

Catwalk model Oliva Inge wears Jasper Conran & Sophyto Normalising to the Berkley Sq Ball, London

(model + blogger) Olivia Inge at End of Summer Ball...

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Read about Cult Beauty's (model + blogger) mogger-in-residence's weekend at the End of Summer Ball and more right here:

24th September

“This evening I am off to the Berkley (Baahkley, dahling) Square Ball for a night of drunken revelry in a beautiful marquee. The delightful people at Jasper Conran have kindly lent me a sumptuous, slinky, floor-length dress, ostrich bolero and Beatrix Ong for Jasper Conran heels.

I decided to get my hair done at the Hersheson Blow Dry Bar at Topshop. The last time I went, I ordered a Bardot, this time I needed a Lauren Bacall. What I got was a blank stare from the yoot in residence. My reaction? I turned red. Half frustration, half feeling a bit old. I asked him to just put it in curlers and then I could maybe show him what I meant by The Big Sleep. It didn't really work. I walked out looking like an old Salon Selectives advert, hair bouncing like mad.

I then had 1 hour to prep. A quick re-wash, lotioned up with Say Yes To Carrots (I love this stuff. It smells of fresh laundry), painted my nails with Essie's Aperitif nail varnish and put Sophyto normalising day cream on my face. I then used Daniel Sandler foundation primer, Avon eye shadow and mascara, which I'm also loving due to its brilliant brush and great effect. With a spritzer of perfume, I am ready to be whisked away to the ball by my gorgeous Prince Charming.”

25th September

“Far too much alcohol was consumed last night. My sore head and now enlightened memory are together kicking me into a world of pain. As I recall.... Joe (Charlie's mothers' favourite taxi driver) picked up both a friend and us and we are drove to the event. The paps flashed and my heart beat like Keith Moon's foot on the drum pedal. We were welcomed into the ball by fabulous trannies, Vogue TV daahlings and copious amounts of champagne. I drank like a thirsty Lady pirate, gossiped about the prospect of Amy Winehouse performing and feasted on Marco Pierre White's good food. A rather heated discussion ensued about Glastonbury festival and then Winehouse's goddaughter took to the stage, followed by the messed-up Winehouse herself. They sang a couple of songs and then fecked off. So it was back to the bar for more bubbles and trouble.

Their were both fabulous dresses and appalling makeup. Some people looked as if they came straight off the set of Strictly Come Dancing, quite le change from the LFW ladies who usually get the It Look bang on.

As I dragged my leaden feet to the agency this morning to have a chat with my booker, I felt like death. I was then greeted with the fantastic news that Avon have booked me as a Cosmetics Ambassador.”