

CASHMERE

By

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Mention a goat, and such non-luxurious commodities as the name Billy and cheese come to mind. But status- and quality-conscious fashionistas crave the quality, non-food byproduct of the eponymous goats of a mysterious and volatile land.

While India and Pakistan have long battled over territorial rights in Kashmir—which lies within the northern borders of both countries—non-politicos abroad desire Kashmir’s prized export: cashmere. The heavenly light wool culled from the Kashmir goat is the prized fiber of those stylish v-neck pullovers, sweaters, shawls, gloves, and stoles.

Myriad cashmere retailers – online and offline – offer quality products, service, and information. According to www.Cashmereclub.com, the highest quality cashmere comes from the throat and belly of the goat and is long and dense. Quality cashmere is tightly woven, and the label of an item that is 100% pure cashmere reads “100% pure.”

The media, especially TV and the movies, has also enhanced the mesmerizing allure of cashmere. A memorable episode of *Seinfeld* shows how an imperfect cashmere sweater—it has a red dot on its pocket—adversely affects everyone who handles it. In the cult classic *Lord Love a Duck* (1966), fetching Barbara Ann Greene (Tuesday Weld) lays a guilt trip on her father, who is divorced from her mother, to buy her 13 cashmere sweaters so she can join the cool Cashmere Sweater Club at her high school.

Cashmere is a pricey, talk-generating pleasure. Wear cashmere in Atlanta, especially at a trendy eatery, and you will be the main dish—at the table and of conversation. And like a fine meal, you will eat it up.