

## **Clothes Make the Man: Paul Dufficy**

When I finally left boarding school I needed to learn how the world worked. That Nand what the hell do I wear? My civilian wardrobe was virtually non-existent. Mum took pity on me and we travelled into town and went to the David Jones men's store on Market Street. A flamboyant assistant suggested a combination outfit that Mum thought was quite smart. I was in a thick fog of uncertainty. Shortly afterwards I was invited to a party. I was in my new outfit and if truth be told I looked a bit like Thurston Howell III from *Gilligan's Island*. I think most of the girls there thought so too. I quietly retired the sky blue double-breasted, wide-lapelled, silver buttoned, sports jacket to St Vincent de Paul the following Monday.

That still left me in a bit of a dilemma. Work was fine because I was in uniform all day but the weekends? When Steve asked me to his place on the Northern Beaches one weekend I went through my brother Tony's hand-me-downs and found a kind of fishnet T-shirt / singlet and shorts. This outfit was completed by my sandshoes and football socks. Since I looked like I had just failed to get a part in the off-Broadway crowd scene of *West Side Story* it came as little surprise I suppose to be ridiculed on Dee Why beach.

Whatever way I looked at it I realised that I needed to keep my full-time job and in the meantime scope out where young men my age bought clothes. As it turned out, to get what I wanted to wear I had to leave the country.