

fashion

The high street secret to looking on trend



If you want to look more fashion than victim, there's a flattering brand to try, says **Anna Murphy**

If Arket isn't on your radar it should be. Although I entirely understand why that might not be the case. Brands, brands, brands. There are so many of them around. It's been the biggest change in all my years of writing about fashion. The seemingly endless launches, each with its attendant hype. Even my eyes have the tendency to glaze over when I am told about another new label, and it is my job to keep tabs on such things.

Arket, which is part of the H&M group, launched last year and has a handful of branches in the UK. It hasn't had much time to penetrate our consciousness, and doesn't seem to be in a hurry to do so.

When I was told H&M was conjuring up another brand I wondered why and what, given that it already had pretty much every aesthetic base covered courtesy not just of H&M, but of & Other Stories and Cos, among others. I enacted what might best be described as a watching brief.

And now, having watched, I feel ready to brief. I can definitively declare there to be both a "why" and a "what" as far as Arket is concerned. Here are keenly priced clothes for grown-ups that look fashion rather than victim; lightly on trend, not slavishly so. It doesn't do girlie — that's for & Other Stories — yet it's more feminine, more flattering than the front-row favourite, Cos. It too tends towards the minimalist, but it avoids the austere and/or the bulkily cut. It's also obsessed with quality and provenance, giving exhaustive details on its website as to where everything has come from.

All of which explains why Arket is starting to give Cos a run for its money among the fashion pack. It's really good on tailored pieces, to wit this safari jacket (£79, arket.com). It's really good on colour, as in the crisp cotton poplin short-sleeved blouse in a delicious cerulean that is the best blue I have seen on the high street in yonks (£45), which comes with matching chinos (£45). Or similarly the hot-rose, long-sleeved cotton shirt that's a pink without equal at this price point (£35) and can be paired with a gathered satin-effect skirt in the same gorgeous hue (£59).



Above, from top: jacket, £79; skirt, £55; shirt, £35; skirt, £59; dress, £69, all arket.com. Below: Travaux en Cours' fedora



It's really good on dresses, such as a navy boat-neck cotton poplin mididress (£69) and a floaty drawstring-waisted terracotta maxi (£99). But what it is really, really good at is well-cut trousers such as the lovely button-fronted navy wool-twill sailor pair (reduced to £45), also available in cream cotton (£69). It's the treds, along with the jackets, that have taken the front row by storm.

Beep, beep. Arket is now officially on the radar.

My search for the perfect sun hat — it's finally over

It probably gives you a good idea as to how commercially minded I am that my big concept for making money to date has been a sun-hat company. Thing is, I think there would be cash in it. It is nigh on impossible to find a hat that looks as good when it comes out of a suitcase as when it goes in. And now that the message has got through that we all need to cover up in the sun, it behoves us more than ever to track one down.

My friend Wendy has one that she bought years ago — a broad-brimmed stiff-but-not-too-stiff fabric hat — and we keep wondering if we should get it copied. I know, right? Next stop billionairehood.

I have tried to be that woman who sits with her hat on her lap on a flight, and I can report that I am not. Plus don't even think about putting a hat in an overhead locker, even a business-class one. I had an upgrade once, thought I would chance it, and my hat suffered a career-ending downgrade. Wendy's hat, on the other hand, has been pulled out of an assortment of bags and suitcases in my presence and always looks exactly as it did when it went in.

So it's a big deal for me that I have found another that I believe ticks all boxes, including the one not yet mentioned, which is the accommodates-absolutely-massive-bounce box. (Me, not the perfectly proportioned Wendy.) Travaux en Cours' fedora presents like a classic iteration, effortlessly chic until you come off that flight to the Med, in other words. But it's made from texturised paper rather than straw, so can be folded up in your luggage. It's also available in four sizes.

My business plans may be scuppered, but I am so happy with my new hat that I don't care. £60, petershamnurseries.com

Instagram: [@annagmurphy](https://www.instagram.com/annagmurphy)



From left: £118, Maeve at anthropologie.com; £39, topshop.com

Summer's hot colour? Say hello to yellow

If millennial pink didn't suit you, fear not — yellow will, says **Harriet Walker**

You'd be forgiven for wondering whether a memo had gone out to the women of the 1 per cent last week. Subject line: yellow. First the Duchess of Sussex showed up at a Commonwealth event in an egg-yolk Brandon Maxwell sheath, then the Duchess of Cambridge wore pure sunshine Dolce & Gabbana to Wimbledon and Melania Trump chose a lemon Gucci coatdress in which to touch down in Helsinki.

Days earlier, Flotus arrived for supper at Blenheim Palace wearing a chiffon gown by J Mendel in a shade most accurately described as evening primrose, a supplement she is presumably also taking for its efficacy at alleviating stress.

If you want to know what a trend cycle looks like, look no farther than the little yellow dress. After it tap-danced into our consciousness on Emma Stone in *La La Land*, Alicia Vikander, Dakota Johnson and Emily Ratajkowski all wore yellow on the red carpet. Next came the street-stylers, who were decked out in banana-hued pleats by Tibi and draped mustard silk from Jacquemus. When Amal Clooney wore yellow Stella McCartney for the royal wedding in May, the establishment finally came on board.

As women used to having their photograph taken, they have perhaps realised — as fashion editors have been trying to tell us for some time — that yellow is surprisingly flattering. On all skin tones. You heard me.

I've only recently come round to this idea. As a pale-skinned Celt, I always presumed yellow was off limits to anyone who requires more than factor 25, until I tried on a sunny pleated

“Gen-Z yellow is between Marigold gloves and mustard

midiskirt in & Other Stories last week (£49, stories.com) and realised it did as good a job as fake tan at taking the glare off my milk-bottle calves.

