

Raggers

the fashion business love nothing more than a good knees-
 chance to get out and about. Below **RAGTRADER** produces
 graphic evidence.



yourself
 opens to run one of the trendiest
 chains in Australia, you wouldn't mind
 to him in public either. Scarlett Saunders gave
 el Bracewell (both pictured above) a big hug
 ated Bracewell's recent collaboration with
 illustration artist Erin Petson. Fashionistas
 brand's new vintage concept store Penny
 by Petson's work, which was on display in
 ough late-August and mid-September.

All that glitters

Alana Chang and Lauren Chang-Sommer have the unenviable
 task of convincing Sydney that moissanite, not diamonds, are
 a girl's best friend. So amidst a sea of celebrities, fine food and
 live entertainment, the founders of Moi Moi jewellery launched
 three new sparkling collections – the Coloured Stone Collection,
 the Love Series and Moi Moi for Men. Mission accomplished.



n style
 ng grounds of Queensland's Government House proved a fitting backdrop for the launch of the state's largest
 rty, the Mercedes-Benz Brisbane Fashion Festival (MBFF), earlier this month. Special guest Queensland Governor
 ynce, who donned local label Pia Du Pradal for her opening speech, mingled with television presenters, sponsors
 ers at the event. Pictured is Network Ten presenter Marie Louise Theile and MBFF director Lindsay Bennett and
 rctor Liz Golding.

Winter wonderland

Javik designer Krystel Davis and business partner Vanessa
 Butler were all smiles as they kicked off their autumn/winter
 2008 collection in Sydney. Despite the chilly evening (perhaps
 well suited to a winter fashion showcase), Davis's use of light,
 delicate fabrics in vintage cuts reminded guests that warmer
 times were just around the corner.

et to market
 The Week-end underway Melbourne



KAT WALKER

GOSSIP, SLANDER, ZANY PRODUCTS AND
 PLAIN SILLINESS – KAT WALKER TELLS ALL.
 CLAWS IN DARLINGS, IT'S OFF THE RECORD!

FARCES AND FASCINATORS

There's a famous play called *An Italian Straw Hat*
 which a straw hat disappears and creates domino-
 effect meltdown at a wedding... Can you imagine
 what would happen if 250 of the things went
 astray around the time of a major fashion show?
 Well that, according to my secret sources, is
 exactly what happened when mega Italian hat
 brand Borsalino arrived in Melbourne at the start of
 spring fashion week earlier this month. Borsalino's
 representatives were in town at the invitation of
 the marvellous Fashion Incubator, which nearly had
 to rethink its parade as 250 'tit-for-tats' languored
 in quarantine thanks to Australian Customs. Many
 Australian customs – including the national
 obsession with burning meat outdoors then eating
 it – are tiresome; but none can be as knuckle-
 bitingly annoying as the Customs which requisition
 Headgear Vital to Fashion in order to examine it for
 imaginary weevils. Apparently the hats were
 liberated in the nick of time; thank Gucci, but how
 ironic that overkill over hidden pests in hats should
 unfold in the wake of the equine flu outbreak.
 'Equine flu'(?). How do newsreaders say those
 words with a straight face? Really, a more
 ridiculous animal illness would be hard to find.
 True, 'goldfish mumps' and 'gerbil bipolar disorder'
 sound very ridiculous, but as they're not real they
 don't count. Anyway, while everyone fussed about
 the millions being lost to the racing industry, no-
 one bothered to mention that this was a fashion
 disaster of giant proportions. You only had to look
 at those unflattering white body suits donned by
 the vets to know what I mean. Someone should
 really tell animal health professionals that style and
 grooming count for a lot when facing down a
 dangerous disease. It would be so much more
 soothing, surely, for a highly strung roan Arab to be
 treated by a vet in an ice-pink silk Dolce tie, Zegna
 suit and Croft shoes than by something resembling
 a giant boil-in-the-bag frankfurter. Fashionably-
 challenged sanitary suits aside, the horse flu
 debacle clearly raised a serious threat to those
 milliners and designers for whom Melbourne Cup
 is their bread (plus smoked salmon) and butter...
 not to mention those fillies of the two-legged kind.
 The poor creatures would have been plotting
 Fashions on the Field victory for 12 months only to
 have their hopes dashed by the possibility that the
 country's greatest fashion – I mean greatest racing
 – event was in jeopardy. My advice to Cup
 organisers in such circumstances would be to
 plough on, with or without horses. I'm not a
 gambler but I'd lay odds that even if they'd had to
 re-run last year's footage at
 Flemington many punters
 would not notice the
 distinct absence of
 actual hooves on the
 actual turf as long as
 the fashion and booze
 abounded. The odds on
 girls dislodging their
 fascinators in the
 portaloos or going home
 draped over the wrong
 man would also be enough
 to keep the gamblers

