necessary to have an expensive or fancy sewing machine. A basic machine has everything that you need unless you are interested in machine embroidery. If you plan on working with stretch fabrics, which is my preference, make sure that you choose a machine that has a zig-zag stitch because it will allow the fabric to maintain its stretch quality when hemming. Also read your manual! I am the type of person that haphazardly tries to learn things and did not realize that many of my frustrations early on were from simple errors such as not threading my machine properly. Reading your manual can really help to eliminate those painful experiences.

Keep sewing or begin sewing if you love expressing yourself through unique or alternative fashion. It will open a lot of possibilities for your personal style and give you the tools necessary to avoid buying unethically made or low-quality, mass produced clothing without having to spend a lot.

It is also great to have the power of controlling the fit of your clothing if you have trouble finding clothes that fit your body as desired. In summary, rock your own fashions and make basic bitches mad... DIY power!

* Facts to Fashionism Over: No Batteries Needed *

- Salvation Army on Saturdays has a "69 cent sale" where clothes, accessories, and footwear with tags of a designated color are only 69 cents all day long. If you are shopping on a budget or do not believe in spending a lot of money on your clothing, this is a perfect day to go scavenging for new additions to your closet.
- DIY-ers can benefit by signing up for the monthly newsletter or text-coupons offered by many craft stores. They tend to be very generous with coupons and often have frequent sales that can be scoped out in advance through flyers and newsletters. Also be aware that most craft stores accept competitor coupons!
- Youtube is a great source for sewing tips. Many sewing blogs can be hard to follow because they only offer images and text explanations. Videos are much more helpful, especially to beginners. There are videos for every kind of project and technique available.
- Iron-on paper transfers are available at most craft stores so any text or image you have saved to your computer that you thought would look badass on a t-shirt can become a reality. Buy a pack of transfers and you can have Stan Lee's face on your underwear, or your favorite Meatloaf album cover on the back of your denim jacket (sorry, I'm listening to Bat Out Of Hell as I am typing this).
- I am extremely open to helping or answering any questions regarding sewing and how to start selling on Etsy! You can check out my shop by searching for "Iconoclasp Vintage" on Etsy and I also have a Facebook page for the shop as well. Contact me through either and I would be glad to talk!





ALTERNATIVE MODELING

BY ALANNAH DIAMOND

I got into alternative modeling after making a Model Mayhem account. I had made one, and stuck some images up that a friend/local photographer had taken of me. At the time, I only had one easily concealable tattoo, but I had major plans for more, and I definitely had a darker aura about my style going on: black hair, swoopy bangs, skinny jeans, and the like. I browsed the site, and it gave me this sense of confidence that my aspirations to be a model wouldn't at all be jeopardized by my plans to further alter my appearance, seeing as there were hundreds and hundreds of successful alternative models on the site, and tons of casting calls from various magazines and agencies for alternative models, as well. In fact, it actually motivated me to step out of my shell and continue to paint and pierce my body, and experiment with various styles un-

til I found what was most comfortable to me. Going into the modeling industry, I was under the impression that I'd have to keep my body modifications to a bare minimum or at least concealable, and tone my style down a bit. Being short and having some curves, I was already at a loss compared to what I had previously perceived to be the image a real model should hold. The site opened my eyes up that big, small, short, tall; pierced or plain, there's a modeling niche for anyone with the drive and talent to strive to make it. In fact, standing out and being yourself is almost a shoo-in for more success. There's too many models walking on eggshells trying to be "agency standard" (the models you see on the runway or commercials, generally), that it's almost impossible to be noticed amongst the crowd. By having that unique flare to you, and embracing it with

open arms, you can find yourself merch modeling for bands, walking the runway for indie/alternative designers, and rocking a spread in a tattoo magazine or working a convention. Who wants to be one in the same, when you can be one in a million, anyway?