The shops are full of the stuff, from Warehouse's tie-back cotton sundress (£39, warehouse.co.uk) to Maeve's polka-dot version (£118, anthropologie.com) and Topshop's flamenco-ish yellow wrap (£39, topshop.com). The Topshop website describes the last as a "trending product", which means you had better hop to it. In fact, according to the

Glamorous, yes, but also the hen party from hell

I have been on many hen do's — all I remember of 2015 and 2016 is a blur of penis straws and prosecco corks — but I've never attended one that looked anything like that of Chiara Ferragni, the “super-influencer” and fashion blogger who this weekend took a gang of friends to Ibiza and documented it all on Instagram.

Ferragni has more than 13 million followers on the photo-sharing site, and reports on her net worth estimate it at about £26 million; at Harvard Business School she is studied as a modern entrepreneur, with an empire built on leveraging her own image in exchange for sponsorship deals. She started by launching the blog *The Blonde Salad*, and clarified her intentions in an early post: “The name is ‘The Blonde Salad’ because this blog is gonna be a salad of myself.” Fully absorb this and I think you'll already have an idea of what to expect from her hen do.

She started trailing it like a new *Star Wars* in the middle of last week, quickly establishing an official hashtag, #chiaratakesibiza. Spontaneous whimsy? It seems not. When her “bachelorette” gang were eventually pictured together over the weekend, they had all been outfitted in matching red swimsuits emblazoned with that hashtag (Ferragni wore a white “bride to be” suit instead). They also arrived in custom-designed Alberta Ferretti sequinned bomber jackets; pink for the bride, blue for the chorus line.

Not that we saw much of the hens. Ferragni posted 20 photographs of herself over the weekend, all good enough to suggest a professional photographer, plenty of sleep and not much letting down of hair. Backdrops varied. There was the luxurious 7 Pines Resort, tagged with #adv to let her followers know that this was paid advertising. (Poor Anthea Turner and Grant Bovey, dragged over the coals in 2000 when they posed with Cadbury Snowflakes at their wedding, were simply ahead of their time.)

Then there was a yacht, and a couple of thong bikini shots to go with it. There was a somewhat unconvincing photo of tiny Ferragni holding a forkful of spaghetti somewhere nearish to her face. There were also tiaras for Chiara — not one but two — and a sparkling necklace spelling out “bride to be”.

What she didn't share online were any of the elements I remember from my henning career. She didn't appear to have “taken Ibiza” at all. Traditionally the group should have



Team Chiara Ferragni at her hen party



Colour co-ordinated hens

ticked off a cocktail-making class, a pole-dancing tutorial (which nobody is enthusiastic about except the bridesmaid who organised it) and a shouty karaoke session. The bride should have had the time of her life, but only remembered the first 45 minutes of each day; she would also have had a group of friends from school whom none of the other hens would like, either because they nursed one glass of wine all evening and refused to watch the stripper or because they groped a bouncer and got the entire group thrown out of the Revolution vodka bar.

Surely a snap of Ferragni posing with her arms around a “butler in the buff” on one side and a comedy inflatable phallus on the other must have been deleted by accident. Where was the moment the maid of honour was turned away from the Popworld club in Bristol because she'd just vomited Jägermeister on the pavement? Who was in charge of the camera from 3am onwards, when the last few standing worked their way through six packets of Monster Munch and a bottle of limoncello?

Usually hen pictures are shared only with a select few because it's supposed to be a private outing in which you can make an utter berk of yourself without fear of public shaming. It's sad to imagine having to be on duty and professionally lit under those circumstances. Perhaps Ferragni's do had all of the silliness and indignity of a normal hen party, but the bride-to-be chose not to share that with her followers. That seems entirely plausible. She's really terribly down-to-earth.

Hattie Crisell



The Duchess of Sussex in Brandon Maxwell



Melania Trump in Gucci

Melania Trump in J Mendel

retail data company Edited, demand for yellow pieces has consistently outstripped supply.

“The uptick is partly driven by the current cultural climate,” says Leatrice Eiseman, the executive director of the Pantone Color Institute, which recently called “Gen-Z yellow” (somewhere between Marigold gloves and French's mustard) the new “millennial pink”. “We're looking for hope, and yellow represents optimism,” she says.

That might explain why there isn't much of it around in Westminster, and why the royal family are trying to jolly us along with theirs. More likely, though, is that the prolonged sunshine has opened British eyes to yellow and we've all gone a bit Carmen Miranda in the heat.

How to wear it, though, given that the shades range from glowing sunset tones to harsher neons? It depends on your skin tone. One easy way to establish yours is whether you prefer gold or silver jewellery since gold is more likely to suit warm complexions.

“Roughly speaking, if you have cool-toned skin, you will look better in lemon and citrus shades,” says the personal

stylist Anna Berkeley. “If you have warm skin, mustard and rich golds are will suit you.”

That said, it also depends on how much yellow, how close to your face it will be, and what you're wearing it with. My Stories skirt is a warm tone on a cool-skinned person, but a white T-shirt stops it making my face look sallow. Berkeley also suggests wearing yellow with pink.

I'd recommend browsing the & Other Stories website since it has lots of shades. I also like Arket's cropped trousers (£59, arket.com).

Don't think of it as a summer fling, either — a yellow wrap dress will zing up your winter wardrobe with a grey polo neck underneath, and those trousers would work with a navy sweater. Last week I went to see a preview of John Lewis's autumn womenswear line (it launches in September) and the rails were full of a rich Dijon tone on coats and separates that I think will be a hit. Until then, though, make hay while the sun shines. And by hay, I mean Pantone shade 1205.

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The Duchess of Cambridge in Dolce & Gabbana