SAMPLE

Building the Fashion and Garment Industry Infrastructure of Tomorrow

Anatomy of the Machine Behind the Clothes

Aiman JoeHanz

Free sample: Introduction & Chapter 1

putrabooks.github.io

Buy the full book:

Carousell carousell.sg/p/building-the-fashion-and-garment-industry-infrastructure-of-tomorrow-ebook-pdf-1471326732

Ko-fi

Payhip

Contents

IntroductionIntroduction

Chapter 1: The Design House — Where the Season Is DrawnChapter 1: The Design Hous

Chapter 2: The Pattern Room — Where the Sketch Becomes PiecesChapter 2: The Patte

Chapter 3: The Fabric Mill — Where Cloth Is MadeChapter 3: The Fabric Mill — Where Cl

Chapter 4: The Sample Atelier — Where the Prototype LearnsChapter 4: The Sample At

Chapter 5: The Garment Factory — Where the Line SewsChapter 5: The Garment Factor

Chapter 6: The Quality Bench — Where the Seam Is JudgedChapter 6: The Quality Benc

Chapter 7: The Season Calendar — Where the Year Is PlannedChapter 7: The Season Ca

Chapter 8: The Runway Hall — Where the Collection Is ShownChapter 8: The Runway Ha

Chapter 9: The Label Desk — Where the Garment Tells the TruthChapter 9: The Label D

Chapter 10: The Repair Loop — Where Clothes Outlive FashionsChapter 10: The Repair

IntroductionIntroduction

Each volume in this series has dismantled one machine to ask one question: what is really being constructed when a nation constructs the everyday? This volume puts the question to the most everyday trade of all, the one the reader has been wearing since the first hour of her life and has never once mistaken for public works: the machine that turns a drawing into a garment hanging in a shop, priced, sized, labelled and stitched to survive two hundred washes. A piece of clothing is the rare thing that is both art and necessity, both signature and utility, and the machinery around it, the sketches, the patterns, the looms, the fittings, the benches, the labels, the repair shops, is the trade's answer to a question no other industry asks with the same intimacy: who decided this shape, who cut this cloth, who sewed this seam, and who is answerable when it fails?

The book disassembles the machine into ten organs, and it walks the same invented republic through the same kind of week every volume in this series uses, ten million people on the river plain where two rivers meet, with a design district in the capital, a mill town on the second river, a factory belt along the railway to the coast, and a difficult week in which the launch fabric's dye lot fails its colour-fastness test on the Monday, the factory's line falls behind the approved seam on the Tuesday, a foreign buyer's order arrives in the middle of a difficult fitting on the Wednesday, the label desk catches a wrong fibre-content label on the Thursday, and the season's show is staged and the order book signed on the Friday. Not one of them is a catastrophe measured against famine or flood. All of them are, in the trade's own phrase, load-bearing: each one puts a bench, a log or a habit under stress that was laid down seasons before the stress appeared, and the machine's right to the reader's respect rests on being designed in calm weather for precisely the weather that is not calm.

Why clothing should need machinery at all is the matter the opening chapter settles, and the settlement is written in the industry's oldest arithmetic: a dress is a drawing that must become ten thousand identical objects in six weeks, at a price a worker can pay, cut from cloth that behaved one way in the mill and must behave another on the body, sewn by hands the designer will never meet, in sizes that must fit bodies the designer has never seen. Every organ in this book exists to carry some part of that translation, and the reader who asks for the whole machine in a single sentence can be given it: the garment infrastructure is the trade's patient arrangement for beauty that must be manufactured, utility that must be signed, and cloth that must be told

the truth about itself.

How to read what follows is the contract every volume in this series offers. Each chapter is a room, visited in the order a garment itself travels: drawn, patterned, woven, fitted, sewn, judged, planned, shown, labelled and mended. The republic is invented on purpose, assembled from the way such trades are genuinely organized rather than from the statute book of any real place, so no map's border is described here, and no house, label or name in these pages can be found on one. The figures are teaching figures, honest sums for a country compact enough to check with a pencil. The week forms the spine, and the reader is asked to carry its threads from the opening room to the closing word, because the machine taken apart in these pages is not the sketch, not the loom, not the needle. It is the bargain, struck in daylight and kept at every seam, that a country's clothes should be designed on purpose, cut from tested cloth, sewn by counted hands, labelled without lies, and worth mending when they tear, and that the shirt on the reader's back should be the most examined anonymous object she owns.

