

## The Nehru

By Mary Strasburg Washington Post Staff Writer

*The Washington Post, Times Herald (1959-1973); May 26, 1968; ProQuest Historical Newspapers The Washington Post (1877 - 1991)*  
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There's a sitar in the window. Inside, the Jefferson Airplane is socking out the "Surrealistic Pillow" on the hi fi, a baby is guzzling on a bottle, and dozens of short and long-haired young men are rifling through racks of Cossack shirts, Nehru jackets and striped bell-bottom pants.

It's not Saville Row or Bond Street but it's where it's at in the fashion world for the young men who stroll the streets of Georgetown. Until Further Notice, a pocket-size Wisconsin Avenue shop, is riding the

merchandise is for men, half of it is bought by girls who wear the Nehru jackets as dresses.

Not content with any part of a mass-produced look, young fashion addicts add their own touches. They slice gussets out of tight legged jeans, decorate the edges with embroidered ribbon, and top it off with a red brocade jacket, as did Barry Trexler, 18, a high school student from Southern Maryland, who gets an exotic effect without plopping down \$90 for a complete Nehru suit.

Chuck Barron, 28, Howard University law student,

crest of the Indian wave in fashion.

Umbi, the elegant young Indian who presides over the club-like atmosphere, is himself an image of Indian elegance in a trim-fitting Nehru suit of cream-colored cotton whipcord worn with navy turtleneck jersey and maroon turban.

"The Indian look is in," Umbi says by way of explaining the frenetic afternoon activity around him.

Some of the look isn't so Indian. There's a jacket called the Babylonian Orgy jacket . . . actually a white husboy jacket from army surplus that's dyed screaming purple, red or saffron

yellow. There's a purple Tom Jones shirt with ruffled placket and silver buttons (purple is in, too). There's an orange Cossack shirt with embroidered collar.

Best sellers, though, are the handwoven cotton Nehru shirts in a range of bright colors.

The thing about the Nehru look that appeals to the boulevardiers of Wisconsin Avenue is comfort . . . no shirt or tie . . . the elegance of the shapely longer jacket . . . and authenticity. Not for them the American copies of Indian jewelry. They prefer the delicate Indian filigree pendants washed in

gold or silver. "Why, some of the copies are decorated with the crest of the British lion," said one in shocked horror.

The exotic look is made to order for young men with string bean frames, but it has appeal for others, too. Art Buchwald wanted a royal blue satin Cossack shirt but Umbi couldn't provide the proper neck size.

Noel Harrison stopped by not long ago and ordered four handwoven cotton shirts decorated with bands of mirror embroidery. "Of course, they would not be worn in India," says Umbi.

While 95 per cent of the

were the first he had seen in Washington.

Nehru fever has spread on down Wisconsin Avenue to Britches of Georgetown ("fine clothes since 1967") where in a more traditional atmosphere of red, brick and Tiffany lamps the Nehru-collared suit is also hot.

Gene Novel, 26, had just bought one in tan. He liked the matching covered buttons . . . "so understated"

. . . plans to wear it with a narrow paisley tie that loops through a brass ring.

Britches co-owner Rick Hindin says the shaped waist, natural shoulder and inverted box pleat of the Nehru suit are natural extensions of the Ivy League look. For fall they'll have the Nehru jacket in velvet.

Across the street, at the Snooty Fox, it's the Indian and the Cossack looks again in those mirror-decorated shirts (both made in India).