Being an alternative model isn't just about being pierced, tattooed, or modified. It's generally about being a model who isn't the agency standard. Whether that be by being too short, too tall, too curvy, or having beauty marks or scars that separate you from the crowd, you're essentially different - but in a good way! It's great to be able to reap the success of major designers and international fashion show success, but it's not the only option. Alternative models can still walk catwalks, be in print, and rock hot fashions - they just have to find the right market. So, if you're trying to be a model but keep being told "you're not right for it because ____", don't listen to that crap. There's always an outlet for you! It's just a matter of finding it. If you like tattoos, but want to model, don't let the fear of not making it hold you back. There's countless opportunities to reap success in that field, as well. It's all about being yourself and embracing yourself, first and foremost. Once you do that, anything is possible!

Most of my personal style is a direct reflection of how I feel, and what I found makes me feel comfortable. Trends are fun to follow, and it's always great to be dressed in such a way that people will take notice and give good feedback, but, above all of else, I try to wear what I think looks and feels best. Trends come and go, so by dressing yourself to your



own unique standards, you may just start the next one! Or even if not, you'll at least look and feel great, and that's priceless. I used to try so hard to keep up with trends, even if they didn't really catch my attention. Like when the Coach purse explosion happened, I splurged on bags that I didn't even like, just to keep up. That was silly. Sure, people thought I was trendy and cool because I too had partook in the trend of the C, but really, the bags weren't so much for me as they were for anyone else. It took me some growing up, but I definitely learned you can feel better (and often, save a lot of money) by not partaking in every single



trend. Again, it all goes back to being yourself. Plus, let's face it: we spend so much time and money on trends sometimes, that we forget to realize how silly it is. Remember the MySpace/Scene trend? How many of us followed that to a T, and now look back and fail to understand why? That's how tons of trends work. It's much easier to be yourself and spend money and effort on fashions and style that you can look back on without question.

Safe to say, I do browse Pinterest, We Heart It, and Tumblr for inspiration now and again. I enjoy seeing if there ARE any "trends" that mesh well with my style and likings, and I like seeing other people's unique ideas, as well, and trying new things style wise to learn what I like/don't like, and what works for me, and doesn't. Generally, (sort of cliché), but I shop at stores like Amazon.com, Charlotte Russe, Forever 21, H&M, Wet Seal, GoJane.com, and thrift stores. True, a lot of these places carry the

trends, but they also all have a large variety, so there's something for everyone (even if it isn't the most common item). With thrifting, I try and find unique pieces that I can wear as bought, or, buy and add on to myself. I collect buttons, ribbons, chains, studs, ect, and sew them onto clothes to make unique styles, or replicate some of the ones I like, that are out of my budget. DIY saves so much money, and is a great way to eat up empty hours of otherwise boredom when they happen. You can really tweak clothes to be exactly you, and, you can have a unique piece of clothing that may parallel a trend, but is still different from the piece that every single other person is out wearing.

But since I do draw inspiration from others from time to time, I figured I'd offer up some of what I'm into currently style wise, for others to try!

I'm really into pairing leggings with heeled boots, and oversized shirts. Simple, effortless, yet, you can make it your own. One of my favorite outfits I wore recently was some black Forever 21 leggings, a pair of black cowboy boots (authentic since I horseback ride!), and a black shirt I thrifted, and added studs to on the shoulders, and did a cross cut-out on the back of. You can wear as a tight or loose-fitting of a top as you'd like, to better fit your body and what you're comfortable with, and wear high or low heeled boots, pending your likes, as well. You can also make the leggings/boot/shirt color flattering your likes. The freedom to be yourself, but wear something comfortable and appropriate for almost any scenario is great. It's a look/concept you can take from work, to dinner, to out with friends (even switching up one element like the shirt/top along the way to keep it fresh).

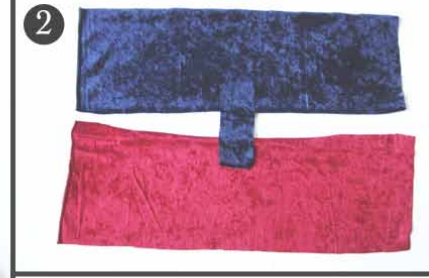


PRETTY GIRLS
BY JENN STONGE



BY LVH

TUTORIAL: HOW TO MAKE A MULTI- HEADBAND



3, 4. Place the front sides of the fabric against one another and line the sides up. Wrong sides should be facing out. You may also use pins to hold the pieces together as needed. Sew or serge along the length (long sides) of the pieces to hold them together. When it is complete it should look similar to image #4.