Chapter 1: The Design House — Where the Season Is DrawnChapter 1: The Design House — Where the Season Is Drawn

Every garment in the republic starts as a line in a sketchbook, and that sketchbook sits in the machine's first room. The Design House occupies the top floor of a printing-house the trade's founders bought at the machine's founding: one long studio under a north-lit roof, a wall of bound seasonal ledgers that record every collection drawn since the house opened, a rail of last season's samples hung where every new sketch can see them, and, over the studio door, the founders' brass sentence, dusted weekly: THE BODY IS THE CLIENT AND THE CLOTH IS THE CONTRACT. The sentence carries the house's entire doctrine in ten words. Nobody in the republic requires the house's leave to draw, to drape or to cut a dress for her sister's wedding. Everyone who works in the machine studies the house's ways, because the house is where a private idea first meets the arithmetic of ten thousand, and an idea that cannot survive the arithmetic was never a season's idea, only a sketchbook's.

What a collection actually is, and why the machine measures its years in collections rather than calendar quarters, is the house's first teaching. A season is two hundred drawings thinned to sixty garments, sixty garments cut to a delivery plan, one plan signed for better or worse on a date the season calendar chapter will make unbreakable, and the house's public ledger records the thinning honestly: which ten garments died in the sketch review, which twenty died at the fitting, which five died when the mill said the cloth could not be made at the price. The house keeps the death records on purpose, in a book the trade calls the cemetery, and the head designer of this book's week keeps it herself, on the founding theory the house still prints in its handbook: a collection that hides its refusals will repeat them next season, and the sketch that survives because nobody dared kill it is the most expensive garment a house can make.

The house's own people are counted by hand in the founding act, and the count has survived every efficiency proposal since: a head designer, two senior designers, a colour master, a fabric librarian, a merchandiser's liaison, and a keeper of the archive rail, seven in all, for a house that launches two collections a year into a country of ten million. The head designer's own account of the smallness, written for the trade's oral shelf, explains it as doctrine rather than thrift: a drawing is a decision, and decisions multiply past

the point of answerable past seven people, after which a house becomes a committee and a season becomes a compromise wearing a collar. The fabric librarian is the seventh and the most senior under the seniority rule the founders drafted for a purpose the handbook gives bluntly: the librarian is the only person who has read every mill's cloth book in the republic, and the house's authority over its own material ends at the librarian's honesty.

The week recorded in this book begins in the studio on a Monday morning, since every hard week the garment trade knows begins where the season made its promise. The rail is ordinary: the spring collection's sixty garments at first-sample stage, the autumn sketches in second review, a courier from the mill town expected by afternoon with the launch fabric's test results, and the colour master arriving early with the news this whole week rests on: the dye lot has failed the colour-fastness test, the coral that carries the whole collection bleeds at the third wash, and the mill's letter, which the fabric chapter will read in full, is two sentences long. The show is Chapter 8's story and the calendar's; the house's Monday part is only that a colour nobody can guarantee is a colour the house cannot sell, and the head designer says the sentence she says whenever the mill sends bad news to a Tuesday: the cloth is the contract, and the contract has just failed, and the week the trade now has is the week every house keeps, which is the week the design meets the dye.

Why the house draws at all, rather than copying, is the founding bargain the first chapter must state before any other organ can be understood. The republic's founders wrote the trade's act in the decade the copying machines arrived, and instead of forbidding them, which the act's drafters did not believe possible, they built a machine that makes originals cheaper to design honestly than to steal: the pattern room's grading, the mill's test logs, the bench's tolerances and the label's small print all cost a house almost nothing when the drawing is its own and a fortune when it is not. The act's one sentence on the house is the sentence every designer memorizes on the first day and none has ever managed to shorten: the house shall draw its own lines and shall sign them, and the trade's protection of a line ends where the signature does, because a republic that cannot tell who drew a garment cannot protect the woman who sews it, the mill that dyed it, or the buyer who paid for it.

