

FASHION WRAP

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Working Woman's Wardrobe

With all the stress freely abounding in this nutty old world, the last thing all we women want is a closet full of indecision.

Sisters, it's a real drag to drag yourself outta bed each morning, limp to the closet and see a sea fulla stuff - but no working woman's wardrobe!!

Aaarrgghhhhh, how can most of us have all this stuff but not a clue what the heck to throw on our backs each day to get to the four-letter word - Work???

Sure, if the world was just one big party (as the major US banks, CEOs and investment gurus would have had us believe), I'd likely have a dress to wear each day of the week, for a number of weeks!

But, apparently sequins just aren't de rigeur when I'm out on the beat at this esteemed newspaper. Sure, I try to throw a few in here and there (this is where a cardigan comes in handy), but usually I'm found out - off to party dress prison I go.

So, where does a gal find a suitable WWW (Working Woman's Wardrobe), without the suit? I'm a separates gal at heart, and tend to always break up any suits I have left - just too formal for me. (I know, party dresses are fine, but suits don't pass the muster...contradictory for sure!)

The search for the WWW, as it shall furthermore be known, haunts my dreams - like when (in my dream of course), I was just getting to meet 007 actor Daniel Craig, and some voice shot out - "What are you wearing to work on Monday?"

That broke my James Bond spell, and when I woke, I vowed to leave Mr. Craig (okay, just for a little while, he's so darling), and find my own WWW.

Imagine my surprise when I hit the mall, walked into a store, and saw it there, full on display, before my very sleep-deprived eyes?

Yep, a great three-quarter sleeved sleek lightweight sweater, a straight skirt that just hits around the knee, and a lovely scarf to top it all off? Well, I nearly had a batch of kittens on the spot.

The real WWW, right there. It's sleek, can be paired up or down (up with a hot cute frilly blouse for a cocktail reception, or down by removing skirt, inserting jeans and ballet flats) for a coffee with your girlfriends. There was also a great rippled scarf that shook me to the core. Or for that lazy Monday, pop the sweater over a great flat-fronted trouser.

I envisioned the outfit - in my dreams of course - with righteous tan or nude-coloured pumps - a great ecru bag, and it's off to the races.

Now, my dreams were safe, no what to wear disturbances or interventions. Daniel, pass me that martini, would you darling? Shaken, not stirred, remember?!