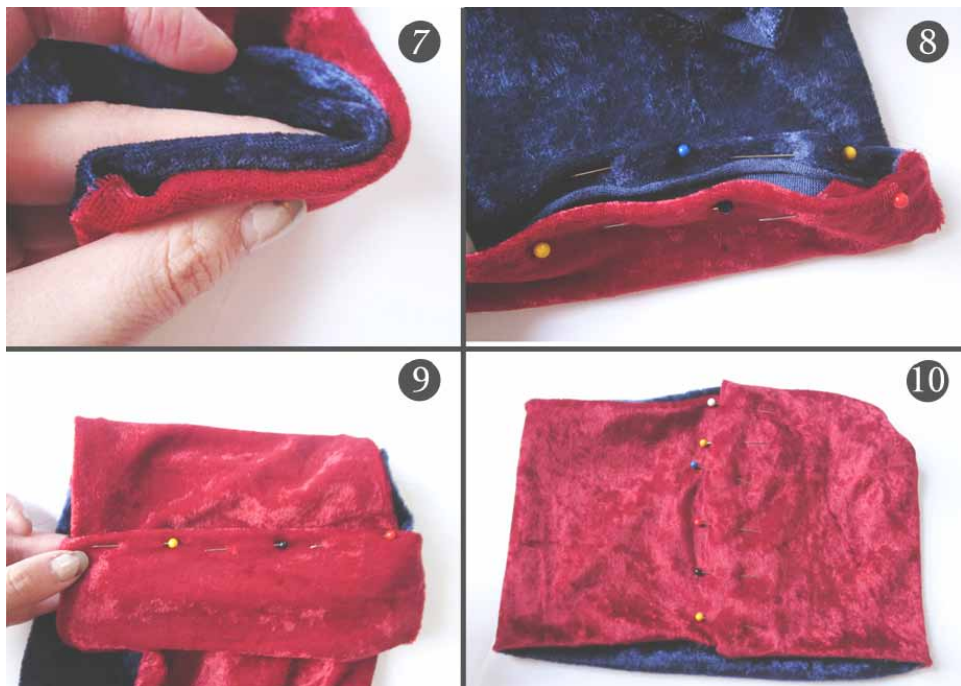
5, 6. Turn the tube inside out so that the right side is facing out. You can do this easily by sticking your entire hand through the tube and pulling it through. It should end up looking like image 6 when complete.



