



## Dress me up, Oscar!

Oh boy, oh boy, Lauren. What do you have to read about yourself lately (if you'd actually read it, which you don't, so we can write about it so bluntly). Just for a second you're out of your home and already bombarded with weird looks and cynical comments from your fans.

Not that you said anything wrong (because you hardly say something that could annoy us, in a common and specific sense, so that cannot be the reason), no, once again it was about this never ending issue called fashion or the question how to dress when millions of critical eyes are on you.

In this case it's surely not your fault, because if Oscar de la Renta invites you're getting dressed appropriately. Just to be sure the master isn't led into the abyss by the strange sense of fashion of his stars. No, if you're invited it has to be taken care of that the stars won't go on a solo-trip and tonight of all nights get the feeling they are a part of the great punk generation. And chains tied to your feet are rattling quite nice, too.

Ok, Lauren, we assume you were dressed just like a Barbie doll, we do actually hope so, no, we pray from the bottom of our hearts that it isn't really your style to walk around wearing a crocheted blanket and sandals like the Romans wore them.

Well, like I often said before, my sense of fashion isn't representative. But this time I'll get some professional help from my friend Kiki. The name already suggests: Professional tailor, she studied design and now she owns a boutique (with clothes I also wouldn't wear, but whatever).

In my deep despair of trying to find out why Lauren always wears strange things, I send the picture to Kiki and ask for her help, which comes by return of a phone call and the words: "Are you kidding me? Are you insane? That's Oscar de la Renta, you jerk! It's art! That's très chic (great, she knows I learnt Latin in school...), that's the essence of feminine (oh, thanks).

Ok, here the short detour 'Oscar de la Renta':

He was born in the Dominican Republic in 1932, at the age of 18 the young designer moved to Spain (maybe this explains the crocheted blanket, the women there also wear scarves with lace and dresses with frills, right?).

Later he worked for big fashion labels like Elisabeth Arden and Christian Dior. Afterwards he started his own business as a fashion designer.



His collection enlists clothes for men and women but also jewelry, purses... well, everything you need to look pretty. He also designs accessory for apartments, table cloths, pillow cases... well, everything you need to make your place look pretty (does he also design crocheted blankets?).

On all accounts, Mister de la Renta received many prizes and the top stars are fighting over him to make them nice curtains (with a golden edging?).

I'm calling my friend Kiki again and avow that de la Renta wasn't any minor dude. She immediately lights a candle on my words and tells me right away I most likely will never make it into fashion heaven by saying such things (rats, the white crocheted blanket-coat-thingy Lauren wore would fit the clouds up there so well...)

Ok, I further admit that it definitely can't be compared to any clothes you wear for everyday use. But Kiki rants on, no, it was suitable for everyday use but people like me didn't understand that. What could be expected from 'people like me'? Me, who's Avatar is a little green baby dragon with a pacifier around his neck.

Ok, fine, Lauren darling, you proved your taste and we see you are famous enough for guys like de la Renta to wear his... uhm, creations. It's très chic! Sandals worn by Romans, Parisian fish net stockings, tight, tight dresses and heavenly crocheted blankets. Well, gotta say, that's something! It's convincing... it's art!

Translation by Copop  
Proofreading by Ed

© Koile 2007