The house's own numbers appear each year in the machine's annual report, occupying the briefest page this series has yet recorded, because by

headcount the house is the machine's tiniest organ: two collections a year, sixty garments each, some three hundred drawings killed in the cemetery per season, a colour rejected by the mill on average four times before it ships, and the report prints the killed drawings' count in the same type as the shipped, on the same page, the founding habit of honest ledgers this series has met at every organ. The report's design page ends with the trade's oldest ratio, the one the buyers quote and the banks discount: a house that ships its cemetery notes with its show invitations is a house whose sixty garments can be trusted to have earned their places, and a house that ships only its photographs has already told the market what its fittings refused to say.

The house's origins are the machine's founding question asked in one room, and the studio keeps the answer in its oldest ledger. The founders, drafting the act in the decade the copying machines arrived, asked what a republic owes a drawing, and their answer, entered as the house's first rule, was that it owes the drawing a fighting chance against its copies: the machine would not police the copies, which it could not, but it would make originals so well tested, well labelled and well mended that the copy would have to become honest to compete, a wager the founders described in the sentence the head designer still uses to open each season's first review: the machine does not protect the drawing from the thief, it makes the thief's work pointless.

The house's costs are the smallest line in the machine's budget and the hardest to defend, and the annual report defends them anyway, on the founders' instruction that no organ of the machine shall be free and no organ shall be unpriced. The studio costs what a printing-house costs: the north light, the ledgers, the archive rail's maintenance, the librarian's cloth-book subscriptions and the seven salaries, and the report's design page prints the house's cost per garment shipped, a figure the buyers find hilarious and the banks find serious, because it is the only line in the machine that has fallen, season on season, as the collection's cull grew more honest, and the report's footnote says so plainly: the cheapest drawing is the one the cemetery killed early.

The house's week is carried by people the catalog meets by name, and the first is the head designer herself, whose portrait the trade keeps in the handbook's gallery of offices. She came to the machine from the resale rail, the handbook records, having graded second-hand garments for a decade before she drew her first collection, and the trade credits the ascent with a sentence the studio uses in every apprentice interview: a designer who has

seen what clothes become will draw better what they should be. Her week's visible act is the Monday she spends on the mill's two-sentence letter: no rage, no committee, one afternoon of working the colour plan with the colour master and the cemetery ledger open together, and the act's own page on the office notes her rule for exactly such days: the designer shall answer bad news with arithmetic or not at all.

How the house is inspected is the machine's quietest arrangement and the chapter's last teaching. No council officer audits taste, the act says plainly, because taste is not a promise; what the council's auditor reads instead is the cemetery ledger, the death records' causes and the season's cull arithmetic, on the theory that a house's honesty lives in what it refuses, and the audit's finding is entered in the machine's public report as a single line the trade reads like a weather report: the house killed honestly this season, or it did not, and the act gives the auditor no third sentence.

The reader's own errand at this organ is the briefest in the book, and the house prints it on the first page of every collection's look-book: kill your favourites early. The cemetery ledger is open to the trade and, on the founders' instruction, to the country, and any reader hoping to understand a season is invited to read its refusals before its shippings, an errand the act frames as the machine's only ask of its spectators: judge the collection with its deaths beside it, because a house judged only on its survivors is a house being taught to hide.

The organ's most common misunderstanding is the oldest one, and the studio corrects it in the handbook's first entry: that the designer is the machine. The collection's romance hides the arithmetic, the entry says, and the reader who credits a season to one imagination has forgotten the grader, the mill, the bench and the loop, every one of which can refuse the designer's will, and the correction is not modesty but accuracy: the designer is the machine's first idea, and the machine's ten refusals are what make the idea a garment, which is why the act protects the designer's signature and the bench's halt with the same sentence.

What the organ does not do is the chapter's honest boundary, and the house states its limits on the first page of the handbook: the house does not protect the drawing. The copyist, the knock-off and the fast imitation are the trademark chapter's neighbours, not the studio's, and the act drew the line where the founders' wager drew it: the machine makes originals worth their price and leaves the copies to the market's own judges, and a designer who

arrives at the studio asking for a posse is handed, with courtesy, the act's one sentence on the matter: the machine's protection is the cloth, the seam and the label, and the drawing must win on them.

The organ's future is the machine's most argued question, and the studio argues it in the open: what happens to drawing when the copying machines learn to design. The act's answer is the founders' wager restated for a new generation: the machine will not police imagination, it will keep making honesty valuable, and the house's forward page sketches the trade's next test plainly, that a season of generated sketches will be judged, like every season, by the mill that can dye them, the seamstress who can card them and the loop that can mend them, and the machine's protection of the designer will remain what it has always been: not a fence around ideas, but a price on promises kept.