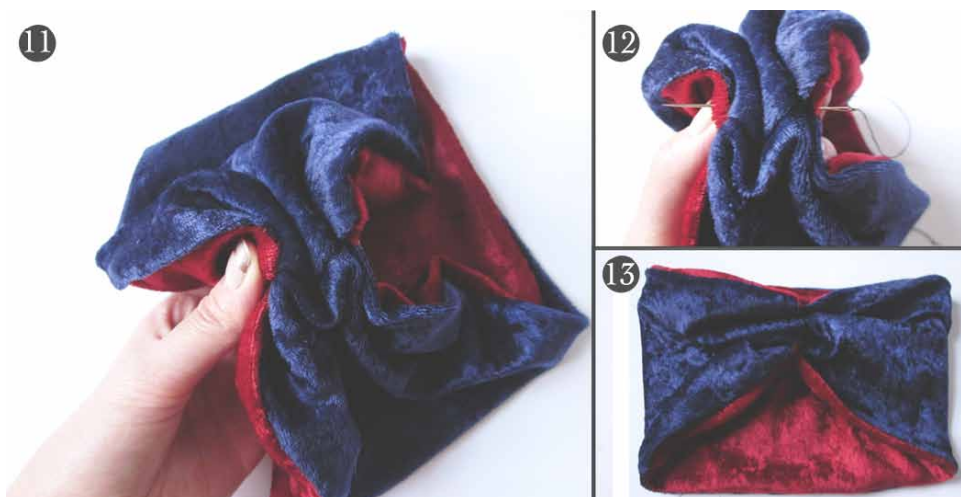
Reversible Multi-Headband Tutorial

1. For this type of headband, stretch fabrics work the best and look the most flattering. I have chosen a stretch crushed velvet material in navy blue and red. Printed fabrics also look great in this style and you don't have to choose two different fabrics if you would prefer to have both sides of the headband look the same. A measuring tape and scissors will be needed to cut your fabric pieces to the correct size!

2. There are three pieces you will need to cut out for the turban. Two rectangles for each side of the band, and a center piece to go around the middle. The rectangles work great at 26 in x 8 in, and the middle piece at 7 in x 2.5 in. These can also be modified depending on how thick you want the turban to be. Make sure when cutting the fabric that the width of your pieces have stretch to them. Some stretch fabrics only stretch in one direction, so check your fabric before cutting!



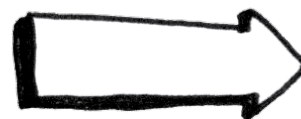
7, 8, 9, 10. On one end of the tube, fold the edges inside of the tube the pin all around the keep the edges folded in properly. Then tuck the opposite end of the tube inside of the end that has been folded and pinned to join the sides of your rectangle and form a circular band. What I then do is pull out the pins you placed in image 8, and use them to pin vertically along where the two ends meet in order to hold them together. This will prevent the folded edges from becoming unfolded and will make sure that as you sew the ends together, you will hit both the blue and red sides of the headband. The next step is to sew about a quarter of an inch from the folded edge in a vertical line down your headband to join the two edges together. You may leave pins in while sewing across them.



11, 12, 13. Remove your pins and you should have a round of fabric that can fit around your head. You can test it at this point to make sure that the length is good. The headband should be snug, but definitely not too tight that it is uncomfortable. When your headband passes this test you may begin to cinch the center of your headband. This will make putting the center piece on much easier. Scrunch the center, where you joined the band together, by making mini folds in the fabric like image 11. You will then take a threaded needle and go through the folds to secure the scrunch. The result should look like image 13.



14, 15, 16, 17. The final step is to put the center piece on! With the wrong side facing out, put the center piece around the scrunch you created and line up the edges. Place a pin on the center piece to keep it around the headband. Then, as pictured in image 16, sew along the width of the center piece making it as tight as possible. Try to make the seam as close to the headband as possible. Then, snip off the extra fabric from the center piece and turn it around so that it is facing right side up. You may need to wiggle it around at this point to make sure it is perfectly centered.



SHAPE WEAR: SOCIETY'S ACCEPTABLE "FAT" GIRL

BY FRANCIE
VANHOVEN



I remember growing up, 13 years old, graduating from the eighth grade. My mom had bought me a cream, lacey, flowered dress with a halter-top that I was so excited to wear. I had gotten my hair and makeup done for the occasion, and felt beautiful wearing my pearl earrings and matching necklace I got for my graduation present. I put on my dress and little heels and felt pretty. I was very self-conscious growing up and this was a big day for me; to feel beautiful was somewhat of a rare occasion. I walked downstairs to my mother and grandmother waiting for me in the living room. My mom told me how beautiful I looked, and my grandma just said one thing: "Don't you have a girdle to wear under that dress? You look lumpy."

Today, I am 21 years old and have spent years rebuilding my self-confidence and am now comfortable in my skin. So why is it that



I still wear shape wear? Is it to look like society's image of what a fat girl is "supposed" to look like? Flat stomach, but still considered plus size? To look like an airbrushed version of myself?

