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The enforced lockdown brought many long-ignored truths to the surface: who we love, what we love, what we forgot and what we truly need. It also brought into sharp focus our true sense of style, which may be viewed as trivial indeed, but deciding what to wear was one of the precious few freedoms we still had and it did not go to waste.

Like a schoolchild on exam leave, a student with a hangover, or a newly-cast freelancer, we all basked in the glory of the ‘slouche’ – louche slouch. Our new uniform consisted of hand-me-down jumpers, tracksuit bottoms wearing thin on the bottom, tea-stained pajamas, socks so large they slapped like flippers on the floor as they peeked through hotel slippers – a token of an exotic life we once lived. At first we all rejoiced in the fact that it was deemed socially acceptable to embrace the appearance of a sloth, idly flicking to the back of magazines and catalogues to unveil our secret desire for the ‘slanket’ – a jacket made of a blanket.

Oh the sweetness of rebellion! No more ties, no more heels, no more post-lunch unbuttoning under the desk, no more matching socks, alas no more bras! We all knew the sloth wardrobe wasn’t forever but the fun was not over yet. Before we settled back into our normal style, we dared to experiment with a variety of style transformations. Whether you stepped directly out of David Hockney’s ‘Mr and Mrs Clark and Percy’, floating through your bedroom-cum-office in a whimsical Biba kaftan, leaving wafts of incense in your wake, or you stepped directly out of your parents’ wardrobe, slowly dissolving into your inherited sock/croc combo, you were sure to explore. Perhaps you swanned around your back garden or your local

the year

that fashion (almost) FORGOT

One collective trend we all fully embraced was athleisure. No surprises there, considering we all sat and panicked about our health, feigning control by frantically ordering home-workout gear and loungewear, which as a relatively new sector within the fashion industry saw an astronomical 433 per cent rise this year. But seeping through our Joe Wicks regime came a sobbing desperation for the impractical and in swooshed our fantasy purchases. Over May, Matches fashion experienced a 44 per cent increase in evening gown sales, Senior Womenswear Editor at Farfetch, Celenie Seidal, believed this dazzling escalation in sales was because ‘*people are starting to enjoy clothes again, along with the re-excitement of getting dressed up.*’ Interestingly, middle-market brands slumped this year; customers either wanted affordable or suddenly found themselves saving more than ever, finally splashing out on the ‘it’ shoe or bag, which also saw a tenfold rise in sales. We consumed schizophrenically, Bikenote