The week at this organ, in one paragraph, is the machine's Monday told whole: the studio opens to the mill's two-sentence letter, the head designer spends the afternoon on the colour plan with the cemetery ledger open, the coral's twenty-three garments are re-planned around the corrected recipe rather than killed, and the house's own entry in the season ledger is written by the designer herself, three lines, no committee, the act's rule for bad news made visible; by evening the collection has a new colour schedule, the merchandiser's liaison carries it to the calendar, and the studio's lights burn an hour late for the only time in the season, which the handbook permits and the designer logs, because the machine's difficult days are honest in proportion as they are recorded.

The organ's hard numbers, for the reader who checks, are few and published: seven people, two collections a year, sixty garments a collection, two hundred drawings thinned to each sixty, a cemetery that kills three hundred sketches a season, a colour rejected by the mill four times on average before it ships, and a cost per shipped garment that the report prints to two decimals. The house's ratios are the machine's teaching arithmetic: one death per shipped garment, four refusals per colour, one designer per ten thousand customers, and the act's sentence on the numbers is the trade's own honesty about its smallest organ: the house is counted like a mill, precisely because it does not look like one.

The handoff to the next organ is the sketch's, and the studio makes it formally: the approved sixty leave as drawing packets, each garment's sheet signed by the designer, dated by the colour master and sealed with the house's stamp,

and the packet's crossing of the studio threshold is the act's definition of the design's end. The pattern room receives what the house can defend, the mill receives what the colour master can guarantee, and the trade's training notes state the handoff's rule in one line: the signature crosses or nothing does, because a design that arrives unsigned arrives unrefused, and an unrefused design is a rumour wearing cloth.

The organ's neighbours in the wider republic are few and the act states their frontiers plainly: the retail book's shop floor owns the sale, the supply chain's general craft owns the sourcing of anything the house buys, and the trademark registry's neighbours own the mark's registration, while the house owns only the drawing and its signature. The trade's treaty with the rest of the country's machinery is one sentence the studio keeps framed beside the archive rail: the house sells imagination to the machine, and the machine's neighbours, each in its own book, sell honesty to the country.

An ordinary season at this organ, for contrast with the difficult week, runs on the studio's quieter clock. The autumn's reviews open with the archive rail read aloud, a half-day the trade calls the remembering; the spring's sketches are thinned in three sittings instead of one, the cemetery's deaths are argued over coffee rather than across a bad dye lot, and the designer's evenings belong to the look-book instead of the ledger. The machine's honest seasons are its rest state, the handbook says, and the studio's ordinary spring ends the way every season hopes to: sixty garments signed, no organ's refusal pending, and the only three lines in the season ledger written by the colour master's routine rejections, filed, priced and forgotten by the show.

How the organ trains its apprentices is the studio's one ceremony, and the trade calls it the season in the gallery: each apprentice draws six garments for the show's standing room, hung, deliberately, where the trade's makers will see them, and the designer's one comment per apprentice is written in the look-book's apprentice page, kept for the season the apprentice ships her first collection. The training's doctrine, printed in the apprentice card, is the machine's whole theory of teaching in a line: a designer is made by being refused in public, gently, and by watching the refusal make the next season better.

The organ's instruments are few and deliberate, and the studio lists them in the handbook because the founders distrusted rooms with many: the pencil, which cannot be edited silently; the archive rail, which shows the house what it once believed; the cemetery ledger, which shows it what it refused; and the

north window, which the founders counted as an instrument, on the recorded theory that a colour judged under flattering light is a colour judged by a liar. The studio's one modern tool, the digital sketch pad, is permitted only beside the pencil, and the house's rule on the pair states the machine's general doctrine of instruments: the fast tool drafts, the slow tool decides, and no room in the machine has ever been improved by confusing them.

The organ's vocabulary is the trade's first lesson in the machine's care with words, and the studio keeps the house's five on a card in the apprentice's drawer: the season, which means a promise with a date; the collection, which means sixty garments or a correction printed; the sketch, which means a wish in pencil; the cull, which means mercy postponed for honesty's sake; and the cemetery, which means the ledger where wishes are buried with their reasons, so that none is ever buried with its lessons. The house's rule on its words is the machine's rule at every organ: a word that cannot be defined in a sentence the apprentices can recite is a word the house may not use in its own ledgers.