On the day of my photo shoot for The Bandit, I wore every piece of shapewear I own. I started with just my regular, everyday underwear, then layered Spandex biker shorts, a hook and eye corset, and Lycra camisole on top. To have all this layered was pretty uncomfortable, and I couldn't put the corset on by myself. I had to have my super strong boyfriend pull and hook it for me. Once I put my outfit on, I felt pretty sexy; the corset emphasized my waist, and the shorts sucked in my butt and thighs. I got to the shoot and we took the first photo fully dressed. Then the next, I wore just my shape wear. It's really not that sexy of a look. I felt uncomfortable in it (this was 2 hours after hav-



ing it on the whole time). When it was time for the last photo, I was grateful to take the shape wear off. I felt more comfortable half naked in front of the camera than I did fully clothed and shape wear-ed. Needless to say, I didn't wear it home from the shoot.

I wish I could go back in time and tell my 13 year old self that VBO (visible belly outline) is totally okay, and having a unique body shape is totally okay too. Shapewear and feeling sexy in your clothing is not mutually exclusive. I can be sexy wearing my tightest mini dress, with my shapewear on or without. I want to embrace the confident, sexy woman I am inside, so I made it a New Year's Resolution to wear my shapewear less and less to prove to myself I am sexy without it, and to hopefully give other people confidence that they don't need to wear it either.

THRIFT STORE

...Dandy...

BY BRANDON WESTON

I can still remember that day, the day my love affair with tweed began. It was autumn, maybe late September or early October, in those days I owned one single black waistcoat and a cotton off the rack jacket that rather than having an actual numerical size was exiled to the realm of "Large", the fabric remembering the unskilled mechanical hands that lashed its pieces together. I found the dandy aesthetic quite interesting, but being a poor college student found that to purchase anything tailored or bespoke was far out of my reach, I was left sifting through thrift store bins of ancient fabric, mounds and walls of polyester growths begging me for death as some kind of relief, jackets who at one point in time would have rivaled an atrium of tropical flora in their colorings, now resemble moldy ice cream cones melting across a dirty sidewalk. I've always been lucky when it comes to thrift stores and garage sales, my eyes have developed a sort of second sight for Christian Dior silk ties at \$1, brightly colored argyle patterned socks that haven't lost their elasticity, or perfectly fitting leather brogue oxfords for less than the price of most sandwiches. But I came to realize that my real milieu was in finding wonderful jackets, my first of many being a cream colored linen item that fit perfectly in all dimensions, a rarity for jackets in general, but when searching

for white or cream linen you invariably have to sort through those specimens which are more brown stain and tobacco discoloration than uniform hue. This jacket, although holding the honored position of first among many hidden joys, would quickly be surpassed in reverence with the finding of not one, but two Harris Tweeds.

My roots in dandy fashion run deep into my childhood, I sit here looking at a photograph of me at about four or five, dressed in a white button-down shirt with a tiny embroidered swirl pattern in blue thread, and a black bowtie, a clip-on, but that wasn't my choice. As a child my hair was a bright sunshine yellow, turned nearly white during the summer months when I spent most of my time outside, in this photograph it is fashionably coiffed for a toddler, slicked to one side and held in place by a good amount of pomade. My parents were of the rare sort who derived pleasure from dressing their children with a certain amount of style rather than the "whatever goes" attitude of other families, whose children I would see in church looking, and often times smelling, like Dickensian street urchins just escaped from the workhouse. My parents were different, they held a higher standard for my brother and I when it came to Sunday morning outfits;



church became an early entryway for me into the abode of the fashionable.

As the years advanced, I must admit that I had my share of encounters with t-shirts, flamboyantly patterned with indie cartoons or labeled with the name of some barely known Icelandic techno soul jazz ensemble, but in the end my blood has always flowed plaid and argyle, my sartorial appetite only hungering for the matching patterns in shirts and ties. I came to love the hunt, like Allan Quatermain stalking through the jungle I became the bearded wanderer of the perilous thrift store, the haunting presence at garage sales, arriving half an hour before they opened in anticipation of the next treasure. Would it be a new silk tie? Or that three piece winter suit I've been hoping to find? I'd settle for a colorful pocket square or pair of cuff-links, but it never hurts to dream, and although I still swerve dangerously across oncoming traffic to pick through a garage sale, I've instead come to call myself a sort of thrift store dandy.

