



2011 | Murdoch Books



'Visual writing' or 'hybrid publication' is an emerging area of research within visual communication. Increasingly, both publishers and the book design community are recognizing that hybrid books are a powerful form of visually communicating content that traditionally has been presented as text-heavy. This project was a direct result of a public presentation about my doctoral research at the Sydney Writer's Festival (23 May 2010).

The publisher, Colette Vella from Murdoch Books, approached me to design this book after seeing my presentation. Murdoch were looking for an innovative design approach for the presentation of an autobiography told through fashion. I worked closely with the publisher, editor and author to produce a 'hybrid book'- the design and illustrations are an integral part of the book as a whole. There are 32 original illustrations that pick up key themes or images from the writing, as well as an illustrated cover and French-fold dust jacket. I spent several days photographing the author's wardrobe and talking to her about the particulars of her outfits to communicate in an informed aesthetic way. I typeset the whole book to closely control the relationship between image and typography.

This book won an Australian Publishers' Association award for the Best Design Non-Fiction book, 2010. Now in its 60th year, the APA Book Design Awards recognise excellence and innovation in Australian book design and are highly regarded by industry.

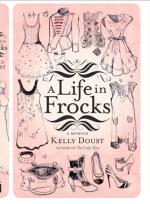


Original creative work

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#### FASHION EVERLASTING

but there's something about the permanence of them that inspires and intrigues me, while at the same time makes me mourn for the unblemished skin the owner wore before. Whereas the rest of what we dress ourselves in is ephemeral and fleeting, tattoos are forever. Tattoos are audacious—they are only for the brave (or the reckless and silly). And, as so

nyself, they're a touchstone.

My father had a jaguar etched on his forearm. The once-black ink had long since leached into the neighonce-back ink had long since leached into the neigh-bouring skin cells, giving it a blurry, blue-green patina. I remember tracing my childish fingers over its surface, marvelling at how the skin felt the same, despite the deep markings. When he Hesed the muscle, the big cat appeared to climb further up his arm, a trick that brought to mind a

When I later saw those ad campaigns for Jean Paul Gaultier's signature perfume, I immediately adored the androgynous sailors and the reference to anchors, roses

4.



never more so than in our teenage years. I wanted to set myself apart from all the other girls my age who listened to Bobby Brown and 4 Non Blondes (music I'd been enjoying Bobby Brown and 4 Non Blondes (music I'd been enjoying myself up until recently). Having had no real conception of what was cool and listening only to what I liked or had been conditioned to like beforehand. I suddenly became The Music Navi; a total snob about what anyone else was playing. It was a phase I didn't fully emerge from until my mid twenties when I accepted that, yes, it was possible to enjoy chart-toppers at a club with your friends, not least because they are easier to dance along to than PJ Harvey or Nick Cave. with my first gig at the Strawberry Hills Hotel in Sydney

and ended many years later in North London's lazz Cafétights, and studied the genius of Sonia Rykiel, I was urprised when I realised it was exactly what I first found so seductive about the jazz scene—the natty clothing and affectation of indifference —which eventually turned me cold. I still love jazz, but

at The Continental, a jazz café and Melbours n on Probran's Gravilla Street, which

5.

a fabulous place. The staff were all either artists, students, musicians or out-of-work actors, and working there felt like being part of a big, dysfunctional family. Someone was take being part of a big, opstunctional tamity. Someone was always making a short film, sketching cartoons or musings. I was convinced were genius on the inside of a matchbox, doing performance poetry in the street, or just using their ample charisma to keep the whole whe of the place so unique. I loved hanging out there even when I wasn't We were required to wear shirts, ites and braces or a waistcoat with black pants as a uniform, but with no set colour code we'd often deck ourselves out in a riot of clashing shades and prints—the very best my local Salva-dion Army charity store had to offer. I had a brief fling ith a fellow waiter who used to turn up for dates in hi anged-up Volvo dressed as a 1940s reporter, complete with fedora, silver sleeve-bands and suit incket casually h tedora, silver sleeve-bands and suit jacket cassally ung over his shoulder. He'd snap his fingers and say 'Hey, kid', and I'd swoon in my cashmere twinset, imagining we'd stepped straight off a movie set. I should have been spending my spare time I should have been spending my spare time tudying for my degree in English, but instead went to friends' art show openings, and to see stand-up comedy and bands play at Sr Kilda's Esplanade Hotel, that crumbling seaside pub. We threw Mexican-themed dinner parties ere we ate burritos, drank margaritas, and mbo-ed in our peasant smocks and massive raw hats to 'Tequila' until the early hour

Original illustration and design.

2. Book cover.

Original illustration and design.

**UNIVERSITY OF** 

**ZOE SADOKIERSKI** 

A Life in Frocks

Original creative work

1. French fold dust jacket.

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**TECHNOLOGY SYDNEY** 

3. Internal pages.

Original illustration and design.

