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enough.

ashionista



- sunili govinnage

Australian Fashion Week has come and gone with seemingly ridiculous items of haute couture on display in order to tempt our credit cards for Spring/Summer 07. (Why designers are showing off cut-out metallic bathers for next summer when the leaves have only just started falling off the trees for autumn is beyond me, but I guess that's the topic of a totally different rant all together.)

Nevertheless, back in the West End of Fremantle, the fashion parades never stop. Yes, it about time someone bitched about the skyrocketing standards of dress at the University of Notre Dame Australia. So if you're an easily offended fashionista, this would be the time that most writers would apologize to you. I am not one of those writers.

The fashion plague first started with the Vice Chancellor's "Memo" to staff and students reminding us that we are not allowed walk around campus barefoot nor bare-chested (old-school NDers might remember this document, but I think an A3 copy of it is still up on the notice boards above the photocopiers in the Craven Law Library, if any newbies care to view this relic).

I'd have to accept this as being reasonable... I mean, if I wanted to see people walking around topless, I would have taken a clerkship in Kalgoorlie. And furthermore, it is surprisingly disgusting just how much dog-poo there is on Freo footpaths. But since then, fashion on campus has evolved to a much higher plane than those now-seemingly Neanderthal standards.

Long gone are the days when one could just put on the school uniform Mummy had washed and ironed and go to school without having to worry about fitting in. It is when we enter the workforce at the end of our degrees that there will be real things to worry about, like wool suits and power dressing to impress clients or bosses or the Prime Minister or your secretary (if that's your thing).

But right now, we are at uni. Surely this is the most carefree and relaxed stage of our fashion lives when we don't have worry about style and should be able rock up to 11:30 classes having just gotten out of bed wearing ugg (not TM) boots and trackies.

Bed clothes, bed hair and bed breath.

But no. Because when we do, we are confronted with a gaggle of girls in cute outfits complete with heels, glossy hair, perfect

accessories and immaculate makeup not to mention the boys in pink Polos (with the collar up, of course... and yes, Mister Quasimodo, I am looking at you) or those horrible, pastel, argyle-patterned v-neck vests. Who do they think they are, a Caucasian Kayne West?

All of a sudden, for those of us who wake up in uni clothes, the pressure is on. As if that 3000 word essay isn't pressure enough.

The current status of fashion standards at Uni brings a whole new meaning to the phrase "Penalties applicable for failure to conform to the Style Guide." Not to mention that the fashion police are just as strict as Sarah Withnall.

The chorus of Notre Dame's version of Right Said Fred's song I'm Too Sexy, should probably go, "And I do my little turn in the Courtyard/The Library Courtyard, yeah". Often I wonder if we should just cut our losses and build a catwalk in the Common Room.

I don't mean to be bitchy. If people have a spare 3 hours every morning to run the GHD through their hair as well as apply primer, foundation, blush, bronzer and two-step mascara, kudos to them for being organized. But I am astounded as to why anyone would ever want to bother to do all that.

Doesn't our University's unique application process focus on the person, not academic performance, in determining admissions? And wouldn't that mean that the students here are supposed to be nice? And if the answers to both those questions are in the affirmative, to complete my crappy syllogism (sorry, I didn't do that well in PH100), we shouldn't have to worry about people judging us on our appearances and everyone can stop trying to impress the Vice Chancellor and heaven-knows-who with makeup and heels. Hurrah!

Now I'm not saying we should be total bums. Because, goodness knows we're not UWA Arts students, for crying out loud. But dressing like the other fashion extreme, UWA Law, is just as bad (some would say, possibly worse).

So once everyone's done the revolution against the academic welfare that is "Participation Marks", please, join the ugg boot crusade. Because as we all know, high heels kill puppies.