There's a certain amount of predictability that

comes with a thrift store, one can hardly ever expect to find any bigger suits, normally sizes larger than 50, and there's virtually nothing below a 40, unless of course you happen to be shopping on those rare days when a widow or her children finally manage to pull their shit together and sift through dad's old clothes, donating all the pieces that his sons believe to be antiquated. If you happen upon those days what a fortunate fool you are, I've often been looking through racks and have stumbled upon three or four large sized suits in a row, our most fashionable Lord of Dandies bless that stinking corpse. Anyway, I'm lucky in that I fall in a somewhat normal size range, blessed with a flabbiness that can still be crammed into a 44R and sometimes, with the right waistcoat (meaning a waistcoat that is sturdy enough to act as a sort of man-corset) I can fit into a 42.

I've always struggled with being a bigger lad, sturdy as I prefer to call it, the walking embodiment of my Scottish ancestors, bred for milking cows and punching out pub blabbermouths between swigs of whiskey. In the past my weight was a curse, I gave into the misleading of my society that said bigger people have no right attempting to dress in anything other than sweatpants and a t-shirt. Everything around me seemed to say that the world of the dapper gent would be forever out of my reach. I believe it was with the wonderful Richard Griffiths that my opinion of myself changed. I first saw him in The History Boys, this large man, happily dapper in his three-piece tweed, and what was most surprising was that he was fantastically handsome.

At 20 that was my first initiation into the sacred mysteries of the dandy, my second would come a year or so later when I saw a fashion spread in Out magazine featuring the wonderful 1981 BBC series Brideshead Revisited.

This series is notorious in its inspiration of the modern dandy, and I can safely say that when it comes to the revival of the revival of this work I was on the forefront in my interests. It was only in 2008 with the release of that awful re-working of the book that people in my circles started becoming more and more interested in the early 20th century British aesthetic. I can't help feeling that through all the pairs of carpenter jeans, cargo pants, and baggy screen-printed t-shirts that I once owned, my heart still beat for the bow-tie all along.

In the spring of 2011, I made a discovery that would change my personal aesthetic up through this very moment. As I was sorting through the jacket rack of one of my favorite thrifts stores here in town I came across two items, both made from what I could tell was a rich wool tweed, one a black and grey herringbone, the other a deep brown color that upon closer inspection revealed hidden threads of orange, yellow, blue, and even a lavender that at a distance made up the overall unique hue without revealing their individual identities to the spectator. Some fuse in the back of my mind popped and sparked at this sight, recalling to memory a name I'd heard somewhere, Harris Tweed.

Could it be such an item? For those of you who aren't familiar with the cloth let's just say it's the Armani of tweeds, the top tier for any English gentleman, the supplier of country suits for the Royal Family. At about \$500 for a well tailored jacket, Harris tweeds had up until this point been just a dream, just something to haunt my night visions when I saw myself on horseback plodding through a wintry forest or heath. I hesitated to open the jacket and look at the label. What if I were wrong? Would it even matter? Like pulling off a bandage I did the deed

quickly, spying there on the right side of the lining that familiar label, "HARRIS TWEED, HAND WOVEN IN THE OUTER HEBRIDES." Ah yes! The Outer Hebrides! That magical land where tweeds and kilts dance together on the soggy moor! That tweed dyed from the brilliant flowers, earthy lichens, and sometimes even urine! I can smell the sheep who bore this coat! The grass it ate and the babbling brook it drank! I can even smell the fat calloused hands of the Scotsman who wove together this yarn!

Needless to say I grabbed the jacket, securing it under my arm like precious cargo. When I saw that the second tweed was also a Harris I nearly fainted, but pulling myself together I rushed to the front of the store before anyone could stab me for my finds.

These jackets, such fine specimens of no less than two hundred years of near perfect craftsmanship, sealed my fate as a thrift store dandy, became for me two great friends, saw me through hard, lonely evenings sipping whiskey at the bar, shielded me from the cold winds of darkened winter nights, and most of all, have made me the envy of every poncy prick who has dared say that I'm not dapper.





HANDMADE



GENDER BEND







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