4. Internal pages.

Original illustration and design.

5. Internal pages.

Original illustration and design.

6. Internal pages.

Original illustration and design.

7. Internal pages.

Original illustration and design.

8. Internal pages.

Original illustration and design.



3.

just because it's taken me a while to catch up with their unique vision. Either way, I love what they're doing. I really could buy every piece, such is my new fanaticism I'm loving the gothic rock-chick look of Dreamshaky (the I'm lowing the gothic rock-chick look of Dreamshaly (the latest collection), and I soat every single damned item of Futuregrand (at the time of writing, in the process of being released), which was inspired by the pair's recent travels to Brazil. Both the ready-to-versar pieces and the diffusion line, Vie—I want it all. It's just bliss, so very fashion and totally now, and also somehow works with child on hip. and totality now, and also somenow works with chiad on hip, silver feather charm hanging about my neck, gold and black leather studded cuff at the wrist, leather sandals, and new handbag under my arm. Or on the beach, bizarrely, given all the black, the layering, and the copious embellishment. For years I've been following one of my many mantras: never wear a designer's look from head to toe. But what a color-fore.

seers a disquer's look from head to toe. But what a sub-jec, My first price is sub-re Bat (legging with clustrated reaching down the sides), bind my husband swrining there error only a few more years! Could give any with them. Not. I brought, but printelly agreed. Then I went out the very next weedend and bought a pair in mult black. And a white ere with gold sequits and diamaters, and a farmy life labik mini-strib nosting error of ledded grey silt, which James refers to as the 'enus skirt', but suck I bade and Clouder Barte (transition), down-look, Nord A black cap-ilence bodystat which gives with exception; another black objects (more at Jupient, really, with a truy sharred sporting gives really first included reas and several properties of the state of the s with several pull-strings and spaghetti straps, and which

\_a1a\_ For the love of clothes

about clothes. They are my first, and most enduring. love affair to date. Like many women, I adore the playfulness of fashion and its endless ability to transform w. I love the almost sacred ritual and drama of getting dressed; assuming different identities in different outfits of the control of the second of and exploring the many facets of my personality through and exploring the many facets of my personality through whatever! choose to ware, on any given day, But I also adore the irreverse of curning the totally expected on its head for the pure joe of discovering something new. My husband has accused me of being obsessed, and he's right I'm simply addicted to doshess, as surely as if they are the meaning the same the lines to figure out the my'all hings that dother say about us.

out the myriad things that clothes say about us.

I read street-style blogs such as Jak 8, Jill, Garance Doré
and The Sartorialist every day, and buy far too many glossy
magazines, poring avidly over the details of proportion, cut,
colour and embellishment. I watch television and film with

one part focus on the costumes, one part focus on the plo I feel as if I spend half my life shopping (or thinking about village and Brooklyn. My best purchases: a pair of battered brown cowboy boots I wore to death over the next few years; two slips from the

fifties or sixties, which I still own-both are black, perfectly

my trip-collar turned up, a stretchy elastic belt with a huge gold buckle around my middle, and finished off with an ai

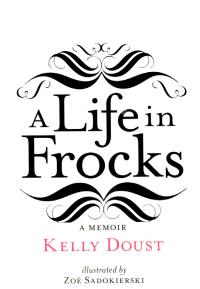
of houseur. I also bought the requisite 'I heart NY' T-shirt

nspired me—my look morphed mid-trip from polished riends fan into rockabilly beatnik. A bit Holly Golightly meets Alabama, Patricia Arquette's character in True Romon

meets Atlasmus, Patresa Arquette s'character in Ira finosso.
My all-time flooruries got was Greensich Village, whee I shilted mosy the hours over one cup of coffee, people-auchtig and journal-swritige, It appured all I'd imagined this city to be: NYU students, street preddlers, array types and dusty professors in stereotypical tweed leather-elhow-patched coast scanning the Strand bookstore and ins eighteen pacine coms scanning in extrano ocoasore and its egintent miles of books. I silently quashed adolescent William Hurt fantasies (he wears tweed so well, does William!), and dreamed of one day living there myself. I still haven't done so, but there's time. I'm not dead yet.

7.





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Some names of people appearing in this book have been changed.

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### Publisher's page for the book:

http://www.murdochbooks.com.au/a-life-infrocks-9781741968446.htm

## Digital version of book for sale on iTunes:

http://itunes.apple.com/au/book/a-life-in-frocks/id416022842?mt=11

Australian Publishers Association Book Design Award listing for winning Best Designed Non-Fiction Book 2010:

http://www.fancygoods.com.au/fancygoods/2011/05/20/2011-apa-book-design-awards-winners/

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Original creative work

Supporting evidence

- 1. Title page, crediting me for illustrations
- 2. Imprint page, crediting me as designer/illustrator

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