The week without this organ is the trade's oldest cautionary tale, and the handbook tells it as the corridor decade: a machine that copies, before the founders' wager, ships a season whose drawings belong to nobody, and the week this book follows, without the house's arithmetic, would have shipped the bleeding coral to every shop at once, for no designer would have owned the cull. The house's absence, the training notes say, is the absence of the first signature, and the machine's whole account of that decade is one sentence: unsigned seasons were the country's most expensive clothing, and the act was written so the country would never wear that cost again.

The organ's quietest invention is the cemetery ledger, and the studio's final paragraph belongs to it, the book being the least seen and the most used in the house. The ledger that records why garments die is the trade's only museum of honesty, and its quiet effect, the designers admit in the handbook, is that the machine's dead ideas teach its living ones: a house that buries its reasons ships better seasons, and the cemetery's brass sentence, engraved by the founders on the book's first cover, is the house's whole doctrine in seven words: NOTHING IS BURIED HERE THAT TEACHES NOTHING.

An hour spent in the room, between ten and eleven of an ordinary Wednesday, shows the reader more than any of its doctrines, and the handbook invites the visit. The studio at ten is pencil-quiet, the designers at the long table with the autumn's third review pinned before them; at ten past, the colour master arrives with the mill's weekly samples and the debate at the table turns to a

green the mill has been refusing all season; at half past, the fabric librarian is called to the rail and settles a cloth dispute with a mill's cloth book and one sentence; and at eleven, the head designer kills two garments, enters both in the cemetery with their reasons, and the studio's hour ends exactly as the act intends, with the collection smaller and the truth larger, and nobody, the visitor notices, has spoken the word beautiful even once.

The one sentence this organ asks the reader to keep, if she keeps only one from the room, is the studio's brass sentence in the founder's own phrasing: THE BODY IS THE CLIENT AND THE CLOTH IS THE CONTRACT, and the house's whole defence of the sentence is the machine's defence in miniature, that a trade which remembers who is being dressed and what was promised will refuse, cull and bury honestly, and a trade that forgets either will dress the photograph and bill the body.

The room's last cross-reference, for the reader following the coral: the house's Monday decision reaches the mill in the second chapter's correction, the atelier's Wednesday card, the calendar's split, and the show's second hour, and the reader who traces the coral from this room will find it in every room of the book, which is the machine's own definition of a collection: one promise, made in pencil, honoured in cloth, and priced in ten ledgers, of which the house's is the first and the smallest and, the designer says, the only one she signs with a pencil.

The organ in plain words, for the reader who wants the room without the tour: the design house is where the trade decides what it will be honest about this year. Seven people, two collections, a hundred drawings killed for every twenty kept, and one brass sentence over the door that settles every quarrel about the difference between an idea and a garment, which is that the body is the client, the cloth the contract, and the drawing neither until it survives the machine that will be allowed to refuse it, and the house's whole character is in its willingness to be refused first by its own cemetery, in ink, before any other organ must do the refusing in cloth.

The Saturday after the show, the studio does what it always does after a season's summit: it opens the cemetery ledger to the week's page and reads its own week aloud. The head designer enters the coral's account in her own hand, the colour plan's revision, the mill's three days, the house's Monday afternoon, and the entry ends with the trade's formula for difficult weeks, killed drawings none, shipped promises kept, and the studio closes at noon with the archive rail's new season hung and the north light left to the cleaning

crew, and the handbook's note on the Saturday says it plainly: the house rests when its ledger agrees with its memory, and this week's does.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

The author writes the anatomy of the machines that hold daily life together, one organ at a time. This series and its companion volumes have taken apart the systems that govern, feed, trade, police, heal, remember, defend, welcome, and mourn; the present book turns to the machine the reader wears, and to the craft of the designers who kill their own drawings, the graders who will not enlarge a body, the dye masters who quarantine their own cloth, the seamstresses with the power to overrule everyone, the line leaders who cry the count aloud, the bench inspectors and their owned lamps, the calendar planners with their red ink, the show producers, the label clerks and the repair tailors who keep a country's oldest promises mended, one sketch, one seam, one honest Saturday at a time.