

Trends

# LOVE AND PEACE (FOR ANIMALS TOO)

OF NORWEGIANS,  
IMITATION FUR  
AND DIRTY BOYS.

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*Hopefully it'll get really cold, really soon.*



First comes autumn, then inexorably winter. It's been like that since the beginning of the world, so not in the slightest something new or unusual. Nevertheless each time you again have to get used to the idea that the temperatures are not going to be in double figures, the wind will soon be blowing coldly in your face and the days are gradually appearing to be halving in length. But perhaps people will manage not only to get used to it but even to get to like the idea. To realise that it really isn't so bad at all. Perhaps it is not only not bad, but in actual fact something you can even look forward to, if need be, something that you can hardly wait for and you wonder, when it is finally going to turn cold. Cold enough to finally, after enduring all the anticipation like a good boy or girl, be allowed to put on for the first time a warm, snug, cosy, soft, luxurious piece from one of the many new collections and stand up against the stiffest breeze in it, until your hair is stuck in the direction of the wind, or simply to muffle yourself up warmly like that just because you feel like it, because it feels so good to have on so much lovely stuff. Hopefully it will get really cold, really soon, so that all the lovely knitted pullovers with Norwegian patterns, the flecked cardigans or the crocheted ponchos don't have to wait any longer to finally be worn. After all they are all so nice, not least because they nearly all look as if they've been knitted or crocheted by Granny, or even perhaps here and there as if they've been washed on slightly too hot a wash. They deserve the favour of being released as soon as possible. Because they are so nice. Even at a pinch, when the temperatures are still in two figures.

Other lovely things have of course earned as short an existence as possible in the wardrobe while looking forward with great pleasure to colder temperatures. But here, exceptionally, only in the case of a fake. In a quiz what would you give as the first answer to the question, what protects best against the cold? With which man has clothed himself since time immemorial. Exactly! Animal skin! Or to express it in a more luxurious way and how it is definitely also being said in some collections: fur! Fur is of course the perfect vehicle not only for the luxury look, but also for its exact opposite. With the latter it is valued much more for its old



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traditional worth and its aura of being close to the earth. The motivation to include fur in one's collections can therefore be completely comprehended because of the meaningfulness of the material. But only as long as we're dealing with so-called fake fur though. Here and there it seems as if there have never been discussions on this delicate topic, as if it were completely legitimate to drop factual arguments and even sympathy for the creature. Probably a child will not ask straightaway if the trim on the collar of its jacket is real or artificial fur. It will however all by itself, with a probability bordering on certainty, probably attach no importance to wearing a real dead rabbit around its neck as it walks through its neighbourhood, but will probably decide in favour of having the rabbit at home hopping about on the lawn. That does of course assume that a child has someone around who also asks such questions. Animal simply suits animal best.

If you now start from the examples that manage in a very praiseworthy way with fur that is imitation but definitely just as lovely, then you will soon be overcome by the anticipation that seizes you and hastily drags you along behind it because there are still some beautiful things to see and try on here, and there, and there as well. If only it were already cold enough for all the fine furs... Then you could finally try out the hippy version in imitation lambskin with embroidery, the posh coat with leopard skin print or, really folklore, boots that look as if you had just tied the fur around your legs. The latter then really crudely combined with glencheck fabrics, tartan, dogstooth check, felted wool, loads of appliqué, ribbons, embroidery, tassels, fringes, stout caps, and you could have stuck such things in a photo album in Lapland or Mongolia 50 or more years ago. There's only shaggy pony missing for the whole folklore thing. What appears in this trend as very rough-and-ready, even martial, is for those who are not so hard-boiled or are perhaps simply girls refined a little elsewhere. The trend, which is also now in the offing in children's fashion, seems to be very influenced by the 1968 concepts of Love'n'Peace.

No longer Punk'n'Roll with its whole loud rebellious behaviour, but completely in accord with itself, the rainbow and all the joss sticks in this world. Here too are fringes, bobbles, embroidery on lots of ponchos, on cuffs and caps. But differently. More girly even. And to do even this another great favour, the world is richer by another fashion revival. It's



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true there's no more Sarah Kay, but as a girl at least you can look like one again. Millefleurs is back, in all colours and variations, on all materials. Flowers all over. Whoever does not want to swim along on this wave of girlish charm and hippyish harmony is either totally disinterested in fashion or possibly, in this special case unfortunately, simply a boy. Then you can also quite happily use the folklore pieces, but if that's too colourful or not rough-or-ready enough for you, then you'll probably have a really good time with Trend Boy Sports. We're not talking of course about stuff like table tennis, mini golf or synchronised swimming, but about types of sports in which there's no messing about, in which you can even hurt yourself badly in borderline cases. After doing these sports you look as if crawling was your only way of moving everywhere or as if you got caught in a jet of mud. Like you look when you stand behind a motocross bike turning its wheels in a filthy puddle or when you get mown down in a game of rugby because you don't want to give up the ball. Just like that! The practical thing is that you can go around looking totally daring without actual, visible signs, even when in reality you like best of all to wash your hands 50 times a day. But the real boys' number is better every time.

For the men the good old college style would here be the "Light" variation, that moves really classically through the seasons as an evergreen because always beautiful. Tweaked a little here and there, but in principle not new. New in contrast in children's fashion and therefore to be singled out is certainly the colour gold, and also other diverse metallic shades. Whether as Lurex threads knitted subtly into the pullover or set in quite directly as a top fabric, it's shining in every direction. Generally there's lots and lots of glitter and shine with thousands of sequins and glass stones,



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so that when the days get darker and things are harder to see, you are nevertheless still recognised by the shine.

What always returns from year to year is the devout hope that not even just for one of these lovely, extravagant, attractive, warm, protective pieces of clothing, that accompany a childhood, another was ended before its time or perhaps never even allowed to be. No devout hope for habituation. The devout hope for beauty.



Jonathan Croft